





**Indifference as to Personal Welfare**  
By Samuel G. Dixon, M.D., Commissioner of Health for Pennsylvania

Benjamin Franklin said, "Nine men in ten are suicides." The indifference of individuals to their continued personal welfare which inspired this remark 169 years ago is just as great today. Conditions have changed in many ways and some of them are less beneficial for the individual.

Carefully accumulated statistics show that there has in all probability been a steady increase in Bright's disease and other degenerative diseases incident to advancing age within the last few years. Certainly the number of deaths from this cause is sufficiently high to warrant the serious consideration of every individual advancing toward middle life. Of course everyone nowadays is familiar with the doctrine of fresh air, exercise and simplicity of diet and so forth, which make up the creed of the sanitarian.

Few are willing to go to the fancied discomfort of denying themselves the pleasures of eating, drinking or indolent ease. They are perfectly aware, to be sure, that indulgence is unwise. They have been warned by other people's experience and not improbably have been admonished by their medical advisers as to the evil effects of certain favorite indulgences. But the fact that a single gratification of their weakness is not likely to be accompanied by any of the forecast ill effects seems to lead the majority of people on regardless of the ultimate accounting which nature is certain to demand. The way of least resistance seems to be the popular path.

Probably every individual will admit to himself that he is running a risk and that the ultimate outcome will probably prove serious. Nevertheless, continue he will and so there is more than a modicum of truth in what Poor Richard said.

Self-denial and temperance may seem Spartan virtues to the self-indulgent, but they are worth cultivating if one would challenge Father Time and his grim companion.

**Custom of Raising Hats to Ladies**  
By Richard McBride, Rochester, N. Y.

The custom of raising the hat when passing a lady or when speaking to one dates back to the days when helmets with visors were worn. A knight, entering a large gathering, invariably wore his helmet with the visor down, for enemies were likely to be lurking in the throng. On a meeting a lady or when a woman's voice accosted him, however, he would raise the visor and show that he regarded all women as friends and knew that they would take no advantage, every knight raised his visor.

In a later age, when all armor was less worn, the helmet being principally a steel headpiece, the custom still prevailed of removing the sign of warlike protection, and this, absolutely unchanged, has continued through the ages.

Little by little the custom of keeping the hat off during an entire conversation with a lady in the street is dying out, but the rule still holds good that the hat should be raised in meeting a lady, should be taken off and kept off while conversing with her; each party to the conversation being about to separate, but that in the event of the gentleman's turning to walk beside her the hat should be replaced.

**Late Experiments With Falling Bodies**  
By Thomas G. Clifford, Manchester, Eng.

Some interesting experiments have been made recently with falling bodies. It is stated, for instance, that a car of broken rock could be dumped into the shaft of a mine a mile deep without injury to a man standing directly underneath.

The reason is that the rock would never reach the bottom, but would lodge in the shaft on timbers that protrude a few inches at intervals. The rock would not fall straight, since these shafts are exactly round. Two round metal balls were dropped into a shaft of burning threads by which they were suspended, so as to prevent any motion. It was tried to catch the balls in a box of cloth at the bottom of the shaft. None of them were caught. One ball was never seen. The other was found in the east wall of the shaft, only a few hundred feet below the surface. The explanation is that the earth is revolving from west to east, which gives the ball an eastward component in its fall because a particle on the surface of the earth is traveling at a higher rate of speed than one nearer the center, although at the same angular velocity.

**Keep Bubbling Boy Out of Mischief**  
By Lonnie B. Ezell, Charlotte, N. C.

Do you know the easiest way to keep that brimming, bubbling boy of yours out of mischief? It is a perplexing problem, yet one easily solved. The only way is to turn that superabundance of life and spirits into some useful channel; in short, give the boy something to do. Activity and accomplishment are parts of the boy's nature, and there must be some outlet for this energy. Therefore it is up to every parent to give his boy something to do, something into which he can put his energy and enthusiasm. Give him something to do that falls in with his own plans, not something diametrically opposed to them.

Have some regard to his personality and you will see him doing the right thing. Hours formerly spent in mischief will be put in on the woodpile. In the workshop he will make the chips fly, and when he gets out into the great workshop of the world he will continue to make the chips fly. He will do something and be somebody, and the world will hear him.

If you would be proud of your boy, fond parent, give him something to do.

**Conversations Over Telephone Too Long**  
By Cora A. Calkins, St. Louis, Mo.

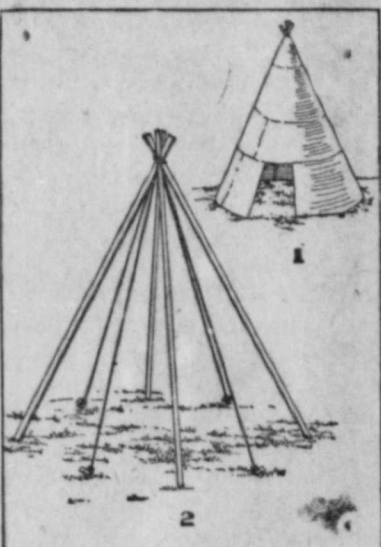
All social and business conversation over the telephone could be conducted in five or seven minutes. Yet I have heard people talk an hour straight. Often each one conversing seems to take the initiative and say good-by. So long on the telephone not only prevents people from getting much is very important, but it also prevents another member from using the phone. Reference, of course, only to unlimited phones, as the nickel are already restricted to five-minute conversations.

**HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS**  
By A. NEELY HALL and DOROTHY PERKINS  
(Copyright, by A. Neely Hall)

**FOR BACK-YARD CAMPING.**

We cannot all go camping in the woods, but there is opportunity for every one of you boys to build a camp in the back yard or a nearby lot.

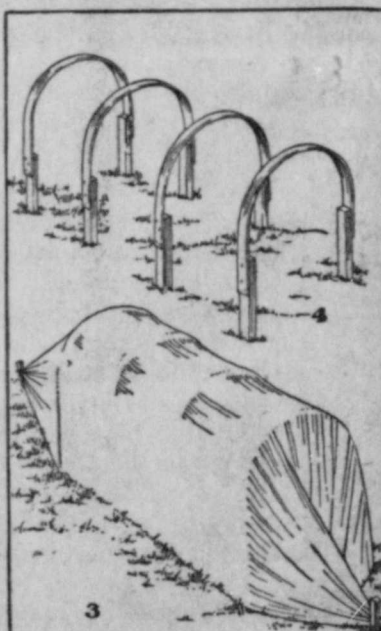
Best of all, the near-to-home camp requires no equipment other than what you can prepare with materials that can be picked up around home. There is the tepee shown in Fig. 1, for example, made of clothes poles, clothes line and old pieces of cloth. You can likely borrow four clothes poles for the purpose, as you will in no way destroy them. Stand these poles on the ground with their lower ends spread five or six feet apart, and their upper ends crossed as shown in Fig. 2. Then, taking pieces of clothes



line, or any other heavy rope, tie them to the upper crossed ends of the poles, and run them down and tie to stakes driven into the ground half-way between the poles, as shown in Fig. 2.

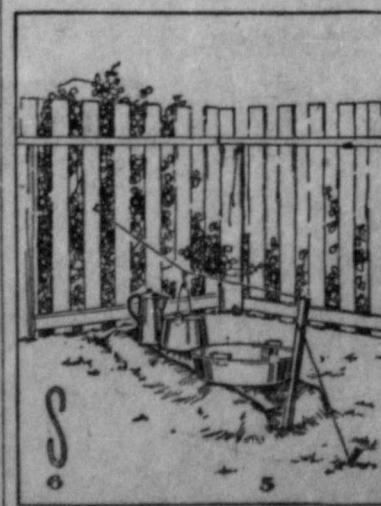
Figure 1 shows the framework covered with odd-sized pieces of cloth. The torpedo-shaped shelter tent shown in Fig. 3 is a new form that I have devised for you boys. Four barrel hoops and eight two-foot stakes are needed for its framework, and enough cloth to cover this.

Open the barrel hoops where their ends are joined, and nail each end of each hoop to one of the stakes. Then drive into the ground the other end of each stake of the frames thus



formed, placing the frames in line with one another and about eighteen inches apart. The covering material must be made long enough to extend sufficiently beyond the framework to inclose it in the manner shown in Fig. 3. Drive a stake into the ground about eighteen inches away from each end of the framework, to fasten the covering to.

A small campfire can be built with safety in the back yard if you make a fireplace like that shown in Fig. 5, with earth banked up on each side to keep the fire within a confined area. Bank up the earth in the form of two ridges, with four or five inches between the ridges at one end, and about twelve inches between at the other end. A coffee pot and other

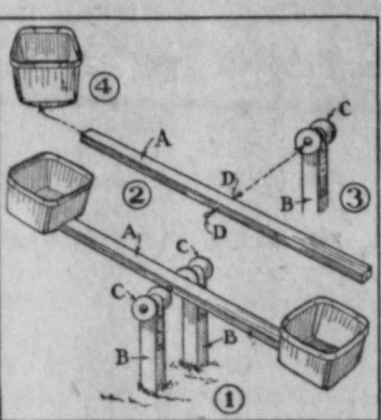


small utensils can be stood over the fire at the narrow end, and larger receptacles at the wide end. Pots may be hung over the fire by fastening a wire above it in the manner shown, and bending pothooks similar to that shown in Fig. 6, out of wire, by which to suspend the pots.

**A DOLL'S TEETER, MERRY-GO-ROUND AND FERRIS WHEEL.**

The teeter (Fig. 1) requires a stick 24 or 30 inches long and two inches wide, for the teeter board (A, Fig. 2), two short sticks for supports (B, Fig. 3), a spool bearing for the top of each upright (C), and a berry box for each end of the teeter board.

Locate the center of the length of stick A, upon each edge, and then drive a nail into both edges at this point (D, Fig. 2). Drive uprights B into the ground three inches apart,

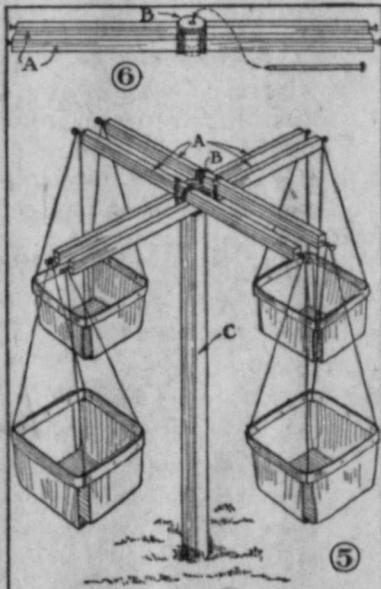


then, after slipping spools C over nails D, bind them to the tops of uprights B.

