

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JUNE 11, 1915

NO. 27

FLOODS DAMAGE CROPS, ROADS AND RAILROAD

Floods for three days in succession, Friday a big one, Saturday a large one, and Sunday a whopper. The latter doing considerable damage, washing out crops, roads and several places on the railroad. The Denver northbound which left Ft. Worth Friday was delayed on account of washouts on the Little Wichita and Pease rivers until Sunday, arrived at Hedley late Sunday evening and stayed until Monday evening on account of a washout some five miles west of Hedley on Lake creek which was about 300 yards of track. The hotels, restaurants, and grocery stores all had their hands full feeding the hungry passengers.

Several small washouts on the railroad near the town here, but soon repaired. In Windy Valley it is said that the whole country looked like a lake. Our farmers will have to do considerable planting over.

The Passing of the Broncho

The European war promises to mark the final passing of the wild horse of the range, the disappearance of the bucking bronco so long associated with the west. Even now there are no wild horses such as once roamed the ranges, and with the inroads being made upon the west by the war, his half civilized brother, the bronco, promises to disappear. Thousands of horses have been taken from Colorado, Wyoming and other western states. Not only have the British and French buyers invaded that section, but representatives of the Italian government have combed the country for months. During the last few weeks an Italian buyer purchased several hundred horses and so great was his haste to get them to his country that they were sent by express from Denver to the east instead of by freight. There they were hurried aboard a steamer to Italy.

SCHOOL LAND INFORMATION

J. T. Robison, land commissioner, states that lists of school land for sale will be ready to distribute about July 1. Anyone wanting a list write to him for it. The land will be for sale about September 1. Some 60,000 acres susceptible of agriculture will be for sale to those only who will become actual settlers on it. Land too rough for cultivation may be purchased without condition of living on it.

While confident that the foot and mouth disease, which has been epidemic among the live stock of the country for the last six months virtually has been wiped out. Department of Agriculture officials declare today that they would not relax their efforts to prevent a future recurrence of the scourge. Altogether more than 124,000 animals have been killed, because of the epidemic, at a cost of between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000, the expense of which has been shared equally by the federal and state governments.

MYSTIC WEAVERS

In spite of the rain ten members of the Mystic Weavers Club met and spent a pleasant afternoon May 29, with Mrs. Frank McClure. The guests enjoyed looking at the various kinds of needle work which had been done by our hostess.

Peaches and whipped cream, cake and punch were served to following: Mesdames Franklin, Teel, Bridges, Moore, Rains, Grundy, Ozier, B. W. Moreman, Masterson and Ed Dishman. Next meeting will be with Mrs. Zeb Moore June 9.

Press Reporter.

Don't You Wish You Had

An exchange says: "Dr. Howard, entomologist at Washington has estimated—that the multiplication of flies from one wintered over female between Apr. 15 and Sep. 10 would result in 5,598,720,000,000 adult flies, of which one-half are females. Laid end to end he computes that these flies would reach 800 times around the world." Don't you wish you had used your swatter more early in the season? However, it is not too late now to head off some few "squinterillions" of them. We know one man who makes it a daily practice of using his swatter a few minutes around the house, barn and outbuildings, and it is astonishing how scarce the flies have become around his place.

FED THE ELEPHANT; IN JAIL

New York Visitor Couldn't Resist Appealing Trunk of Hungry Pachyderm.

Giuseppe Rizzo's native generosity and kindness of heart got him into dire trouble the other day. Rizzo is a barber, twenty-three years old, and lives on Clarendon avenue, the Bronx. It was a warm and balmy afternoon, and Rizzo went forth. His course led him to the animals in the zoo. As he looked upon them, caged and unable to enjoy their freedom, the barber's kind heart was touched. To express his sympathy he bought candy and peanuts and fed them.

Special Officer Fitzpatrick caught him in the act. He halted Rizzo's peanut-laden hand as it reached for the elephant's outstretched trunk. "Cut it out," he admonished. "Don't you see the sign—don't feed the animals?"

"But da poor elephants, he like da peanut," pleaded Rizzo, as he stuffed the bag back in his pocket and walked away. He was disconsolate. He imagined he could see a tear in the pachyderm's eye. The pachyderm's trunk stretched forth beseechingly, and Rizzo's kind heart could stand it no longer. Stealthily he crept to the cage again, a succulent goober clutched in his grasp. The moist tip of Jumbo's trunk closed about it. He grunted in satisfaction. Fitzpatrick arrested Rizzo and took him to the lockup. He was charged with vandalism.—New York Sun.

The Mystic Tang That Tones In Every Glass

El Maté

As Pure as Mountain Dew

Try a Wholesome Healthful Drink

5c — At Fountains — 5c

NOTICE, SUBSCRIBERS WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A BATH

The Denver, Katy and S. A. U. & G. railroads have issued the editor and Mrs. Editor transportation to Corpus Christi to the State Press Association June 10, 11, and 12. Are we going? Yes we are, if nothing prevents, and will be well on our way by the time you read this. And the first thing we expect to do after we reach there will be to take a salt water bath, provided it isn't as cold there as it was here last Monday morning.

Now, if we have a big time we may not get back in time to issue a paper next week, but promise that you will not lose anything by letting us take this vacation. Personally, the writer needs the bath, and he wishes all the readers could go with us and enjoy a splash in the big pond. "Thanking one and all for your kind attention", etc.

Newspaper readers are prone to complain that the home papers are usually dry reading. In the case of a weekly paper in the small town the events transpiring in the early part of the week, several days before press day, are pretty thoroughly discussed before the editor has an opportunity to publish the news. But as a general thing if the reader will take the time and pick the items out there will be a lot of information which will be helpful as well as enlightening. It may be a particularly choice morsel will be sandwiched in between a couple of four column ads and may not be served up in an attractive style, but there is nearly always a short sermon there to reward the reader.—Amarillo News.

We have been informed that a representative was at Clarendon last week and made the statement that he would guarantee

the farmers around Hedley at least one dollar per bushel for black-eyed peas. This being the case, what better could one want than a few acres planted to peas, which will produce from 15 to 25 bushels per acre, and can be harvested in early fall before the rest of the crop comes on. In addition to the peas bringing money, the vines make splendid hay.

It's a Shame

In Texas the old soldiers' pensions have dropped from \$22 to \$13 per quarter and the old heroes in the gray are wondering in their simple way whether or not these expensive special sessions are causing their shortage. The Post would like to know the cause of this disgracefully low stipend to the veterans. At best it has always been a measly pittance for their lives sacrificed to save the South and to reduce it is little short of a crime by the state.—Childress Post.

AUTO FEVER

The way automobiles are being bought and the number of people wanting them it seems there is only one thing in the way of every man in the county owning one and that is—the price. We could trade our business for a car, but if we did we'd have no source of income to buy gasoline. But we would have no time to attend to business if we had a car—so there—we're up a tree. Guess the auto will have to wait.

The editor of a certain Texas paper is a public benefactor and when he dies the people of his city ought to erect a monument to the honor of his memory. He has discovered a new way to get rid of mosquitos. He tells you simply to rub alum on your face and hands. When the mosquito takes a bite it puckers his gazoopie so it can't sting. Then it sits down in a damp place, tries to dig the pucker loose, catches its death of cold and dies of pneumonia.

Thoughts for the Discouraged Farmer By James Whitcomb Riley

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away.
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still;

It may rain again to-morry, but I don't think it will.

Then let us, one and all, be contented with our lot:
The June is here this morning, and the sun is shining hot:

Oh! let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow fur away!

Whatever be our station, with Providence fer guide,
Such fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips from me and you.

Resolutions of Respect

Whereas, our Heavenly Father has seen fit to call from our beloved brother and member, W. C. Cooper

Therefore, be it resolved that we extend our sympathy to the bereaved son and relatives in this trying hour of sorrow, and hope they may be comforted above, that Masonry and the country at large has suffered a great loss in the sudden demise of our Brother.

That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the brother, son of the deceased, a copy printed in our paper, and a copy spread on the minutes of our Lodge A. F. & A. M. No. 901.

Respectfully submitted,
P. C. Johnson,
J. B. Masterson,
W. H. Jones.

He who borrowed the wire stretcher will please bring it home. Cicero Smith

SEEKING TROPHIES

Amateur Collectors in the Holding Out for High Prices.

Curio dealers from Europe and from the continent are reported to be in the vicinity of battlefields in France endeavoring to buy trophies of the war which they hope will be valuable, the News states.

They find, it is said, some who have come into possession of trophies hold them for high prices and will not sell on any consideration.

It is recalled that after the American Civil war came to an end a book-seller in the Bermudas, who had a cargo of the blockade runner in the harbor of Hamilton were sold at auction, bought a number of packages of cases without the least knowledge of their contents. Among these were several boxes of brass buttons assigned to the Confederates for use on soldiers' uniforms.

Some twenty years later these old Confederate buttons were sold at a high bid for the entire supply. The buttons, which had been sold for a cent a piece, had increased in value to \$1.00.

Cold Storage a Blessing. Those poached eggs which you will have for your breakfast next Christmas morning went into the ice house the other day. You are lucky that somebody is saving a couple for you.

Our industrious hens are producing twice as many eggs as we care to eat. Month after month comes they will have on their prolonged vacation.

Without cold storage they would not have your Christmas breakfast as cost as much as you will pay for a solution of ammonia through pipes in storage bins does for you what the hen has done—distributes a supply of eggs evenly around the entire country.

We talk foolishly about the age as if it were a menace instead of the genuine blessings of science.

Mr. Hodges and His Grand Hat. "Spring's official parade served Monday morning," reports the Olathe Register, "when Mr. Hodges donned his ancient Millar hat, and made his way to the parade formed at the corner of Water streets and propped up and ceremony to the lumber yard, where it did Mr. Hodges went to work along the way, who have anxiously to take down the stove and take off the noted its passing with a great wave of activity its wake. Mr. Hodges looked with agents of new hats who want to sell him a direct drive lid, with a set of row of colored electric the brim. But Mr. Hodges conservative men, clinging order. In these days of change to keep up with the change it is a relief to see this turbable spirit alive in the midst."—Kansas City Star

O. E. S. INSTALLATION LAST WEEK

The Eastern Star publicly installed its officers for the ensuing year on the evening of May 31. After the march by the retiring officers a program of readings and music was rendered. The following officers were then installed: Mrs. Lelia Moreman, Worthy Matron; U. J. Boston, Worthy Patron; Mrs. Lillian Clark, Associate Matron; Mrs. Margaret Dishman, Secretary; Mrs. Tennie Masterson, Conductress; Miss Mamie Simmons, Associate Conductress; Mrs. Vivian Ozier, Ada; Mrs. Ethel McCarroll, Ruth; Miss Floy Simmons, Esther; Miss Ina Reeves, Martha; Mrs. Sudie Jones, Electa; Mrs. Ella Johnson, organist; Mrs. Viola Wimberly, Marshall; Mrs. Meadows, Warder; Mrs. Houghton of Memphis was the installing officer and Miss Moores also of Memphis was Marshal. Quite a number of guests were present. Delicious cream and cake was served.

Reporter.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD

The Baptist and Methodist Sunday schools had the following record for last Sunday: Baptist, enrolled 149, present 85, new pupils 3, collection \$10.22. Methodist, enrolled 139, present 48, new pupils 0, collection \$1.05.

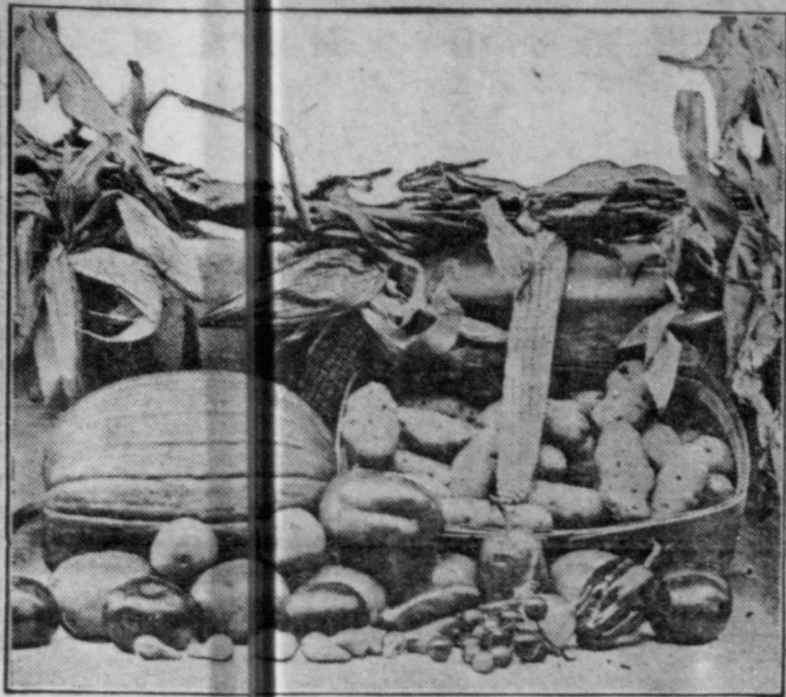
Do you remember the lazy fellow who used to sit around in the implement store and the barber shops in the old home town and predict the failure of every boy who tried to poke his nose above the common herd? Up in the village of Salem they used to crack lots of jokes at the expense of a lank and ungainly young fellow who clerked in the village grocery, poled flat boats on the river and split rails for a living. They called him Abe in those days. He became the president of the United States and thousands from far places on the earth have visited the tomb at Springfield to do him honor. They used to make fun of Bill McAdoo back in the home town. Of course you've heard of Bill. He dug a tunnel under the Hudson river and is secretary of the treasury now. But there are a lot of old tads back in the old home town who sort of hope that Bill will fall over something yet and land in the con-scemme. And Orville Wright was a regular joke in his old home town. It is the old home town itself that is the joke.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor. advt

Special

Jack Reid has opened up a Garage at the Whitfield blacksmith shop. Jack is a natural mechanic, and is fully prepared and capable to do any kind of automobile work, and solicits your patronage in that line. All work guaranteed. Automobile, steam engine and boiler work a specialty. Ample house room for repairs. Don't forget that if you want any blacksmithing, horse shoeing or repair work, Whitfield can do it right. JACK REID. WHITFIELD & REID. LAKE, TEX.

