

The Hedley Informer

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MERCHANT SUB-MARINE BACK WITH SUPPLIES

New London, Conn., Nov. 1.—The German submarine Dutch land arrived in the harbor here early this morning.

Captain Koenig said the Deutschland left Bremen on Oct. 10 and made the trip here without special incident. The entire crew comprises twenty-five men. The Deutschland appeared in the outer harbor shortly after midnight and proceeded to the dock of the Eastern Forwarding company.

Captain F. Hirsch of the Forwarding company, accompanied by Dr. R. E. Black, the health officer, and other officials, met the submersible on a tug. The usual quarantine regulations were waived and the Deutschland tied up at the dock near the North German Lloyd steamer Willehad.

The Deutschland was said to have a large cargo of chemicals.

The submersible, under her own power, slid into a "pocket" that had been prepared for her at the wharf at 2:35 o'clock. The craft's entry into the harbor was so silent that only a few persons were aware that she was there.

Captain Koenig said that the boat originally was supposed to leave on Oct. 1, but she was injured in a collision and put back to port, delaying her sailing ten days. The clearance papers were made out for "Baltimore or any other Atlantic port."

Until the last three days extremely rough weather was encountered, Captain Koenig said.

Plans were made to transfer the crew to the steamer Willehad, where quarters have been in readiness for some time. All the men were in excellent health, it was said, and in high spirits over the successful termination of the second trans Atlantic venture.

Soon after the craft was tied up, a pontoon carrying a high fence was swung into position between the dock and the Willehad. With the company warehouse on one side, this combination successfully hides the submarine from view.

The sub-sea trader started on her return trip Aug. 1, with a cargo of rubber and nickel, dodged thru a cordon of hostile warships watching for her outside the three-mile limit and arrived safely off Bremen after a voyage of twenty three days.

MR. JOHNSON SAYS:

"A neighbor of mine returned from New York last week, and he told me about some fellow trying to sell him the court house at a bargain. He didn't buy it, because he figured that this man didn't have the right to sell it."

"The day after he got home, he met a smooth talking young fellow on the street who was giving away a pair of spectacles and a farm paper for just enough to pay the postage on the paper," which, he said, was \$1.00. Of course, most everybody in town fell for this, although none of them had ever heard of this stranger before.

"If that fellow had tackled me, I would have told him to see the constable and get a note from

him saying that all those fancy credentials were genuine. The fact is, though, I don't think I would have given him my subscription anyway, because there are too many subscription solicitors who live in this county, and spend their money here, for me to give my money to an unknown stranger who doesn't spend anything here but his time."

The First Baptist Church

Sunday School 10:00 a. m.; C. E. Johnson Supt. The pastor will preach at 11:00 a. m. and 7: p. m. Morning subject: Lift Your Eyes and Look. Evening subject (especially for the young men of the town) "The Lord's Estimate of Greatness." Every one cordially invited to all of our services.

W. H. McKenzie, Pastor.

DR. CURL COMING

Dr. W. M. Curl will be in Hedley Monday Nov. 6th, to do dental work for all wishing it. He will be here five days. Call to see him and have those teeth fixed.

This has been a busy week—in the country. At least it ought to be a busy one in the country for there has been but few farmers in town, and it is reasonable to suppose that they are busy with eighteen-cent cotton and twenty five dollar feed.

W. R. McCarroll made a business trip to Amarillo Saturday night, returning Sunday night.

A fine watchmaker will be at the Hedley Drug Co. Nov. 4th, and 5th. Can fix any watch made. Will be in Hedley every Saturday and Monday embracing the First Sunday. Is also a high-grade optician. All work strictly guaranteed. (Adv)

ENTERTAINED BAPTIST LADIES

Mrs. W. R. McCarroll entertained the Baptist ladies Wednesday afternoon from 2:30 to 4:30. The sitting room and dining room were tastefully decorated with white and yellow chrysanthemums. On entering each guest had her given name written and pinned on her, and all had to address each other by given name only. If they said Mrs. when addressing each other they had to pay a forfeit. Redeeming the forfeit caused a great deal of fun and laughter. The hostess served hot chocolate, cake and fruit salad.

The given names of those present were: Letha, Laura, Sinia, Margaret, Octavia, Cora, Pearl, Ella, Nora, William Bill Henry, Virginia, Ethel, Mattie, Virgie, Dolly, Willie, Effie, Mabel, Nora, Mellie, Margaret and Allie.

The hour of departure came only too soon and each one expressed themselves as having spent a very pleasant afternoon.

Don't forget the lesson of large acreage and big yields of cotton. A big cotton crop has invariably resulted in low prices and heavy losses to producers. It is well to plant to supply actual demand and then meet the demand by marketing the baled cotton slowly.—Farm and Ranch

NEXT TUESDAY IS GENERAL ELECTION DAY

Next Tuesday is general election day—the day that tells the tale as to who will be the officers for the next two or four years as the case may be. The election in Hedley will be held in the up-stairs of the Bond Building. This is done to make it nearer to the voters and also because of the fact that school is going on and therefore cannot be held at the school house as has been done heretofore.

This is the time to exercise the citizenship privilege.

W. O. W. UNVEILING-GOOD ORATOR COMING

Sunday, November 5, at 3 p. m., Hedley Camp W. O. W. will unveil a monument in Rowe Cemetery of a deceased member of the Quail Camp.

Hon. W. E. Fitzgerald of Wichita Falls has been secured to make an address on Woodcraft on that occasion. Everyone in the community should hear him.

DAIRYING INCREASES IN THE SOUTH

An indication of the hold which the movement for diversification has taken in the South is seen by dairy specialists of the department in the growth of the cattle division at the Louisiana State Fair in four years from 25 head exhibited to 400. This fair, in a section heretofore not well supplied with dairy cattle, stood second last year among the Jersey shows of the United States.

Other indications of diversification by development of the dairying industry are found in the organization in the South last year, with the assistance of the Dairy Division of the department, of three bull associations, and three cow testing associations the purchase of 927 head of cattle, including 163 bulls, and the establishment of two additional college creameries. An example of what the development of dairying means to southern communities is pointed out by a specialist in Alabama where practically all the cream supplied to the creameries of the state is produced by native cows. One in the boll weevil territory of the state produced last year 1000 pounds of butter, worth \$10.00. This represents an increase of 50 per cent before the construction of a creamery, but largely due to the fact that the cream was improperly handled.

Mattresses removed good as new, reason New mattresses made any size, factory price, express charges one interested write me.

W. E. Williams, Factory, Box 261, Texas.

W. I. Ralston and wife, O. Clark and wife, E. R. Clark and wife, and E. H. Ward and wife went to Dallas last Friday night to attend the Fair, returning Monday morning.

STRAW VOTE IS TAKEN BY 8000 REXALL STORES

The 8000 Rexall drug stores in the United States are taking each day a straw vote of 20 men as to their choice for president, and the result is sent to the United Drug Co., of Boston, which company sends out each day to the 8000 stores the total result. The result so far places Wilson in the lead with 283 electoral votes and Hughes with 248. These bulletins are received each day at the Hedley Drug Co. and are watched with interest by many.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY MOVES TO HEDLEY

Rev. Lowrie has moved from the Bray community to the residence in Hedley vacated lately by N. J. Allen who moved into the Moore residence just north of the school building. Rev. Lowrie is Missionary for the Buck Creek Baptist Association. The Informer extends a welcome to this estimable family.

HALLOWE'EN FAITHFULLY OBSERVED

"And the goblins'll git you if you don't watch out." Tuesday night was the night when ghosts walked and spooks reigned supreme. In Hedley they walked around with some loose articles, such as wagons, tanks, cultivators, out buildings and the like. In the fore part of the night the young folks were entertained with parties; one at the home of B. W. Moreman; one at the home of J. W. Lane, and one at W. G. Brinson's for the little folks, and another party of little folks, chaperoned by Mrs. McCarroll went "spook" hunting. We understand that at each Halloween party the participants enjoyed every minute of the time.

ONE ON THE FOARD COUNTY NEWS EDITOR

The NEWS man as most of readers know, is slightly (?) bald—but that is no fault of ours—we have spent enough money to buy a small farm and used enough hair tonic to float a battleship trying to save our hair. A few days ago we read an advertisement in a well known magazine, which read something like this: "Why be bald when you can have a beautiful suit of hair, any color you desire, for only a small sum?" Here was our chance so we wrote for particulars. The days passed slowly, for the letter had to go clear to the realm of Yankeeedom, where folks were once famous for making and selling wooden nutmegs, and all the while we were picturing ourselves with a suit of beautiful black hair and with the full appearance of a boy of eighteen. In about two weeks the Orient unlimited, which brings us a

mail bag by freight, brought us—oh no, not a sample bottle of hair grower but a catalogue from what the proprietors said was the largest makers and importers of wigs in the world.—Foard County News.

W. M. A.

Every woman in the M. E. Church is urged to attend our week of prayer services Monday and Friday, Nov. 6 and 10th.

Program for Monday: Devotional—"The Growing Way;" "The Unselfish Way;" "The Heroic Way."

Leaflet: Financing The Kingdom; Greatness of The Kingdom.

Giving a Soul Function; Mrs. Masterson.

Giving an Act of Worship; Mrs. Stroud.

First Topic: Reasons for Prominence of Latin America; Mrs. Wimberly.

Second Topic: Religions of Latin American Countries; Mrs. Davis.

Third Topic: Religious Needs of Latin American Immigrants; Mrs. Lively.

Fourth Topic: Position of Women in Latin America; Mrs. Kendall.

Leader—Mrs. Guinn. Hostess—Mrs. Scales.

Friday's Program: Devotional: "The Fruitful Way;" "The Conquering Way."

Leaflet—Giving Methods; Mrs. Wimberly; A More Excellent Way; Mrs. Guinn.

First Topic: The School Our Opportunity Among Latin Americans; Mrs. Scales.

Second Topic: The School in Rio; Mrs. R. Johnson.

Third Topic: The Settlement Our Opportunity; Mrs. C. E. Johnson.

Fourth Topic: Holding Institute; Mrs. Harrison.

Special Prayer.

Leader—Mrs. Masterson. Hostess—Mrs. Newman.

Saturday Program: Quiet Hour and Prayer, 4 P. M.—Pray for larger vision and deeper spiritual life in the women of the church.

To All—My Responsibility:—To Know the Work; To Know My Relation to The Work; To Know My Obligation to The Work. Publicity Supt.

HONOR ROLL

Following are subscriptions received since last issue:

- W. L. Kingsland
J. T. McIntosh.
S. C. Stone.
Mrs. W. H. Madden.
Ceil Williams, Lakeview.
B. F. Naylor, Clarendon.

Try a Shumate Razor. Guaranteed for life and then some. Hedley Drug Co.

J. M. Whittington, yesterday, moved into the Clint Phillips residence in South Hedley. Clint Phillips moved to the Harrell place, southwest of town, which he recently bought from Mr. Harrell. Mr. Harrell moved to Goodnight.

War or no War food for man and beast is going to be in active demand and the price of food products is more certain to be good than for cotton or manufactured articles.—Farm and Ranch.

AMARILLO SHIPPERS ARE DISAPPOINTED

Shippers in Amarillo are deeply disappointed because the Interstate Commerce Commission declined to give relief against the inauguration of an increased rate by the railroads in Texas. The hope has been generally entertained that the Commission would respond favorably to the pleadings of the people for a ruling against the new rate.

Now the appeal seems to be to the Supreme court and the understanding is that this step will be taken by the counsel in charge of the case. Cattle shipments have been exempted from the raise but no other commodity has been so handled.

The Panhandle Traffic League is intensely interested in this proposition and will not let up in its efforts to secure such remedy as may be available through the avenues now open.—The Amarillo Daily News.

"PASTOR RUSSELL DEAD

Canadian, Tex., Oct. 31—Charles T. Russell, known as "Pastor Puss," an independent minister, editor of the Watchtower, and prominent author, died at 2:15 this afternoon on an Atchafalaya & Santa Fe train enroute from Los Angeles to New York. Heart disease was given as the cause.

Pastor Russell complained of feeling ill soon after leaving Los Angeles and gradually grew worse. Death came while the train was stopped at Pampa. At Panhandle a physician had boarded the train at the request of the divine's secretary.

The conductor of the train wired to Canadian an asked that an undertaker be at the station. The dead clergyman's secretary refused to let the body be taken off and it was conveyed to a state room and will be embalmed at Kansas City.

Pastor Russell was born in Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 16, 1852. He was president of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society of Pennsylvania, the International Bible Students' Association of London and the People's Pulpit Association of New York.

Wichita, Kan., Oct. 31—The body of Pastor Russell was taken from the train tonight at Waynoka, Okla., to be embalmed. A Kansas law prohibits bringing into this state a body that has not been prepared for burial by a registered embalmer.

HEDLEY BOY AT TOWN OF LAKEVIEW

Lakeview has her second barber shop. Carl Williams, of Hedley, a well known and experienced barber, has opened up a shop in the Denton building and did his first work Wednesday. Beautiful fixtures have been installed and in connection with the barber shop a roomy bath room has been furnished with hot and cold water at all times. We are glad to see this new enterprise and wish for its share of the patronage.—Lakeview Promoter.

REED ATTACKS HUGHES

SENATOR ANALYZES STAND OF REPUBLICAN NOMINEE.

Missourian Replies Vigorously to Criticism of Adamson Eight-Hour Law and All Democratic Constructive Legislation.

A recent outstanding feature in the Wilson campaign was a vigorous counter-attack by United States Senator James A. Reed of Missouri upon Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee, in reply to the latter's attack upon the Adamson eight-hour law and his declaration that all of the Democratic legislation should be wiped from the statute books. Senator Reed's broadside was delivered before an immense audience at Springfield, Ill., where he found leading Democrats who had engaged in the customary jousts of the state primary presenting a solid front on both the state and national Democratic tickets.