The form of merry-go-round shown in Fig. 5 is sometimes called the "flying alrshps." The toy requires four sticks about 24 inches long for cross arms (A, Fig. 5), a spool for a hub (B), a stick 24 inches long for a center upright (C), four berry boxes for cars, and some strings and nails.

First bind a pair of the cross-arm sticks A to the sides of the spool (Fig. 6), placing the spool at the exact center of the length of the sticks, and wrapping the string tightly around the sticks so the spool cannot turn. Then cross these sticks with the other pair, and bind this second pair securely to the first, as shown in Fig. 5.

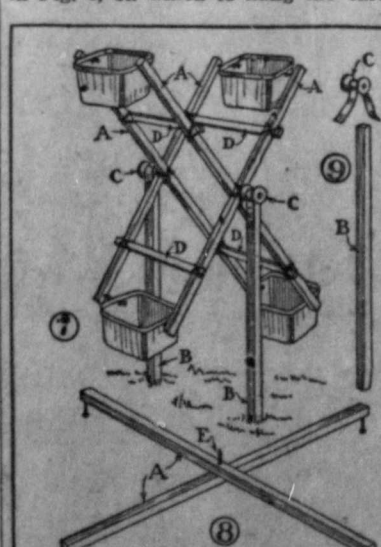
Drive a nail into the end of each cross arm. Then, after driving the



center stick C several inches into the ground, pivot the spool hub to its top with a nail.

For the Ferris wheel shown in Fig. 7 you will need four sticks 30 inches long for cross arms (A), two sticks 24 inches long for supports (B), a pair of spools for bearings (C), four sticks ten inches long for connecting braces (D) and four berry boxes.

Cross the sticks A at their exact centers, in pairs, and drive a nail through the exact center, as shown in Fig. 8. Use a long enough nail so the point will project about one inch and one half, as shown at E. To keep the sticks at right angles, bind their centers with string passed diagonally around them as shown in Fig. 7. On the face opposite to that on which nail E projects, drive 2-inch nails into the cross arms near their ends, as shown in Fig. 8, on which to hang the cars.



Then, after driving the supports B into the ground about ten inches apart, bind the spool bearings C to their tops, slip the nails E of the cross arms into spools C, and brace the framework by binding the strips D to them as shown in Fig. 7. After the braces have been put on, all that remains to complete the Ferris wheel is the cutting of holes through opposite sides of the berry boxes, large enough for the nails in the ends of cross arms A to slip through.

**RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS**

National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis Has Completed Plans.

Two hundred million Red Cross Christmas seals are now being printed and distributed by the American Red Cross and the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, according to a statement issued by the latter organization. The proceeds from the sale of these seals will go for the fight against tuberculosis in the communities where the seals are sold.

The organization of the Red Cross seal sale this year will take in every state and territory of the United States, including Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Canal Zone. By December 1, over 500,000 workers, men, women and children, will be engaged in the campaign.

The sale in 1914 broke all previous records, totaling over 55,000,000 seals, an increase of 22 per cent over 1913. After deducting all expenses, this left nearly \$500,000 for tuberculosis work in this country. The money has been and is being expended by over 2,000 different agencies who benefited from the sale in amounts ranging from \$100 or less to over \$25,000. The American Red Cross announces that it will continue its previous successful policy of charging only 10 per cent of the gross receipts to state antituberculosis associations, thereby encouraging local work.

**CUTICURA SOAP BATHS**

Followed by a Little Ointment for Baby's Tender Skin. Trial Free.

They afford infants and children great comfort, permit rest and sleep and point to speedy healing of eczemas, rashes, itchings, chafings and other sleep destroying skin troubles. Nothing better at any price for the nursery and toilet.

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

**Proof Enough.**

"I see a man lost a purse at the theater last night with ten thousand dollars in it."

"Why, how can you tell it was a man? The advertisement doesn't say so."

"No, but it does say, 'No questions asked.'"

**An Inquiry.**

He—Our club is to have an outing tomorrow.

He—How much do you expect to be out?

**The Ones.**

"Do you know any class which approaches the recall?"

"Oh, yes; actors."

Ask anybody about it—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The girl with the biggest patrimony has the best chance for matrimony.

**HELP YOUR DIGEST**  
WHY?

Why? Because of the influence on health and strength.

**A reliable first aid**  
**HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters**

Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder troubles. Thousands recommend Dr. Klinger's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Klinger & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

AGENTS—Steady income. Large manufacturer of Buckwheat and Beehives, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to country. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport, N.Y., 41 State St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 42-1915.

**Evenly Matched.**

"You haven't any serious or organic trouble," said the young physician cheerfully.

"You are a little nervous and run down, that's all. Take more exercise, eat less and forget your troubles."

The hypochondriac snorted.

"Young man," he demanded, his voice shaking, "how long have you been a doctor?"

"I took my degree three years ago," answered the medico.

"And I am an invalid of twenty-five years' experience. Who are you to disagree with me?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

**An Application.**

"Ye'll excuse me, captain," said O'Harrity, addressing the commander of the battleship, "but is it true that ut costs sivin hundred dollars to fire wan o' them big guns?"

"Yes, O'Harrity," said the captain.

"Why do you ask?"

"O' tought O' might save yez some money, sorr," said O'Harrity. "Sure, and O'll fire 'em for yez for tin."—New York Times.

You can tell pretty well whether he is a gentleman by his demeanor when he has money at stake.

More women would be interested in baseball if they believed it would help them socially.

**Sick Women Attention**

Is it possible there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, which proves beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other one medicine in the world?

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine for women—and every year we publish many new testimonials, all genuine and true. Here are three never before published:

**From Mrs. S. T. Richmond, Providence, R. I.**  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of women who suffer as I have done I wish to state what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and the doctor said it caused a displacement. I have always been weak and overworked after my baby was born and inflammation set in, then nervous prostration, from which I did not recover until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The Compound is my best friend and when I hear of a woman with troubles like mine I try to induce her to take your medicine."—Mrs. S. T. RICHMOND, 84 Progress Avenue, Providence, R. I.

**From Mrs. Maria Irwin, Peru, N.Y.**  
PERU, N.Y.—"Before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was very irregular and had much pain. I had lost three children, and felt worn out all the time. This splendid medicine helped me as nothing else had done, and I am thankful every day that I took it."—Mrs. MARIA IRWIN, R.F.D. 1, Peru, N.Y.

**From Mrs. Jane D. Duncan, W. Quincy, Mass.**  
SOUTH QUINCY, MASS.—"The doctor said that I had organic troubles and he doctored me for a long time and I did not get any relief. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and I tried it and found relief before I had finished the first bottle. I continued taking it all through middle life and am now a strong, healthy woman and earn my own living."—Mrs. JANE D. DUNCAN, Forest Avenue, West Quincy, Mass.

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





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SUBSCRIPTIONS TAKEN AT  
**The Informer Office**



The Worst to Come. The Passenger—Say, can't you drive a little more carefully? When you plunged into that ravine you nearly broke my neck.

Perturbed Homes. "My wife has the uplift fever." "I ain't any better off than you are. Mine has fits."

When lovers elope it's a getaway for common sense.

Looking Ahead. "How do you think the war in Europe is going to end?" "The same as about everything else ends," replied Mr. Growcher. "The people who didn't start it or participate in the excitement will be called on to economize and try to pay up for it."

AVOID A DOCTOR'S BILL. On the first of the month by taking now a bottle of Mansfield Cough Balsam for that hacking, hollow cough. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

DAIRY

DETECTION OF DIRT IN MILK. Sediment Test Shows Dairyman Degree of Cleanliness of Milk—Covered Pail is Favored.

The sediment test is the best method of detecting dirt in milk. This test should be used wherever milk is sold. It shows the dairyman the degree of cleanliness of his milk.

In order that as little dirt as possible may adhere to the cows, clip their udders, flanks and tails. All



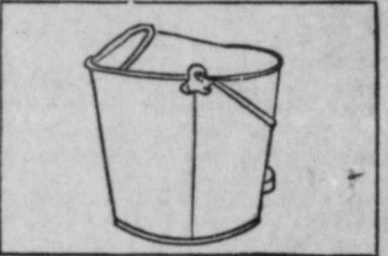
Pail Keeps Out Dirt.

loose dust can be easily brushed off with the hands before milking. Do not allow anyone to milk wet, as this is a filthy practice.

The cows keep unsold on grass in a night pasture, while if they are kept in a dry barnyard the loose, dry manure will stick to their udders and bodies and drop into the pail. If kept in the barnyard in rainy weather it is almost impossible to milk them without first washing their udders.

A covered pail closed about two-thirds with a hood, will keep out at least 75 per cent of the dirt. These pails are just as convenient to use as the ordinary ones, and cost little more.

A strainer will not take out the fine sediment in milk, but is useful for taking out hair and other large foreign stuff and is good for detecting the dirty milk. One farmer uses a strainer made from an ordinary 14-cup tin dishpan. A five-inch hole is cut in the center of the bottom. A ring two inches wide and of the same diameter as the hole is soldered on, over which the rings slips to hold the strainer cloth. Huck toweling makes a very good strainer cloth. Such a strainer covers a factory can.



Good Type of Covered Pail.

preventing the milk from becoming exposed every time the can is opened. All cans and utensils are washed and scalded every time used, and given their daily sun bath to keep them sweet.

FEW PRACTICAL DAIRY HINTS

Pure Food Laws Won't Worry If Only Clean, Wholesome Products Are Sent to the Markets.

When counting the by-products of the dairy, do not forget the skim milk allowed to clabber, of which the delicious Dutch or cottage cheese is made. When not all is needed on the home table, it can readily be disposed of at good prices.

Send out only clean, wholesome food products, then the pure food laws will have no worry for you.

Don't feed lice, get rid of them. If the stock has been cleanly kept, there will be no lice to get rid of. Very seldom is a cow or calf lousy when in good condition. Keep their stalls and premises clean, give wholesome feed and enough of it, and the cows will not raise lice.

A little corn or bran will not hurt the cows and will save many steps of getting up the cows to milk. Don't forget the salt at the regular time. Grass requires more salt than did the dry feed of winter.

Feed the calves enough to have them do well. Allow them the run of a grassy, shaded lot, and unless supplied naturally with water, be sure to keep some before them.

Too rich feed may give the young calf indigestion. Guard against this, as after once becoming out of fix, it is much harder to regulate. Keep them well and keep them growing. This is true of all young stock, the only way to make a profit of it is to keep it growing.

Ration for Dairy Cows. The average grain ration for dairy cows should contain at least one pound of cottonseed meal, as feeding this material results in a firmer fat and harder butter. The greasy appearance in the butter is caused by the softness of the fat globules, and the addition of the cottonseed meal will remedy this matter.