GROW TRUCK CROPS IN PEACH ORCHARDS



Vegetables From the Family Garden.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
The growing of some annual crop between the trees during the first two or three seasons following the planting of an orchard, as a means of meeting the cost of maintenance during the unproductive age of the trees, is frequently regarded by the grower as an economic measure. This practice is seldom, if ever, any advantage to the trees in comparison with thorough tillage by itself, but interplanted crops are wisely selected and properly managed with respect to their relation to the trees, and they are likely to result in any season.

A considerable range of choice may be exercised by the grower as to what crops may be used. The relative market value of different crops should, of course, govern the selection to some extent. It should always be seen, however, that whatever is chosen must not interfere with any of the operations required in the development of the trees.

Muskmelons, beans, peas, cabbages, tomatoes and other truck crops are extensively grown in this way in different sections. Potatoes are sometimes used, but they are suitable only when the crop can be so managed that the digging of the potatoes will not amount to a late cultivation, which may be attended with undesirable results. Corn, also, is frequently used, but as a very often managed it is objectionable, because it shades the trees excessively. Whenever corn is interplanted, an open strip of considerable width should be left along the rows, so that the trees will be fully exposed to the sunlight throughout the season. If a very tall, tender-growing variety of corn is used, a wider strip should be left unplanted than where a dwarf variety is selected.

The interplanted crop ought to be one which needs essentially the same tillage that the peach trees should have. Where this is the case, the secondary crop does not seriously interfere with that operation. But the grower should realize that he is, in effect, following a system of double cropping and that because of the interplanted crop he may need to give more attention to the maintenance of the fertility of the soil than he would for the peaches alone.

After the trees reach bearing age, they should not be made to compete with another crop. Even if there is sufficient plant food in the soil to produce successfully two crops at the same time, the peach trees will need all of the available soil fertility.

If irrigation is practiced, and there is an adequate supply of water for all purposes. Besides, an interplanted crop would be likely to interfere with the spraying of the trees, if that operation should be necessary, with the harvesting of the fruit and in other ways.

Peach Trees Planted With Apples.
Peach trees are sometimes used as an interplanted crop, especially where apples comprise the permanent crop. This practice is both highly recommended and emphatically condemned by fruit growers of wide experience. It is probably objectionable in that for a period of years both bearing and nonbearing trees occupy the same area, and it is sometimes desirable to treat a fruiting tree very differently from one that is not fruiting, for the best results with each. On the other hand, when a site is particularly favorable for both fruits, a compromise treatment can often be effected, which yields fairly satisfactory results with both kinds of trees.

The United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., will send interested fruit growers, free of charge, its Farmers' Bulletin (No. 632) on "Growing Peaches," which gives in detail much information on the pruning of trees, renewal of tops, thinning, interplanted crops, and special practices.

SELECTION OF BREEDING SOW

Animal Should Be Picked for Litter and Possess Advantages of Good Breeding—Other Hints.

Now is the best time to select your breeding sow from the early spring litters. In selecting her there are several points to be kept in view. She should be the pick of the litter, should have the advantages of good breeding, not necessarily of pure breeding. She should have a full complement of teats, say twelve to fourteen, else she will be unable to make a big farrow. The little one which has not a teat to himself soon dies. She should be a kind feeder, not fastidious in her appetite, and she should possess a happy disposition, for a bad temper leads to the destruction of many little ones. She should be kept growing, but not too fat, and bred at about five months old.

DETERMINE AGE OF CATTLE

Fairly Accurate Idea May Be Had by Observing Teeth—Time of Appearance of Incisors.

The calf when born has two pair of incisors, the other two pair appear during the first month. When a calf is eighteen months old, it loses the middle pair of milk incisors, and grows a permanent pair. The next pair, one on each side, is placed at twenty-seven months of age, the third pair at thirty-six months, the fourth or outside pair, at forty-two months. The time of appearance of these incisors varies within rather narrow limits, so that we are able to tell the age of young cattle fairly accurately.

The calf also has a temporary set of molars, which are later replaced with permanent ones, but they are not considered in estimating the age of the animal.

Too Little Machinery.
On some farms there is too little machinery and the farmer is forced to cultivate the land and do the heavy human labor. On other farms there is too much.

Unpaid High Stock.
An unpaid high stock is a heavy burden on the farmer.

GREEN PASTURAGE FOR HOGS

Common and Practical Experience Indicates Beyond Doubt That Pasturing Brings Best Results.

The hog is naturally a grazing animal, but his digestive organs were not intended to handle dry fodder. As a matter of fact a hog will eat but little dry hay unless driven to it by hunger, whereas he eats green pasturage ravenously.

The green alfalfa digests much more readily than the dry hay without a doubt and likewise, on account of its succulence, has a more beneficial effect upon the hog's system.

Common and practical experience indicates beyond all doubt that pasturing brings better results. However, where alfalfa or other pasturage is not available, good results often obtain by allowing hogs, and especially brood sows, to eat as much as they will of good legume hay.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR SCOURS

Good Dose of Castor Oil Will Relieve Young Pigs—Cause of Trouble Is Indigestion.

The cause of scours is indigestion, which often is caused by the young pigs eating some of the food fed to the mother or picked up from another source. This undigested food causes fermentation and the formation of foul gases and the irritation of stomach and bowels.

A good remedy is to give each pig a dessertspoonful of castor oil, which will clean out the stomach and bowels, and if the scours continue after the oil has operated, give each one five drops each of tincture of opium and spirits of camphor, and ten drops tincture of catechu at a dose in a tablespoonful of water. Repeat every three hours until scours stop.

Milking Machine to Stay.
The milking machine has come to stay, and no mistake. It means greater specializing in the dairy industry.

Soil for Onions.
To grow a good crop of onion requires rich soil, free from weeds and thorough cultivation.

Most Difficult of All Studies

By Henry Sherman Knox, Evanston, Ill.

Unquestionably the most difficult of all studies is that of medicine. The requirements for admission to the first-class medical schools is a complete high-school education and at least two years of college work in a reputable college. The study of medicine itself covers four years of nine months each, and some medical schools now require an additional year as an interne in a hospital. This makes seven years of study for one who already has a high-school education. After graduation from a medical school, every graduate must take a state board examination.

The study itself is very difficult, and the hours of study in a medical school are usually from nine in the morning to 5:30 in the evening, six days a week. A great deal of home study is required. The cost of tuition and books is usually about \$200 a year.

The student must have a tendency toward philosophy and psychology and the study of human nature, in order to be able to go into the details of modern medicine. Especially if he has to work his way through, he must possess determination and perseverance. He must tend strictly to his studies and must sacrifice a great many pleasures.

He should realize that the medical profession is a noble one, and that there are higher things in life than the mere pursuit of money. From a financial standpoint the medical profession is a poor one, considering the money and time that must be invested in the study. The average physician, contrary to the prevailing idea, does not make more than a fair living, and a great many well-educated physicians have a hard time to make even that. The prospective medical student must also have in mind that he must remain a scholar and student through his whole life, and that when he graduates he has only a very limited, more or less theoretical knowledge of the practice of medicine.

If anyone thinks he can fulfill these requirements, it is well for him to take up the study of medicine, otherwise I would not advise him to do it, as statistics show that only about two-thirds of all the students who take up the study of medicine ever graduate and enter practice.

Old Newspapers are Made Useful

By J. O. Barrington, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

The mere fact that moths cannot read is no reason why they should detest newspapers, but they do nevertheless. It isn't exactly the newspaper or its editorial policy that moths dislike. It's the ink used in printing the type that makes the moths stay away. That is why, in the absence of moth-proof bags and cedar chests, some housewives pack their furs and woollens away wrapped in newspapers at the end of the winter season and find that is a satisfactory way of preserving them against the ravages of moths. There is nothing better than old newspapers for use under the carpets for the same reason.

Old newspapers have many other uses as well. Wet in water, they serve to clean out the stove splendidly. Crushed newspapers are excellent to clean lamp chimneys. They can even be used for an iron holder for an emergency.

Newspapers dipped in lamp oil are useful for cleaning windows. Irons not much soiled can be rubbed on old newspapers and thus made fit for use. Dipped in lamp oil, they are splendid to rub the outside of the dishpan. They keep it bright and shining. Torn in shreds, slightly dampened and scattered over the carpet, they keep down dust when sweeping. They clean the sink of its grease and sediment; nothing is better, for the greasy paper can be at once burned after use.

Many times folded newspapers will serve as a mat to stand hot and blackened pots or kettles on and save soiling the kitchen table. The kitchen stove is kept bright after the cooking of each meal with old papers, and this saves many polishings.

Manly Qualities Admired by Women

By ANNIE RUSH, Baltimore, Md.

That's the reason foreigners make such headway with American women. They never forget to be deferential and courteous, to say the little things and to do the little things that warm the cockles of the feminine heart. This may be all wrong. Perhaps she ought to appreciate the character more than the veneer. But she doesn't. The average woman isn't practical. She's romantic. She likes roses and bonbons. Many men give her cabbage and beefsteak. Cabbage and beefsteak are all right, but as a steady diet they are tiresome. She'll take less cabbage and beefsteak if thereby she may have some roses and bonbons.

A woman likes a man to look healthy and to be well groomed. She likes a vigorous body, a healthy skin and a look that betokens a daily acquaintance with the bath tub, not merely because she likes beauty, though she does, but because these things betoken good habits.

A woman, if she is a wife or a sweetheart, likes expressions of love. She gets tired of taking a man's love for granted. It grows faint and far-away, and life is cold and commonplace, when he does not tell her in actual words he loves her, and show her by actual caresses how much. To some men this seems all foolishness. They think that paying bills is the best proof of their love. But again, most women are not practical, and bills are uninteresting things, not half so enjoyable or warm and vital as a kiss or a caress.

Reading of Poetry Is Very Desirable

By F. B. Endicott, Portland, Ore.

I wonder how many people read poetry! I fear not nearly so great a number, proportionately, as formerly, and yet there is no age in the history of the world, since men emerged from barbarism to such culture as is afforded by letters, that the reading of poetry is so much needed.

In the first place, we are apt today to place too much stress upon the merely material things of life; we need something to counteract this tendency. Poetry does this to a greater degree than any other kind of reading; poetry strives to express the ideal.

Again, because of the use of the telephone, typewriter, phonograph and other mechanical devices, we of this age are falling into easy and therefore slovenly methods of expression. Poetry, because of its limitations as to rule and form, necessarily cultivates the art of correct and epigrammatic expression. As our mental habits are largely formed by our reading, we sorely need poetry more than ever.

Besides, poetry makes for a better rhythmic sense, a finer perception of beauty, and a higher sense of generally.

For the Pageant of the Wedding



Brides and bridesmaids, with the rest of womankind, are showing a preference for filmy fabrics. The bride often dispenses with the conventional white satin wedding gown and chooses one of lace or chiffon or if she be not inclined to depart from the conventional, inasmuch as her veil enshrouds her with a misty material of some sort, her wants are allowed to take advantage of all the airy materials in making choice for her apparel.

A hat, muff and fichu designed for the maids at a June wedding, bring into requisition three of the loveliest fabrics. The hat employs crepe georgette with the leghorn shape, the muff made of a leghorn plaid or fichu and chiffon and the pretty scarf or fichu is made of very fine net.

This last item is one of those accessories which may do duty long after its initial parade, and will make a modest and pretty gift from the bride to the maids. This fichu is not long, but rather wide, is made of the finest brussels net with the edge finished with a narrow ruffle of the material. It is adorned with a small nosegay of fine millinery flowers, set against a quaint little plaque of lace.

The hat has the upper brim covered with crepe and a soft crown of this material. On the underbrim of leghorn a rose is posed.

To make the muff a leghorn plaque is lined with shirred chiffon and edged with the graduated flounces of this material. The edges are caught together to form the muff and a finishing touch added in a rosebud set in its foliage. Nothing is quite so pretty as a bouquet or basket of flowers, but if, for the sake of novelty, or other reasons, something else must be used, a muff like this or all of pink chiffon, makes a lovely substitute.

The Neatness of the Bobby Coiffure



There is a certain pretty pruness about the Bobby coiffure, besides its suggestive of youthfulness, to account for its ever-growing success. This particular style is developed in several ways but all of them are, first of all, neat. In them the hair seems to be carefully arranged and put in place—to stay in place. One cannot imagine it blown about. It is, in fact, pinned down with many small pins and further confined with a hair band of some sort. This manner of dressing it helps the coiffure to fulfill what is required of it. Of course this quality of neatness carries with it the impression of refinement.

In this style the hair at the sides is either cut short or dressed in such a way as to appear "bobbed." It is said the hair is benefited by being cropped, if it is thin, so that those whose locks are scanty may sacrifice some of them to the style without regret. But where the hair is abundant this is not to be considered. The cleverness of the hairdresser must be relied upon to dispose of the extra length by curling under the ends, or by combing them out of the way and substituting some acquired short hair for them. This is one of the styles in which long hair is more difficult to handle, than short hair. And it invites the use of extra pieces because they need only to be very light and are easily adjusted.