Public sentiment expressed itself by repeated cheers, when he listed such Democratic achievements as the eight-hour law, the child labor law, the workmen's compensation law, the farm loan law, and other progressive and constructive legislation and asked whether his hearers would like to see Mr. Hughes repeal them. He pictured the Republican nominee walking Indian fashion in the footsteps of Penrose, Smoot, Gallinger and other controlling factors in the old guard Bourbon Republicanism and declared that Republican success would mean that their wishes would be Hughes' law.

He won applause from large and representative delegations of women by analyzing President Wilson's methods of maintaining peace, and by pointedly inquiring whether even by the most terrible of wars, the president could have won a bit more from Germany than he won by diplomacy without the loss of a life. This viewpoint led National Committeeman Charles Boeschstein to predict that out of the 600,000 votes he expects women to cast in Illinois, the greater number will be for Wilson on account of his peace policies.

In declaring that Hughes is twisting the facts in his public addresses, Senator Reed said:

"After having for ten days discussed such trivial matters as the discharge of one or two subordinate government employees, Mr. Hughes thinks he has at last found an issue in the Adamson bill. His criticisms might well justify that he be accused of plagiarism, for the same speech in almost the identical language delivered on the floor of the United States senate by such champions of the people as Reed Smoot of Utah, Jacob Gallinger of New Hampshire and Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania.

"Neither the railway presidents nor the railway employees ever came to congress or the president with any kind of demand whatsoever. We averted the strike without the surrender of a single principle, and have taken the preliminary step toward the formation of a plan which will result in the arbitration of all controversies involving the highways of the people.

"Had Hughes been president in this crisis he might have called out the army and navy of the United States; he might have seized all these railroad men and put them in jail, and then he would not have had anybody to run the trains. He might have strung soldiers along the tracks and said: 'When the train goes by here, any man who interferes shall be shot at sight.' But what then? There would have been nobody to run the trains.

"But what's the use of asking what Hughes would have done? It's like trying to put one's thumb upon an evasive sea on a dark night."

Impressive Examples.

"See what that headline says, 'New York Strike Costs \$1,632,000 a Day,'" commented Senator Henry M. Meyers of Montana in Chicago last week. "The cost and suffering of a nation-wide strike is beyond comprehension. Look at the New York case. It was announced last week that the strike was over. 'Firmness' of the roads had won, and the anti-Wilson papers gloried editorially. Then something slipped and the strike was not over. So after all, President Wilson's way of dealing with the situation is the better way and every mother and every wife should thank him for it."

"I see the Chicago Tribune points with horror to the fact that small troubles of the United States in foreign countries have cost 67 lives, with injuries to 167. Official European war reports show that the allied powers have lost 5,290,000 killed and 6,478,000 wounded and the central powers, 3,112,637.

"The American people, in the face of these appalling figures, may well be thankful that they have no war on their hands."

Robins Refused Challenge.

Mrs. Antoinette Funk, the Progressive leader who is now actively campaigning for Wilson, challenged Raymond Robins, who is stumping for Hughes, to meet her and debate the reasons for voting for Wilson as against Hughes. Mr. Robins refused, saying he had 17 similar challenges and hated to play favorites. Mrs. Funk replied that she would undertake to get the other women to withdraw in her favor, and humorously suggested that Mr. Robins' office boy and not Mr. Robins had answered her.

FOR THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW

President Underwood of the Erie Railroad Absolves Mr. Wilson of Playing Politics.

"The railroad chiefs of the country were not opposed to the eight-hour day, contrary to the opinion that has prevailed throughout the country," was the authoritative statement made by President F. D. Underwood of the Erie railroad in Milwaukee last week. "There is a general feeling that the eight-hour day is coming and no doubt it will come and it ought to come.

"The eight-hour day will cost the Erie railroad \$3,000,000 a year. I do not believe any additional legislation is needed by congress on this question. The interstate commerce commission can take care of the raise in rates if any should be needed. If the commission could take care of both wages and rates, there would be no objection because the commission is unquestionably honest and capable.

"Mr. Wilson, however, is not playing politics. He was doing what he honestly believed was for the good of the country. No one could associate with Mr. Wilson, as the railroad men of the country did during these negotiations, and charge Mr. Wilson with playing politics in any way," continued Mr. Underwood. "Only some newspapers charged the president with working for political effect.

"This prosperity is going on without interruption until the first signs of peace when there will be a letting down by business men for a time until they can see what is going to happen in the future. But the country can never have another bank panic or another currency panic and the nation will be in far better condition to meet the demands of the future. There is no real danger, therefore, for business in the advent of peace."

To Probe Government Ownership.

Senator Newlands of Nevada, chairman of the senate committee on interstate commerce and chairman of the joint subcommittee composed of the interstate commerce committees of the house and senate, has announced that Chicago will be the seat of a thorough investigation of government ownership and control of railroads, telegraph lines, express companies, river and ocean transportation and other public utilities, beginning November 20. The investigation will be in accordance with President Wilson's recommendations to congress, will be conducted largely from Chicago, and will be very broad and searching in scope in fulfillment of the president's desire that the questions be given a survey as thorough as that which led to the enactment of the Federal Reserve banking law.

The senator states that it is his purpose to invite all interests involved to appear and express opinions regarding regulation and administration of the properties. Economists and publicists of eminence, representatives of the interstate and state railroad commissions, representatives of the railroad executives, employees and investors, as well as representatives of farmers' organizations, shippers, bankers, chambers of commerce and other important business and industrial organizations are expected to appear and give testimony.

Reorganization of the interstate commerce commission, Senator Newlands stated, will be considered. Investigation will be made of whether its jurisdiction should be confined to questions of discrimination and rates, relinquishing its jurisdiction over other matters such as valuation, safety inspection, etc., to some other body or bureau.

One of the many important questions to be considered is whether any regulation of the wages and hours of employees of common carriers is advisable and whether it is advisable to take any further legislation regarding the adjustment of disputes between carriers and their employees, and regarding strikes and lockouts. Other features to be considered include national incorporation, taxation, and methods of acquiring government ownership.

Stumping the Country.

Some of the best-known speakers in the United States have enlisted in the Democratic speaking campaign which will be in full swing until election day. Speakers in the West whose schedules have been arranged include Vice President Marshall, who will speak in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, and Kentucky. Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois, who opened the campaign in Minnesota last week; Charles A. Towne, Secretary of War; Newton D. Baker, John Sharp Williams, Gov. David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, Dudley Field Malone of New York, Nathan Hale of Boston, A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia, Senator Shafroth of Colorado, Judge Albert D. Norton of Missouri, Progressive candidate for governor four years ago, Senator William Joe Stone, Senator James A. Reed, and John J. Lenz of Ohio.

Garfield in Wilson League.

Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams college and son of James A. Garfield, the martyred president, is enrolled as a vice president of the Woodrow Wilson Independent League of Massachusetts, says a New York press dispatch.

It Is, Indeed.

It is rather a strange sight to watch a presidential candidate denouncing prosperity. And yet this is virtually what Mr. Hughes is doing.—Savannah (Ill.) Journal.

In Woman's Realm

New Hats Are of Luxurious Looking, Furry, Thick Fabrics and the High Collar Has Been Reinstated—Wraps For Children Are Shown in Many Patterns and Materials.

Soft, thick fabrics, loosely woven and luxurious looking, supply a deep, persistent undertone in the harmonies of the new fashions. There are many of them christened with names more or less descriptive of their character which is decidedly furry. They suggest warmth and comfort and enhance the value of the new fashionable colors, being especially good in burgundy, pruned, castor and dark brown. They call for fur in trimmings, but fur is scarce and therefore high priced. But wonderful fur fabrics answer the pur-

is more style in it. This coat would be improved by a little shortening. It is simple in width, simple in cut and line, and these are the things that insure grace. The sleeves are capacious, with wide, turned-back cuffs bordered with fur banding.

In reviewing the styles presented for children, it appears that there is a long procession of coats that have been made in a considerable variety of materials and patterns. For practical wear there are models in serge wool velours, Scotch mixtures



AUTUMN MODES IN COATS.

pose and cost much less than fur trimmings.

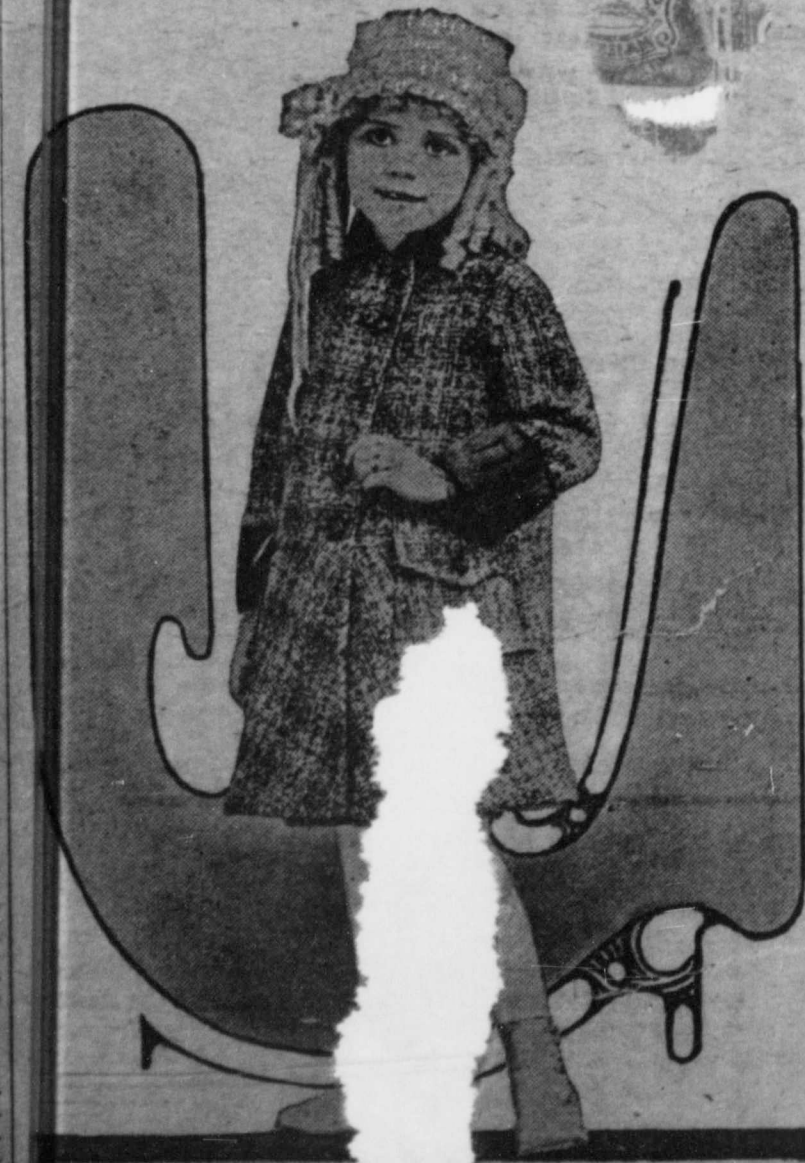
A coat of Bolivia cloth, shown in the picture is trimmed with a fur fabric imitating beaver. The castor color of this trimming looks well with all the fashionable colors brought out this season and is used for both coats and suits in collars and cuffs and banding.

The high, enveloping collar which may be turned up about the face, made its entry last year and was reluctantly

and other durable cloths. Coats of corduroy and velveteen are dressier but not less durable. They are shown in blue, brown, green and black.

Among novelties, plushes and fur-fabrics woven in special patterns provide something new, unlike the materials with which everyone is familiar.

The school coat shown in the picture is a gray, white and brown plaid mixture with collar and cuffs of velveteen. It has a straight body with a shaped skirt (cut on the bias) set



REVIEWING THE STYLES OF CHILDREN'S COATS.

ired when the weather grew warm, and with the return of cool days, it has been promptly reinstated so that we are to be once more muffled up in necker.

The average coat is not as long as the model pictured for it lacks a few inches of covering the dress, and there

into it. There are large, practical patch pockets. It is a trim, well-fitting little garment, very shapely and neat looking, suited to the little miss of five and upward.

John Bottomley

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.

Simply Beyond Them. "The subjects of royalty are queer." "How so?" "They don't seem able to take it in when a king acts like an ordinary human being."

CAPUDINE —For Headaches— Try it and be convinced. Good for aches in back and limbs also—Assists Nature to get right and stay so. It's Liquid—easy to take.—Adv.

Quite Forceful. "I fear Cholly has no stability of character." "No will power, you mean?" "Yes."

"That's where you are mistaken. I happen to know that he has clung to the same brand of cigarettes for the past seven years."

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.

What Woman Could? "It is said that Napoleon used to wipe his pens on his white trousers." "No wonder Josephine couldn't live happily with a man with habits like that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have stood the test of time. Test them yourself now. Send for sample to 572 Pearl street, N. Y.—Adv.

The Darker Side. "Does the possession of a car help you to make friends?"

"Only to a limited extent," replied the motorist. "While I occasionally make a friend of a stranger by giving him a lift to town, I nearly always incur the enmity of numerous pedestrians by trying to show him how fast my car can go."

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

There are more than 2,500 Red Cross dogs in the war fields doing a marvelous work for the wounded.

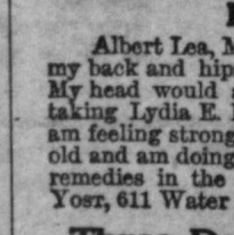
Women Once Invalids

Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

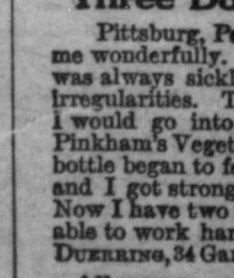
All women ought to know the wonderful effects of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound even on those who seem hopelessly ill. Here are three actual cases:



Harrisburg, Penn.—"When I was single I suffered a great deal from female weakness because my work compelled me to stand all day. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for that and was made stronger by its use. After I was married I took the Compound again for a female trouble and after three months I passed what the doctor called a growth. He said it was a miracle that it came away as one generally goes under the knife to have them removed. I never want to be without your Compound in the house."—Mrs. FRANK KNORR, 1643 Fulton St., Harrisburg, Penn.