Water for Calves. Set a pail of water into the corner of your calves' pen. You will find they will drink when not more than two weeks old. They often get very thirsty during the long, hot days of summer.

GUARD THE VATICAN Italian Government Watching Over Its Safety.

Person of the Pope and the Pontifical Property Being Given Full Measure of Protection, According to Report.

A Roman writer says while startling stories of how the pope is about to flee to Spain for safety continue to blossom on the journalistic tree with regularity, it is interesting to know what is really going on to protect the head of the historic church.

That the Vatican is protected by Remington and Wetterly arms gives quite a modern touch to the picturesque pile. The protection offered and given by the Italian government is interesting to analyze on account of the relations between church and state. Benedict XV has no need to worry for his safety, as the government of Italy not only gives protection but has offered far more than he would accept.

As to the internal security the Italian police could take no steps, as the Vatican is considered a "foreign state." The Italian government bestowed the pope to accept, if it so pleased him, whatever armed forces he saw fit for the pontifical property. Those men would be exempt from military duty to the Italian government. Moreover the government offered the pope the necessary protection of modern arms and ammunition.

Benedict XV, always practical, declined the offer of men, being undesirous of increasing the number of Vatican armed guards, especially since he had military service to perform or who wished to go as volunteers to file at once beneath the banner of the Patria. The holy father is credited with saying to Cardinal Gasparri "Let all go who have the obligation, let all go who have the desire, and let them know that not a soldo will be deducted from their pay and that their places will be waiting for them. But let us not talk of accepting the offer of the government for converting the Vatican into a haven of poltroons."

The government, knowing how the apostolic palaces are infested with Austrian spies, who as visitors to the great museums and galleries as alleged students of the libraries, have ears and eyes open, suggested an army of plain-clothes men.

The Vatican, however, so far has not accepted the government's offer of police, though there is every reason to believe arms and ammunition have been introduced into the Vatican through the government. The armed Vatican corps are indeed manned with Remingtons. These arms being heavy, the Swiss guards are being trained in the use of Wetterlys, the heavier arms being given to the outside guards. The gendarmes are also armed with revolvers which they need in their duty in the gardens and courts.

In Piazza St. Peter and in the old Borgo there are two barracks in which are stationed great contingents of territorial militia and carabinieri who are

CALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP! ACTS LIKE DYNAMITE ON LIVER

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Doesn't Make

Stop using calomel! It makes you sick. Don't lose a day's work. If you feel lazy, sluggish, bilious or constipated, listen to me!

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

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a

spoonful and if it doesn't give you right up and vigorous and energetic, return the store and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone because it cannot salivate or make you sick. I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

in constant contact with detectives in uniform and in plain clothes, who in turn are stationed at the famous bronze doors in the Via della Fontanella along the outside wall of the Basilica Saint Peter. At the Cavaleggeri gate and the Angelica gate are two stations of Carabinieri, reinforced by a great body of territorial militia. Protection of the Vatican meteorological observatory, which is in the garden, has been augmented by the presence of a number of civil functionaries who assist the Jesuits. In the observatory an electrical reflector has been placed with which it is possible to search the now dangerous depths of the sky.

The observatory is in direct telephonic communication with the Vatican. It was thought at first a good idea to place an observation station upon the cupola of St. Peter's as was done in 1870, but this idea was abandoned.

A most scrupulous guard has been placed about the palaces of the Dataria and the Cancelleria and the Propaganda of the Faith beneath the Quirinal.

It is believed the treasure of the propandea may have been transported to the subterranean vaults of the Vatican or elsewhere. At night the apostolic palaces are wrapped in darkness, as is wise in a city within the war zone, for the church has learned its lessons from Reims and its other despoiled religious houses.

It is clear how vigilant an eye the government keeps on the Vatican and how careful is its protection.

Too often preserving the honor of the family is only a matter of keeping it from being found out.

And some married men believe that they should be allowed to spend part of the money they earn.

When the sun shines lay aside a little of your enthusiasm for a rainy day.

Suspensions are often worse than facts.

Evidently Well Cared For. During the progress of the morning bath of a few months' old infant a neighbor's little girl came into the room carrying a doll, and stood watching the operation for some time. The little girl's doll was much more for hard usage, being minus an arm and a leg. Finally she said to the mother of the child:

"How long have you had your baby?"

"The child was informed, and looking from her doll to the baby, she said:

"My, but you have kept it nice!"

Center of Universe. A recent speculation is that Canopus, in the southern constellation of Argo, is the center of the stellar universe. Though second in apparent brightness to Sirius, it is really much larger, and is at the inconceivable distance of 489 light-years from us. Its volume is estimated at 2,400,000 times that of our own sun, while its brilliancy is supposed to be 49,700 times as great.

Where War is Not Hell. Chatty Neighbor—I suppose you don't stand for any war arguments among your boarders? Boarding-House Mistress—Oh, yes. I see, our biggest eater gets so interested that he forgets to eat and our next biggest eater gets so mad that he leaves before the meal is half over.—Puck.

Noble Sentiment. Sunday School Teacher—Did you ever forgive an enemy? Tommy Tuffnut—Once. Sunday School Teacher—And what noble sentiment prompted you to do it? Tommy Tuffnut—He was bigger than me.—Life.

Frankly admitting that the baby resembles its father is the shortest way. It is also the safest.

A textile made in China from raw silk can be buried in the earth a year without deteriorating.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

THIS is the caution applied to the public announcement of Castoria that has been manufactured under the supervision of Chas. H. Fletcher for over 30 years—the genuine Castoria. We respectfully call the attention of fathers and mothers when purchasing Castoria to see that the wrapper bears his signature in black. When the wrapper is removed the same signature appears on both sides of the bottle in red. Parents who have used Castoria for their little ones in the past years need no warning against counterfeits and imitations, but our present duty is to call the attention of the younger generation to the great danger of introducing into their families spurious medicines. It is to be regretted that there are people who are now engaged in the nefarious business of putting up and selling all sorts of substitutes, or what should more properly be termed counterfeits, for medicinal preparations not only for adults, but worse yet, for children's medicines. It therefore devolves on the mother to scrutinize closely what she gives her child. Adults can do that for themselves, but the child has to rely on the mother's watchfulness. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE TWO BUTTES IRRIGATION SYSTEM

In Southeastern Colorado is the nearly completed Carey Act project in the State. It is one of the most perfect in the United States. It was built for the farmers under the supervision of the State of Colorado. The soil and climate are especially adapted to alfalfa, wheat, corn, oats, barley and to dairying, poultry, livestock, and irrigation guarantees the result. We want men who will work and develop for the make homes, not speculators. A new country with a world of promise for the industrious farmer or stockman with limited resources. Lands for sale cheap and on easy terms. Do not wait until a railroad, advances prices beyond your reach but acts at once.

THE TWO BUTTES REALTY COMPANY TWO BUTTES, COLORADO

On the Water Waggon. The alfalfa delegate was on his first visit to a city of any size. Seeing on the sidewalk he chanced to see a sprinkling cart coming down the street, and no sooner had he set eyes on the thing than he began to laugh like a boy at a minstrel show. "Say, old pal," he remarked hilariously, punching a cop in the ribs, "don't that just beat all?" "Don't that just beat all?" responded the wondering cop. "What's the joke?" "Just look at that feller over that wagon!" replied the alfalfa party, pointing to the sprinkler. "That derned clump won't have a drop of water left by the time he gets home!" —Philadelphia Telegraph.

Well Put. Once in a while, when small children are witnesses in court, they have an original way of framing their answers to questions put to them by the attorneys, says the Boston Post. The other day a little girl in the divorce court was asked: "How do you know that this statement is true?" "Why, my papa told me so," instantly replied the little girl. "And do you always answer your stepmother politely, no matter what she says to you, as your father told you to do?" "No," said the small witness, and after a brief pause she added: "My heart did not bring forth the words."

Reckoning by Rule. "How old do you think I am, Mr. Jimpson?" asked Miss Arabella Bonehill. "I happen to know, Miss Bonehill," said Jimpson. "You were born in 1870—that makes you just thirty." "What?" cried Miss Bonehill. "Do you mean to say that I'm 70 from 1915 is only 30?" "Not arithmetically," said Arabella. "I said Jimpson's duty to a reckoning a woman's age is reason." It is mainly the shows thing ought to value it of snake good with it of itself. The you'll over the egg. I need to furnish some. If a man is all right by himself, he nearly always knows what to do for him. A good deal of cauliflower gets into society under the name of cauliflower.

Who She Was. He was a new clerk in the store, and was completely flustered when confronted by a frilly, fluffy young woman whose beauty so dazzled him that he allowed her to buy a large bill of dry goods and depart after ordering the purchase charged to her, but without giving her name. "Whom are you going to charge those goods to?" asked the department manager. "What was her name?" "Why, Miss, Miss, Miss—" stammered the clerk, as he scratched his head. "Just miscellaneous, I guess," the boss cut in sarcastically.

About Time. One evening the young minister, who had seemed rather attracted by "Big Sister" Grace, was dining with the family. "Little Sister" was talking rapidly when the visitor was about to ask the blessing. Turning to the child, he said in a tone of mild reproof: "Laura, I am going to ask grace." "Well, it's about time," answered "Little Sister," in an equally reproving tone. "We've been expecting you to do it for a year, and she has, too!" —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

No Optimist. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but I've got to give you my week's notice." "Why, Mary, you surprise me. Do you expect to better yourself?" "Well, not exactly, ma'am, but I'm going to get married."

Reversed. "Who is that homely, little sawed-off chap over there?" she asked. "That is my husband," she replied, "but don't apologize. You can't make me mad by calling him names."

The Wise One. "He is a perfect disciplinarian." "Yep; never gives an order unless he is dead sure it will be obeyed." —Judge.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

All Settled. "That baseball game was a bluff." "Well, what are you kicking about? Wasn't it called?"

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What a fine world this would be if we all loved our neighbors as we try to love ourselves?

Sprained ankle? Rub on and rub in Hanford's Balsam thoroughly. Adv.

There were only 354 days in the year 1752.

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DR. J. C. SMITH'S KIDNEY PILLS 50¢ at all Stores. Smith Bros. Co. Prop. Buffalo, N.Y.

YOUR MONEY. If Tutt's Pills save many dollars in doctor bills. A remedy for diseases of the liver, headache, dyspepsia, constipation, and indigestion, a million people endorse.

Tutt's Pills. OLD RELIABLE. BERSMITH'S HILL TONIC. MALARIA. GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC.