In the picture given here the coiffure is shown with the hair waved and parted at one side. The ends are turned under and pinned up to make the bobbed effect. A band of velvet ribbon holds the hair about the face in place. If short enough the hair may be turned under across the back or arranged in a series of puffs. Longer hair is coiled or braided and pinned low, against the crown.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

FRAME FOR THE SILHOUETTE

Best to Preserve Old-Time Style for Wall Decorations—Hard to Improve Upon.

Should you possess an old silhouette without a frame, and desire to properly preserve it under glass, do not make the mistake of putting a modern setting about it. Avoid clean, white mats and new-looking molding. Preserve as much of the time-honored yellow background as possible, and put an antique-looking oval or square frame of dull gilt about it, as frames of this kind are characteristic of the period when silhouettes were in vogue.

Black frames are also in good taste, but do not give the look of antiquity so well simulated by the dull gilt.

In treating the silhouette in any way it must be remembered that this form of art is old, and its immediate environment must be in keeping in order to preserve its charm.



The only way to get the genuine **New Home** Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name **NEW HOME** on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time. No other like it. No other as good.

The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.
Reliable Dealer wanted in this Territory

THE BATTLE OF THE TIRES

(Agricultural and Commercial Press Service)
It is interesting to watch the forces of civilization battling for supremacy. The struggle now going on between the rubber and the iron tire promises to be the liveliest contest of the Twentieth Century.

The struggle is a silent one and there are no war correspondents to write vivid descriptions of the conflict but the results are more far-reaching to present and future generations than the war of Europe.

The rubber tire has been maneuvering for point of attack for several years and has captured a few unimportant positions in traffic, but it has now pitched a decisive battle with its iron competitor by hurling a million "jitneys" at the street railways and the battle is raging from ocean to ocean. Upon the result of the struggle depends the future of the rubber tire. If it is compelled to retreat, its doom is sealed, but if it wins the battle it will revolutionize the transportation methods of this nation.

If the rubber tire conquers the street traffic its next struggle is with the railroads of the country, and then the greatest battle between economic forces ever fought out on the face of this earth is on, for iron is the undisputed master in transportation, and is fortified behind billions of dollars, and millions of men.

Stephenson applied the steel tire to an iron rail in 1814, but it was 1869 before the golden spike was driven at Promontory Point, which bound the country together with bands of steel. It took the iron tire fifty-five years to creep from ocean to ocean, but the rubber tire while warm from the creative mind of the inventive genius sped across the continent like an arrow shot from the bow of Ulysses. The roadbed was already prepared and therein lies the power of the rubber tire over that of iron, for government builds and maintains the public highway.

But iron is a stubborn metal and it has mastered every wheel that turns; has fought battles with every element above and beneath the earth and has never tasted the wormwood of defeat, and when rubber hurls its full force against this monarch of the Mineral Kingdom, it may rebound to the factory stunned beyond recovery.

The rubber tire first made its appearance on the bicycle, but it proved a frivolous servant and was dismissed for incompetency. It has always been too much inclined to revel in luxury to be taken seriously as a utility machine and its reputation is not one to inspire confidence in heavy traffic performance.

But to those who care to waft into dreamland, it is enchanting to note that there will be a marvelous difference between a rubber and an iron age. The rubber tire will scatter the cities throughout the valleys for with transportation at every man's door, why a city? It will traverse the continent with a net work of Macadam highways as beautiful as the boulevard built by Napoleon. It will paralyze the law making bodies of this nation for how could the legislatures run without the railroads to operate on?

Special

Jack Reid has opened up a Garage at the Whitfield blacksmith shop. Jack is a natural mechanic, and is fully prepared and capable to do any kind of automobile work, and solicits your patronage in that line. All work guaranteed. Automobile, steam engine and boiler work a specialty. Ample house work for autos.

Don't forget that if you want any kind of blacksmithing, horse-shoeing or repair work, Whitfield can do it and do it right.

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The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains more facts, National and foreign news than any similar publication, the latest market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the woman 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.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

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AND THE
HEDLEY INFORMER
ONE YEAR FOR
\$1.75

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

INSURANCE

**FIRE, LIGHTNING, TORNADO, WINDSTORM
HAIL, LIVESTOCK, HAIL ON CROPS**

If you want Insurance of any kind, a word will bring a representative from my office to see you.

J. C. WELLS, Agent Hedley Texas



REMEMBER!

\$1.75 Pays for all three for one year



Is Your Conscience Perfectly Clear?

Does some little mistake in your life trouble you, and would you be happier if it were possible to confess it to a confidante?

HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE, which needs no introduction to the connoisseur of truly worthwhile magazines, contains each month a section called "The Confessional." Each issue contains a number of contributions by various anonymous writers telling of vital experiences and mistakes in their lives which they feel better for confessing, or which may serve as a warning to others. This department is unique, and is watched with intense interest by readers every month.

FARM AND RANCH is devoted to the interests of the home and farm builder, and is designed to meet every need and requirement. It meets these needs adequately through its mediums of correspondence with other farmers and its "Questions and Answers Column," where many of his perplexing problems are solved. It opens his eyes to new and improved methods in carrying out his work, and proves to be an indispensable helper and right-hand man.

OUR paper is for the entire family. We strive at all times, to be a help in the upbuilding of this community, and use our influence for the benefit of its people. We give you all the local news, and as much of the state and foreign news as the space will permit. A newspaper is indispensable to your family. This paper will keep you posted on all that is happening in this community, and will tell you of the doings of those friends and neighbors in whom you are most interested.

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

Your Conscience Should Not Be Chastised if You Neglect this Opportunity

PROPERLY BUILT POULTRY HOUSE

Structure That Means for Comfort of Fowls and Profit for the Keeper.

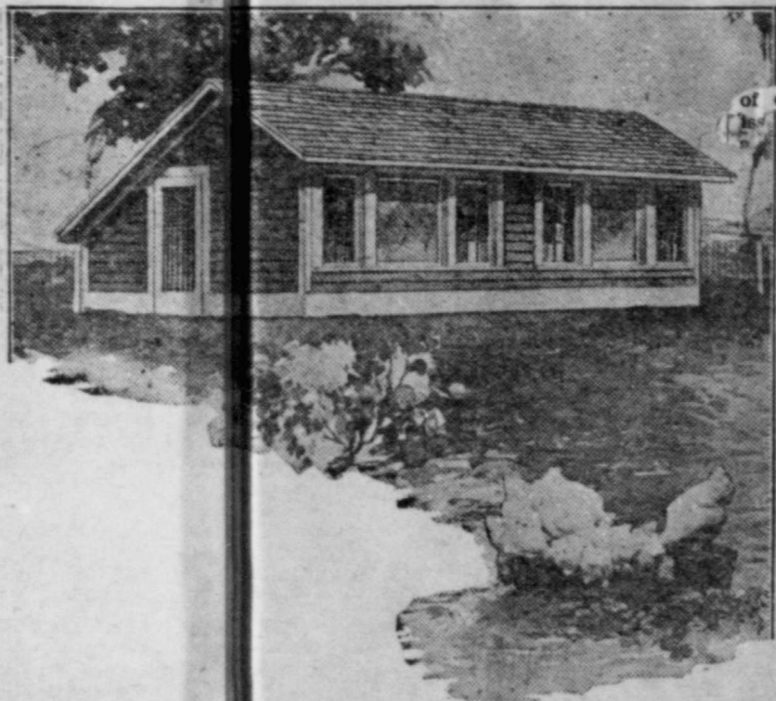
HENS WILL LAY IN WINTER

Division of Building into Two Compartments Has a Definite Value—Poultry Does Better When Kept in Relatively Small Flocks.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give a FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building works on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, Ill., No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose ten-cent stamp for reply.

A good building is absolutely necessary to get the profit out of poultry in the wintertime. Here to lay well, require comfort as well as food and drink. It is better to build a good house, as the expense is but little more and the results are much more satisfactory. A well built poultry house is warm in winter and cool in



summer, because the same construction that keeps out the cold will keep out the heat.

This two-compartment poultry house is 16 by 32 feet in size, with a partition across the middle.

A building put up in this manner, with the roof pitched in two directions, costs a little more than a good shed roof house the same size on the ground, but it has a better appearance.

The reason for dividing the house into two compartments is that poultry do better when kept in smaller numbers. Successful poultry raising seems to depend to a certain extent upon limiting the number of fowls to 30 or 40 together in one compartment.

Poultrymen differ in regard to the number that may be kept together. Some draw the line at 25. It is difficult to furnish dust baths and clean water, with sufficient scratching surface, for a flock of more than 35 or 40 without getting the buildings too large. Large poultry houses are expensive. Like all other lines of business, there are limitations that should be recognized in order to come out right on the profit side.

Poultry houses built in this style usually have a wide slope of roof at the back, so that the back of the building is made lower than the front. Poultry houses usually are faced toward the south, so that the roof is made

about two feet above the concrete floor.

There is a door in the west end and another one in the east end of the house. Also there is a doorway through the center partition. It will depend upon the climate whether the west door shall be boarded up tight in the winter or left open for use. In summer the doors may all be left open.

This poultry house may be built higher or lower, according to the climate; also the upper part of the house is finished differently where the cold is extreme.

Sometimes louver openings are put in the ends of the gables and a loose floor of narrow strips placed overhead for a ceiling. Over these strips the little loft is filled with clean straw. Air finds its way slowly through the filling of straw, without causing a draft.

Sometimes the straw is supported by stretching woven wire fencing at the proper height. It is a good way to ventilate a poultry house if the straw is always kept clean. A permanent filling of straw makes a harbor to shelter lice, mites and fleas, the three most persistent insect enemies that pester poultry.

Poultry houses built on this plan in the more northern sections of the country, where a great deal of zero weather is expected in the wintertime, are celled overhead at a height not exceeding six feet from the floor. The ceiling may be level in the front part of the house until where it joins the rafters. The ceiling boards are then nailed to the rafters.

A ceiling usually is made by tacking building paper on the lower edges of the ceiling joists. This paper is

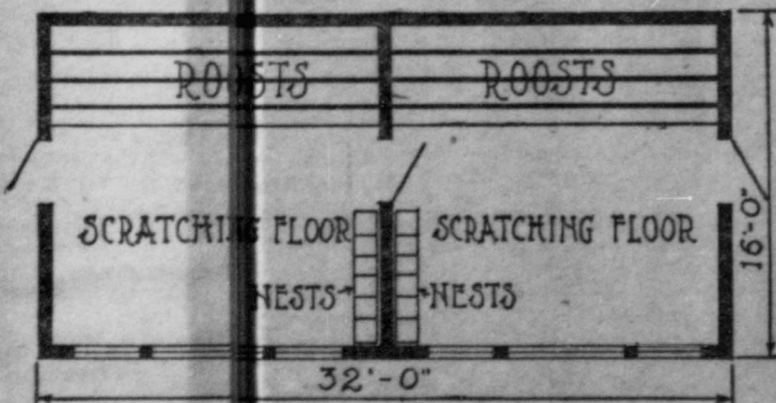
then covered with narrow matched ceiling that is made plain. Beading is objectionable, because it furnishes a harbor for small vermin. For the same reason the joints between the ceiling boards should be carefully filled with putty and paint. It is impossible to keep a poultry house clean and free from lice and mites unless it is especially built for the purpose.

The building of poultry houses requires considerable study to meet the requirements. It is quite possible to have fresh eggs all winter in the coldest farming sections, but all the requisites necessary to keep the poultry comfortable and to furnish all the different kinds of feeds must be carefully worked out to fit the climate and other local conditions.

Mules Always in Demand.

In Farm and Fireside Judge W. H. Schooler, a successful stock breeder and feeder in southwestern Missouri, shows the real value of mules and the money that there is to be made in them. Judge Schooler has a thousand-acre farm and is an expert on the breeding and care of mules. The following brief extract taken from his article shows the value of mules:

"A good mule should weigh from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds, and mules of this class will bring from \$400 to \$600 a span. A great many of these are sold east along the Mississippi river, while the smaller ones weighing



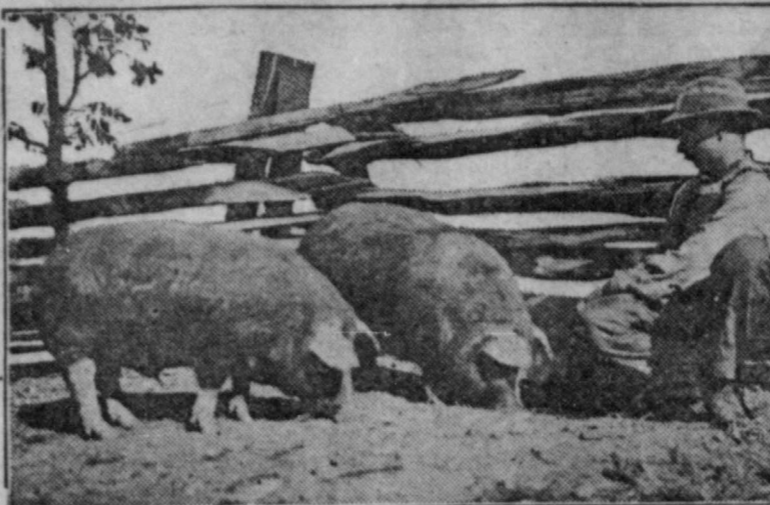
higher in front to get the warmth and light from the sun. The way the windows are made in this poultry house admits both light and ventilation. The window frames are made in the usual way and are fitted with single sash. Ventilation is provided by one extra wide window for each compartment, which is covered with thin cotton cheese cloth. This is so thin that it admits all the light. As the days become longer and warmer towards spring the window openings may be covered with cheesecloth.

around 1,000 pounds are shipped south to be worked in the cotton fields. One thing in the mule's favor is that he will always bring what he is worth. He is like a hog in that respect—there is always a market waiting for him.

Merely a Theory.