Hardly Able to Move. Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. YOST, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.



Three Doctors Gave Her Up. Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. ELIZABETH DUZERINA, 84 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it will be confidential.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

==IF==
THE APPETITE IS POOR
THE DIGESTION WEAK
THE LIVER INACTIVE
OR YOU NEED A TONIC
==TRY==
HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS
IT HELPS TO IMPROVE CONDITIONS

Sticks in His Crop. "What's Badger looking so sour over?" "He was forced to swallow his pride, and he can't digest it."

When Work Is Hard
That kidney troubles are so common is due to the strain put upon the kidneys in so many occupations, such as: Jarring and jolting on railroads, etc. Cramp and strain as in barbering, moulding, heavy lifting, etc. Exposure to changes of temperature in iron furnaces, refrigerators, etc. Dampness as in tanneries, quarries, mines, etc. Inhaling poisonous fumes in painting, printing and chemical shops. Doan's Kidney Pills are the best strengthening weak kidneys.
A Texas Case
T. L. Nichols, carpenter and contractor, 319 N. Third St., Temple, Texas, says: "I was confined to bed for weeks with disordered kidneys and different symptoms of kidney complaint developed that made me fear I had Bright's disease. I became a physical wreck. Doan's Kidney Pills came to my rescue and six boxes cured me, although my case had baffled the doctors. I have since been strong and healthy."
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS
Editor and Publisher

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 8, 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.

Opportunity may knock at your door, but it will not force its way through the keyhole.

A good way to get through life successfully is to use all your own brains and as much of the other fellow's as you can annex.

The cost of print paper continues to go up, and sooner or later we will have to hang our subscription price onto the coat-tail of the paper.

Editor J. Claude Wells of the Hedley Informer, spent last Sunday in Wellington with relatives and friends. Mr. Wells, with his splendid paper, is doing great things in forwarding the growth and development of Hedley and the surrounding country—Wellington Leader.

THANKS, AWFULLY

An exchange says: A company of young people were trying to find words that could be spelled the same way either forward or backward and somebody mentioned "reviver." Then "madam" and "level" were brought out and finally it was remarked there was a whole sentence that could be read backwards. The company laughed at the idea, but the speaker said, "Reverse this sentence: 'Snug & raw was I ere I saw war & guns,' and you will find it reads just the same.

SAME HERE

When you have read through this issue of the paper just take time enough to let one fact sink into your active brain. The paper on which this issue was printed has cost us approximately double what it cost us two years ago. The oil that keeps the press revolving is up in price. The ink we use is way up in price. The power that moves the machinery is sky high. In fact, every item of expense is up in the clouds and many are away above them, and every dollar of expense means just that amount of money right out of our pocket. A great many subscribers are in arrears on subscription, and we need that money in order to meet the rapidly increasing cost of producing this paper. It is simply thoughtlessness on your part, we know, but our own creditors do not recognize that word. It don't go with them for an instant. Do we get "ours" brother?—Dispatch Ringsted Ia.

ORIGIN OF "PRINTER'S DEVIL"

In early days printing was styled the "black art," and printers were supposed to be in league with Satan. But it was in the time of Aldus Manutius, in

Venice, that matters took a serious turn. This was the famous printer who first published the Greek and Roman classics. He took into his employ a negro boy who was homeless on the streets in Venice. The people supposed the boy was an imp of Satan and helped in the printing. Mobs collected about to wreck the building when the boy was brought forward and exhibited, and it was shown that he was flesh and blood; but, he was still called "the printer's devil," and every boy in his position ever since has been so called.—Olney Enterprise.

J. F. Fincher's Tin and General Repair Shop

Any Kind of TIN WORK done.
Any and Every Kind of Repair Work,
Woodwork, Painting, Carpentering, etc.
All work guaranteed.
ALSO BUY AND SELL SECOND-HAND GOODS.
Your patronage will be appreciated.

East Side Main Street Hedley, Texas

HOW MAIL ORDER HOUSES GET BUSINESS

We notice in a number of our exchanges lengthy articles from the editors warning the people against mail order houses, etc. These articles all notice the arrival in their towns of large shipments of catalogues from the mail order houses. It occurs to us that such articles are of little value, for the people will buy where they can get the best bargains, or think they get the

home merchant in the face of the fact that the home merchant does not advertise or solicit the trade of the people.—Bowie Blade.

THE JOURNALIST'S CREED

I believe in the profession of journalism.
I believe that the public journal is a public trust; that all connected with it are, to the full measure of their responsibility, trustees for the public; that acceptance of lesser service than the public service is betrayal of this trust.
I believe that clear thinking and clear statement, accuracy and fairness are fundamental to good journalism.
I believe that a journalist should write only what he holds in his heart to be true.
I believe that suppression of the news, for any consideration other than the welfare of society, is indefensible.
I believe that no one should write as a journalist what he would not say as a gentleman; that bribery by one's own pocketbook is as much to be avoided as bribery by the pocketbook of another; that individual responsibility may not be escaped by pleading another's instruction or another's dividends.
I believe that advertising, news and editorial columns should alike serve the best interests of the readers; that a single standard of helpful truth and clearness should prevail for all; that the supreme test of good journalism is the measure of its public service.
I believe that the journalist which succeeds best—fears God and honors man; is stoutly independent, unmoved of pride or opinion or greed of power, constructive, tolerant, but never careless; self-controlled, patient, always respectful of its readers but always unafraid; is quick, indignant at injustice; is unswayed by the appeal of privilege or the clamor of the mob; seeks to give every man a chance and, as far as law and honest wage and recognition of human brotherhood can make it so, an equal chance, is profoundly patriotic while sincerely promoting international good will and cementing world comradeship, is a journalism of humanity, of and for today's world.—Walter Williams of University of Missouri School of Journalism.

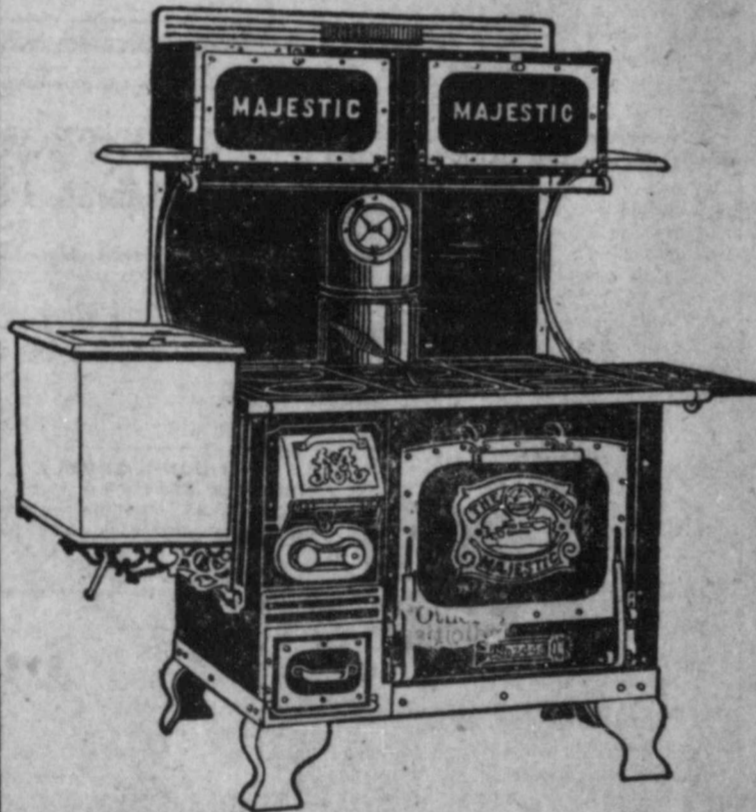
PROSPERITY POINTERS FOR FARMERS

In the interest of further developing and upbuilding the territory through which their lines are operated, the Fort Worth & Denver City and Wichita Valley Railway Companies have issued an attractive thirty page booklet entitled "Prosperity Pointers For Farmers" and containing valuable information regarding soil conditions and the money-making crops to which same are best adapted as proven through the production of the numerous bumper crops which have produced generally prosperous conditions and are constantly making it possible for renters to become prosperous Home Owners. A few of these booklets are still available for those who may be possible to interest in the question of locating in North-west Texas. If, therefore, you have any friends that you desire to interest, and will send us their names and addresses, we will find pleasure in mailing them copies of the issue referred to. If you have friends to whom you would like to send copies of the booklet, instead of having us do so, we will be glad to send you the booklets desired free of cost.
W. F. Sterby,
G. F. & P. A., F. W. & D. C. R. Co.,
Fort Worth, Texas.

Special Demonstration and sale of GREAT MAJESTIC RANGES

"The Range With a Reputation"

For One Week Only Monday, Nov. 6, to Saturday Night, Nov. 11



During next week we will have a special demonstrator from the Majestic Factory to explain how the Majestic is made and why it is absolutely the best range; why it lasts longer and cuts down repair expenses; why it bakes bread evenly, top, sides and bottom without turning; why it uses so little fuel and saves food waste. He will explain its labor saving construction and why it heats an abundance of water good and hot—a mighty convenient and useful thing to have a big supply of hot water always on hand isn't it.

To buy a range by mail is almost certain to end in disappointment and loss of money. It may be "exactly as represented" yet not be what you thought it was nor what you wanted.

Here you can see every part of the Majestic—you can know what you are getting before you buy. Decide now that you will discontinue using that old worn-out range. You will save money in fuel, repairs and cooking. Buy a Majestic—the range with 25 years' reputation. The demonstrator will answer any questions relating to stoves.

Keep the date in your mind's eye.
Bring your neighbor with you.

WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK IN ALL LINES AND WILL MAKE SPECIAL PRICES DURING NEXT WEEK.

Moreman & Battle

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

If you are planning to do any building or improving at your place we would be glad to figure on the cost. Also bear in mind that we always have a good stock on hand to sell.

Cicer Smith Lumber Company

best, and while the local merchants neglect to advertise their goods and the mail order houses advertise theirs, it is perfectly natural that the people believe that from the merchant who advertises they get better goods and better prices. There is but one way to fight the mail order houses, and that is for the home merchant to talk to their customers, through their advertising, and tell them just what they have to sell and at what saving over the mail order houses. No amount of editorial opinion from the editor of the local paper can convince the people of the advantage of trading with the

PROPER HOUSING OF BEEF CATTLE

Type of Barn Best Adapted for Their Accommodation Is the One Illustrated.

DESIGNED TO SAVE LABOR

Perusal of Plans Will Convince Stock Raiser That This Is a Structure Which Will Meet All His Requirements in the Matter.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 127 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A separate barn fitted to feed and house stock with a minimum requirement of labor involved in the process is a valuable addition to any farm on which a moderate or large-sized herd of cattle is maintained. The need of such a building is felt especially during the winter months. Protection from the cold winds of winter necessitates the construction of a structure which may be closed tightly, but which

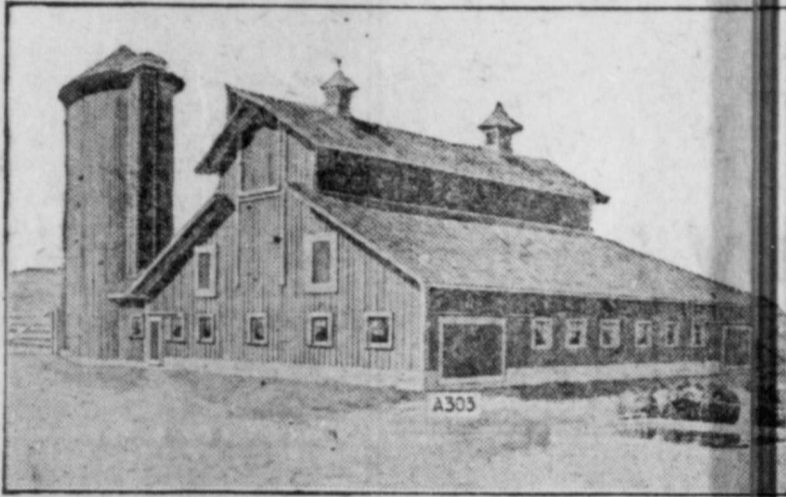
structures. The result is a constant improvement in sanitary conditions and methods of maintaining order on the farm.

In the accompanying perspective and plan is shown a beef-cattle barn, 62 feet in width by 90 feet in length, which is well arranged and designed to meet all the latest improvements in this type of structure. Space for loose stock is provided for on both sides and one end of the barn. Feeding is especially well cared for.

Storage for roughage reaches from the concrete floor to the peak in the center of the barn and spreads over the floor of the wings above the cattle on both sides and at the far end. By noting the size of the various parts of the barn it will be observed that the combination of the center portion with these wings afford considerable room, which will hold a great deal of alfalfa hay or other feeding and bedding roughage for winter use.

The center part of the barn above the concrete foundation is built of upright posts, which reach to the pines and are braced in a strong and durable manner. This construction permits easy moving of hay by rolling it down from the high center. Outside of the center area the barn is floored to make the stable warm and to extend the storage space clear to the low roof at the sides. All hay and roughage is taken in by a horse fork through the large hay door or is blown in by the stacker at threshing time. The hay door slides vertically and is balanced by weights, this being the most satisfactory method of construction when this type of roof is used.