Surgeon General Rupert Blue of the U. S. Public Health Service Says: "I WANT TO WARN YOU AGAINST THE CRAZE PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY HAVE FOR WHITE FLOUR. THE WHITEST FLOUR IS NOT THE BEST; IT IS NOT THE PUREST; IT IS ONLY THE DEAREST, AND WHEN YOU BUY IT YOU BUY LOOKS AND NOT NOURISHMENT. IN ORDER TO MAKE IT WHITE, SOME OF THE MOST NOURISHING AND ESSENTIAL COMPONENTS OF THE NATURAL WHEAT HAVE BEEN TAKEN AWAY."

These "nourishing and essential components" are the priceless mineral phosphates of the grain, known as the "tissue salts," indispensable for perfect health of body, brain and nerves.

Everywhere food scientists and physicians are sounding a like note of warning, for a host of ills is following the pernicious practice of casting out these elements in the milling process, and that, simply to make the flour look white and pretty. Neurasthenia, anemia, Bright's disease, constipation, rickets, and a lowered resistance against disease in general, are some of these ills.

More and more thinking people are waking up to this evil. There's a way out.

Grape-Nuts. FOOD. made of whole wheat and barley, retains all the nutriment of the grains and those "essential components"—the mineral elements. This splendid food was devised years ago to supply this very lack in ordinary food and fortify the system against the onslaughts of disease. It does it wonderfully well.

Grape-Nuts comes ready to eat, convenient, economical and nourishing, and has become a household word in thousands of homes for its sterling food values and delicious flavor.

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# The PRICE

FRANCIS LYNDE  
NARRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

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### SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities, in the president's private office and escapes with \$100,000 in cash. He goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank, recognizes him, and sends a letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested at St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and takes the train. He falls ill on the sleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska. Margery finds the stolen money in Griswold's suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the trail. Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into financial hot water and then help him out of it. Griswold recovers to find the stolen money gone. He forms a friendship with Raymer, the iron manufacturer. Broffin comes to Wahaska in search of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter to Galbraith. Margery takes Griswold to the safety deposit vault and turns the stolen money over to him. Charlotte bluffs out Broffin and Margery begins to watch him. Griswold puts his money in Raymer's plant and commences to rewrite his book. Griswold is not sure that Charlotte had not recognized him. He uses Margery and Charlotte as models for the characters in his book and reads the manuscript to them. Broffin spies on Margery, who throws him off the scent regarding Griswold.

### CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"And that was when you began to suspect?" queried Raymer.

"That was when the suspicion began to torture me. I fought it; oh, you don't know how hard I fought it! There he was, lying sick and helpless; utterly unable to do a thing or say a word in his own defense; and yet, if he were the robber, of course, we should have to give him up. It was terrible!"

"I should say so," was Raymer's sympathetic comment. "How did you get it straightened out, at last?"

"It hasn't been altogether straightened out until just lately—within the past few days," she went on gravely. "After he began to get well, I made him talk to me—about himself, you know. There didn't seem to be anything to conceal. At different times he told me all about his home, and his mother, whom he barely remembers, and the big-hearted, open-handed father who made money so easily in his profession—he was the Griswold, the great architect, you know—that he gave it to anybody who wanted it—but I suppose he has told you all this?"

"No; at least, not very much of it."

Miss Grierson went on smoothly, falling sympathetically into the reminiscent vein.

"Kenneth went to college without ever having known what it is to lack anything in reason that money could buy. A little while after he was graduated his father died."

"Leaving Kenneth poor, I suppose; he has intimated as much to me, once or twice," said Raymer.

"Leaving him awfully poor. He wanted to learn to write, and for a long time he stayed on in New York, living just any old way, and having a dreadfully hard time of it, I imagine, though he would never say much about that part of it. That is why he thinks he is a socialist. At last I felt that I just must know, at whatever cost. One day when we were driving, I brought him here and—introduced him to Mr. Galbraith. I was so scared that I could taste it—but I did it!"

Raymer laughed. "Of course nothing came of it?"

"Nothing at all. And then, right out of a clear sky, came another proof that was even more convincing. Do you happen to know who the young woman was who discovered the bank robber on the steamboat?"

"I? How should I know?"

"I didn't know but she had told you," was the demure rejoinder. "It was Charlotte Farnham."

"What!" ejaculated Raymer. But he was not more deeply moved than was the man behind the window curtains. If Broffin's dead cigar had not been already reduced to shapeless utility, Miss Grierson's cool announcement, carrying with it the assurance that his secret was no secret, would have settled it.

"It's so," she was adding calmly. "I found out. How do I know? Because her father bought the draft at poppa's bank, and in the course of time it came back with the Bayou State Security's dated paying stamp on it. See how easy it was!"

Raymer's laugh was not altogether mirthful.

"You are a witch," he said. "Is there anything you don't know?"

"Not very many things that I really need to know," was the mildly boastful retort. "But you see, now, how foolish my suspicions were."

Raymer nodded. Though he would not have admitted it under torture, the entire matter figured somewhat as a mountain constructed out of a rather small molehill to a man for whom the subtleties lay in a region unexplored. He wondered that the clear-minded little "social climber," as his sister called her, had ever bothered her nimble brain about such an abstruse and far-fetched question.

"You said, a few days ago, that Griswold calls himself a socialist. That

isn't quite the word. He is a sociologist."

Miss Grierson ignored the nice distinction in names.

"Socialism goes with being poor, doesn't it?" she remarked. "Since Mr. Griswold's ship has come in, I suppose he finds it easier, and pleasanter, to be a theoretical leveler than a practical one."

"That is another thing I have never been quite able to understand," said the iron founder. "You say his father left him poor; where did he get his money?"

"Why, don't you know?" was the innocent query. And then, with a pretty affectation of embarrassment, real or perfectly simulated: "If he hasn't told you, I mustn't."

"Of course, I don't want to pry," said Raymer, loyal again.

"I can give you a hint, and that is all. Don't you remember 'My Lady Jezebel,' the unsigned novel that made such a hit last summer?"

"Why, bless goodness, yes! Did he write that?"

"He has never admitted it in so many words. But I'll divide a little secret with you. He has been reading bits of his new book to me, and pshaw! a blind person could tell! I asked him once if he could guess how much the author of 'My Lady Jezebel' had been paid, and he said, with the most perfectly transparent carelessness: 'Oh, about a hundred thousand, I suppose.'"

"Tally!" said Raymer, laughing. "Griswold has put an even ninety thousand into my little egg basket out at the plant. But, of course you knew that, everybody in Wahaska knows it by this time."

Miss Grierson did not reply, and for a little while they were both silent. Then Raymer said:

"I wonder if McMurtry doesn't think I've dropped out on him. I guess I'd better go and see. Don't wait any longer on my motions, unless you want to, Miss Margery."

When Raymer had gone, the opportunity which Broffin had so lately craved was his. Miss Grierson was left alone on the big veranda, and he had only to step out and confront her. Instead, he got up quietly and went back through the lobby with his head down and his hands in his pockets, and the surviving bit of the dead cigar disappeared between his strong teeth and became a cud of chagrin. There had been a goal in sight, but Miss Grierson had beat him to it.

And the winner of the small handicap? With a deep breath-drawing that was almost a sob, Miss Grierson sprang up, stole a swift confirming glance at the empty chair behind the window hangings, and crossed the veranda to stand with one arm around a supporting pillar. And since the battle was fought and won, and the friendly pillar gave its stay and shelter, the velvety eyes filled suddenly and the ripe red lips were trembling like the lips of a frightened child.

### CHAPTER XXI.

All That a Man Hath.

For four entire days after Margery Grierson had driven home the nail of the elemental vertices in her frank criticism of the new book, and Charlotte Farnham had clinched it, Wahaska's public places saw nothing of Griswold; and Mrs. Holcomb, motherly soul, was driven to expostulate scoldingly with her second-floor front who was pushing the pen feverishly from dawn to the small hours, and evidently—in the kindly widow's phrase—burning the candle at both ends and in the middle.

Out of this candle-burning frenzy the toiler emerged in the afternoon of the fifth day, a little pallid and tremulous from the overstrain, but with a thick packet of fresh manuscript to bulge in his pocket when he made his way, blinking at the unwonted sunlight of out-of-doors, to the great house at the lake's edge.

Margery was waiting for him when he rang the bell; he guessed it gratefully, and she confirmed it.

"Of course," she said, with the bewitching little grimace which could be made to mean so much or so little. "Isn't this your afternoon? Why shouldn't I be waiting for you?" Then, with a swiftly sympathetic glance for the pale face and the tired eyes: "You've been overworking again. Let's sit out here on the porch where we can have what little air there is. There must be a storm brewing; it's positively breathless in the house."

Griswold was glad enough to acquiesce; glad and restfully happy and mildly intoxicated with her beauty and the loving rudeness with which she pushed him into the easiest of the great lounging chairs and took the sheet of manuscript away from him, declaring that she meant to read it herself.

When it was over, and he could not tell whether the interval should be measured by minutes or hours; the return to the realities—the hot afternoon, the tree-shaded veranda, the lake dimpling like a sheet of molten metal under the sun glare—was almost painful.

"It is wonderful—simply wonderful!" he said, drawing a deep breath; and then, with a flush of honest confusion to drive away the work pallor: "Of course, you know I don't mean the story; I meant your reading of it. Hasn't anyone ever told you that you have the making of a great actress in you, Margery, girl?"

"No—"

She was smiling across at him, level-eyed. "Let me pass it back to you, dear boy," she said. "You have the making of a great novelist in you. It may take years and years, and—and I'm afraid you'll always have to be helped; but if you can only get the right kind of help. . . ." She looked away, out across the lake where a stifful breeze was turning the molten-metal dimples into laughing wavelets. Then, with one of her sudden topic-wrenchings: "Speaking of help, reminds me. Why didn't you tell me you had gone into the foundry business with Edward Raymer?"

"Because it didn't occur to me that you would care to know, I guess," he answered unsuspectingly. "As a matter of fact, I had almost forgotten it myself."

"Mr. Raymer didn't ask you for help?"

"No; it was my own offer."

"But he did tell you that he was in trouble?"

"Yes," hesitatingly.

"What kind of trouble was it, Kenneth? I have the best right in the world to know."

Griswold straightened himself in his chair and the work-weariness became a thing of the past.

"You can't have a right to know anything that will distress you."

"Foolish!" she chided. "You may as well tell me. Mr. Raymer had borrowed money at poppa's bank. What was the matter? Did he have to pay it back—all at once?"

There seemed to be no further opening for evasion. "Yes; I think that was the way of it," he answered.

Griswold expected something in the nature of an outburst. What he got was a transfusing glance of the passionate sort, quick with open-eyed admiration.

"And you just tossed your money into the breach as if you had millions of it, and by now you've almost forgotten that you did it!" she exclaimed. "Kenneth, dear, there are times when you are so heavenly good that I can hardly believe it. Are there any more men like you over on your side of the world?"

At another time he might have smiled at the boyish frankness of the question. But it was a better motive than the analyst's that prompted his answer.