"Why do you suppose so many tall women marry short men?" asked the inquisitive person.
"Umph!" replied the confirmed misogynist. "It is natural for all women to look down on men and a tall man can't resist the opportunity to size up the attitude of mind by a pig."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORN AND PIG CLUBS



Two of the Three Purebred Poland China Pigs Which Joseph Schubert of Alabama Entered at County Fair Won Prizes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Coincident with the expansion of agriculture in the South and a diversification of crops is the work carried on with boys' and girls' corn and pig clubs. A number of the banks have turned their attention to the financing of the pig clubs and these have been joined by wealthy citizens who see the advantage of the plan. Possibly the most progressive state in the movement to aid the children is Georgia, where banks in ten of the fourteen counties in which pig club work is being carried on, have offered to lend money to the club members.

In some instances the indorsement of the member's parent or guardian is required when a loan is made, in others no security is asked. In all of the counties, however, each boy who borrows is required to grow one acre of corn so as to have abundant feed, have some corn to sell, and pay off his obligations. A bank in Brooks county, Georgia, last year loaned as high as \$10 each to boys over their own signature without security, and in only a few instances did the borrowers ask for an extension of time.

This movement by the banks instills thrift into the boys and often starts them with bank accounts. One bank in Macon has set aside \$500 this year to loan to boys who wish to purchase purebred pigs. Recently a well-to-do farmer came into the bank and indorsed his son's note for \$10. The cashier asked why he did it when he had a substantial checking account of his own in the bank. "Oh, I just wanted to see how the boy handles this obligation. If he does not pay it I will, but it will be worth \$10 to me to know what kind of a boy I have," replied the farmer.

An Endless Chain of Pigs.

In one county a wealthy man wanted to do something for the worthy poor boys so he bought purebred gilts and loaned them to 20 boys. These boys must join the pig club and do all that is required by its rules. This fall their hogs must be bred and next spring two gilts must be delivered to the owner by each boy at weaning time. When the boys have complied with all the requirements the mother and remainder of the litter become the property of the boy. The two gilts delivered by the boys are, in turn, loaned to two more boys in the county who are required to do as the first boys did. This plan is now in operation in two counties.

"The schoolhouse pig" is a new and popular phase of extension of pig production in Georgia. A patron of the school gives a shoo or pig to the pupils. The big boys build a pen under the shade of some trees on the schoolhouse grounds. The little boys go into the woods and collect pine needles and make the bed. Others build a shelter over the corner of the pen and construct a feed trough. The girls, for surely the girls are interested, collect all the scraps from the lunch baskets at noon and feed them to the pig. The pupils also bring to school, occasionally, an ear of corn for their pet pig. On Saturdays and Sundays a boy living near the school does the feeding. Some of the schools barbecue the pig at the end of the year, others hold an auction and with the money buy library books or something for the schoolroom.

Care must be exercised that the pig is not overfed. At one place in Georgia he was foundered twice in one week. At another school the patrons

wondered what was wrong. The children came home at night hollow to their heels and toted away in their dinner baskets each morning enough good food to gorge a hungry harvest hand. In time they discovered that a pig in a pen on the schoolhouse grounds was rapidly growing as large one way as the other.

All of the breeders who offered to sell purebred pigs to members last year at \$10 each have renewed their offer this year, and a few new names of breeders have been added to the list of those co-operating to place Georgia on a purebred basis. The state is developing a new standard of agriculture, due largely to the activity of the juvenile farmer. This new agriculture spells purebred pigs and 100 bushels of corn to the acre. Last year 3,200 members of corn clubs raised an average of 58 bushels of corn on an acre of land, while the average yield of corn per acre in the whole state was under 18 bushels. The pig club boys, in some instances, raised pork at three cents per pound.

HARVEST THE PEANUT CROP

Good Plan is to Turn in the Hogs—If Wanted for Hay and Seed, Turning Plow May Be Used.

A good way to harvest the peanuts is to turn in the hogs. However, if the crop is to be harvested for hay and seed a turning plow with the moldboard removed may be run along the rows to lift out the nuts. Men should follow to shake the vines and nuts free from soil particles and toll them into small bunches.

The vines should be allowed to lie three or four hours and then be placed around central stakes to cure. The stakes should have two small crosspieces of 1/2 inch about eighteen inches long set eight inches above ground. They will keep the peanuts from coming in direct contact with the ground. Stack with the pods well to the center and give a slope to the vines to shed water.

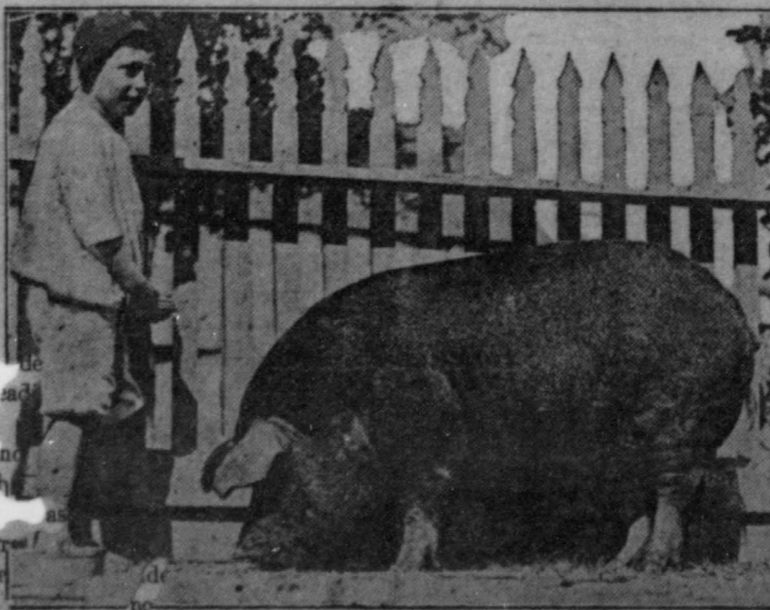
Roll a little bunch of vines together and press down over the point of the stake to form a top. Do not use a heavy cover or wet or green hay or the nuts will spoil. The peanuts should cure in these stacks from four to six weeks before going into the barn.

NUT TREES ARE PROFITABLE

Higher Prices Seen for Them in Near Future—States Should Encourage Timber Planting.

It cannot be said too often that it is wise for our people to plant nut trees. Consider the destruction of our forests and the rapid increase of our population. A scarcity of nuts and high prices for them can be seen in the near future. In all sections of our land there are some nut trees that will do well. Pecans for the Gulf states, chestnuts for the East, hickory and walnuts for the Mississippi valley, etc. Let the soft timber shelter belts about the home be replaced by nut trees. They will steadily grow into money. Fifty years from now the income secured through the suggested change would amount to millions of dollars.

The states should encourage timber planting, and especially by wise premiums the growing of valuable timber and nut trees.



Hog Typical of Those Raised by Pig Club Boys in South—Lloyd Bourque of Louisiana Raised Purebred Pigs and is an Enthusiastic Grazer the Hogs on Cowpeas and Sorghum.

Recipe for Neutrality.

Crawl through the trenches of an unfinished sewer excavation in the slush and cutting wind of a sleet storm. Touch off a few sticks of dynamite from time to time to keep you unaware of the lack of regular meals, and have an obliging policeman empty his revolver occasionally in your general direction. Four or five early morning hours of this, declares Collier's, will make you forevermore a real neutral.

HOW SHE ENDED TEN YEARS OF SKIN-TORTURE

Oct. 28, 1914.—"I had eczema on my face for ten years. Little red pimples formed in a small spot on my chin and then spread all over my face. They itched and burned me awfully. I tried almost every remedy and treatment that could be used for this trouble, but nothing did me any good. I used resinol ointment and resinol soap, and was relieved in a day or two. In one month I was cured. This was six months ago and the trouble has never returned."—(Signed) Mrs. C. C. Roberts, Weatherford, Okla. Every druggist sells resinol ointment and resinol soap and doctors have prescribed the resinol treatment for more than twenty years.—Adv.

Willing to Oblige.

"Here," said the English officer, "are some of our newest guns, which have just been mounted."

"They look deadly enough," said the war correspondent, who was being shown over the field.

"And so they are. If you will wait a few minutes until our gunners get the range I'll have them kill a few hundred Germans just to show you how they work."

Parental Suggestion.

"My dear, I think you are starting that child wrong."

"How so?" bristled the mother.

"Instead of all those narratives about little princesses who lived in gold palaces, why don't you include a few stories about little girls who helped their mothers with the housework?"—Puck.

A Wife's Opinion.

"I used to imagine my husband thought only of me, but now I have decided that his thoughts have a wider range."

"How do you think they run?"

"About in this order—baseball, clothes, billiards, business, his bulldog and me."

Scale of Justice.

"You give me short weight for my money," expostulated the shopper to the butcher.

"And you give me a long wait for mine," retorted the butcher, who was a high school graduate, accustomed to the niceties of lingual differentiation.

Way to Hold Them.

"You seem to like Jack's attentions. Why not marry him?"

"Because I like his attentions."

TEXANS RESCUED BY WONDERFUL REMEDY

Find Swift Relief From Ailments of Years' Standing With First Dose of Treatment.

Many Texans needlessly suffer from stomach ailments and disorders of the digestive tract which appear to be particularly prevalent in the South. Many others have found a way to health by the use of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy.

The first dose of this remedy proves what it will do.

T. B. GOODPASTURE, 802 Sabine St., Houston, Texas, wrote: "I took your treatment last spring. I don't think I will have to take any more—it completely cured me."

R. L. RANDELL, Laredo, Texas, wrote: "I have just finished my fifth bottle of your treatment and passed several gall stones. Your preparation has worked simply wonderfully during my course of treatment."

Mayr's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfactory money will be returned.—Adv.

Complexions Costing More.

They say in New York that complexions will cost more this spring because of war prices for imported powders, bleaches and suchlike used by persons anxious to improve on natural conditions. This recalls conditions in a certain small community more than thirty years ago.

The little town had, of course, its social circles, and there were those who employed face powders and other complexion aids. But there came a winter when deep snows for weeks cut off communication with the outside world. The people made the best of the situation, of course, and social functions were, if anything, merrier than ever. Suddenly it was found that a face powder famine and an important function were on. What do you suppose happened? No; the function was not postponed. Nor was a single woman absent on the great occasion. But every flour barrel in town was raided. Oh, yes—"where there's a will there's a way."

Awakening.

Rankin—Branbrough used to call his wife his little turtle dove.

Phyle—That was before they were married. Now he has found out he can't feed her on birdseed.

Force of Habit.

"That fellow wants to talk all the time."

"He naturally thinks he has a right to the floor. He lays carpets."

Seeing Her Lawyer.

"This client of mine is modest in her demands."

"What does she want?"

"Wants me to get her a partial divorce with the custody of about \$300,000."



Under the Magnifying Glass

every flake of sweet, crisp

Post Toasties

shows a fineness of consistency obtainable only from the inner sweet-meats of selected, ripened corn. Note, also, the minute "pearly crinkles" that characterize these nutritious food bits.

If you are fond of the toast flavour for breakfast, try Post Toasties, for in this food you have not only toasty crispness, but you get that true corn flavour—found only in Toasties.

The handy, tight-sealed package brings these bits of corn to you "factory-fresh" and ready to serve with the greatest ease.

Grocers everywhere sell

Post Toasties

BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son, Lydia and Mrs. Brood, mostly in the bedroom, where Lydia works as Brood's Secretary. The room, dominated by a great gold Buddha, Brood's father confessor, is furnished in oriental magnificence. Mrs. Brood, after a talk with Lydia, which leaves the latter puzzled, is disturbed by the appearance of Ranjab, the Hindu servant of Brood. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She tries to fathom the mystery of Brood's separation from his first wife, and his dislike of his son, but fails. Mrs. Brood fascinates Frederic. They visit Lydia and her mother in their new apartment. Mrs. Brood begins to fear Ranjab in his unmythic appearances and disappearances and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Then, before their startled, horror-struck eyes, the Hindu coolly plunged the glittering blade into his breast, driving it in to the hilt!

"Good Lord!" shouted the two old men.

Ranjab serenely replaced the sword in its scabbard.

"It is not always the knife that finds the heart," said he, so slowly, so full of meaning, that even the old men grasped the significance of the cryptic remark.

"A feller can be fooled, no matter how closely he watches," said Mr. Dawes, and he was not referring to the amazing sword trick.

"No, sir," said Mr. Riggs, with gloomy irrelevance, "I don't like that woman."

The old spell of the Orient had fallen upon the ancients. They were hearing the vague whisperings of voices that came from nowhere, as they had heard them years ago in the mystic silences of the East.

"Sh! One comes," said Ranjab, softly. "It will be the master's son."

An instant later his closet door closed noiselessly behind him and the old men were alone, blinking at each other. There was no sound from the hall. They waited, watching the curtained door. At last they heard footsteps on the stairs, quick footsteps of the young.

Frederick strode rapidly into the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He Killed a Woman."

His face was livid with rage. For a moment he glowered upon the two old men, his fingers working spasmodically, his chest heaving with the volcanic emotions he was trying so hard to subdue. Then he whirled about, to glare into the hall.

"In God's name, Freddy, boy, what's happened?" cried old Mr. Riggs, all a-tremble.

Some minutes passed before he could trust himself to speak. Ugly veins stood out on his pale temples, as he paced the floor in front of them. Eventually Mr. Dawes ventured the vital question, in a somewhat hushed voice.

"Have you quarreled with your father, Freddy?"

The young man threw up his arms in a gesture of despair. There was a wall of misery in his voice as he grated out:

"In the name of God, why should he hate me as he does? What have I done? Am I not a good son to him?"

"Hush!" implored Mr. Dawes, nervously. "He'll hear you."

"Hear me!" cried Frederic, and laughed aloud in his recklessness.