In addition to the outside concrete foundation wall, which is carried up about a foot and one-half above grade, the whole stable is floored with con-



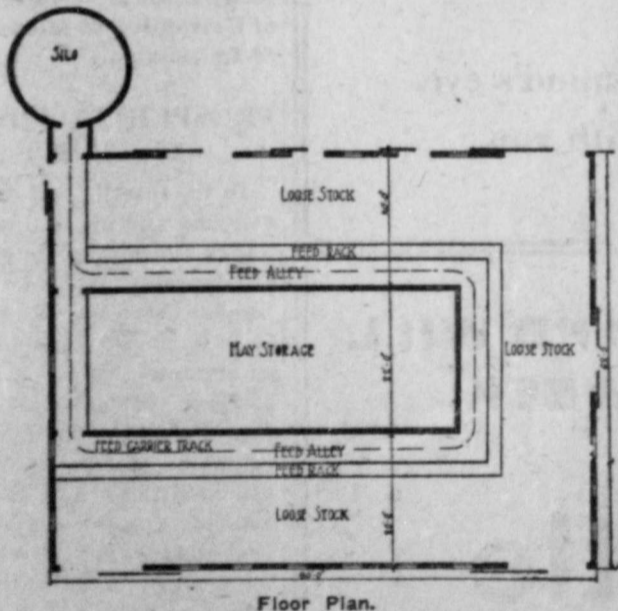
A Labor-Saving Cattle Barn.

crete and fitted with feed racks. There is a feed alley between the feed racks and the sides of the center bay. This feed alley is fitted with an overhead hay and silage carrier track which goes all the way around the deep bay, making it easy to scatter silage into the manger under the feed racks. The mangers are quite low so the cattle reach down for the feed. This permits placing the hayracks low enough so the cattle can reach their feed easily.

There are five stable doors which are wide enough to permit a manure spreader to be driven through, so the manure may be removed with the least possible amount of hand labor. The space outside of the hay bay is 20 feet in width on three sides; part of this is taken up with the feed alley

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Floor Plan.

about in a space built around a rectangular arrangement of feed racks in the center. The number of animals which the barn will house is determined by the number which can be accommodated at the feed rack without crowding, and the size of the space around the rack should be made such that the cattle may move about and adjust themselves in comfort.

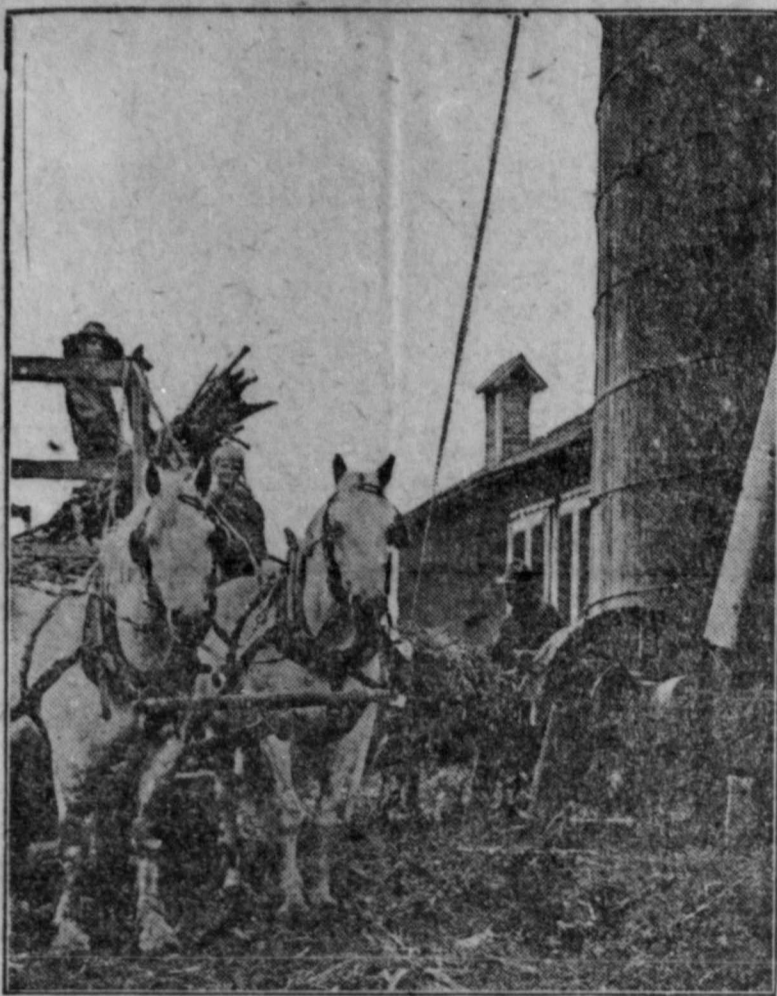
The barn should be provided with sufficient storage capacity to hold enough feed for the number of cattle to be housed in the structure, and from the standpoint of convenience it must be fitted in such a way that this feed may be easily given to the cattle. The elimination of manual labor is one of the largest items which has entered into the recent development of farm-building architecture. It necessitates the arrangement of all buildings in such a manner that advantage may be taken of the modern labor-saving devices which farmers have found so valuable. Farm buildings are no longer thrown together with the sole purpose of making them large enough and strong enough. Several large firms are now keeping extensive departments in which the entire time of their trained men is devoted to careful planning of farm

and the feed racks, but there is a very generous space allowed in which the cattle may move about. There are no dark corners in this part of the barn. The doors are so distributed that the cattle may be driven into the barn from three sides.

The arrangements for stock feeding are very satisfactory to stockmen who have tried this plan. It furnishes a correct solution of the problem during any kind of weather.

A further important point which should be considered in the construction of a barn of this type is ventilation. A large number of cattle housed together in a building require a large quantity of air, which must be kept in constant motion, the fresh air being drawn in near the bottom of the structure and the foul air being discharged at the top. Air should be allowed to recirculate through the stable, since on its first passage it is robbed of much of the oxygen which it possessed upon its first entrance into the barn. Ventilators which are placed on the highest points of the roof are very necessary. The cattle barn shown here has two good ventilators on the roof, which will draft no matter which way the wind blows.

EXPENSE OF FILLING WELL-BUILT SILO



CUTTING SILAGE AND FILLING A SILO.

Where the silo is well constructed practically none of the feed is wasted by spoiling and the cattle clean up every morsel of it. Some cheap wet roughness can be placed on the silage after filling, thus preserving even the top layers of the feed.

The cost of filling the silo is usually considered one of the expensive items. However, much of the expense, which is heavy, is no more than if corn harvesting time would be lengthened out, possibly over a period of several months. Corn husking and the corn-stalk problem in the barnyard are eliminated, and when a corn field free of shocks at wheat-seeding time is also considered, the farmer can pay the \$1.25 per hour for the engine and cutter with his money well spent.

On the whole adverse criticisms of the silo are forgotten when its many advantages are taken into account.

The silo takes the corn crop away from the field mouse and the crow; it keeps it away from the rats and mice, and also the human thief, who otherwise could steal the corn from the crib. The silo also does away with the shocking of corn in the field, and the grinding of it for feed if it is to be used through the winter to balance some ration. But the main advantage is the matter of economy, of dollars and cents.

No Room for Argument. A silo brings in so much greater returns with so much less work, be its contents fed to cows, stock, cattle, hogs, or even chickens, that the room for adverse argument has disappeared, and even in our hill section where silos are most needed, the absence of a silo from the feed-lot is fast getting to be the exception rather than the rule.

THOROUGH DRAINAGE IS MOST PROFITABLE

Increases Corn Yield Over Three Bushels Per Acre—Pays Interest on Investment.

"Less than 5 per cent of Iowa farms are thoroughly drained," says M. F. P. Costello, agricultural engineer at Iowa state college.

"It costs on the average of \$4,000 to drain thoroughly a 160-acre farm. On most of these farms where there is any drainage at all only about one-fourth of this amount is expended. The average farmer drains out the wet spots from his land in order to get a uniform tillage area and thinks his drainage duty is over. It has just begun.

"Thorough drainage pays," maintains Mr. Costello. "Conservatively speaking, such drainage will surely increase the yield on a corn acre over three bushels an acre, which increase, itself, will pay the interest on the amount invested in drainage on that acre."

Draining even the rougher land is also advised to prevent washing.

FALL SELECTION OF POTATOES PAYS WELL

Farmer Can Get Good Idea of Uniformity of Tubers Produced by Individual Vines.

(By A. G. TOLAAS, University Farm, St. Paul.)

It pays to select next year's seed potato tubers from the field at digging time, better than to select them from the bin next spring. Here are reasons why seed selections is more easily taken care of now than when the potatoes are in the bin.

At digging time one can get a good idea as to the type and uniformity of tubers produced under individual vines, which cannot be obtained after crop has been put in storage. Seed should be selected only from vines producing several uniform, average true-to-type tubers. Such seed cannot be practiced when the seed is selected out of the bin.

Tubers affected with scab, late blight rot, black leg rot, or brown ring discoloration due to should be discarded. To avoid possibility of getting tubers infected with black leg rot or brown ring discoloration, the field should be thoroughly inspected before the vines have dried up. Seed from infected plants should not be kept; in fact, wilted plants, together with what tubers may have been formed on them, ought to be destroyed.

Plants affected with leaf roll, early

dwarf and mosaic should be destroyed and no tubers saved from them. Although these diseases do not cause any visible injury on the tubers, the use of infected seed will reduce the yield and finally cause the potatoes to "run out."

The diseases are described in detail in Minnesota Station Bulletin No. 158, which can be obtained on application to the office of publications, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.

HEAVY FROSTS WILL IMPAIR GERMINATION

One Factor That Regulates True Value of Seed Corn of Any Class or Variety.

(By C. P. BULL, University Farm, St. Paul.)

Seed corn that does not germinate 90 per cent or better is not fit to be planted for the production of ears. Germination is the one factor that regulates the value of seed corn of any class or variety. Even fodder corn seed ought to have a high germination testing power. A false impression prevails that fodder corn does not need to have a high germination record, like ear corn seed.

Killing frost on standing corn is almost sure to impair the germination of the seed. It is better to cut too early than too late. If cut and shocked when about 90 per cent of the ears are just well denting, the kernels will fill out properly in the shock and the germination will be preserved. A killing frost which leaves a corn standing may almost destroy the germinating power. The seed will be relatively larger as the corn matures.

MAINTAINING HOW MUCH SOIL WEIGHS

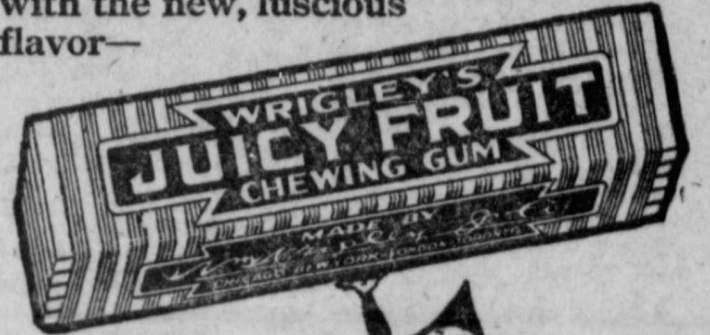
Not Varies From 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 Pounds—Knowledge Is Valuable.

MARSHALL, Colorado, Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.) A common method of expressing weight of a soil is so many pounds per acre foot. By an acre foot is the volume of soil one acre in area and one foot in depth. The composition of any soil is governed largely by the amount of organic matter present. The weight of an acre foot varies from 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 pounds.

The value of knowing the weight of a soil lies in the possibility of calculating the amount of water, humus and plant in the soil and through this it is possible to compare two soils as to their cropping powers.

WRIGLEY'S THE PERFECT GUM

Let us make you acquainted with the new, luscious flavor—



It's all that the name suggests!

Wrigley quality—made where chewing gum making is a science.

Now three flavors:

Don't forget WRIGLEY'S after every meal



Have a package of each always in reach



645

JACK FROST BAKING POWDER

"It's absolute Purity—An absolute surity"

Victrolas. First Idiot—Terrible accident in the victrola factory. Party of the Second Part—How's that? First Idiot—This year's sales broke all the records.—Harvard Lampoon.

DON'T GAMBLE that your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

How it is. "Mrs. Dubwaite never has words with her cook." "Lucky woman!" "Say not so." "But you just said she never had words with her cook?" "Because the cook does all the talking."

TENDER SKINNED BABIES

With Rash and Irritations Find Comfort in Cuticura. Trial Free.

Baby's tender skin requires mild, soothing properties such as are found in the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Soap is so sweet, pure and cleansing and Cuticura Ointment so soothing and healing, especially when baby's skin is irritated and rashy. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A new typewriter attachment automatically feeds envelopes or cards into a machine to save an operator's time.

BREATH BAD!

A sure sign of an inactive liver, biliousness, constipation, and similar disorders. Remove the cause in its early stages, do not allow the organs to get in chronic state. A few doses of

DR. THACHER'S LIVER AND BLOOD SYRUP

will restore the affected organs to a healthy condition.

It is a gentle laxative, purely vegetable, tonic in effect. Search far and near and you will not find a preparation to equal this tried and true old home tonic.

Get a bottle today—put up in convenient sizes, 50c and \$1.

Paradoxical Dining. "I expect a square meal today." "Well, dear, I'm giving you one." "That's like a woman's logic. How can you give a man a square meal with a round of beef?"

Dr. Peary's "DEAD SHOT" is an effective medicine for Worms or Tapeworm in adults or children. One dose is sufficient and no supplemental purge necessary.—Adv.

Jim Was Ahead of Him. "It's so strange," sighed the omnibus conductor, "how when two boys start out with equal chances, one of them is bound to forge ahead. There was Jim. He and I were the best of friends in youth. But look at me now. Equal as our chances were, Jim is ahead."

"What is he doing?" asked the gentleman sitting near the door. "He's the driver of this 'ere bus," came the answer. "Did I give ye yer ticket, please?"—London Answers.