"Plenty of them, Margery, girl; too many for the good of the race. You mustn't try to make a hero out of me. Once in a while I get a glimpse of the real Kenneth Griswold—you are giving me one just now—and it's sickening. For a moment I was meanly jealous; jealous of Raymer. It was only the writing part of me, I hope, but—"

He stopped because she had suddenly turned her back on him and was looking out over the lake again. When she spoke, she said: "See! The breeze is freshening out on the water. You are fagged and tired and needing a bracer. Let's go and do a turn on the lake in the Clytie."

From where he was sitting Griswold could see the trim little catboat, resplendent in polished brass and mahogany, riding at its buoy beyond the lawn landing-stage. He cared little for the water, but the invitation pointed to a delightful prolongation of the basking process which had come to be one of the chief luxuries of the Mercedes afternoons.

At the landing stage Griswold made himself useful, paying out the sea line of the movable mooring buoy and hauling on the shore line until the hand-



"I've Got Him!" He Cried.

sounding thumps; that the wind was rising, and that the summer afternoon sky had become suddenly overcast. The pretty tiller maiden was pushing the helm down with her foot and hauling in briskly on the sheet when he sat up.

"What's this we're coming to?" he asked, thinking less of the changed weather conditions than of the charming picture she made in action.

"Weather," she said shortly. "Look behind you."

He looked and saw a huge storm cloud rising out of the northwest and spreading like a great gray dust curtain from horizon to zenith.

"There's a good bunch of wind in that cloud," he said, springing to help his companion with the slatting mainsail. "Hadn't we better lie up under the island and let it blow over?"

"No," she snapped. "We'll have to reef, and be quick about it. Help me!"

He helped with the reefing, and the great mainsail had been successfully reduced to its smallest area and hoisted home again before the trees on the western shore began to bow and churn in the precursor blasts of the coming storm.

"It will hit us in less than a minute; how about weathering that island?" he asked.

"We've got to weather it," was the instant decision; "we can't go around." Then, the catboat still hanging in the wind's eye: "Help me get her over."

"Hadn't you better let her fall off a little more and run for it?" he suggested, and he had to shout it into the pink ear nearest to him to make himself heard above the roaring of the wind and the crashing plunges of the boat.

She shook her head and made an impatient little gesture with her elbow toward the storm-lashed raceway over the bows. Griswold winked the spray out of his eyes and looked. At first he saw nothing but the wild waste of whitecaps, but at the next attempt he made out the hotel steam launch, half-way to the entrance of the southern bay and a little to leeward of the Clytie's course. The small steamer was evidently no seaboat, and with more courage than seamanship, its steersman was driving straight for the Inn bay without regard for the direction of the wind and the seas.

"That's Ole Halverson!" cried the tiller maiden with scorn in her voice. "He thinks because he happens to have a steam engine he needn't look to see which way the wind is blowing."

"She's pitching pretty badly," Griswold called back. "If he only had sense enough to ease off a little. . . ."

Suddenly he became aware of the finer heroism of his companion. He knew now why she had refused to take shelter under the lee of the island, and why she was holding the catboat down to the edge of peril to take the windward advantage of the laboring steamer. "Margery, girl, you're a darling!" he shouted. "Take all the chances you want to and I'm with you. If we go to the bottom!"

She nodded complete intelligence and took in another inch of the straining main sheet.

Griswold looked again, this time over the catboat's counter, and saw a big schooner, close reefed, hauling out from a little bay on the north shore. The launch's plight had evidently impressed others with the necessity of doing something. The need was sufficiently urgent. Once again the Swedish man of machinery in charge of the craft in peril was inching his helm up in a vain endeavor to hold the course, and the little steamer was rolling almost funnel under. Griswold forgot his companion was a woman and swore rabidly.

"Look at the fool!" he yelled. "He's trying to come about! If he gets into the trough—"

The thing was done almost as he spoke. A wilder squall than any of the preceding ones caught the upper works of the launch and heeled her spitefully. At the critical instant the steersman lost his head and spun the wheel, and it was all over. With a heaving plunge and a muffled explosion the launch was gone.

Once again Griswold was given to see the stuff Margery Grierson was made of in the finer warp and woof of her.

"That's for us," she said calmly; and then: "Help me get another inch or two on this sheet. We don't want to let those people on the Osprey do all the heroic things."

Together they held the catboat down to its work, sending it ripping through the crested waves and fighting steadily for every foot of the precious windward advantage. None the less, it was the big schooner, thrashing down the wind with every square yard of its reefed canvas drawing, which was first at the scene of disaster. Through the rain and spume they could see the schooner's crew picking up the shipwrecked passengers, who were clinging to lifebelts, broken bulkheads and anything that would float. So swiftly was the rescue effected that the rescuer had luffed and filled and was tearing on its way down the lake again when the first-of-the-floating-wreckage. The tiller maiden's dark eyes were shining again, but this time their brightness was of tears.

"Oh, boy, boy!" she cried, with a little heartbroken catch in her voice; "some of them must have gone down with her! Can you believe that the Osprey got them all?" And then, with the sweet lips trembling: "I did my best, Kenneth; my very best—and it wasn't—good enough!"

She was putting the catboat up into the wind, and Griswold stumbled forward to get the broader outlook. Suddenly he called back to her.

"Port—port your helm hard! There's a man in a lifebelt—he's just out of

reach. Hold her there—steady!" He had thrown himself flat, face down, on the half-deck forward and was clutching at something in the heaving seas. "I've got him!" he cried, and a moment later he was working his way aft, holding the man's face out of water.

It asked for their united strength to get the gray-haired, head-bodded victim of the capsize over the tiller rail. They had to bring the lifebelt too; the old man's fingers were sunk into it with a dying grip that could not be broken. At first Griswold was too much preoccupied and shocked to recognize the drawn face with the hardened mouth and long upper lip. When he did recognize it the gripping fear was at his heart—the fear that makes a cruel coward of the hunted thing in all nature.

What might have happened had he been alone; if Margery, taking her place at the tiller and busying herself swiftly in getting the catboat under way again, had not been looking on; he dared not think. And the other frightful thought he put away against it madly as a condensed man might push the cup of hemlock from his lips. Forcibly breaking the drowned one's hold upon the lifebelt, he fell to work energetically, resorting to the first aid expedients for the resuscitation of the drowned as he had learned them in his boyhood. Once, only, during a word over his shoulder at Margery as he fought for the old man's life: "Make for the nearest landing where we can get a doctor!" he commanded; and then, in a passion of gratitude: "O God, I thank thee that I am not a murderer!"—he's coming back! He's breathing again!"

A little later he was able to have off the first-aid arm-pumpings and chest-pressings; to straighten the legs and sprawling limbs, and to direct the cuddy cabin, under Margery's directions, for blankets and rugs. When all was done that could be done, and he had propped the blanket-swathed body with the cushions so that the crash and plunge of the pitching catboat would be minimized for the sufferer, he went aft to sit beside the helmsman, who was getting the final wave-leap of speed out of the little vessel.

"He is alive?" she asked.

"Yes; and that is about all that can be said. He isn't drowned; but he is old, and the shock has got pretty near to snapping the thread."

"Of course, you remember the?" she said, looking away across the heaving waters.

Griswold, with his heart on the generous emotions, felt the old hand gripping him again.

"He is the old gentleman you introduced me to at the Inn the other day; Galbraith; is that the name?"

"Yes," she rejoined, still looking away: "that is the name."

Griswold fell silent for the moment; but a little later, when the catboat was rushing in long plunges through the entrance to the Wahaskan arm of the lake, he said: "You are going to take him to Mercedes?"

"Yes. He is a friend of poppa's. And, anyway, it's the nearest place, and you said there was no time to lose."

Griswold helped the bearer lift the blanket-figured out of the catboat, and while he was doing it, the steel-gray eyes of the rescued one opened slowly to fix a stony gaze upon the face of the man who was sending over him. What the thin lips were muttering Griswold heard, and so did one other: "So it's you, is it, murdering blue-eyed devil!" And then: "Eh, man, man, but I'm sick!"

Griswold walked with Margery at the tail of the little procession, as it wound its way up the path to the great house.

"You heard what he said?" he inquired craftily.

"Yes; he is out of his head and no wonder," she said soberly. "Then: 'You must go home and change at once; you are drenched to the skin. Don't wait to come in. I'll take care of your manuscript.'"

### CHAPTER XXII.

The Valley of Dry Bones.

The cyclonic summer storm had blown itself out, and the clouds were beginning to break away in the west, when Griswold, obeying Margery's urging to go home and change his clothes, turned his back upon Mercedes and his face toward a future thickening doubts and unnerving possibilities.

Griswold had not deceived himself, nor had he allowed Margery's parent conviction to deceive him. The old man's mind had not been wandering in the eye-opening moment of consciousness regained. On the contrary, what he had failed to do ordinary and conventional conditions had become instantly possible when he plunged into the dark shadow had brushed away all the artificial veils of the memory page. What he would take when he should recover was as easy to prefigure as it was, for the present at least, a matter of negligible. The disarming thing was that broad earth seemed too narrow to hide in; that invention itself became the clumsiest of blunders when given the simple task of losing a single individual among the millions of unrelated human atoms.

Thus the threat of the peril which might be called the physical, but beyond this there was another, more of a man of temperament, a stormy ominous foreshadowing of a change in himself he had long been conscious. Again and again it had manifested itself in those moments of craven fear and ruthless, murderous

promptings, when kindness, gratitude, love, all the humanizing motives, had turned suddenly to frenzied hatred, and the primitive savage had leaped up, fiercely raging with the blood-lust.

For a long time after he had reached his room, and had had his bath and change, Griswold sat at his writing table with his head in his hands, thinking in monotonous circles.

The tiny chiming clock in his dressing case in the adjoining bedroom had tinkled forth its 10 tapping hammer strokes when he heard voices in the lower hall, and then a man's footsteps on the stair. To a hard-pressed breaker of the traditions at such a moment an unannounced visitor, coming up in the dark, could mean but one thing. Griswold silently opened a drawer in the writing table and groped for the mate to the quick-firing pistol which after the change of wet clothing, he had put aside to dry.

The visitor came heavily upstairs, and Griswold, swinging his chair to face the open door, saw the shadowy bulking of the man as he came through the upper hall. When the bulk filled the doorway it was covered by the pistol held low, and Griswold's finger was pressing the trigger.

"Asleep, old man?" said the intruder in Raymer's well-known voice.

There was a sound like a gasping sob, and another as of a drawer closing softly. Then Griswold said: "No; I'm not asleep. Come in. Shall I light the gas?"