"Why shouldn't he hear me? By God, I'll not stand it a day longer. He wouldn't think of treating a dog as he treats me. God, I—I, why, he is actually forcing me to hate him. I do hate him! I swear to heaven, it was in my heart to kill him down there just now. I—I. He could not go on. He choked up and the tears rushed to his eyes. Abruptly turning away, he threw himself upon the couch and buried his face on his arms, sobbing like a little child.

The old men, distressed beyond the power of speech, mumbled incoherent words of comfort as they slowly edged out toward the door. They tiptoed into the hall and neither spoke until their bedroom door was closed behind them. Mr. Dawes even tried it to see that it was safely latched.

The curtains parted and Yvonne looked in upon the wretched Frederic. There was a look of mingled pain and commiseration in her wide open eyes. For a moment she stood there regarding him in silence. Then she swiftly crossed the room to the couch in the corner where he sat huddled up, his shoulders still shaking with the misery that racked him. Her hand went out to touch the tousled hair, but stopped before contact. Slowly she drew back, with a glance of apprehension toward the door of the Hindu's

close. An odd expression of alarm crept into her eyes.

"Frederic," she said, softly, almost timidly.

He lifted his head quickly, and then sprang to his feet. His eyes were wet and his lips were drawn. Shame possessed him. He tried to smile, but it was a pitiful failure.

"Oh, I'm so ashamed of—of—" he began, in a choked voice.

"Ashamed because you have cried?" she said quickly. "But no! It is good to cry—it is good for women to cry. But when a strong man breaks down and sheds tears, I am—oh, I am heart-broken. But come! You must go to your room and bathe your face. Go at once. Your father must not know that you have cried. He—"

"D—n him!" came from between Frederic's clenched teeth.

"Hush!" she cried, with another glance at Ranjab's door. She would have given much to know whether the Hindu was there or still below stairs. "You must not say such—"

"I suppose you're trying to smooth it over so that they won't consider him a brute—is that it?"

"Hush! Please, please! You know that my heart aches for you, mon ami. It was cruel of him, it was cowardly, yes, cowardly! Now I have said it!" She drew herself up and turned deliberately toward the little door across the room.

His eyes brightened. The crooked sneer turned into an imploring smile.

"Forgive me, Yvonne! You must see that I'm beside myself. I—I—"

"But you must be sensible. Remember he is your father. He is a strange man. There has been a great deal of bitterness in his life. He—"

"But I can't go on the way things are now. He's getting to be worse than ever. I never have had a kind word from him, seldom a word of any description. Never a kind look. Can't you understand how it goads me to—"

"I am your friend," she said slowly. "Is this the way to reward me?"

He dropped to his knees and covered her hands with kisses, mumbling his plea for forgiveness.

"I am so terribly unhappy," he said over and over again. "I'd leave this house tonight if it were not that I can't bear the thought of leaving you, Yvonne. I adore you. You are everything in the world to me. I—"

"Get up!" she cried out sharply. He lifted his eyes in dumb wonder and adoration, but not in time to catch the look of triumph that swept across her face.

"You will forgive me?" he cried, coming to his feet. "I—I couldn't help saying it. It was wrong—wrong! But you will forgive me, Yvonne?"

She turned away, walking slowly toward the door. He remained rooted



"We Will Excuse You, Frederic."

to the spot, blushing with shame and dismay.

"Where are you going? To tell him?" he gasped.

She waited an instant, and then came toward him. He never could have explained the unaccountable impulse that forced him to fall back a few steps as she approached. Her eyes were gazing steadily into his, and her red lips were parted.

"That is as it should be," she was saying, but he was never sure that he heard the words. His knees grew weak. He was in the toils! "Now, you must pull yourself together," she went on in such a matter-of-fact tone that he straightened up involuntarily. "Come! Wipe the tear stains from your cheeks."

He obeyed, but his lips still quivered with the rage that had been checked by the ascendancy of another and even more devastating emotion. She was standing quite close to him now, her slender figure away slightly as if moved by some strange, rhythmic melody to which the heart beat time. Her eyes were soft and velvety again; her smile tender and appealing. The vivid white of her arms and shoulders seemed to shed

a soft light about her, so radiant was the sheen of the satin skin.

She moved closer to him, and with deft fingers applied her tiny lace handkerchief to his flushed cheek and eyes, laughing audibly as she did so; a low gurgle of infinite sweetness and concern.

He stood like a statue, scarcely breathing, the veins in his throat throbbing violently.

"There!" she said, and deliberately touched the mouchoir to her own smiling lips, before replacing it in her bodice, next to the warm, soft skin. "I have been thinking, Frederic," she said, suddenly serious. "Perhaps it would be better if we were not alone when the others came up. Go at once and fetch the two old men. Tell them I expect them here to witness the magic. It appears to be a family party, so why exclude them? Be quick!"

He dashed off to obey her command. She lighted a cigarette at the table, her unsmiling eyes fixed on the door of the Hindu's closet. Then, with a little sigh, she sank down on the broad couch and stretched her supple body in the ecstasy of complete relaxation.

The scene at the dinner table had been most distressing. Up to the instant of the outburst her husband had been in singularly gay spirits, a circumstance so unusual that the whole party wondered not a little. If the others were vaguely puzzled by his high humor, not so Yvonne. She understood him better than anyone else in the world; she read his mind as she would have read an open book. There was riot, not joy, in the heart of the brilliant talker at the head of the table. He was talking against the savagery that strained so hard at its leashes.

At her right sat Frederic, at her left the renowned Doctor Hodder, whose feats at the operating table were vastly more successful than his efforts at the dinner table. He was a very wonderful surgeon, but equally famous as a bore of the first rank. Yvonne could not endure him.

Mrs. Desmond and Lydia were there. This was an excellent opportunity to entertain them on an occasion of more or less magnitude.

Frederic, deceived by his father's sprightly mood, entered rather recklessly into the lively discussion. He seldom took his eyes from the face of his beautiful stepmother, and many of his remarks were uttered sotto voce for her ear alone. Suddenly James Brood called out his name in a sharp, commanding tone. Frederic, at the moment, engaged in a low exchange of words with Yvonne, did not hear him. Brood spoke again, loudly, harshly. There was dead silence at the table.

"We will excuse you, Frederic," said he, a deadly calm in his voice. The puzzled expression in the young man's face slowly gave way to a steady glare of fury. He could not trust himself to speak. "I regret exceedingly that you cannot take wise in moderation. A breath of fresh air will be of benefit to you. You may join us upstairs later on."

"I haven't drunk a full glass of champagne," began the young man in amazed protest.

Brood smiled indulgently, but there was a sinister gleam in his gray eyes. "I think you would better take my advice," he said, levelly.

Frederic went deathly pale. "Very well, sir," he said in a low, suppressed voice. Without another word he got up from the table and walked out of the room.

He spoke the truth later on when he told Yvonne he could not understand. But she understood. She knew that James Brood had endured the situation as long as it was in his power to endure, and she knew that it was her fault entirely that poor Frederic had been exposed to this crowning bit of humiliation.

As she sat in the dim study awaiting her stepson's reappearance with the two old men, her active, far-seeing mind was striving to estimate the cost of that tragic clash. Not the cost to herself or to Frederic, but to James Brood!

The Messrs. Dawes and Riggs, inordinately pleased over their rehabilitation, were barely through delivering themselves of their protestations of undying fealty, when the sound of voices came up from the lower hall. Frederic started to leave the room, not caring to face those who had witnessed his unmerited degradation. Yvonne hurried to his side.

"Where are you going?" she cried, sharply.

He stared at her in wonder. "You cannot expect me to stay here—"

"But certainly," she exclaimed. "Listen! I will tell you what to do." Her voice sank to an imperative whisper. He listened in sheer amazement, his face growing dark with rebellion as she proceeded to unfold her plan for a present victory over his father.

"No, no! I can't do that! Never, Yvonne," he protested.

"For my sake, Freddy. Don't forget that you owe something to me. I command you to do as I tell you. It is the only way. Make haste! Open the window. Get the breath of air he prescribed. And when they are all here, apologize for your condition!"

When Doctor Hodder and Mrs. Gunning entered the room a few minutes later young Brood was standing in the open window, drinking in the cold night air, and she was blithely regaling the blinking old men with an account of her stepson's unhappy efforts to drink all of the wine in sight! As she told it, it was a most amusing experiment.

James Brood was the last to enter,

with Miss Followell. He took in the situation at a glance. Was it relief that sprang into his eyes as he saw the two old men?

Frederic came down from the window, somewhat too swiftly for one who is moved by shame and contrition, and faced the group with a well-assumed look of mortification in his pale, twitching face. He spoke in low, repressed tones, but not once did he permit his gaze to encounter that of his father.

"I'm awfully sorry to have made a nuisance of myself. It does go to my head and I—I dare say the heat of the room helped to do the work. I'm all right now, however. The fresh air did me a lot of good. Hope you'll overlook my foolish attempt to be a devil of a fellow." He hesitated a moment and then went on, more clearly. "I'm all right now, father. It shall not happen again. I can promise you that." A close observer might have seen the muscles of his jaw harden as he uttered the final sentence. He intended that his father should take it as a threat, not as an apology.

Brood was watching him closely, a puzzled expression in his eyes; gradually it developed into something like admiration. In the clamor of voices that ensued the older man detected the presence of an underlying note of censure for his own behavior. For the first time in many years he experienced a feeling of shame.

Someone was speaking at his elbow. Janey Followell, in her young, enthusiastic voice, shrieked something



He Was Getting His Few Things Together in His Room.

into his ear that caused him to look at her in utter amazement. It was so astounding that he could not believe he heard aright. He mumbled in a questioning tone, "I beg your pardon?" and she repeated her remark.

"How wonderfully like you Frederic is, Mr. Brood." Then she added: "Do you know, I've never noticed it until tonight. It's really remarkable."

"It is a most gratifying discovery," said he, and turned to speak to Mrs. Desmond. He did not take his gaze from Frederic's white, set face, however! and, despite the fact that he knew the girl had uttered an idle commonplace, he was annoyed to find himself studying the features of Matilde's boy with an interest that seemed almost laughable when he considered it later on.

His guests found much to talk about in the room. He was soon being dragged from one object to another and ordered to reveal the history, the use and the nature of countless things that obviously were intended to be just what they seemed; such as rugs, shields, lamps, and so forth. He was ably assisted by Messrs. Riggs and Dawes, who lied prodigiously in a frenzy of rivalry.

"What a perfectly delightful Buddha," cried Miss Janey, stopping in front of the idol. "How perfectly lovely he is—or is it a she, Mr. Brood?"

Frederic joined Lydia at the table. "A delicious scene, wasn't it?" he asked, bitterly, in lowered tones.

Her fingers touched his. "What did he mean, Freddy? Oh, I felt so sorry for you. It was dreadful."

"Don't take it so seriously, Lyddy," he said, squeezing her hand gently. Both of them realized that it was the nearest thing to a caress that had passed between them in a fortnight or longer. A wave of shame swept through him. "Dear old girl, my dear old girl," he whispered brokenly.

Her eyes radiated joy, her lips parted in a wan, tremulous smile of surprise, and a soft sigh escaped them. "My dear, dear boy," she murmured, and was happier than she had been in weeks.

"See here, old chap," said one of the middle-aged gentlemen, again consulting his watch as he loudly addressed his host, "can't you hurry this performance of yours along a bit? It is after ten, you know."

"I will summon the magician, gentlemen, to meet the devil. Ranjab is the prince of darkness."

He lifted his hand to strike a gong that stood near the edge of the table.

Involuntarily four pairs of eyes turned their gaze upon the door of the Hindu's closet. The mellow, soft reverberating boom, filled the room. Almost instantly the face of the Hindu

He came swiftly into the room from his closet. The look of relief in Yvonne's eyes was amazement in the faces of the two old men—and knew!

"After we have had magic," Brood was saying, "Miss Desmond will read to you our Journal—"

"My Gawd!" groaned both of the middle-aged gentlemen, looking at their watches.

"—relating to—"

"You'll have to excuse me, Brood, really, you know. I must be going home—"

"Sit down, Cruger, the lady won't mind."

"—relating to our first encounter with the great and glorious Brood, oracularly pronounced Brood, and I found him in a little village in the mountains. He was under sentence of death for murder. By the way, Yvonne, the kris you have in the good fellow used in the commission of his crime. He was in prison and was to die within a fortnight after our arrival in the town. I heard of his unhappy plight and all that led up to it. His case interested me tremendously. One night, a week before the execution, my friend and I stormed the little prison and needed excitement. I was fifteen years ago. He has been my body servant ever since. I am sure you will be interested in what I have written about that thrilling adventure."

Yvonne had dropped the ugly knife upon the table as if it were a thing that scorched her fingers.

"Did he—really kill a man?" whispered Miss Janey, with horror in her eyes.

"He killed a woman. His wife, Miss Yvonne. She had been faithless, you see. I cut her head off. And now, Ranjab, are you ready?"

The Hindu salaam. "Ranjab is always ready, sahib," said he.

CHAPTER IX.

The Sorrows.

The next day, after a sleepless night, Frederic announced to his stepmother that he could no longer remain under his father's roof. He could find something to do in order to support himself. It was impossible to go on pretending that he loved and respected his father, and the sooner the farce was ended the better it would be for both of them.

She, too, had passed a restless night, a night filled with weird dreams as well as those which came in sleep. There was always a ugly, wriggly kris in those dreams of hers, and a brown hand that was never fascinating her with its unmythic deftness. Twice in the night she had clutched her husband's shoulder in the terror of a dream, and he had soothed her with the comfort of his strong arms. She was like a little child "afraid of the dark."