Ask for and Get SKINNER'S THE HIGHEST QUALITY SPAGHETTI 36 Page Recipe Book Free SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, U.S.A. LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

MAGIC WASHING STICK

Would you pay to extra pay washing to save yourself ALL the old, hard, wearisome "filling"? Are you open-minded enough to try something new that's guaranteed to do what Nothing To Do But Boil and Stir 20 Minutes

Costs Little—Try It We have a big box of three sticks. Each stick enough for five washings. Try it; get your money back if you are not pleased.

WAPLES-PLATTER GROCER CO. FORT WORTH, DALLAS, DENVER DISTRICT OFFICES

"ROUGH ON RATS" Rats, Mice, Hogs, Lice outdoors, lice and fleas

PATENTS Writton E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books Free High-class references. Best results.

W. N. U. DALLAS, NO. 42-1912

BEYOND the FRONTIER

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS

By RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"You refuse obedience to the governor of New France?"

"No, monsieur; I am under orders to obey. There will be no trouble between us if you are just to my men. La Barre is not here to decide this, but I am." He put his hand on D'Artigny's shoulder. "Monsieur Cassion charges this man with murder. He is an officer of my command, and I arrest him. He shall be protected, and given a fair trial. What more can you ask?"

"You will protect him! help him to escape, rather!" burst out Cassion. "That is the scheme, De Baugis." "Your words are insult, monsieur, and I bear no more. If you seek quarrel, you shall have it. I am your equal, monsieur, and my commission comes from the king. Ah, M. de la Durantaye, what say you of this matter?"

A man, broad-shouldered, in the dress of a woodsman, elbowed his way through the throng of soldiers. He had a strong, good-humored face.

"In faith, I heard little of the controversy, yet 'tis like I know the gist of it, as I have just conversed with a wounded soldier of mine, Barbeau, who repeated the story as he understood it. My hand to you, Sieur d'Artigny, and it seems to me, messieurs, that De Tonty hath the right of it."

"Do you take his side against us who have the authority of the governor?" "Pah! that is not the issue. 'Tis merely a question of justice to this lad here. I stand for fair trial with Henri de Tonty, and will back my judgment with my sword."

They stood eye to eye, the four of them, and the group of soldiers seemed to divide, each company drawing together. Cassion growled some vague threat, but De Baugis took another course, gripping his companion by the arm.

"No, Francois, 'tis not worth the danger," he expostulated. "There will be no crossing of steel. Monsieur Cassion, no doubt, hath reason to be angered—but not I. The man shall have his trial, and I will learn the right and wrong of all this presently. Monsieur Tonty, the prisoner is left in your charge. Fall back men—to your barracks. Madame, permit me to offer you my escort."

"To where, monsieur?" "To the only quarters fitted for your reception," he said gallantly, "those I have occupied since arrival here." "You vacate them for me?"

"With the utmost pleasure," bowing gallantly. "I beg of you their acceptance; your husband has been my guest, and will join me in exile."

"I will use your quarters gladly, Captain de Baugis," I said quietly, "but will ask to be left there undisturbed."

"Most assuredly, madame—my servant will accompany you." "Then good night, messieurs," I faced Cassion, meeting his eyes frankly. "I am greatly wearied, and would rest; tomorrow I will speak with you, monsieur. Permit to pass."

He stood aside, unable to affront me, although the anger in his face was evident enough of brewing trouble. No doubt he had boasted of me to De Baugis, and felt no jesting now to have our true relations exposed thus publicly. I passed him, glancing at none of the others, and followed the soldier across the beaten parade. A moment later I was safely hidden within a two-roomed cabin.

A table and two chairs, rudely made with ax and knife, comprised the entire furniture, but a small mirror, unframed, hung suspended against the farther wall. I glanced at my reflection in the glass, surprised to learn how little change the weeks had made in my appearance. It was still the face of a girl which gazed back at me, with clear, wide-open eyes, and cheeks flushed in the firelight. Strange to say, the very sight of my youthfulness was a disappointment, and brought with it doubt. How could I fight these men? How could I hope to win against their schemes and plans of vengeance?

I opened the single window, and leaned out, grateful for the fresh air blowing against my face, but unable to perceive the scene below shrouded in darkness. Far away, down the valley, was the red glow of a fire, its flame reflecting over the surface of the river. I knew I stared down into a great void, but could hear no sound except a faint gurgle of water directly beneath. I closed the window shutter, and, urged by some impulse, crossed over to the door leading to the other apartment. It was a sleeping room, scarcely more than a large closet, with garments hanging on pegs against the logs, and two rude bunks opposite the door. But the thing which captured my eyes was a bag of brown leather lying on the floor at the head of one of the bunks—a shapeless bag, having no distinctive mark about it, and yet which I instantly recognized—since we left Quebec it had been in our boot.

As I stood staring at it, I remembered the words of De Baugis, "your husband has been of my guest." "Ay,

that was it—this had been Cassion's quarters since his arrival, and this was his bag, the one he kept beside him in the canoe, his private property. My heart beat wildly in the excitement of discovery, yet there was no hesitation; instantly I was upon my knees tugging at the straps. They yielded easily, and I forced the leather aside, gaining glimpse of the contents.

I discovered nothing but clothes at first—moccasins and numerous undergarments—together with a uniform, evidently new, and quite gorgeous. The removal of these, however, revealed a pocket in the leather side, securely fastened, and on opening this with trembling fingers, a number of papers were disclosed.

Scarcely venturing to breathe, hardly knowing what I hoped to find, I drew these forth, and glanced hastily at them. Surely the man would bear nothing unimportant with him on such a journey; these noted with what care he had guarded the bag all the way. Yet at first I discovered nothing to reward my search—there was a package of letters, carefully bound with a strong cord, a commission from La Barre, creating Cassion a major of infantry, a number of receipts issued in Montreal, a list of goods purchased at St. Ignace, and a roster of men composing the expedition.

At last from one corner of the pocket I drew forth a number of closely written pages, evidently the governor's instructions. They were traced in so fine a hand that I was obliged to return beside the fire to decipher their largely concerned with matters of routine, especially referring to relations with the garrison of the fort, and Cassion's authority over De Baugis, but the closing paragraph had evidently been added later, and had personal interest. It read: "Use your discretion as to D'Artigny, but violence will hardly be safe; he is thought too well of by La Salle, and that fox may get Louis' ear again. We had best be cautious. Chevet, however, has no friends, and I am told, possesses a list of the La Chesnayne property, and other documents which had best be destroyed. Do not fall in this, nor fear results. We have gone too far to hesitate now."

I took this page, and thrust it into my breast. 'Tis not much, and yet it might prove the one needed link. I ran through the packet of letters, but they apparently had no bearing on the case. Assured that I had overlooked nothing, I thrust the various articles back, restraped the bag, and returned to the outer room. As I paused before



I Glanced at My Reflection in the Glass.

the fire, someone rapped at the door. I stood erect, my fingers gripping the pistol, which I still retained. Again the raps sounded, clearly enough defined in the night, yet not violent or threatening.

"Who is there?" I asked.

"Your husband, my dear—Francois Cassion."

"But why do you come? It was the pledge of De Baugis that I was to be left alone."

"A fair pledge enough, although I was not consulted. From the look of your eyes, little difference if I had been. You are as sweet in disposition as ever, my dear; yet never mind that—we'll soon see our case now, I warrant you. Meanwhile I am content to wait until my time comes. 'Tis not you I seek tonight, but my dressing case."

"'Twill be safer if you keep your word," I said quietly, "for I still carry Hugo Chevet's pistol, and know how to use it. Draw away from the door, monsieur, and I will thrust out the bag."

I lowered the bar, opening the door barely wide enough to permit the bag's passage. The light from the fire gleamed on the barrel of the pistol held in my hand. It was the work of an instant, and I saw nothing of Cassion, but, as the door closed, he laughed scornfully.

"'Tis your game tonight, madame," he said spitefully, "but tomorrow I play my hand. I thank you for the bag, as it contains my commission. By virtue of it I shall assume command of this Fort St. Louis, and I know how to deal with murderers. I congratulate you on your lover, madame—good night."

I must have slept from sheer exhaustion, although I made no attempt to lie down. It was broad daylight when I awoke, aroused by pounding on the door. To my inquiry a voice announced food, and I lowered the bar, permitting an orderly to enter, bearing a tray, which he deposited on the table. Without speaking, he turned to leave the room, but I suddenly felt courage to address him.

"You were not of our party," I said gravely. "Are you a soldier of M. de Baugis?"

"No, madame," and he turned facing me, his countenance a pleasant one. "I am not a soldier at all, but I serve M. de Tonty."

"Ah, I am glad of that. You will bear to your master a message?"

"Perhaps, madame," his tone somewhat doubtful. "You are the wife of Monsieur Cassion?"

"Do not hesitate because of that," I hastened to say, believing I understood his meaning. "While it is true I am legally the wife of Francois Cassion, my sympathies now are altogether with the Sieur d'Artigny. I would have you ask M. de Tonty to confer with me."

"Yes, madame."

"You have served with D'Artigny? You know him well?"

"Three years, madame; twice he saved my life on the great river. M. de Tonty shall receive your message."

I could not eat, although I made the endeavor, and finally crossed to the window, opened the heavy wooden shutters, and gazed without. What a marvelous scene that was! Never before had my eyes looked upon so fair a view, and I stood silent and fascinated. My window opened to the west edge, and I gazed down from the very edge of the vast rock into the wide valley. Great treetops were below, and I had to lean far out to see the silvery waters lapping the base of the precipices, but a little beyond the full width of the noble stream became visible, decked with islands, and winding here and there between green-clad banks, until it disappeared in the far distance.

I had neglected to bar the door, and as I stood there gazing in breathless fascination, a sudden step on the floor caused me to turn in alarm. My eyes encountered those of De Tonty, who stood hat in hand.

"'Tis a fair view, madame," he said politely. "In all my travels I have seen no nobler landscape."

"It hath a peaceful look," I answered, still struggling with the memory. "Can it be true the savages hold the valley?"

"All too true—see, yonder, where the smoke still shows, dwell the Kaskaskias. Not a lodge is left, and the bodies of their dead strew the ground. Alog those meadows three weeks since there were the happy villages of twelve tribes of peaceful Indians; to-day those who yet live are fleeing for their lives."

"And this fort, monsieur?"

"Safe enough, I think, although one of us can venture ten years beyond the gate. The Rock point, madame, yet we are greatly troubled, and with no ammunition waste. 'Twas the surprise of which left us thus helpless. Our friendly Indians together, the would be different."

"They are not cowards, then?"

"Not with proper leadership. I have seen them fight often since invaded this land. His my many of them are hiding now, those hills, and may find some reach us. I suspected such at last night, when I sent out the party which brought you in. Al reminds me, madame; you sent me?"

"Yes, M. de Tonty, are you frank? You are the friend of Sieur d'Artigny?" "Faith, I hope I am, madame. I know not what has got into the soldier, but whatever he wishes, if need may bring you in also to strengthen the case. D'Artigny will have no defense, because he has a fool notion that he might compromise you by telling the whole truth."

wild for the lad's blood, and how came there to be trouble between Rene and the furtrader? Bah! I know the lad is no murderer, but no one will tell me the facts."

"Then I will, monsieur," I said gravely. "It was because of my belief that Sieur d'Artigny would refuse explanation that I sent for you. The truth need not be concealed; not from you, at least, the commander of Fort St. Louis."

"Pardon, madame, but I am not that. La Salle left me in command with less than a dozen men. De Baugis came later, under commission from La Barre, but he also had but a handful of followers. To save quarrel we agreed to divide authority, and so got along fairly well, until M. Cassion arrived with his party. Then the odds were altogether on the other side, and De Baugis assumed command by sheer force of rifles. 'Twas La Salle's wish that no resistance be made, but, faith, with the Indians scattered, I had no power. This morning things have taken a new phase. An hour ago M. Cassion assumed command of the garrison by virtue of a commission he produced from the Governor in Barre, naming him major of infantry. This gives him rank above Captain de Baugis, and, besides, he bore a letter authorizing him to take command of all French troops in this valley, if, in his judgment, circumstances rendered it necessary. No doubt he deemed this the proper occasion."

"To assure the conviction and death of D'Artigny?" I asked, as he paused. "That is your meaning, monsieur?" "I cannot see it otherwise," he answered slowly, "although I hesitate to make so grave a charge in your presence, madame. Our situation here is scarcely grave enough to warrant his action, for the fort is in no serious danger from the Indians. De Baugis, while no friend of mine, is still a fair-minded man, and merciful. He cannot be made a tool for any purpose of revenge. This truth Major Cassion has doubtless learned, and hence assumes command himself to carry out his plans."

I looked into the soldier's dark, clear-cut face, feeling a confidence in him which impelled me to hold out my hand.

"M. de Tonty," I said, determined now to address him in all frankness, "it is true that I am legally the wife of this man of whom you speak, but this only enables me to know his motives better. This condemnation of Sieur d'Artigny is not his plan alone, and Cassion merely executes his orders. I have here the written instructions under which he operates."

I held out to him the page from La Barre's letter.

CHAPTER XX.

The Court-Martial.

De Tonty took the paper from my hand, glanced at it, then lifted his eyes inquiringly to mine.

"'Tis in the governor's own hand. How came this in your possession?" "I found it in Cassion's private bag last night, under the berth window. Later he came and carried the bag away, never suspecting it had been opened. His commission was there also. Read it, monsieur."

He did so slowly, carefully, seeming to weigh every word, his eyes darkening, and a flush creeping into his swarthy cheeks.

"Madame," he exclaimed at last. "I care not whether the man be your husband, but this is a damnable conspiracy, hatched months ago in Quebec."

I bowed my head.

"Beyond doubt, monsieur."

"And you found nothing more—no documents taken from Hugo Chevet?" "None, monsieur; they were either destroyed in accordance with La Barre's instructions, or else M. Cassion has them on his person."

"But I do not understand the reason for such foul treachery. What occurred here in New France to cause the murder of Chevet and this attempt to convict D'Artigny of the crime?" "Sit here, monsieur," I said, my voice trembling, "and I will tell you the whole story. I must tell you, for there is no one else in Fort St. Louis whom I can trust."