"Not for me," returned the odd-time visitor, entering and groping for the chair at the desk-end, into which, when he had placed it, he dropped wearily. "I want to smoke," he went on. "Have you got a cigar—no, not



When the Bulk Filled the Doorway It Was Covered by the Pistol

the pipe; I want something that I can chew on."

A cigar was found, in the drawer which had so lately furnished the weapon, and by the flare of the match in Raymer's fingers Griswold saw a face haggard with anxiety.

"What is the matter, old?" he asked.

"A mix-up with the Texas case. It's been brewing for some time, but I didn't want to get into it. Unless we announce it, Texas is 20 per cent in the air. That's something, and declares an ordinary noon. The men will go to the shop. I've seen it coming."

If the god of mischance had chosen the moment it could not have been more opportune for the fire-lighting of malevolence. Griswold's swing-chair righted itself with a click.

"We'll see them in hell, first, Raymer! The ungrateful beggars are merely proving that it isn't in human nature to meet justice and fairness and generous liberality half way. If they want a fight, give it to them. Hit first and hit hard; that's the way to do. Shut up the plant and make it a lockout."

"I was afraid you might say something like that in the first heat of it," said the young ironmaster. "It's a stout fighting word, and I guess, under the skin, you're a stout fighting man, Kenneth—which I'm not. Where are your convictions about the man-to-man obligations? We've got to take them into the account, haven't we?"

"Damn the convictions!" snapped Griswold viciously. "If I've been giving you the impression that I'm an impracticable theorist, forget it. These fellows want a fight: I say give them a fight—all they want of it and a little more for good measure."

Raymer did not reply at once. This latest Griswold was puzzling him, as was the puzzlement there went a rowful regret; the regret that he would the recanter's portion in the ages. When he spoke it was the heart of common sense and sanity.

"I know how you feel," he said. "I don't dare to pull down a fight, but may not only shut us up for a definite time, but might even get enough to smash us."

Griswold took his turn of silent rocking gently in the tilting chair. When the delayed rejoinder came, the harshness had gone out of his voice, but there was a cynical harden to take its place.

"It's your affair; not mine," he said. "If you've made up your mind, of course, that setting us can come down to the street. You've been stabbed in the back, you know who's doing it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



**A. M. Sarvis, M. D.**  
 Physician and Surgeon  
 Office at Hedley Drug Co.  
 Phones: Office 27 Res. 25  
 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

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 Wellington, Texas  
 Office over First Natl Bank.

**THE HEDLEY INFORMER**

CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.  
 Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

Thanksgiving day will soon be here—Nov. 25. Surely our people have much to be thankful for.

Marvin Bishop, editor of the Claude News was down visiting as folks Sunday. The News is being improved greatly in appearance and is taking an additional two pages to care for the advertising.

Public weigher D. C. Moore reports that he weighed 124 loads of feed Tuesday and 128 loads Wednesday. It is astonishing how fast the feed is coming in. Two threshers running full tilt, washing the maize and kaffir for shipment as fast as the farmers bring it in. The south side of town is the busy part of town these days. At one time this week about a dozen cars were being loaded with feed and corn. Cotton is also coming faster than last week.

**Boosters vs. Knockers**

When the creator had made all the good things, there was still some dirty work to do, so He made the beasts and reptiles and poisonous insects, and when He had finished, He had some scraps that were too bad to put into the Rattlesnake, the Hyena, the Scorpion and the Skunk, so He put all these together, covered it with suspicion, wrapped it with a yellow streak and called it a Knocker. This product was so fearful to contemplate that He had to make something to counteract it, so He took a sunbeam and put in the heart of a child, the brain of a man, wrapped these in civic

pride, covered it with brotherly love, gave it a mask of velvet, and a grasp of steele and called it a Booster; made him a lover of friends and flowers and manly sports, a believer in equality and justice, and ever since these two were, mortal man has had the privilege of choosing his associates—Author Unknown.

The Hedley Quail road committee has an itemized statement of money expended on the road, and the statement is ready for inspection by any and all interested. It is too long and tedious to publish just for the benefit of a few who may be merely inquisitive or otherwise. If you want to see it the committee will gladly show you.

Miss Rosa Marquis, Director of the Marquis Conservatory of Music at Clarendon will have charge of the class in Music in the public schools here and be found in the school studio every Tuesday and Friday. Students received in Piano, Violin and Voice work. Report to Supt.

Rev. J. C. Henson of Roscoe, Texas will be here next week to preach Friday night, Saturday and night and Sunday and night, and to organize a Nazarene church.

While work is being done on the Hornsby building I will do blacksmithing at the Kendall stand, and invite my friends and customers to bring their work to me there. J. M. Bozeman.

Although they came high, we have at last secured a good supply of Aspirin tablets. Hedley Drug Co.



Boy Scouts of Hedley Troop No. 1 are requested to meet at headquarters Friday night, Nov. 12. The big meetings are over and the Scout work will be taken up in earnest.



**NEW HOME**  
 "I'll get it for my wife"  
 NO OTHER LIKE IT.  
 NO OTHER AS GOOD.  
 Purchase the "NEW HOME" and you will have a life asset at the price you pay. The elimination of repair expense by superior workmanship and best quality of material insures life-long service at a minimum cost. Insist on having the "NEW HOME".  
**WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.**  
 Known the world over for superior sewing qualities. Do not add under any other name.  
 THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.  
 FOR SALE BY  
**Dealer wanted**

MARQUIS MUSIC STORE  
**PIANOS, ORGAN**  
 Sheet Music, Strings, and  
 GENERAL MUSICAL MERCHANDISE  
 Pianos for Rent. Pianos Tuned and Repaired.  
 CLARENDON, TEXAS

**INSURANCE**  
 Will not prevent your house from burning or being blown away, but it will prevent your going broke after the fire or wind has done its work. Those who insure today have nothing to fear tomorrow. A few dollars handed to us now will be worth hundreds to you should you have a loss by fire or windstorm.  
**J. C. WELLS, AGENT**

**YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE**  
 If you are planning to do any building or improving around your place we would be glad to figure with you. Also bear in mind that we always have coal on hand to sell.  
**Cicero Smith Lumber Company**



LUMBER BUILDERS' MATERIAL  
 LIME, CEMENT  
 BRICK, POST  
 EVERYTHING....

VOOLDRIDGE

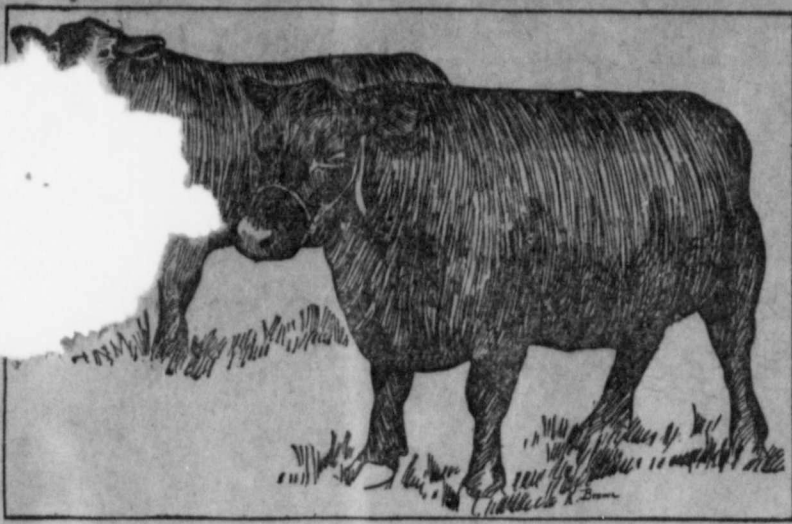
**Ft. Worth Record**

DAILY & SUNDAY  
**One Year \$3.50**  
 Bargain Rate effective from Now until December 1.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TAKEN AT THE  
**Informe Office**



DUAL-PURPOSE CATTLE GROWING IN FAVOR



Prize-Winning Aberdeen-Angus Cattle.

The Aberdeen-Angus originated in Scotland and was first brought to the United States in 1873. They are raised extensively in Iowa and Illinois and many other of the central states, and are rapidly growing in popularity in every section. Large numbers of this breed are being raised in Argentina. By some breeders they are not considered to be as well adapted to range conditions as some other of the beef breeds, however. They are but slightly smaller than Shorthorns and they mature almost as early (at about thirty months). They are good feeders and the quality of the meat is superior to that of the larger breeds. It is generally believed that so-called beef breeds are better for beef production than dairy breeds or scrubs. A comparison of breeds at several experiment stations showed no constant differences in meat production among beef breeds. The comparison in Missouri gave the Aberdeen-Angus first place in palatability of meat their extreme uniformity in color and all around excellence.

MIXTURE FOR PASTURE KEEP THE COW COMFORTABLE

Variety of Seeds for Securing Hay Crop of Good Quality.

Plan Outlined for Permanent Sod That, If Properly Cared For, Will Improve With Age—Mulch Affords Protection.

Instead of seeding timothy alone, the following mixture is suggested, per acre: Timothy, ten pounds; red clover, eight pounds; alsike, two pounds; orchard grass, four pounds; Italian rye grass, five pounds; English rye, four pounds; meadow fescue, four pounds. Such a mixture will give a heavier hay crop and hay of better quality than timothy alone, and when left as pasture will afford a much greater quantity of forage throughout the growing season besides being earlier. Kentucky bluegrasses will usually come into the pasture of its own accord but can be hastened by seeding about five pounds with the mixture mentioned above. If the grasses mentioned above are not available, then a mixture of twelve pounds of timothy, eight pounds of common red clover, four pounds of mammoth clover and four pounds of alsike may be seeded.

The grasses should be seeded in the fall with the winter grain and the clovers in the early spring when the frost goes out, or both may be seeded together with the spring grain. If a grass-seed attachment to the grain drill is not available, the seed may be mixed in the proper proportions with the grain in the grain box and allowed to run down the grain tube with the grain.

The timothy and clover will be available for hay the first year after the grain is cut. By the third year a good permanent sod will be secured that, if properly cared for, will improve with age. Such pastures will not produce much feed during periods of intensive drought, but if they have been properly cared for they will begin to grow again as soon as rains come. To avoid as much as possible the injury from drought it is essential that pastures be not grazed too closely. There should be a good green cover or "grass mulch" in order to protect the roots from the hot sun. Such a pasture will remain green longer during dry weather and will begin to grow as soon as the drought is broken, thus shortening the period of bare pastures.

GOOD SEED CORN IS DEFINED

Should Be Well Adapted to Seasonal and Soil Conditions—Make Selection From Stalks.

Many consider seed corn good simply because it will grow. To be first class it must be—

Well adapted to your seasonal and soil conditions.

Grown on productive plants of a producing variety.

Well matured and be preserved from ripening time to planting time in a way to retain its full vigor.

Varieties that produce most in some states are the poorest in others.