Her influence alone prevented the young man from carrying out his threat. At first he was as firm as a rock in his determination. He was getting his few possessions together in his room when she tapped on his door. After a while he rather dazedly to the boudoir, promising to listen to reason. For an hour he argued and pleaded with him, and in the end he agreed to give up his posterous plan.

"Now, that being settled," she said, with a sigh of relief, "let us go and talk it all over with Lydia."

He started guiltily. "I'd—I'd rather not, Yvonne," he said. "There's no use worrying her with the thing now. I'd prefer that she—well, somehow I don't like the idea of explaining matters to her."

She was watching him narrowly. "It has seemed to me, late, Frederic, that you and Lydia are not quite so enamored of each other. What happened?" she inquired so innocently, so naively, that he looked at her in astonishment. "I am sure you fairly love every day, and yet—well, I can feel rather than see the change in both of you. I hope—"

"I've been behaving like an infernal sneak, Yvonne," cried he, conscience-stricken. "She's the finest, noblest girl in all this world, and I've been treating her shamefully."

"Dear me! In what way, may I inquire?"

"Why we used to talk, but why go into all that? It would only amuse you. You'd laugh at me for silly fools. But I can't help saying this much—she doesn't deserve to be treated as I'm treating her now. Yvonne. It's hurting her dreadfully."

She laughed softly. "Are you feeling too much of a stepmother," she said.

His eyes narrowed over, that's true. "You've done it, Yvonne. You've made life worth living. I see everything differently now. She stood up, face appeared to be frightened.

"Are you trying to tell me that you are in love with her?" she demanded, and there followed a volley of peckery, rallery in her eyes swept his. He was deathly pale. "You were not to say yes," said

She laughed. "I shall pay no attention to such nonsense. You are an honest fool and I don't blame you. Wiser men than you have fallen in love with me, so why not you? I like you, Freddy, I like you very, very much. I—"

"You like me because I am his son," she cried hotly.

"If you were not his son I should despise you," she said deliberately, cruelly. He winced. "There, now; we've said enough. You must be sensible. You will discover that I am very, very sensible. It is Lydia whom you love, not I."

"Before heaven, Yvonne, I do love her. That's what I cannot understand about myself." He was pacing the floor.

"But I understand," she said, quietly. "Now go away, please. And don't let me hear another word about leaving your father's house. You are not to take that step until I command you to go. Do you understand?"

He stared at her in utter bewilderment for a moment, and slowly nodded his head. Then he turned toward the door, ashamed and humiliated beyond words.

As he went swiftly down the stairs his father came out upon the landing above and leaned over the railing to watch his descent. A moment later Brood was knocking at Yvonne's door. He did not wait for an invitation to enter, but strode into the room without ceremony.

She was standing at the window that opened out upon the little stone balcony, and had turned swiftly at the sound of the rapping. Surprise gave way to an expression of displeasure.

"What has Frederic been saying to you?" demanded her husband curtly, after he had closed the door.

A faint sneer came to her lips. "Nothing, my dear James, that you would care to know," she said, smoldering anger in her eyes.

"You mean something that I shouldn't know," he grated.

"Are you forgetting yourself, James?" she cried coldly.

He stared at her incredulously. "Good-Lord! Are you trying to tell me what I shall do or say—"

She came up to him slowly. "James, we must both be careful. We must not quarrel." Her hands grasped the lapel of his long lounging robe. There was an appealing look in her eyes that checked the harsh words even as they rose to his lips. He found himself looking into those dark eyes with the same curious wonder in his own that had become so common of late. Time and again he had been puzzled by something he saw in their liquid depths, something he could not fathom, no matter how deeply he probed.

"What is there about you, Yvonne, that hurts me—yes, actually hurts me—when you look at me as you're looking now?" he cried, almost roughly. "There is something in your eyes—there are times when you seem to be looking at me through eyes that are not your own. It's—it's quite uncanny. If you—"

"I assure you my eyes are all my own," she cried, flippantly, and yet there was a slight trace of nervousness in her manner. "Do you intend



"I Have Advised Him to Bide His Time."

to be nice and good and reasonable, James? I mean about poor Frederic!"

His face clouded again. "Do you know what you are doing to the boy?" he asked bluntly.

"Quite as well as I know what you are doing to him," she replied quickly.

He stiffened. "Can't you see what is coming to?"

"Yes. He was on the point of leaving your house, never to come back to it again. That's what it is coming to," she said, levelly.

"Why—why, he'd starve!" cried the man, shaken in spite of himself. "He has never done a day's labor, he doesn't know how to earn a living!"

"And who is to blame? You, James you! You have tied his hands, and have pence—"

"We will—"

"Very well—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.

Published Every Friday

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

A Pandandle shower (sand storm) last Thursday, and a sure enough down east rain of some 3 or 4 inches fell on Friday. Multiply the means and extremes and divide by two and you will have Panhandle weather.

President Wilson urges the Mexican factions to make peace, otherwise the United States will see what can be done toward settling them. After years of strife they are no nearer to a settlement of differences, and it is said thousands are starving.

Numbers of foolish ones think they can beat a lawyer expounding the laws. Equally as many think they can beat a doctor in healing the sick. Two thirds of them think they can beat the minister preaching. And all of them think they can beat the editor running a paper. And many be they can.

If you have any articles about your premises you want to dispose of, put a want ad in the Informer. Good second-hand furniture, farming tools and other equipment, livestock and products are always salable and it costs but five cents per line to let people know what you have to offer. Every week some one reports a ready sale of something they advertised in this paper.

Do you know that an editor or a reporter for a newspaper can in his rounds stop and ask a hundred persons "what is the news" and ninety out of the hundred will reply, "Nothing special," and yet 50 out of that number know something that, if not found in the next paper, will astonish them greatly and disappoint them more. Don't be afraid to let the newspaper man know it.

A New Mexico saloon man sued a railroad for not delivering a barrel of liquor, and the Commission ruled that no man could be injured by failing to get that much booze. Which reminds us of the story about a prohibition lecturer who, during his speech, asked if there was anyone present whose business was bettered by the liquor traffic. One man arose. The speaker, dumfounded, finally managed to ask, "My friend, what business are you in?" He replied, "I am an undertaker."

W. O. W. NOTICE

All members of the Hedley Camp are requested to be present at the meeting Friday night June 11. Also all members of Rowe Camp are cordially invited. Will have cake and cream on the side. J. M. Boseman, C. C.

TWO BEARS IN EVERY FAMILY

"Bear and Forbear" Means Peace Not Only in the Home, but in the Neighborhood.

An old saying has it that there should be kept in every family two bears—"bear and forbear."

Forbearance will often save friend ships strained almost to breaking. It means peace in the family and between neighbors. It smooths one's way through the hard places in life.

When the angry or impatient words come rushing to the tongue, forbear. When an irritating thing is said or done and your impulse is to resentment or retaliation, forbear. To bear an affront in silence or to turn it off as though none were intended has prevented many a quarrel.

Of course there is another proverb that says there is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue. And as in most proverbs there is truth in this, too. It means that habitually putting up with every affront, knowing no point at which to resent attacks, is simply to invite insult and injury. There is a time when resentment has its place, but there is never a time for revenge.

Forbearance is the better motto. There is less danger of our being too meek than too quick to take up the quarrel.—Milwaukee Journal.

ORANGES TO PUT OUT FIRE

Ingenuous Man Uses Juice of Golden Fruit to Extinguish Blaze in California.

Orange juice as a fire extinguisher was successfully used at Pillmore, Cal., by Will Wileman. While crossing the Bardsdale bridge with a load of oranges, Wileman noticed smoke issuing from a crack on one of the approaches—of the bridge—a fire probably caused by a lighted cigar or cigarette carelessly thrown away. He jumped from his wagon and discovered a blaze slowly eating its way upward from the planking. With the help of several passers-by he hastily spread several armfuls of oranges from his wagon over the crack and started stamping on them, causing the juice from the golden fruit to penetrate through the crack to the fire, extinguishing it.

Naval Cutting Tools.

Extraordinary results have been obtained by the bureau of ordnance of the navy department with cutting tools produced by a novel process.

Instead of making the tool from high-cost tool steel, containing the carbon and other elements in its entire mass, these tools are made of soft steel, easily shaped into the proper form, and then treated by the so-called "infusion" process, the carbon and other elements being placed in contact with the metal in the form of a special powder and subjected to a heat treatment which causes the soft steel to become hardened to such a depth as to convert it into cutting material even superior to the far more costly tool steel.

Milling cutters made by the infusion process cut deeper, faster and farther than tools made of the best carbon tool steel, and fully as well as cutters made from modern high-speed tool steel of far higher cost. The infusion process appears superior to any hardening process hitherto in use at the naval gun factory.

Bacteria in Meat.

In recent issues of the American Journal of Public Health there is described a new method of determining the bacteria content of meat. The meat is ground in a mortar with sterile sand and normal salt solution to obtain an emulsion for inoculation into the culture media, and the report described the application of this method to the determination of the bacterial content of a number of samples of market hamburger steak. The result showed that the standard of 1,000,000 bacteria a gram sometimes advocated as a maximum limit for the salable product is much too low, as nearly all the samples examined would be condemned on this basis, though showing no taint or other evidences of putrefaction. The authors propose a limit of 10,000,000 bacteria a gram, though even on this basis the market samples of hamburger steak would still be condemned.

Easy to See Parable.

Life insurance companies estimate that there are from 30,000 to 40,000 people in this country, beneficiaries of policies, who have made no claim for the money that belongs to them and whose whereabouts is unknown to the companies. Every effort is made to find the heirs of policyholders who die, but often the attempt is futile. Wealth running into the millions awaits the appearance of claimants who can make good their title, but, either through ignorance or indifference, no rightful hand is reached to take it. In which is a parable, for life is full of treasures that may be had for the mere opening of the eyes to see them, and yet thousands live and die without them.—Exchange

Parable—I have good grass and will take stock, ferred, to pasture. 2 of town. R. L. Juckworth.

"STRAGGLERS" A QUEER CLUB

Only Friends of Juanita Wilson Are Members of the New York Institution.

One of the queerest clubs in New York is called "The Stragglers," in West Forty-ninth street. It is not like an ordinary club; you just go there for the eats. There are no dues and its members only pay for their repasts when they have the coin. To become a member it is necessary to be a friend of Juanita Elizabeth Cecilia St. Clair Redant Wilson. She is the president, chairman, board of managers and everything else connected with the Stragglers. She would never have started the club had not her friends been so fond of her. They used to drop in and eat her out of house and home.

Then she hired the house in Forty-ninth street and informed all her friends that they could have the privilege of dining with her nightly for a fixed price. Her friends accepted. And so the Stragglers came into existence. When you become a member of the club you have the freedom of the place. You can mix your own Bronx and watch the chef cook your steak and chops. Everybody who is anybody in the spotlight drops in and between the soup and fish you will be favored with a song by some musical show star. In fact, as Juanita Elizabeth, etc., explains it, you are likely to meet anyone from your ashman to your landlord at the club dinners.

MAN TRIMS A PRIZE HAT

Did It to Prove His Argument About Superiority of the Male Sex.

Mere man has again proved his versatility. It was only the other day that Derwent Till, who, as everybody in Bayonne knows, is the son of William Till, picked up an old old argument with Mrs. Theodore Bayles, and declaimed:

"Who built the railroads? Who run the big corporations and the weather bureau? Who brings the money home every Saturday night? Men!"

"Well," retorted Mrs. Bayles, "passing over an obvious remark about the weather bureau, I would reply that you cannot trim a hat."

And that is how the other night, under the critical eye of the Ladies' Aid society of the First Reformed church, of which Till's father is the organist, and Mrs. Bayles' husband the pastor, the young protagonist of his sex set men to prove his contentions, says the New York Sun.

He proved them, and incidentally won a prize for a cute little toque with suffrage ribbons on it, the ribbons showing that Mr. Till is also something of a diplomat.

"The Face of My Enemy."

I hated war and for that reason I was here to see it close. There is an old quotation—I think it comes from one of the Greeks. A man is fighting in the dark and he cries, "Give me light that I may see the face of my enemy." All peace lovers, it seems to me, would do well to see the face of war. And so I had come to look at this monster and paint him hideous as he was. I had thought of what I might do with war, but not what war might do with me. And war had already done so much that I felt all shaken and confused, as was every thinking man that I had met in Europe. All seemed to me to be standing with their backs to the world that they had known and to be staring as though over a cliff into a world all strange and new. It's the year no man can see beyond.—Ernest Poole, in Everybody's Magazine.

Correspondent Was in Luck.

Mr. Bryan's refusal of passports to tourists eager to get near the firing line in Europe reminds us of a story recently told by a veteran correspondent of an experience with Bismarck in the Franco-Prussian war. The correspondent, domiciled in a French town under martial law, left his lodgings one night after curfew hour to get some tobacco, which he sorely craved. He bumped into a gigantic figure and was seized by the collar. "Where the devil are you going?" exclaimed the obstacle. It was Bismarck. The correspondent explained. "Well, as I am a slave to tobacco myself," said the great chancellor, "I'll give you a cigar and accept your excuse, but if you had gone fifty yards farther a sentry would have shot you, or if he had failed to do so I would have had him shot."

"Dark-in-the-Evening Schoolhouses."

A correspondent reveals himself an ardent recruit in a cause for which the Home and School league has been battling for years. This is no less than the greater utilization of the schools, now idle two days of the seven and on nearly all the evenings of the week, when they might far more profitably be made the act and useful centers of all sorts of social activities. The school authorities are gradually beginning to see the logic of the claims that the schools belong to the people; that it is uneconomic and wasteful not to make use of them for other purposes than the daily routine of the educational curriculum.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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JC WOOLDRIDGE

WOLVES ON THE BATTLEFIELD

Hungry Animals Are Invading the Bloody Scenes of Conflict in Europe.