I told the tale simply, concealing nothing, not even my growing love for D'Artigny. The man listening inspired my utmost confidence—I sought his respect and faith. As I came to the end for a moment he remained motionless and silent, his eyes grave with thought.

"'Tis a strange, sad case," he said gravely, "and the end is hard to determine. I believe you, madame, and your choice. The case is strong against D'Artigny; even your testimony is not for his defense. Does M. Cassion know you saw the young man tonight?"

"He has dropped a remark or two to show suspicion. Possibly some of the men saw me outside the soldier's house, and made report. When he will call you as a witness, if I know the nature of Cassion's plan of trial is a mere form, and doubtless he will ask the captain de Baugis and M. Cassion's parantage. Neither will oppose so long as he furnishes the proof necessary to convict. He will give us a soldier or two, who will do whatever he wishes. If need may bring you in also to strengthen the case. D'Artigny will have no defense, because he has no witnesses, and because he has a fool notion that he might compromise you by telling the whole truth."

"Then there is no hope; nothing we can do?"

"No, madame; not now. I shall be consulted, and asked to be present,

I am under strict order from La Salle not to oppose La Barre's officers, and, even if I were disposed to disobey my chief, I possess no force with which to act. I have but ten men on whom I could rely, while they number over forty." He leaned closer, whispering, "Our policy is to wait, and act after the prisoner has been condemned."

"How? You mean a rescue?" "Ay, there lies the only hope. There is one man here who can turn the trick. He is D'Artigny's comrade and friend. Already he has outlined a plan to me, but I gave no encouragement. Yet, now that I know the truth, I shall not oppose. Have your courage, madame, to give him your assistance? 'Tis like to be a desperate venture."

"I drew a deep breath, but with no sense of fear.

"Yes, monsieur. Who is the man I am to trust?" "Francois de Boisronde, the one who led the rescue party last night."

"A gallant lad."

"Ay, a gentleman of France, a daring heart. Tonight—"

The door opened, and the figure of a man stood outlined against the brighter glow without. De Tonty was on his feet fronting the newcomer, ere I even realized it was Cassion who stood there, glaring at us. Behind him two soldiers waited in the sunshine.

"What is the meaning of this, M. de Tonty?" he exclaimed, with no pretense at friendliness. "A rather early morning call, regarding which I was



I Stood Silent, Fascinated.

not even consulted. Have husbands no rights in this wilderness paradise?" "Such rights as they uphold," returned the Italian, erect and motionless. "I am always at your service, M. Cassion. Madame and I have conversed without permission. If that be crime, I answer for it now, or when you will."

It was in Cassion's heart to strike. I read the desire in his eyes, in the swift clutch at his sword hilt; but the sarcastic smile on De Tonty's thin lips robbed him of courage.

"'Tis best you curb your tongue," he snarled, "or I will have you in the guardhouse with D'Artigny. I command now."

"So I hear. Doubtless you could convict me as easily."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that your whole case is a tissue of lies."

"Pah! you have her word for it, no doubt. But you will sing a different song presently. Ay, and it will be her testimony which will hang the villain."

"What is this you say, monsieur—my testimony?"

"Just that—the tale of what you saw in the Mission garden at St. Ignace. Sacre, that shot hits, does it! You thought me asleep, and with no knowledge of your escapade, but I had other eyes open that night, my lady. Now will you confess the truth?" "I shall conceal nothing, monsieur."

"'Twill be best that you make no attempt," he sneered, his old braggart spirit reasserting itself as De Tonty kept silent. "I have guard here to escort you to the commandant's office."

"You do me honor," I turned to De Tonty. "Shall I go, monsieur?"

"I think it best, madame," he replied soberly, his dark eyes contemptuously surveying Cassion. "To refuse would only strengthen the case against the prisoner. M. Cassion will not, I am sure, deny me the privilege of accompanying you. Permit me to offer my arm."

I did not glance toward Cassion, but felt no doubt as to the look on his face; yet he would think twice before laying hand on this stern soldier who had offered me protection. The guard at the door fell aside promptly, and permitted us to pass. Some order was spoken in a low tone, and they fell behind with rifles at trail. Once in the open I became, for the first time, aware of irregular rifle firing, and observed in surprise men posted upon a narrow staging along the side of the log stockade.

"Is the fort being attacked?" I asked. "There has been firing for some days," he answered, "but no real attack. The savages merely hide yonder amid the rocks and woods, and strive to keep us from venturing down the trail. Twice we have made sorties, and driven them away, but 'tis a useless waste of fighting." He called to a man posted above the gate: "How is it this morning, Jules?" "The soldier glanced about cautiously, keeping his head below cover."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DAIRY



RAISING CALVES FOR PROFIT

Wisconsin Specialist Gives Interesting Hints About Building Up Milk Cows

G. C. Humphrey, a Wisconsin dairy specialist, gives the following hints about building up a profit-producing dairy from home-raised calves:

Use only a good, purebred sire, and give good care of the cows, and keep the calves "coming" right from birth.

Try the mother off six weeks before date of calving, otherwise the calf may be weak or undersized.

Give the mother a clean, comfortable box stall a few days before calving, where she may be quiet.

Leave the calf with its mother the first two to four days, so it may get the colostrum, or "first milk."

From then until four weeks old, feed the calf from two to five pounds of its mother's milk three times a day.

After two weeks give a little choice hay. If the calf seems unthrifty or weak, feed four times a day and give a little less at a time.

Overfeeding is more dangerous than underfeeding. Keep the pails clean and give milk warm, as nearly as possible the temperature of freshly drawn milk.

Beginning the fifth week, gradually substitute skim milk for the whole milk. About the eighth week increase the amount from six to ten pounds twice daily.

Do not feed the froth which collects in separator skim milk, as it is likely to cause indigestion, bloating and scours.

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The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.

Novelized from THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and loading his hands. Pallidori floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter, Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's father fruitlessly implores Golden to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count Da Espares figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but Da Espares is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Manley's poisoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which fails to accomplish the desired purpose, the capture of the Iron Claw and his gang. Margery is saved from death at the hands of the Iron Claw by the Laughing Mask.

TWELFTH EPISODE

The Haunted Canvas.

The daughter of Dan O'Mara was a very happy girl. So happy, in fact, was the freckled-nosed Peggy that there were times when the sheer novelty of her good fortune somewhat frightened her. For the tide had turned. The O'Mara family, as Peggy put it, was at last in clover. That mysterious rigger of wrongs known as the Laughing Mask had interested himself in getting honest work for Dan O'Mara. And that gracious-eyed lady known as Margery Golden, once she had realized the true position of the family, had become equally interested in doing what she could for the spindle-legged Peggy.

It is true, none the less, that this last-mentioned young lady's benefactor had been momentarily nonplussed by Peggy's choice of a vocation, when this choice was placed before her.

"What would you like to do most?" Margery had asked at the end of her second trip to the O'Mara cottage with a bundle of clothes for the all but breathless Peggy.

"Be an artist's model!" promptly announced the rapt-eyed factory girl.

"But why a model?" asked the amazed Miss Golden.

"To doll up in glad rags and get meself painted!" explained the dreamer of the dye vats. And odd as that choice seemed to her, Margery Golden did not depart from her promise. She sought out her artist friend, Frank Almick, and inveigled him to experiment with a new and somewhat untried model.

Frank Almick, however, soon found the ardent-eyed young Peggy more of a help to him than he had anticipated. Some of her unctuous yet uncouth attentiveness, in fact, brought a smile to the face of the busy artist.

But that smile was never broader than when he noticed her standing wide-eyed before the large canvas above the fireplace at the end of his studio. For this painting, which bore the title of "The Vigilante," was a remarkable piece of work, in more ways than one. It showed the life-size figure of a frontiersman staring out into the room, with a leveled carbine at his buckskin shoulder. But the arresting feature of the painting lay in the fact that both the eyes of the figure and the barrel of the leveled rifle seemed always to be directed at the spectator, no matter what position the spectator might take.

"That guy gives me the willies!" Peggy protested as she made her way back to the model throne.

"Why?" asked the smiling man at the easel.

"He keeps such a bead on you, no matter where you get in this room!" was the girl's reply.

But destiny, in the form of one Jules Legar, had secretly ordained that Peggy's happiness should not be a lasting one. For Peggy O'Mara was no longer a trivial factor in the activities of the Iron Claw. This slip of a girl had brought defeat to his plans when success seemed well within his hand. And for these humiliations Legar decided that the girl should pay, and pay to the full.

The modest home of the O'Maras, however, had no inkling of this decision until Dan O'Mara himself, wandering about his combined kitchen and living room in search of his pipe, was somewhat startled to see a square of paper pinned to the faded door panel. Peggy herself, joining her father, was equally mystified by this slip of paper, for its surface showed nothing but a round blot or two of black ink on a square of white. Neither Dan O'Mara nor his daughter had any reason to know the meaning of the spotted warning, any more than they knew that one Mauki, the stealthy emissary of the Iron Claw, stood hidden behind the walls of one of the three cottages commanding a clear view of the O'Mara home.

They had no way of knowing that this same Mauki lurked there behind a shuttered window, patiently watching, hour after hour, the house across the way. Close beside him as he watched

stood a magazine rifle to which a Maxim silencer had been adjusted. And on the floor beside the rifle lay yet another weapon. This, however, was a weapon of defense, for it consisted of a craftily constructed cape which, for purposes of disguise, could be promptly converted into a woman's skirt.

So sure was Mauki of his defensive arrangements that when he caught sight of Peggy O'Mara and her father at the window he promptly reached for his rifle, adjusted the barrel between the shutter slats, and took aim. Then he pulled the trigger.

The next moment a bullet went crashing through the window of the O'Mara home.

Instinctively the two startled figures leaped away from the window. As they did so they realized that a third person had entered the room. And a second glance showed them that it was the Laughing Mask himself.

He stood for a moment or two, staring down at the spotted warning that lay face upward on the floor. Then he stared at the shattered window. The next moment he was pushing Peggy and Dan O'Mara bodily back from that square of light.

"But what's the meanin' of all this, anyway?" demanded the astonished householder.

"It means that a bullet came through that window," the Laughing Mask explained. "And I know that bullet was intended for your daughter here."

The next moment the Laughing Mask had caught a broom from the corner and about it was draping one of Peggy O'Mara's well-worn waists. Above this he placed the girl's hat, tying it in place with a scarf. Then dropping to his knees well out of sight on one side of the window, he slowly advanced his improvised dummy into the square of light.

That rough outline of a human figure was scarcely in position at the window before a second pane crashed in and the broom was knocked from the hand of the masked man holding it.

"That shot could have come only from one of those three houses across the way. And it's ten to one it's from that empty house on the right!"

He drew away from the window and stood for a moment deep in thought. "O'Mara, I want you to slip out by your back door and get help. Call on any neighbors you can trust in a case like this. Then hurry back here, for I don't want that scoundrel to suspect his plans haven't worked out exactly as he imagines!"

"We'll get the devil!" announced O'Mara as he slipped away. And while waiting for his return the Laughing Mask sent Peggy for a cupful of flour. With this he powdered her hands and blanched her thin young face. Dan O'Mara had stepped back into the house before the masked visitor had completed his task.

"Now, I want that sniper to think he's done his work. I don't want him to break from cover until your friends have surrounded that house. So take your daughter and carry her out, just as though she were a dead girl."

Dan O'Mara, doing as he was directed, stepped from the doorway with his own white-faced daughter hanging limp in his arms. He acted his part with a sincerity that was not without conviction. For, two minutes after he had staggered into the open with that apparently sad burden, the sniper from the shuttered house was detected slipping out of a creaking window and scurrying along a broken fence.

The escape, however, came before Dan O'Mara's friends could completely take up their position about the suspected house. But one of those friends caught sight of the fugitive in the strange-looking cape, the alarm was given, and the pursuit began.

It was not a long chase, but it was a stern one. Determined as those indignant factory-toilers were to run down the mysterious gunman so wantonly threatening their homes, the fleeing Mauki proved himself startlingly fleet of foot. He gained sufficiently on his pursuers to round a corner, dodge into an empty coliseum, and emerge a moment later as a stooped old woman in amber-colored spectacles and a rusty gray wig. Being obviously hard of hearing, this same old woman could not give much information to the group of excited men suddenly accosting her as she hobbled across the street.

Five minutes later a swarthy-skinned man with wiry black hair was hurrying across country to one of the well-concealed dens of Jules Legar, where he duly reported to the Iron Claw the news of his enemy's ruse and his own narrow escape.

Before the second day had passed Legar had evolved yet another plan for the subjugation of his enemies. This took the form of a decoy message delivered to the unsuspecting Peggy O'Mara, purporting to be a hasty request from Frank Almick to come to his studio at nine o'clock that night, to the end that he might hurry to completion one of his unfinished canvases for which the girl was act-

ing as a costume model. Legar and two of his followers, in the meantime, entered Almick's studio on the pretense of being a fire marshal's inspector, and called the artist off his guard, and carried him bound and gagged and locked into one of the small back rooms of the studio building.

Peggy herself, before starting out in answer to that summons, was still somewhat uneasy in mind over recent events. So she left word with her father to call for her not later than eleven o'clock.

But more than Dan O'Mara called for his daughter that night, for ten minutes after her departure from the cottage Margery Golden's limousine drew up at the door. Margery's eyes widened when O'Mara explained the reason for his daughter's absence from home.

"But an artist like Frank Almick would never be able to work at night," she argued, with growing alarm. "He must have daylight for working in color."

Dan O'Mara turned to the table at his side.

"Here's his message, plain as day, written in his own handwritin'," was the posted workman's only explanation.

Margery took the message in her hand and studied it. Then her color faded a little.

"That is not Frank Almick's writing!" she suddenly announced.