Seed ears taken from high-yielding rows have repeatedly produced more corn than ears taken from poor-yielding rows.

Well-preserved seed corn will give a 15 per cent higher yield than poorly kept seed, on poor soil, and 27 per cent higher on fertile soil.

Much the best way to select seed corn is from stalks standing where they grow, as soon as ripe and before the first freeze.

Poultis Dislike Handling.

Poultis will not bear handling at all. Like chickens, they must be where they can have liberty as much as possible, in a position to get down off roost early and out long before you are up and out.

Not Advisable in South to Go to Expense of Building Elaborate Structures for Stock.

(By H. M. COTTRELL.) The cow should have shelter and care that will insure her being comfortable 24 hours every day. This will vary with the climate. In summer cows need a shade with free movements of air. This may be supplied by a grove in which the underbrush has been cleared out, or a shed with a roof but no sides.

I would not go to the expense in the South and Southwest of building a barn with fixed stalls, cement floors and gutters. I would dehorn my cows and shelter them in a closed-in roomy shed. I would arrange one side so the cows could be tied up while being milked and while eating their silage and grain. The hay would be fed in racks and the cows would run loose except at milking time. Others prefer the regular sanitary stable. Whatever method is used, the surroundings should be arranged to give comfort, an abundance of light and pure air and economical handling of the feed, the cows, their milk and the manure.

In handling cows watch their droppings and feed so that the droppings will be like they are when the cows are on good pasture. The profits in many herds are lost because the cows are fed combinations of feeds that make them constipated. Feed the cow laxative feeds for two months before her calf is due. Twenty-four hours before the calf is expected if she is constipated at all, give her one and one-quarter pounds of Epsom salts dissolved in water. Give this as a drench.

NOTES ON MILK SANITATION

Covered Pail Keeps Out Dirt—Let Sunlight Into Barn—Whitewash Is Effective Disinfectant.

See to it that your bottled milk does not show a sediment; if so give the hooded or covered pail a trial, together with the usual straining—it will bring results.

Clean up your barns and cows and keep them clean. Cut some windows in the milking barn and let all the sunlight in that you possibly can.

Do not advertise the fact that you are lax with the disposal of the manure by letting the pile accumulate near the barn.

Wash your hands and put on clean clothes before milking and see that your help does likewise. You will take more pleasure in drinking the milk when you sit down to your own table.

Do not tolerate the practice of milking with moist hands; it is a very unclean practice at best.

Brush down the cobwebs and put a coating of whitewash all over your cow stable once and see how much better it looks to you; then get the habit of doing the same thing often.

Whitewashing is a cheap and effective way to secure a change for the better. It not only brightens up the place, but acts as a disinfectant as well.—Office of Dairy Experimentation, West Raleigh, N. C.

GOOD DEMAND FOR PUMPKINS

Always Market in Cities for Nice Specimens of Pie Material—Medium Sizes Preferred.

There is always a market in the cities, at fairly good prices, for nice specimens of pumpkins and squashes that will make good pie material. Grocers handle a few, and others can be retailed readily. For this trade, medium-sized specimens of good quality are preferred over the large overgrown ones.

The old reliable Hubbard is a good variety of squash to grow for market purposes, and one of the small pie pumpkins that possesses a good quality is better than the large varieties which are usually grown for stock food.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

and Quaint "Mother Goose" Book—

The WRIGLEY Spearmen want you to know and to remember always that

WRIGLEY'S

brings joy in greatest measure for its small cost.

Because it lasts longer, tastes good longer and benefits you more than any other form of confection for anywhere near the price.

It affords healthy, wholesome exercise for teeth and gums. It soothes the throat, relieves thirst, steadies the stomach. It aids appetite and digestion.

To help you remember this delicious, helpful refreshment the WRIGLEY Spears have produced an elaborate jingle book—the "Mother Goose" tales revised. You'll enjoy it.

For FREE sample of the new PEPPERMINT flavored

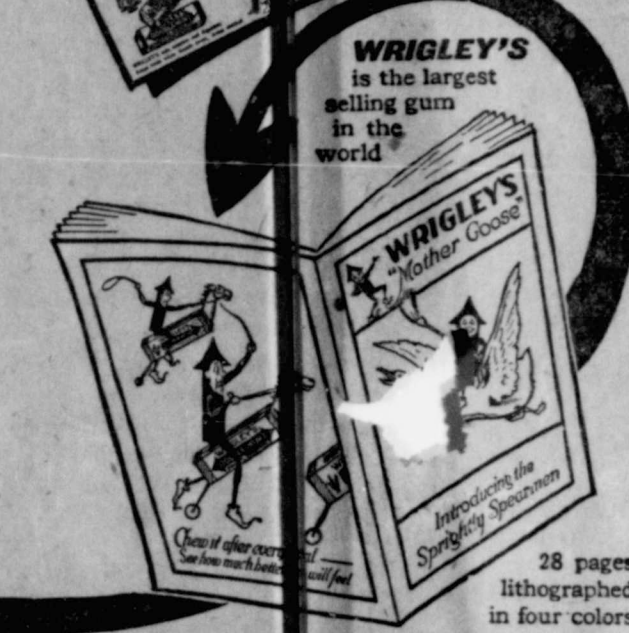
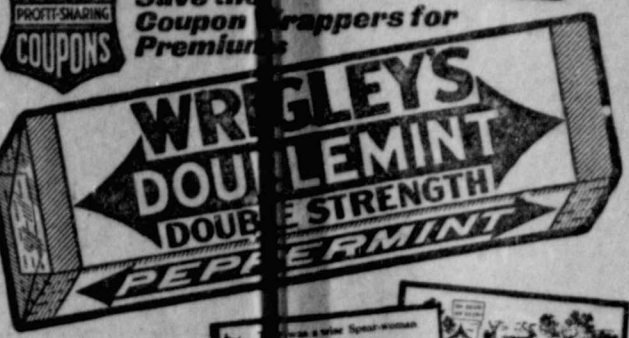
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WRIGLEY'S is the largest selling gum in the world

28 pages lithographed in four colors

EVIDENTLY HAD LOST SAVOR

Soldier's Insinuation Was That Meat Had Been Long in British Army Commissariat.

"Any complaint?" asked the British orderly officer of some men who were about to begin dinner in a certain barrack room.

"Yes, sir," instantly exclaimed a raw recruit; "the beef an' bacon in this ere Irish 'ash ain't fit for the likes of us to eat, an' I wish to report it."

The doctor was sent for to inspect the food.

"So you think this meat isn't fit for a man in your position to eat?" said he. "Allow me to tell you that greater men than ever you will have eaten it. Even the commander in chief wasn't above eating it in the Crimea, and made many a hearty meal of it."

"Oh, did 'e?" said our over-nice recruit.

"Yes, he did," replied the surgeon. "Oh, well," retorted the man, "it was all very well for the commander in chief, 'cause the meat would be fresh an' good then. You see, sir, it's a long time since that 'ere Crimea job, and it can't be expected to keep good all these years."

He and She.

She—Have you ever read "Lives of the Hunted"?

He—No; what's it about—bachelors?—New York Post.

The Species.

"My dear Mrs. Comeup, are those mushrooms yonder edible?"

"No; I think they're canned."

One gram of radium is worth about \$100,000.

Advertisement for Libby's Chili Con Carne, featuring a can illustration and text: "A New Delight Libby's Chili Con Carne. With real Bayou beans, or plain. Made after the real and famous Mexican formula. The seasoning is most piquant—a zesty tasty dish anywhere—any time. Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago. Look for the triangle. Insist on Libby's at your grocer's."

His Chief End in Life.

There was once a rich but very mean old lady, says Answers, who paid her servants as little as possible, and kept very few.

One of her staff was a thin, miserable-looking lad of twelve, who answered the door, did the knives and the windows, waited at table, weeded the garden, washed the poodle, and had the rest of the time to himself.

One visitor asked him: "Well, my boy, and what do you do here?"

"I do a butler and a gardener out of a job!" snapped the lad sourly.

Young Doctor Broke Precedents.

"That young doctor is queer."

"In what way?"

"He admitted that he didn't know anything about my case."

"A lot of doctors do that nowadays."

"I know, but this fellow also admitted that he didn't know another doctor he could turn me over to."

Honest Advice.

"Would you advise a young man to go into Wall Street?" asked a friend of a successful broker.

"Yes," replied the broker. "I would. I have often advised rich young men to do that very thing. In fact, that's how I got my money."

Friend Wife's Idea.

"What's the pitcher doing now?"

"He's warming up for the game?"

"But he's throwing the ball."

"Well! Well! That's warming up."

"Oh, dear! I thought a pitcher had to keep cool to win a game."

For the Human System.

For cuts, burns, bruises, stiff neck, sore throat, sprains, lame back and bunions, use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. It is guaranteed. It is for external use only. Always have a bottle on hand, ready for accidents. Adv.

Squared.

"By George, Tom, have you been in a fight?"

"No, I just met an old school chum of mine I used to lick when we were kids and he paid me a debt he's been owing me a long time."

PROMPT RELIEF

Can be found in cases of Colds, Coughs, LaGrippe and Headaches by using Laxative Quinidine Tablets. Does not affect the head or stomach. Buy your winter's supply now. Price 25c.—Adv.

One Species.

"What fruits have we ever evolved from this agitation over our fleet?"

"Well, there is the navel orange."

Its Nature.

"I hear a queer noise in this room like a muffled clock."

"Maybe it's the bed ticking."

DON'T GAMBLE

that your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

But a man soon forgets his faults when they are known only to himself.

ELOQUENCE THAT WAS LOST

Woman With Grievance Had Expressed Herself Well, But Hers Was a Wasted Effort.

Determination writ large upon her angry countenance, the mother-of-the-child who had been bitten by an Irish terrier belonging to a neighbor (Mrs. Green) gave an authoritative "rat-tat" with the knocker at Mrs. Green's door.

The door was opened by a meek-looking, elderly woman, and the visals of the mother's wrath burst forth.

"You're Mrs. Green, I s'pose," she sneered. "Green by name an' green by natur', I should call you, to keep a feroshus animile like that there Irish terrier-torial o' yours, a-bitin' of innercent children an' terrorizing the whole neighborhood. I'll have the law on you! I'll make you pay! D'you hear? I'll sue you for damages and 'ave that 'orrible dog shot by Act of Parlyment, I will!"

Then, as she paused for a moment for breath, the old woman took a slate and pencil, and said, in a mildly apologetic tone:

"Very sorry, mum; but would you mind writin' it all down? I'm stone deaf."—London Answers.

His Managers.

"Can I return this necktie if its style, color and cost do not meet with the approval of the board of directors?" asked the little man of the clerk at the haberdashery counter.

"I suppose so, but tell me please, who are the board of directors?"