History tells us that on Napoleon's fatal retreat from Moscow the wearied troop were constantly harassed by hungry wolf packs. Today it is said that the wolves have gathered from their fastnesses in the forests of Poland and South Russia to gorge upon the battlefields of the eastern front. London Tit-Bits remarks:

Some time ago an officer gave a graphic description of the long lines of wolves stealing from the coverts at nightfall, passing within a few feet of him as he lay wounded, and he stated that the sight of these gaunt forms, dimly limned against the dark sky, as they bustled themselves with their ghostly feast, would never be effaced from his mind.

Referring to the movements of wild boars, M. Cunisset-Carnot states that by the middle of August, when heavy cannonading was proceeding along a vast front in northern France, rumors of strange occurrences began to come in. Foresters and woodmen reported that south of the lines of battle herds of wild boars began to invade country to which they were before entire strangers. So rapidly did their numbers increase that soon they were to be met with everywhere.

PEER WHO SWAM NIAGARA

Skeptical American Not Satisfied With Desborough's Statement So His Lordship Does It Again.

Among the peerage a fine patriotism has been shown during the war, but no member of the nobility has interested himself more in patriotic causes than Lord Desborough.

He is known as one of the most remarkable sportsmen of the day, but very few people are aware that he has swum Niagara Falls on two separate occasions.

After accomplishing the feat once he was about to return to England, and before the boat sailed was discussing the subject with some friends.

An American, who was standing by, skeptically at last broke in with: "Did I hear you say you had swum Niagara?"

"Yes, I have," answered his lordship.

"That's not good enough!" laughed the Yankee. "No man could attempt it and come out alive."

Lord Desborough shrugged his shoulders. "Then I had better go back and swim it again," he said. So, to the amazement of the American, he calmly went back and swam Niagara for the second time.

City Directory

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Telephone No. 30 S L S.
Services 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:15 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 meeting Thursday night. All night services begin at 8:15 p. m.

CHURCH OF CHRIST meets every Lordsday morning 10:30 and also preaching every first Lordsday morning and night.

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. C. Killough.
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, G. R. Doshier
Treasurer, E. Dubs
Assessor, B. F. Naylor
County Attorney, W. T. Link

Justice of the Peace Precinct 8
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.

Special

Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record and Hedley Informer both one year for \$1.50.

Safety Razor F-R-E-E

With every Cash Purchase of Merchandise amounting to \$1.00 OR MORE we will give free of charge a

Burham \$1.00 Safety RAZOR

and will sell you a package of Blades for the Razor for only 10 Cents.

These Burham Razors are strictly \$1.00 sellers, but free to you when you buy a dollar's worth or more of goods for cash.

Morgan & Battle

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."

Mrs. JOSIE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (Confidential) Lynn, Mass.

IF YOU HAVE

no appetite, indigestion, flatulence, Sick Headache, "all in" or "down" or losing flesh, you will find

Tutt's Pills

Just what you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

not only the old reliable remedy FOR MALARIA but a general strengthening tonic and appetizer. For children as well as adults. Sold for 50 cents. 50c and \$1 bottles at drug stores.

GERMS KILLED BY VINEGAR

Paris Scientists Prove That Typhoid May Be Avoided This Way.

Doctors Loir and Legagneux of Paris have been testing vinegar as a destroyer of the germs of typhoid fever.

That they are killed by a mixture of wine and water in equal parts has long been known. These investigators prove now that 20 grams of vinegar to a liter of water will kill the typhoid bacillus in an hour and five minutes.

"From this," writes the Paris correspondent of the Lancet, "a practical inference may be drawn concerning salads. After washing the salad as usual, detaching each leaf, it should be put into water acidulated with ten grams of vinegar to the liter and remain immersed in this liquid for about an hour and a quarter.

"All vegetables ordinarily eaten uncooked may be subjected without any inconvenience to the same process."

A liter is equivalent to about a quart and ten grams are equivalent to about a third of an ounce. So, if lettuce or other green for salad be placed in water to which about one-third of an ounce of vinegar has been added and be left for about an hour and a quarter, all danger of typhoid fever will be removed.

True as Gold. "His money all gone, his wife immediately deserted him."

"Why, I thought she was as true as gold."

"She was; but when his gold went she departed, too."

China will soon start to mint more than \$700,000,000 in silver.

Grape-Nuts

with cream or good milk, supplies the food elements in excellent proportion for building brain and muscle tissue.

"There's a Reason"



FARM ANIMALS

PROPER CARE OF BROOD SOW

Animal is Often Neglected Before and After She Is Bred—Furnish Her With Separate Pen.

The care of the brood sow is too many times neglected before and after she is bred. Many times they are kept in the same lot with the fattening hogs, which is a sad mistake and almost sure to result in a weak bunch of pigs. Good care at this time means much towards a good crop of strong, healthy pigs.

In the first place the sows should have a separate lot from the rest of the hogs, and it should be large enough so they get plenty of exercise. If they do not take plenty of exercise, they should be urged to do so either by driving them daily or by having their sleeping quarters and their feeding place some distance apart.

Another good plan, if a person has his farm fenced hog tight, is to let the sows have the run of the farm. They



Pigs in Clover.

will wander around quite a little if the weather is nice, and pick up a good deal of their living.

Another important part at this time is the feed. Their feed should be of rather a bulky ration. Corn should be fed moderately along with alfalfa hay, some mill feeds, and a small quantity of oil meal or tankage. The sows should be kept gaining slowly from the time they are bred till farrowing time, and care should be taken that the feeds are not too fattening.

A week or so before farrowing time, each sow should be shut by herself and watched closely. Her feed should be reduced a little.

If this plan were followed more closely, the average of the pig crop would be somewhat larger.

SHEEP AND SOIL FERTILITY

Everything Possible Should Be Done to Bring Ewes to Vigorous Condition at Mating Period.

As the country ages and the fertility of its fields becomes exhausted its appreciation of the sheep will increase. Early maturity is an important quality to consider in selecting sheep.

Whether you are keeping sheep for pleasure or profit, your desires will be more fully met if your flock is of superior quality. A strong sheep does not necessarily have to mean a large one; in fact, a majority of the strongest sheep are medium in size.

Every sheep owner should keep a purebred ram, but every man is not qualified to keep purebred stock. Everything possible should be done to bring the ewes to a vigorous, flesh-forming condition at the mating period. Sheep are excellent farm cleaners, weed killers and fertilizers.

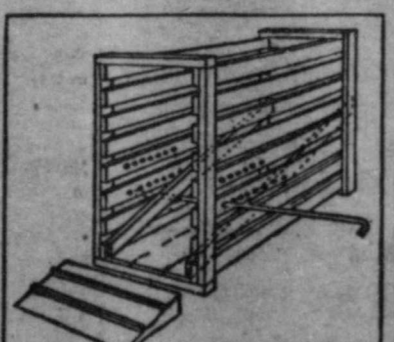
The man who desires large profits from his flock should afford it the best that good management will produce.

BREEDING CRATE FOR SWINE

Stout Frame Made of Two by Four Stuff, Closed in Front and Open Behind, is Useful Device.

In answer to a query for an illustration and description of a breeding crate for hogs, one is taken from "Swine in America," by Coburn, and is given herewith.

"It is a stout frame made, say, of two by four inch stuff, closed in front



A Breeding Crate.

and open behind, with a bar adjusted to slip behind the sow above the hocks, and a two by four inch strip attached to the forward end of the crate on either side at about where the sow's head comes, and extending to the rear and bottom where it is fastened. These strips are for the sow's forward feet to rest upon and hold his weight off the sow. A very good size for such a crate is five and one-half or six feet in length, two feet four inches in width, and three feet high. Cleats can be nailed crosswise of the crate floor to prevent the sow's slipping. When necessary, in breeding a small boar to a large sow, a raised platform for his hind feet, such as the illustration shows, can be produced.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN LIFE

Why the Zouave Felt He Had to Stand Up in a Half of Shells.

One American with the legion was telling me of a zouave battalion that was fighting in the same part of the line with him, and at a charge of the zouaves the commandant suddenly cried out, "Lie down," as a hail of German shells came over them. They all dropped but one.

"Nom de Dieu, He down!" the lieutenant-colonel called out, furious, to the one man.

The zouave tapped his large pocket and called back to his chief:

"Mon lieutenant, I can't; I've got a quart bottle full of wine in here and it hasn't any cork in it."—Carolyn Wilson in the Boston Journal.

Had Pellagra Seven Years Thanks God He's Cured

Cowards, S. C.—David G. Pate, of this place, writes: "I am glad to say to you, after waiting forty days, that I still feel like I am cured of pellagra. I had this disease for the last seven years. The fourth day after beginning your medicine I went back to work and have been able to do my work ever since. I thank God for your remedy."

There is no longer any doubt that pellagra can be cured. Don't delay until it is too late. It is your duty to consult the resourceful Baughn.

The symptoms—hands red like sunburn, skin peeling off, sore mouth, the lips, throat and tongue a flaming red, with much mucus and choking; indigestion and nausea, either diarrhoea or constipation.

There is hope; get Baughn's big Free book on Pellagra and learn about the remedy for Pellagra that has at last been found. Address American Compounding Co., box 2089, Jasper, Ala., remembering money is refunded in any case where the remedy fails to cure.—Adv.

Swat the Fly.

In the Better Babies department of the May Woman's Home Companion appears some practical advice to mothers on various house cleaning matters. On the subject of fighting flies successfully appears the following:

"Flies breed and thrive in filth and carry it into your home.

"Be ready for them with screens and swatters.

"Repair broken screens. A hole in the screen may eventually mean a hole in your family circle.

"Flies multiply in garbage. Have your garbage can emptied regularly and keep it covered.

"After emptying the tin, flush it with carbolic acid solution, three table-spoonfuls of 95 per cent carbolic acid to each quart of hot water. This solution destroys fly life in egg or maggot form."

SUFFERED AWFULLY NOW QUITE WELL

A Lady's Suffering Was So Intense, That At Times, She Was Unable To Straighten Her Body.

Walnut, N. C.—"About 12 years ago," says Mrs. S. W. McClure, of Walnut, "I began to fall in health, getting worse all the time. I wasn't able to do my work, suffering awfully at times with pains in sides, especially the right side, and none of the time was I well.

Sometimes I could not straighten up my body for the intense suffering. I suffered more or less all the time, and was irregular.

As Cardul had helped others, I started trying it. I bought six bottles, and after using two or three bottles, I commenced improving, getting better all the time, until I was entirely well.

I became strong and healthy, gained flesh, weighing 120, being just a shadow when I commenced taking Cardul. My work is a pleasure, and I feel like doing my work since, for the cure was permanent, and I have been well and strong ever since.

Cardul is a fine medicine for suffering women, and I recommend it to all my friends who have womanly trouble.

Thousands of women have written to tell of the help Cardul has been to them. Cardul is a mild female tonic, acting especially on the womanly organs. It has shown itself of great value to sick, weak women. It is surely worth a trial.

Begin taking Cardul today.—Adv.

Easily Replaced. "Married again? And you were so deeply pained when you lost your wife."

"Yes, yes. I felt as if I had a tooth pulled. Well, I had another one put in."—Paris Illustration.

Narrow and Gabby. "Is Tawkins liberal in his opinions?" "No, but he's lavish of them."

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Austria has the finest collection of orchids in the world.

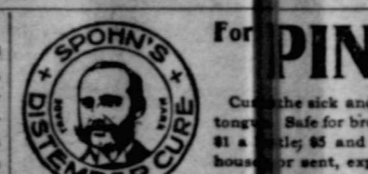
CALOMEL SICKENS! IT'S MERCURY! DANGER

"Dodson's Liver Tone" Straightens You Up Better Than Salivating, Dangerous Calomel and Doesn't Make You Sick— Don't Lose a Day's Work— Wonderful Discovery Destroying Sale of Calomel Here.

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into our bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nice, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone tonight. Your druggist or medicine dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean

your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful, full of vigor and ambition. Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot sallow. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped everywhere here.



For PINK EYE

Cure the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses for sent, express paid, by the manufacturers. SPON MEDICAL CO., Chemist's, GOSHEN, INDIANA

World's Biggest Statue. The largest statue in the world is now being carved in Japan. It is a recumbent effigy of Nichiren, a Japanese patron saint, cut from a natural granite rock on a hillside of Ushigakubi, or "the cow's head," in the inland sea of Seto, Japan. The stone image will be 210 feet long from head to foot, 60 feet high, and considerably larger than the Sleeping Buddha statue at Segu, Burmah, and considerably larger than the Sphinx in Egypt.

CLEAN SWEET SCALP

May Be Kept So by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

To have good hair clear the scalp of dandruff and itching with shampoos of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment to dandruff spots and itching. Nothing better than these pure, fragrant, supercreamy emollients for skin and scalp troubles.

Sample each free by mail with Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

According to Macaulay. "Have you any nice, fresh eggs today?" she asked.

"Permit me to state," remarked the grocer, who was also a college graduate, "that all nice eggs are fresh and that all fresh eggs are nice. Of course I have them today. If I had them yesterday you would not be interested. And tomorrow will take care of itself. Do you care for any nice eggs?"

Stick to Your Intentions. Don't put off getting Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh until something happens. Get it now and be prepared for accidents. You will find frequent use for it in your home and in your store for cuts, burns, bruises and any sore, any lameness. Adv.

A Stationary Science. A medical student once asked the late Prof. Parker Cleveland if there were not more recent works on anatomy than those in the college library. "Young man," said the professor, "there have been very few new bones added to the human body during the last twenty years."

Had Practice. He—I believe that debutante you introduced me to is engaged.

She—Why, what makes you think so?