"We must get to that studio as fast as my car can carry us."

Peggy O'Mara, in the meantime, was being confronted by more than one surprise. The first came with her arrival at the Almick studio, when the stranger who opened the door in response to her knock informed her that the artist was out, but would return in a minute or two. The second came with the quiet movement of yet another man who sidled up to the studio door and promptly locked and barred it. But the greatest surprise of all awaited her as she turned

from the door and saw Legar himself staring before her.

She stood there, white lipped, staring from one evil face to the other as Legar's companions closed in about her.

"You're a fine bunch of cradle-snatchers!" she snarled and wrathfully burst out at them, with the ultimate reckless anger of desperation in her eyes. "You're a grand army o' homes, you are, to come five strong agin' a girl like me!"

"Stop that brat!" commanded the Iron Claw. And there was a general movement in the direction of the blazing girl.

There was one man in that group, however, who did not join in that movement. The reason for this lay in the fact that at that moment he happened to be looking up at the painting of "The Vigilante."

It was about to reach for a heavy easel, to sling at the canvas, when he suddenly straightened up, clapped a hand to his shoulder, and turned about. There was a look of mingled wonder and incredulity on his face. Then he slowly drew from the fleshy part of his upper arm a small steel dart, little bigger than a knitting-needle.

The next moment a second man, moving across the room to catch up a certain cord with which to tie the captured girl, felt a sudden sting in his hip, stopped abruptly and pointed with a shout of anger toward the canvas above the mantel.

Another of Legar's followers, realizing the meaning of that cry, stepped forward and stared at the painting. Out of the barrel-end of the leveled rifle, as he did so, shot still another dart which buried itself in his neck.

"Th' darts!" he mumbled as thick lips were spoken the swarthy-skinned Mauki, trying to hold the still struggling Peggy O'Mara down on a chair, felt a sharp pain above his shoulderblade, turned about, and saw the heavy brass fire-tongs from beneath the mantel end.

"The painting!" squeaked Mauki, staggering out against the model-

ing machine. "It is spraying me!"

Legar, however, was no longer in a mood of that stinging. Standing to the side of the mantel, close beside the wall, he attacked the huge canvas with his fire-tongs, beating in the center of the picture at the same time that Peggy O'Mara, realizing that she was no longer being held a prisoner, caught up a workwood tabouret and with it precipitated herself on the proscenium Legar.

It improved that flank attack, however, for the Iron Claw suddenly found himself confronted by a figure of more importance than either the spindle-legged girl or a painted gunman.

Out from behind that tattered canvas had emerged a man wearing a yellow mask, tossing to one side a slender blowpipe as he came. Before he could regain his feet after that hurried leap from the mantel shelf, Legar himself had dropped the fire-tongs and whipped a revolver from his pocket. This he leveled directly at the body of the Laughing Mask. But before he could pull the trigger, Peggy's tabouret struck against his outstretched arm, knocking the weapon up in the air.

By this time the Laughing Mask was up on his feet, and face to face with his enemy. Before the revolver could again be brought into play the two had clenched. Then the Iron Claw went down before a clean-cut blow from his opponent. "He recovered himself sufficiently, however, to roll to where his fallen revolver lay. But before he could level that firearm at his adversary the Laughing Mask, remembering that even the officers of the law were no longer his friends, dived out through the small door at the rear of the studio and disappeared from sight, for already the sound of O'Mara and his rescuing party could be heard as they swarmed up the stairs.

The Iron Claw himself heard those sounds, drew himself together, and



"It Means That a Bullet Came Through That Window!"

stared helplessly about the dismantled studio. Then the instinct of self-preservation reasserted itself. He ran to the back of the room, dived into a kitchenette, found a small door in its wall, swung it open, discovered a dumb-waiter shaft in front of him, and escaped to the street.

The Corridors of Dread.

Margery Golden, as she sat in the taxicab which carried her homeward, was comforted by the thought that she had at least saved the life of a factory girl to whom she stood indebted for her own escape from death. The further thought that she had sent Dan O'Mara and his exhausted daughter safely home in her own luxurious limousine even reconciled her to the somewhat stuffy and public conveyance in which she found herself. She blinked meditatively out at the back of the heavy faced driver so sullenly and yet so adroitly piloting her through the tangle of traffic. Then the abstraction suddenly went from her eyes. Helplessness from her position in the back window of the taxicab immediately she caught sight of a man who it took no second thought for her that it was the face of the Iron Claw himself.

moment Margery was in a helen-faced driver. "Och, down the side in sight of it, what-

left the city well before in that twilight neither quite rural nor But Margery, the mothe red-wheeled taxicab commanded her driver under the shadow of a catalpa trees. There, her car, and stand looking as the departing taxicab until it disappeared from sight. Then he turned about, pushed his way in through a tangle of shrubbery, and left the lonely roadside as empty as a desert trail. Then the resolute browed young woman turned to her chauffeur.

"I'm going to follow that man. If I fail to return here inside of ten min-

utes I want you to get any help you can and come after me."

Margery stole along the shadowy road to the spot where she had seen Legar creep in through the bushes. She followed as best she could, found herself face to face with a tunnel-opening that showed itself dimly in the moonlight, and after a moment's hesitation stooped low and crept into this tunnel, feeling her way cautiously along the smooth brickwork of its walls. She came to a turn, but creased with heavier masonry, and added along this wall until her groping fingers came in contact with a light switch. This, after a moment's thought, she turned on. The next moment a number of bulbs along the corridor above her flowered into light.

Starting ahead of her, she saw that the corridor ended in nothing but a blank wall. But as she stared intently at the wall she detected in one side of it a partially concealed electric button. She moved toward this cautiously, for she had learned of old to be wary of approach to any of Legar's fastnesses. Then, as she advanced, she came to a sudden stop. For she saw on the flagstone upon which she was about to step a small cross. There was also a minute crevice, unnoticeable in its companions, about this quadrangle so suspiciously marked by its cross. So she stepped carefully over the suspected area, crept forward to the button, and touched it with a tentative fingertip.

The next moment a remarkable thing happened. A section of the heavy masonry shutting off the end of the corridor, at that touch, swung silently about on its axis, leaving an aperture wide enough for a human body to pass through. The girl, holding her breath, stepped through the ponderous masonry.

This chamber, she saw, was empty, except for two mysterious strands of iron chain that ran from ceiling to floor, close against the wall, while against the other stood a deal table and a camp couch across which lay a couple of very dirty blankets. But along the floor at the far end of the room her quick eye detected a thin pencil of light. So she tiptoed quietly forward until she stood close to the door above this illuminated crevice. Then she stooped lower, listening intently, for the sound of muffled voices came to her from the room within.

"I tell you we can't afford to fall in this move," she heard the voice of Legar himself announce. "The things got to be settled, and settled before morning!"

"But how?" asked one of his followers.

"With two pounds of gun-cotton and a time fuse," was Legar's reply. "In the O'Mara cottage?" asked another voice.

"Yes; I want that cottage wiped off the face of the earth, and the family with it! And I want it done before morning!"

Margery listened, oblivious of the passing of time, as the conspirators behind the closed door continued to debate on their plan of action. Then she started, even as much as they did, when the sudden burring of an electric annunciator warned that intent group of an intruder's approach.

It was then and only then that the girl remembered her parting message to the taxicab driver. All that was left her to do was to dart over to the camp cot, and drop down on the stone floor beside it.

The next moment Legar and his men were in the outer chamber. While one of the men crept to a secret outlook crevice in the farther wall Legar himself stepped to one of the control chains which ran from floor to ceiling on the other side of the room, and by pulling one of these started into action some mysterious mechanism which the watching girl could not quite comprehend. She saw them run back to the inner room and stand waiting while Legar manipulated still another secret spring which threw open a hidden door in the back wall of that room. And that door, she surmised, led by some unknown passage to the outer world.

But Margery did not give much thought to this, for there came to her as she regained her feet the repeated cry of a human being, a cry husky with terror. She ran to the pivot door in the masonry, swung it back, and there beheld a sight which made her blood run cold. It took her, in fact, a ponderable space of time to understand the scene confronting her. But as she stared out she saw where her unsuspecting chauffeur had stepped on the cross-marked flagstone, for it

was now several inches lower than the rest of the floor. And this, obviously, had released a steel arm which had swung suddenly forward and swept the startled intruder flat against the stone wall, holding him there as in a vise. And as he stood pinioned there a great block of granite, released by some hidden machinery, was slowly descending from the roof of the corridor. Margery quickly manipulated the chains and released the chauffeur.

"Let me at em!" he shouted, brandishing the automobile wrench which he still carried in his hand. "Just let me at em!"

"It's no use," cried Margery, holding him back. "They have gone, the lot of them. And we've got to follow quickly, or there'll be a whole family meet a worse fate than yours might have been tonight!"

She had taken the wrench from his hand and was leading him out of the tunnel mouth by this time, explaining that he would have to bring his taxicab from its hiding place and at once start in pursuit of the Iron Claw. But these explanations came to a sudden and an unexpected ending, for Legar and his followers, skulking in the bushes, caught that betraying sound of voices and saw a chance that was too good to be missed. They closed in on the girl and the taxi-driver. Yet that sullen-spirited driver, when cornered, fought with an energy so explosive that the entire circle became involved in the struggle. It was Legar himself, and only Legar, who had the presence of mind to direct the attention towards the girl. He swung suddenly about and started for her. She saw him coming, raised the heavy wrench she still carried and sent it flat against his bony temple and took to her heels. She jumped into the empty taxicab and headed for the O'Mara cottage.

So colorless was her face as the bewildered Dan O'Mara opened the door that he started back in alarm. And her words were even more disturbing.

"Come away!" she called out. "Come quick, or it will be too late!"

"And what's wrong now?" asked the astounded householder.

"Get Peggy!" gasped the girl as she stared frantically about the little room. "Get her away from here, quick! The house has been mined! There's been a bomb left here, and any moment—"

She stopped speaking, for the pungent smell of powder smoke had assailed her nostrils. Then from the open window, in which a somewhat neglected flower-box stood, came a faint sputter of sound.

She ran to the window. Lying in the flower-box she saw a heavy cylinder of metal. Even before she caught sight of the time-fuse which quietly hissed and burned at one end of the cylinder, she knew what it was. It was the infernal machine which Legar's agent had placed there to destroy the house. And at any moment the explosion might take place.

Margery caught the heavy cylinder up in her hands. She even tried to blow out the fuse. But this was useless. Then she tried to tear it away. But this second effort was equally fruitless. And sheer panic took possession of her at the thought of her helplessness. The bomb dropped from her fingers to the floor. She made one instinctive effort to warn poor young Peggy O'Mara away, as the girl ran to her side. But instead of repeating that warning she let her arms close about the slender body as though in mute acknowledgment that she knew it was already too late. For the fuse, she could see, was burning down into the end of the cylinder itself. She even closed her eyes, awaiting the inevitable.

She opened them again, at the sound of a sudden step. She opened them to see a masked figure dart into the room, catch up the smoking metal cylinder, and with one and the same movement hurl it out through the open window.

The next moment a great detonation shook the walls of that house. The bomb had exploded. But the house of O'Mara still stood. And Peggy and her father stared open-mouthed at the newcomer, who, instead of starting back at them, stood intently regarding Margery Golden.

"The Laughing Mask!" said that somewhat shaken young lady, in little more than a whisper.

"At your service!" replied the man in the yellow mask, with a hal-humble and half-mocking bow as he stood, for one fleeting moment, in the narrow doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Then He Pulled the Trigger.

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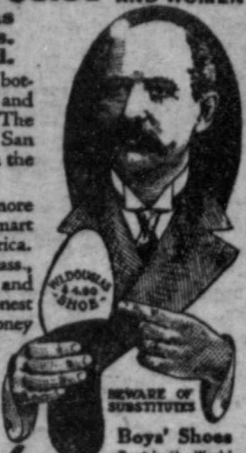
W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wear protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

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W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.



FIND VOLCANO IN MINDANAO

Recent Eruption Was Apparent, Lieutenant Donnelly Says of the Discovery.

Mindanao has a new volcano, according to the Mindanao Herald. Lieutenant Donnelly, while on a hike into the interior of Lanao province, discovered an active volcano in the Pinguayungan range of mountains, which heretofore was not known to exist. Lieutenant Donnelly says of his discovery in the following report:

"June 5, 1916, the undersigned, in command of a combined detachment of the First Cotabato company, and the First General Service company, on reconnaissance patrol from Kapaad northwest through the Pinguayungan mountain range, came in sight of an active volcano which from all indications had recently erupted a discharge of volcanic ash and either smoke or flame.

"From the fact that foliage in the forest on the mountain sides three miles to the southeast had been scorched as though by flame, hot smoke or toxic gas, and that ground vegetation of scrub grass and weeds had been partially destroyed, leaving the stalks intact and the scorched leaves retaining their form, it was thought that the eruption had been recent. At all events, so recent that the wind had not blown away nor destroyed the fragile remnants of the burned foliage."

A Good Excuse.
"Mint makes a nice sauce."
"Yes, I like that sauce idea. Gives you a fine excuse for bringing home mint."—Louisville Journal.

By-Product Coke Oven.
The iron industry of this country has been adopting the by-product coking process at a marvelous rate. There are practically no by-product coke plants in the United States, which do not recover ammonia, tar and light oil (crude benzol).

In the vast majority of the plants also surplus gas is recovered and utilized either at the plant itself or by distribution to outside consumers. There are possibly two or three very small by-product coke plants at which tar and ammonia are not recovered for disposal to the outside markets, but these would certainly represent considerably less than 1 per cent of the total by-product coking capacity of the country that is not now equipped with benzol-recovery plants, and the by-product coking plants now under construction have either contracted for benzol-recovery equipment or indicated a strong probability that such provision will be made.—Metallurgical and Chemical Engineering.

The Bluff That Failed.
"No," said the fair, but frigid maid, "I wouldn't marry any man on earth."