"My wife and daughters. I might add also that they are the auditing bureau and the committee on style."

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

The Obstacle.

"Wouldn't you like to sit in a gentlemen's game?" insinuated a shifty-eyed casual acquaintance.

"Naw!" grimly replied Sandstorm Smith of Rampage, Okla., who is temporarily in our midst. "I'm no gentleman!"—Judge.

LADIES!

—Take CAPUDINE—

For Aches, Pains and Nervousness. IT IS NOT A NARCOTIC OR DOPE— Gives quick relief—Try it.—Adv.

Logical.

"Do you know, I think Dick acts rather lawful when he's with you?"

"Maybe so, but you should see him when we are where no one can see us."

Hanford's Balsam is good for blood poisoning. Adv.

There are 207,509 acres of forests in Ireland.

Two Points of View.

Husband—What did you take in at your booth in the charity bazaar?

Wife—Do you mean how much or how many?

Roofs don't wear out—they dry out.

properly maintained they last very slowly and

Certa

Made with a soft with a harder keeps the soft part of the roofing—in

Guaranteed 5, 10 to thickness—guaranteed Roofing in the World.

Sold in your town—your own dealer

General Roofing World's Largest New York City Boston Cleveland Cincinnati Dallas Atlanta Houston

AIN O

Is all the veralls, Shy

STE NDIGO

Standard for VERALLS are cool economical the year than pants. When buying, remember that gives the w TH has had over 75 wears like leather

mark on STEE inside you buy YOUR

Cloth, Mant L. STIFF Do Dyers and Printers

YORK DELPHIA AGO FRANCISCO SEPH. MO. THORE. OUS

ALB. ONTO SUEC. TREAL. Room



**Locals**

See those beautiful New Lovelers at Hedley Drug Co.

J. G. McDougal has traded his Cadillac to T. T. Harrison.

Get a flash light for these dark nights. Hedley Drug Co.

R. W. Scales this week bought a Studebaker touring car.

FOUND—A Key. Have you lost one? Informer.

Mrs. Belle Smith of Fort Worth came Tuesday morning to look after some affairs.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor. advt

T. R. Moreman bought a Saxon runabout this week to use in the business of Moreman & Battle.

Come to my shop when you are in need of pleasing barber work. J. B. King.

R. L. Cornelius and wife visited relatives in Clarendon Saturday and Sunday.

Get a guaranteed Shumate Razor \$1.00 to \$4.00. Hedley Drug Co.

Little Fay and Cleo Morrison visited the Bryant girls in Hedley a few days first of the month.

**Saddle For Trade**  
Will consider yearling calf. Apply at this office. Informer.

R. W. Scales has entered the grain and seed market. Hedley now has several good buyers.

We understand that J. L. Webb west of town is very sick with slim chances for recovery.

B. L. Kinsey and family went to McLean Sunday to see his sister who was very sick.

To those who want first class Lively has genuine Eupion—there is a difference.

Mrs. J. M. Everett has about recovered from her operation a few weeks ago at Clarendon, and now in Caldwell.

Farm loans, quick service—no tape. T. B. Norwood, Memphis, Texas.

J. M. Whittington has traded his residence property in town to J. W. Reeves for his acreage property just east of town.

Good clean shaves, haircuts, and first class laundry work can be had at my shop. J. B. King.

Martin Bell left Friday night for Cook county in response to a message that his father who has been sick for some time was not expected to live.

**FOR SALE**—A well-trained, well bred and fancy buggy mare. Cash or terms. J. C. Wells.

N. M. Hornsby is putting a concrete floor in his new building. When completed this building will be one of the best in Hedley.

**LOST**—Girl's blue serge dress coat between town and C. F. Deberry's place. Finder return to Informer Office and receive reward.

The Informer \$1.00 per year.

Mrs. E. L. Bowser returned Wednesday from a two weeks stay in Childress.

Mrs. Belle Rocket of Red Oak, Texas, came last week to visit her daughters, Mrs. J. M. Clarke and Miss Mary.

The Best Box Candies you ever tasted. Hedley Drug Co.

L. B. Madden and wife of Memphis came last Sunday to spend the day with his brother, W. H. Madden and wife.

Rev. G. H. Bryant stopped over in Hedley Tuesday night. He was on his way from Estelline to the Conference at Clarendon.

Mr. Vaught returned to Quanah Wednesday. He was here visiting his friend, J. M. Whittington and prospecting.

Rev. J. A. Long has moved to town for the benefit of the school and is occupying what is known as the town site house.

Those "saw wood" combs do not generate any electricity in the hair, so do not break the hair so bad. Fine for ladies. See them at Hedley Drug Co.

Miss Etta Lee of Wellington is here keeping books for Chas. Bales. Miss Lee was bookkeeper for Mr. Bales when he was in business at Wellington.

While work is being done on the Hornsby building I will do blacksmithing at the Kendall stand, and invite my friends and customers to bring their work to me there. J. M. Bozeman.

**CLOSING OUT**

**AS FAST AS WE CAN FOR CASH OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF GROCERIES AND RACKET GOODS** in order to get the very small profits, to buy more goods to sell to you cheap. For a limited time only we will make these **RED HOT PRICES.**

With each \$6.00 Cash Purchase we give you a 25c Meal Ticket Free good at any Eating House in Hedley.  
A Splendid \$20 Art Rug Free on December 24.

**How is this for Cheap Groceries?**

Supreme Flour "Best by Test" \$3.35	Dry Salt Meat, per lb .14
Our Special Guaranteed Flour, 100 lbs 2.95	10 lb White Cloud Compound..... 1.25
35 lbs Patent Meal, only .05	3 cans Salmons ..... .25
Good Rio Coffee, per lb 12 1/2	3 cans 2-lb Tomatoes ..... .25
Best Santos Peaberry Coffee, lb .25	3 cans 3-lb Hominy ..... .25
2 lbs Arbuckle Coffee ..... .35	25c K C Baking Powder ..... .20
10 lbs Arm & Hammer Soda..... .60	12 boxes Matches ..... .40
4 lbs " " " ..... .25	3 pkgs Flakes ..... .25
Dried Fruit, any kind ..... .08	ZERO prices on all Racket Goods, and then some.
Smoked Meat, per lb ..... 16	

Space forbids further prices, but come in and you will come again

**Honest Weights and a Square Deal is our way.**  
Yours to Serve,

**Lively Groc. Co.**

**The Storm Hardware Co.**

**Has put in a Complete Stock of Useful and Beautiful Furniture**

is making the most attractive price. Come in and let us show you.

**YOUR ATTENTION** is large and complete. You save money by buying from us.

If you are planning improving around your home, glad to figure with you that we always... **on December 24th... Free**

**Cice Handsome Presents**  
Lumber

Best, nebbiest line of **Enameled** brought to Hedley. Come in over, and you'll want some of it.

**QUALITY GUARANTEED**  
**Storm Hardware Company**



H. C. Cooper of Lelia Lake has accepted a position as assistant cashier at the Guaranty State. The Informer welcomes Mr. and Mrs. Cooper to Hedley.

Although they came high, we have at last secured a good supply of Aspirine tablets. Hedley Drug Co.

Rev. C. W. Horschler will preach Sunday night on "Woman's Authority for Ordination to the Gospel Ministry and Her Right to the Christian Pulpit."

Rev. C. E. Jamieson of Loraine, stopped off Monday night to visit his brother-in-law, W. E. Bray and family. He was enroute to Clarendon to attend the Conference.

Informer Printing Pleases Particular People.

The Roy E. Fox show at Memphis has been attracting a number of Hedley folks the past two weeks. This show charges only 20c admission, and is extra good. The plays they put on are as good as the best of opera plays.

Rev. J. C. Henson of Roscoe, Texas will be here next week to preach Friday night, Saturday and night and Sunday and night, and to organize a Nazarene church.

Mrs. A. R. Guill and daughter, Miss Lilly of McLean came up Wednesday from Memphis, where they had been visiting, to spend a few days with their friends, Mesdames W. I. Rains and W. C. Bridges.

The entertainment and box supper by the school girls at the tabernacle last Friday night was well attended. The program was very interesting and the box supper netted about \$20 which will be used in buying playground apparatus.

Boy Scouts of Hedley Troop No. 1 are requested to meet at headquarters Friday night, Nov. 12. The big meetings are over and the Scout work will be taken up in earnest.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders returned first of the week to their home in Chattanooga, Okla., after a few days visit with their uncle, T. R. Moreman. They were so well pleased with Donley county they expect to return shortly and make this their home.

Miss Rosa Marquis, Director of the Marquis Conservatory of Music at Clarendon will have charge of the class in Music in the public schools here and be found in the school studio every Tuesday and Friday. Students received in Piano, Violin and Voice work. Report to Supt.

Job Printing at Informer Office.

**MONEY TO LOAN**

I loan money on Farm and Ranch Lands in this and adjoining counties; look after the renewal of all Darlington loans coming due; and buy Vendors Lien notes. See or write R. R. Sherwood, Wellington, Texas Office over First Natl Bank

Informer \$1.00 per year.

**Instinct Versus Reason.**  
There has been current in England of recent years a reaction against reason, an avowed worship of instinct and tradition and even prejudice. The doctrine of this reaction are within themselves fascinating and they have been preached by fascinating writers. The way of instinct and old habit is so full of ease, so facile and strong and untrodden! Look at the faces of men who are wrapped up in some natural and instinctive purpose. Look at a dog chasing his prey, a lover pursuing his beloved, a band of vigorous men advancing to battle, a crowd of friends drinking and laughing. That shows us, say the writers, doesn't what he can be and what it ought to be. "Let us not think and question," they say. "Let us be healthy and direct, not fret against the main current of instinctive feeling and tradition."  
In matters of art such a habit of mind may be valuable; in matters of truth or of conduct it is, I believe, as disastrous as it is flurrying.—Gilbert Murray in the Atlantic.

**Judging "Old Prob."**  
One day Clark was visiting the weather bureau with reference to an appointment in which he was interested. His business concluded, he was rising to go, when suddenly he said: "If you don't mind, I'll give you a tip as to the issuance of these weather predictions."  
The chief of the bureau smiled and said he'd like any practical help he could get.  
"I've been guessing it about a bit," said Clark, "and I find that you're not always right."  
"No; we sometimes do make mistakes."  
"Of course you do. Everybody makes mistakes. Now, I have been thinking that a line they used to print on auction handbills in Missouri might do first rate on your weather predictions and save lots of explanations."  
"What is the line?"  
"Wind and weather permitting," said Clark as he went out.

**Valuable.**  
Wife—Wake up, John! I'm sure I hear a burglar downstairs.  
Husband—Great Scott! I hope he doesn't discover that chunk of ice in the refrigerator.