He—She talked to me with such blase abandon!—Judge.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS. Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front because it relieves the feet, gives instant relief to corns and bunions, hot, swollen, aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere, 50c. Try it TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

You can usually judge a man's character by the value he places on his wife's ability to earn bread for the family.

Don't accuse a man of dumb luck who has sense enough to keep his mouth shut.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Martine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Martine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The salaries of college teachers with rank of professor range in this country from \$450 to \$7,500 a year.

For wire cuts use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

If you would avoid the fire keep out of the frying pan.

The General Says

You can buy the most durable roofing in the world at a price that is reasonable. Write for the book "The General Says" on roofing. It is free. Write for it today. The General Roofing Co., Chicago.

Certain-need Roofing

Four local hardware or lumber stores can supply you with Certain-need roofing. Write for the book "The General Says" on roofing. It is free. Write for it today. The General Roofing Co., Chicago.

Motor Dishwashing. A recent invention that Modern Mechanics tells of is a motor-driven dishwasher. Of course, in large hotels dishes have long been washed by machinery under hot water jets, but this invention is for the family kitchen, although the larger size is made for restaurants and hotels. There is a container which holds wire trays in which the dishes are placed. This is filled with hot water. At the bottom, which runs to a point, is a dasher that is rotated rapidly by a small electric motor. This forces the water up and between the dishes, cleansing them thoroughly in a few minutes. The dishes are not merely sprayed, but swept by waves of hot soapy water, and as the trays are stationary there is no risk of breakage. The conical shape of the bottom of the container insures drainage. With the wide use of electricity in houses here is available another labor lightening device like the vacuum sweeper and the electric clothes washer.

Get it to the bottom of the affected part. Adv.

Beware of the bachelor who acts as if he was proud of it.

Backache Spells Danger

Census records show that deaths from kidney disorders have increased 72% in 20 years. People can't seem to realize that the first pain in the back, the first disorder of the urine, demands instant attention—that it may be a signal of coming gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. The best prevention of serious kidney disorders is prompt treatment—the best medicine is Doan's Kidney Pills.

A Texas Case

Mrs. Catherine Nickols, 333 N. Denver St., Dallas, Tex., says: "An attack of pneumonia left my kidneys disordered and my back began to trouble me. There was a constant dull backache that kept me from resting at night and my kidneys caused me no end of annoyance by acting irregularly. I found little or no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They were just what I needed and six boxes cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

\$6 CASH

and small monthly payments of \$3.00 each secure this superb SMITH-PREMIER typewriter—its ideal typewriter for office or home. At our low price of only \$33.00, every office and home can afford the convenience of a typewriter. It shortens the day's work in the office, in the home, it helps educate your boy or girl. Instructions with each machine will enable you to become proficient in a short time.

FREE AGENTS write for special proposition. You can earn your spare time into profit. Ask for Circular "A." Older typewriters \$25.00 up. GALVESTON TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE. TYPEWRITERS OF ALL KINDS. GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Best used on windows, doors, and all other places where flies are abundant. Made of natural, non-toxic material, one application will get rid of all flies existing. Guaranteed effective. All orders returned unless money paid for same. H. H. Colburn, Wash. D. C.

PATENTS

W. N. U., DAL. D. 22-1915.

You Look Pretty Naturally

Because of those ugly HAIR DRESSING... 510

Locals

Informers \$1.00 per year.

Sam Smith last week bought a new Overland auto.

E. P. Ford last week sold his land in Wheeler county.

R. L. Biggers' sister, Mrs. Hillard, and her son visited him last week.

The baby of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Wood has been seriously ill several days.

There may be others; but the place to get satisfaction is at my shop. J. B. King.

Miss Mittie Moore spent from Friday until Sunday with relatives in Memphis.

Miss Levenia Masterson went to Clarendon first of the week to enter the Normal.

He who borrowed our hogwire stretcher will please bring it home. Cicero Smith Lbr Co.

Misses Dot Grimsley and Vada Hicks went to Canyon last week to enter the N. W. T. Normal.

Homer Bridges received a new Harley-Davidson motorcycle with side car attachment last week.

Misses Clara Jones and Leah Dyer spent Sunday in Memphis with relatives and friends.

King's Shop is the place to get fresh shaves, haircuts, and laundry. J. B. King, Prop.

The Church of Christ has Sunday School at 10 and communion service at 11 every Lordsday morning.

LOST—A gold coat (watch) chain. Finder please return and receive reward. J. C. Wells.

Carl Boston and sister, Miss Una went to Canyon last week where they will attend the Normal.

A. N. Hightower and wife, who were recently married, visited Clint Phillips and wife Thursday of last week.

Several wagon loads of hogs were brought in Monday from the Quail community to be shipped to market.

G. E. Davis attended the Texas Ginners Association at Dallas last week. He reports an interesting meeting.

Henry Tims returned Sunday from Vineyard City where he went to try the mineral water for his rheumatism.

W. H. Madden and wife Sundayed in Memphis with relatives. Mrs. L. B. Madden returned home with them for a visit.

I have bought Latimer Bros. Well Drill and will be glad to figure with any one desiring a well put down. Bob Adamson.

ENLISTMENT AND EDUCATIONAL RALLY

An enlistment and educational rally will be held at the Baptist Church Saturday night and Sunday July 3-4, for the purpose of creating interest in Christian education and in God's College. A number of speakers are on the program and a good meeting is expected.

Announcement

We want to buy
Country Meat,
Lard, Hams,
Chickens, Eggs,
---in fact all
Country Produce.

S. C. Richerson has bought J. L. Bain's interest in the Bain & McCarroll Store, which is now known as the Richerson & McCarroll store.

We wish to thank those who have so liberally patronized the store in the past, and ask for a continuance of same, assuring you fair and courteous treatment. Those who owe accounts and notes to Bain & McCarroll are requested to settle same when due at this store.

Very Sincerely,

Richerson & McCarroll

Ordinance No. 8

An Ordinance Providing for the Securing of License for Shows and Peddlers to Operate in the City of Hedley, Texas.
Art. 44. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Hedley, Texas, that it shall be unlawful for any show and all peddlers, except those that are exempt by State laws, to operate within the corporate limits of the City of Hedley without first securing license, which shall cost from \$2.00 to \$5.00.

Ordinance No. 9

An Ordinance Establishing a Speed Limit for Automobiles and Motorcycles in the City of Hedley, Texas, and Prescribing a Penalty Therefor.
Art. 45. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Hedley, Texas, that hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person to drive an automobile or motorcycle at a rate of speed exceeding fifteen (15) miles per hour within the corporate limits of the City of Hedley, Texas.
Art. 46. That any person violating this Ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, he shall be fined in any sum not exceeding \$25.00.

O. E. Culwell had his building, occupied by the ice man, repaired last week and Mr. Gary and family are occupying the rear of a dwelling.

PASTURE—I have good grass and water and will take stock, horse preferred, to pasture. 2 miles east of town. R. L. Duckworth.

Informers and Semi-Weekly Farm News, one year \$1.75.

W. O. W. NOTICE
All members of the Hedley Camp are requested to be present at the meeting Friday night June 1. Also all members of Rowe Camp are cordially invited. Will have cake and cream on the side. W. M. Bozeman, C. C.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor. advt

G. W. Bolander and family attended a big birthday dinner in Clarendon Sunday given in honor of Mrs. Bolander's mother

Feed! Feed!
About 10 tons maize heads and 4 or 5 hundred bushels corn for sale; either cash or on fall time with acceptable security. R. W. Scales.

The little girl of Mr. Thaxton was taken to Clarendon to the Sanitarium last week where she underwent an operation for appendicitis, and at last reports is doing nicely.

To The Public
I have bought the Lee blacksmith shop and will continue to run same. I have the books of Mr. Lee and anyone owing same will please settle with me. J. M. Bozeman.

Mrs. Ola Jones was here from New Mexico last week visiting her parents, S. L. Adamson and wife. At the depot Saturday night she lost her bank book and purse combined which had \$5.00, a ticket and receipts in it. The finder will please notify S. L. Adamson.

Stop at Mrs. W. M. Dyer's Private Boarding House on block East of Woodridge lumber yard. Nice clean beds and good meals for 25c. Board per week \$4.00; per month \$16.00. Mrs. W. M. Dyer, Prop.

The people should remember that city ordinances are in effect, and should not hitch to trees, leave cars on the street not hitched, let stock run at large, etc. The officials are going to enforce the laws, and this is given as a reminder to possibly save some from paying a fine.

NOTICE

I will stand the Hicks & Wood Jack 2 1/2 miles north of Hedley. This Jack is Black Spanish and Mammoth 4 years old; well bred animal in good shape and color, and has colts to show for themselves. \$10 to insure with foal. Care will be taken to avoid accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. S. L. Adamson.

A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

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

J. B. Ozier, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Office Phone No. 45-3r.
Residence Phone No. 45-2r.
Hedley, Texas

DR. B. YOUNGER

DENTIST
Clarendon, Texas

DR. J. W. EVANS

DENTIST
Clarendon, Texas

CLEVE FLOYD

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
BRICK, STONE, CEMENT
Estimates and Plans Free
Phone 385 MEMPHIS, TEXAS

V. R. JONES

Optometrist
Eye Glasses and Spectacles Made to Order.
At HEDLEY DRUG CO.
1st and 2nd Thursdays in Each Month

Sweet Potato Plants For Sale

Nancy Hall, Pumpkin or Dooly Yam, Triumph or Florida Yam. Price 25c per 100; \$1.15 per 500; \$2.25 per 1000; \$2.00 per 1000 in lots of 5000 or more. Terms cash with order. Ready for shipment May 1st to July 1st. J. A. Hawk. 20-6t Lella Lake, Texas.

The Delicate Flavor
The Tang That Tones
El Maté
HAS—No Other—HAS
The Fastest Selling
Most Popular Drink
In the World
Pure as Mountain Dew
All Good Fountains 5c

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.

Special
Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record and Hedley Informer both one year for \$1.50.

TO THE PUBLIC
We wish to announce that we are prepared to chop your corn, kafir and maize, and also have either for sale under guaranteed analysis. We will appreciate a portion of your trade. Wood & Plaster.

BIG FORTUNES IN ENGLAND

But They Are Small Compared With Some of Those Enjoyed by Americans.

That there are no estates in England of the value of the largest estates in the United States is again demonstrated by the provision estimate, \$62,500,000 sworn to in London as to the value of the estate of the late Baron Rothschild, says the Wall Street Journal.

This was the fourth largest estate in England, exceeded only by the estates of the Duke of Westminster, Sir Ernest Cassel and Lord Iver. But the real estate income of the duke of Westminster is less than the securities income of Sir Ernest Cassel and also less than the income of Lord Iver from the Guinness brewery.

When Barney Barnato, the South African gold and diamond king, had speculative securities valued at about \$400,000,000—he committed suicide when his estate shrank to \$15,000,000—there was only one comparison that could be made. He was declared to be richer than the London Rothschilds.

While Baron Nathan Mayer Rothschild was probably the richest Rothschild, the wealth of the family, including the continental branches, probably passes the billion-dollar mark.

Nevertheless, it is surprising to find that the estate of the richest Rothschild is less than the real estate inheritance of Vincent Astor; far below the wealth of Andrew Carnegie; only a fraction of the wealth of John D. Rockefeller, and less than several estates in America that could be named, all of which save the Astor estate were accumulated in the lifetime of the present owner.

WOMEN ARE HONORED IN WAR

Medals, Decorations, and Rank to Nurses and Doctors of the Gentler Sex.

The work of women at the front is not only appreciated by officers and men alike, but it already has been officially recognized in some cases. King Albert has decorated Miss Dornier Maunder, an English nurse in charge of the ambulance at Rouen, with the Order of Leopold for services on behalf of the Belgian army.

The French minister of war has awarded a gold medal to Mme. Clara Muriel Kipling, a nurse of the American hospital at Paris. Mme. de Freycinet, general superintendent of auxiliary hospital No. 5 at Orleans, has been mentioned in dispatches by the general in command of the district for her devoted work since the war began.

Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson has left the military hospital she organized in France to organize and manage a military hospital of 500 beds near London. She has for this purpose been accorded the rank of major, a really working and not purely honorary military title.

Turkish Women Most Industrious.

The Turkish women are to be counted among the most industrious women of the earth. They certainly do a vast amount of work. They make carpets, screens for doors, work bags, horse clothing and blankets. A Turkish girl makes all the kibitka or tents, domestic carpets and other household requisites before she is married. If she gets married without completing this task it is expected that she will by her own labor refund the money which her parents have given her as her dowry. This dowry usually consists of 100 sheep and a certain amount of money, which a bridegroom either pays down in a lump sum to the parents of the bride to collect his friends for a succession of horse races and other sports. An important part is to decorate a camel with the handsomest trappings, which are sent to the bride's tent. On this she goes forth to receive congratulations of her relatives and friends. It is on this she is carried away by the female relatives of the bridegroom. She and her attendants feign to resist the act by throwing raw oats at the other women.

Baggage Not Excessive.

Johnny Poe, the former Princeton football player, who loves a scrap and who has fought in all the South American revolutions since 1901 and is now fighting in the trenches in France, recently wanted to get back to the United States from Santo Domingo, because there was no excuse for a fight there and there was promise in Europe. Being unable to secure any ordinary means of getting home, he went to the master of an English freighter soon to sail from that port and asked him: "Will you take me back to the United States?" "Sure I will," answered the captain. "How many pieces of baggage have you?" "Fifty-four," replied Johnny; "a pack of cards and a pair of socks." The freighter's master refused to accept even passage money.

When Appearance Counts.

"A man is not always to be judged by exterior appearances."
"Only in certain cases."
"You mean?"
"I would never choose a man with arms like pipe stems, legs ditto and a flat chest to carry off any honors in an athletic contest."

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