"I get you," replied the practical youth. "My trusty aeroplane is anchored to the trusty lightning rod, and a friend of mine who is a sky pilot, will gladly tie the knot above the clouds."

And seeing that her bluff was called the fair one struck a match to the leberg pedestal on which she was posing, and fell into his waiting arms.

Their Merits.
"I like the dog as a reliable animal; he is always ready to stand pat."
"And so is the cat, at so much purr."

MOWING NATAL GRASS

Harvesting Should Begin as Soon as Seeds Begin to Ripen.

Unnecessary Length of Exposure Bleaches Hay and Makes It Less Palatable and Nutritious—Best Time for Cutting.

(By S. M. TRACY.)
The mowing of natal grass should begin as soon as a considerable part of the seed begins to ripen. If the weather should be unfavorable at that time it can stand several days without great injury, as it is making a continuous growth of new shoots. When the cutting is delayed too long the quality of the hay is injured by the shattering of the seeds and by the drying up and breaking-off of the older stems. The greatest loss from delaying the cuttings too long is the consequent postponement of the subsequent cuttings. To secure the greatest yield during the year and to make hay of the highest quality, all of the earlier cuttings should be made as soon as the grass is in proper condition, though the last cutting may be delayed until a few days before frost is expected, as the grass is growing rapidly at that time and the late cutting insures a good supply of seed on the ground for the following spring.

The grass dries so quickly that it should be allowed to lie on the ground only a short time. Unnecessarily long exposure bleaches the hay and makes it less palatable, less nutritious, and less salable. The best hay is that which is cured in the shortest time and with the least exposure to the weather. Exposure to rain bleaches and injures the hay seriously, and even exposure to heavy dew lessens the color and makes the hay less at-



A, Seed Heads of Natal Grass; B, Seed.

tractive in appearance. One can usually be reasonably sure of the weather several hours in advance and choose a time for cutting when the hay can at least be cured sufficiently to put it in the cock before it is wet by rain or dew.

When the weather is favorable for curing, it is best to mow in the morning, from the time the dew is off until noon, and then withdraw and cock in the afternoon. The hay should remain in the cock until thoroughly field cured. The time required for this field curing will depend on the condition of the weather. If very favorable it may be safe to haul it to the barn after it has been in the cocks 36 to 48 hours, but a longer time is often necessary.

Field curing may be regarded as completed when the stems are so dry that they will break when a small wisp of hay is twisted tightly, when it does not feel cool if pressed to the cheek, and when stirring it slightly produces a slight rustle.

When conditions are unfavorable for drying, as in rainy, cool or cloudy weather, the field curing requires a much longer time and is often unsatisfactory.

With all the judgment which the grower may use, some hay will occasionally be caught by rain, and it then requires special care to cure it thoroughly. If it rains on the hay after it is cut little harm will be done, but the injury will be greater if rain comes after it is partially field cured. If the hay is partially field cured and then it rains, it should be turned over, and if it rains again, it should be turned over again. If it rains a third time, it should be turned over a third time. If it rains a fourth time, it should be turned over a fourth time. If it rains a fifth time, it should be turned over a fifth time. If it rains a sixth time, it should be turned over a sixth time. If it rains a seventh time, it should be turned over a seventh time. If it rains an eighth time, it should be turned over an eighth time. If it rains a ninth time, it should be turned over a ninth time. If it rains a tenth time, it should be turned over a tenth time.

Much field injury from rain is prevented by the use of hay covers covering the cocks. These covers are made in various styles, but the most generally liked is a plain heavy cotton cloth four to five square, with a pin of heavy wire in length fastened to each corner. When the cap is put in place and pins are pushed into the cock to prevent it from being blown off, the cap will stand a heavy rain with very little injury. The hay should not be put in the barn or the stack until it is so dry that there will be no danger from heating and molding, and when the weather is not very warm and dry it is not safe to bale it until at least a week after it is cut. In case it must be taken to the barn, while still slightly damp, a dressing of salt, about five

pounds per ton, or a slight sprinkling of freshly slaked lime will aid in its preservation.

The field curing should be as thorough as the weather will permit, after which the hay should be hauled to the barn and the final curing completed there.

At present a large part of the natal grass hay is put in stacks when hauled from the field. In many cases this cannot be avoided, but it is much safer to store it in a barn or under a shed. When stacked, there is always considerable loss from leaching and bleaching on the outside of the stack, a loss which may be almost wholly prevented when the hay is protected from the weather. The sweating and final curing are much more even when completed in a mow, and so a better quality of hay is secured than is possible from an exposed stack.

The hay should remain in the mow until it goes through a sweat, as this develops a sweeter aroma in the hay and makes it safe from heating and molding in the bale. The degree of heat developed in this sweating will depend very largely on the amount of moisture in the hay. If the hay is put in the mow before it is well air-cured, the heat may be excessive and the hay discolored. If it is only moderately browned its actual value is injured very little, though the hay is less readily salable.

While it may appear dry and well cured there is almost sure to be moisture left in some of the stems, especially in the joints. This moisture is often sufficient to cause heating in the bale, and when the hay reaches the market it will be found so damaged as to be classed as of very low grade.

"SAFETY FIRST" FOR SWINE

Watchword With Many Farmers Who Are Taking Precautions Against Losses From Hog Cholera.

(By DR. E. M. RANCK, Mississippi Experiment Station.)

"Safety first for the pork chop" is the watchword with the many farmers who are now taking precautions against losses from hog cholera. The only reliable treatment and preventive for this disease is the anthog cholera serum discovered by government officials and known as the Dorset-Niles serum.

The many ways in which cholera may be carried from one herd to another makes it imperative that hogs in infected territory be vaccinated as early as possible after the disease is discovered. If a competent graduate veterinarian is to be had, the serum simultaneous method may be used, by which the hog is immunized for life.

In the interval after the disease is discovered and before the serum may be obtained, a knowledge of the means by which it is transmitted may help in some measure to prevent its spread. Buzzards are the principal carriers, but pigeons and other birds eating after the sick hogs, men walking through infected pastures, dogs digging up buried carcasses, crows running through pastures containing diseased hogs, insects, dust, and many other means furnish transportation. The following suggestions may help in controlling the disease:
Write to your veterinarian. Burn or bury all hogs dying of cholera so deep that dogs cannot dig them up. Keep hogs away from running streams that are likely to carry infection. Keep people who have been infected out of hog pastures. Kill the buzzards.

CROPS PREFERRED FOR SILO

Kafir, Sorghum and Milo Maize Are Favored in Semi-Arid Region Where Rainfall is Small.

Kafir, sorghum and milo maize are ready to cut for the silo when their seeds are in the dough stage. Such silage crops are to be preferred in the semi-arid region where there is not sufficient rain to insure a good crop, and ton for ton such silage is practically equal to corn silage as a milk producer.

RAISING HOGS IN THE SOUTH

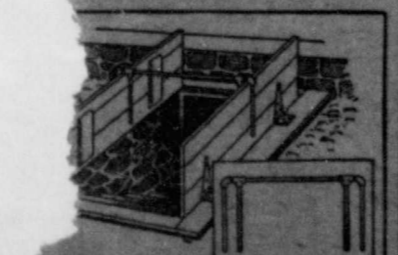
Farmers Learning to Fatten Animals on Alfalfa and Cowpeas—Fine Pork Is Result.

Farmers in the South are learning how to fatten hogs on alfalfa and cowpeas, making pork as fine as is ever seen in the northern markets and at less cost than it can be produced in many of the northern and western states.

VICE FOR HOLDING DOORS

Arrangement of Pipes and Fittings Will Prove Effective in Keeping Barriers Open.

A pipe fittings and five pieces of iron can be fashioned into an excellent device for securely holding two



Holder for Cellar Doors.

cellar doors open. The holder is slipped over the doors after they are raised into a vertical position.—Popular Mechanics.

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

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

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 "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 straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick. I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste—Adv.

We Get You, Madam.
Nephew—I tried to get a raise today, aunt, but the boss refused it.
Mrs. Blunderby—Too bad, Dicky. Perhaps you didn't approach him at the zoological moment.

Spartan Women Suffered Untold Tortures but who wants to be a Spartan? Take "Femmina" for all female disorders. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Bicycling in England.
Several princesses have lately been seen a wheel, and ladies from big country houses are using their bicycles constantly to save the precious petrol of the car. Thousands of girls now going into towns to work live in homes which never had to consider convenience of access to city offices. They require bicycles, and so do the girls whose buses have been stopped, while the greatest demand of all comes from the munition workers generally. The munition girls are buying enormous numbers of machines.—Manchester Guardian.

Avoiding Litigation.
"Well," said the far West mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here, when some of our boys get tied up in that thar bankrupt telephone company I was tellin' yer about, they became mighty crusty."

"Oh!"
"Yus; they didn't like the way the receiver was handling the business no-how."
"Indeed?" commented the earnest listener. "Then, may I ask what they did?"
"Sartinly; I was goin' ter tell yer. They just hung up the receiver."

Q-BAN DARKENS GRAY HAIR

Gray, streaked, prematurely gray or faded hair quickly restored to natural dark shade by shampooing hair and scalp with Q-Ban. No dye—perfectly harmless—acts on roots—revives color glands of the hair thus making all your gray hair healthy, thick, fluffy, evenly dark without a trace of gray showing. 50 cents a big bottle by parcel post. (Also sold by most druggists.) Address Q-Ban, Memphis, Tenn.—Adv.

Leonardo da Vinci Statue.
The museum of fine arts at Budapest, Hungary, has acquired what is declared to be a treasure in an almost unknown bronze statue of Leonardo da Vinci, executed by himself.

The Hungarian sculptor Stephen Ferenczy bought the bronze in Italy early in the nineteenth century without knowing that Da Vinci was its creator.
It was not until after Ferenczy's death that the authorship was established.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasterless Chilli Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Age Made No Difference.
"Here's a wonderful thing," ejaculated Grandma Fisher. "I've just been reading of a man who had reached the age of forty-two without learning how to read or write. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years."

"It's that nothing!" exclaimed William, just out of college. "I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty-two. Then he met a woman and for her sake he made a fool of himself in two days."

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

Avoiding a Suggestion.
"Do you think your townspeople will give you any banquets?"
"Not if I can head 'em off," replied Senator Sorghum. "I don't want to get with a crowd and sit right down in front of a reminder of the high cost of living problem."

Sties, Granulated Eyelids, Sore and Inflamed Eyes healed promptly by the use of ROMAN EYE BALSAM.—Adv.

Fashions in Literature.
A girl wearing a sweater will now take the place of the girl wearing a bathing suit on the front page of magazines.—Milwaukee News.

It Takes a Strong Man.
One of the assistant directors in a movie studio was in need of some change to pay an express charge last week.
"Hey, Glen," he bellowed across the place to Glen White, "can you break a half dollar?"
"I cannot," the actor shouted determinedly. Then he added indignantly "Say, who do you think I am, any way? Samson?"

A New Delight
Libby's Chili Con Carne
With real Boyou beans, or plain.
Made after the real and famous Mexican formula. The seasoning is most pungent—a real tasty dish anywhere—any time.
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Look for the triangle
Insist on Libby's at your grocery

look for this mark on the back of the cloth, inside the garment—it's a satisfaction guarantee—the mark of the genuine
Stifel's Indigo Cloth
Standard for over 75 years
that has never been successfully imitated
Remember, it's the cloth in the garment that gives the name, and STIFEL'S INDIGO has broken all records as the long-wear cloth. Sweaty, hot and the rub of the tub can't dim it's beautiful fast color.
Look for this mark inside the garment. Cloth marked on the back of the cloth.
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Tutt's Pills keep the system in perfect condition. They regulate the bowels and produce a VIGOROUS BODY.
Remedy for sick headache, constipation.
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APPENDICITIS

The Man of Poise
doesn't necessarily go after physical and mental efficiency in a cold-blooded, arithmetical fashion, figuring his food as only so many calories of carbohydrates, fats, etc. He looks after and thoroughly appreciates the question of flavor. Other things being equal, he will choose that food which combines delicious flavor qualities with high energy values.
Grape-Nuts
—is that kind of food.
Made of whole wheat and malted barley, it combines highest nutritional values with distinctively rich and delightful flavor. Grape-Nuts comes ready to eat and is remarkably easy of digestion.
Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts—
"There's a Reason"
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C J PARKE REAL ESTATE & LIVE STOCK on Commission

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

- For District Attorney E. T. MILLER For County Judge J. H. O'NEAL For County and District Clerk J. J. ALEXANDER For Sheriff and Tax Collector G. R. DOSHIER For Tax Assessor B. F. NAYLOR For County Treasurer E. DUBBS For Public Weigher Pcts 3 and 4 D. C. MOORE For Commissioner Pct 3 E. R. CLARK For Justice of the Peace Pct J. P. JOHNSON For Constable Pct 3 L. F. STEWART

TODAY'S MAGAZINE With Its Many Improvements WILL DELIGHT YOU Most Subscribers consider TODAY'S a genuine necessity because it actually helps to solve almost every problem of the wife, mother and housemaker.

Locals

C. Y. Tate bought a Dort car Monday.

Sam Harle was up from Memphis Wednesday.

For Sale—Seven thrifty pigs. See C. E. Johnson

Mrs. J. C. Wells returned home from Claude Sunday.

W. L. Lewis was in first of the week from McKnight.

Born October 18 a girl to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bridges.

Martin Bell and John Crow went to Amarillo Monday.

The Informer \$1.00 per year.

Guy Taylor was down from Lelia Lake Tuesday.

C. A. Crozier was in Hedley from Memphis Wednesday.

Mr. Lindsey, a barber of Memphis, was in our city Monday.

T. M. Little and wife visited relatives in Clarendon Sunday.

J. W. Lane was a Dallas Fair visitor from Friday to Monday.

E. H. Willis and wife spent Thursday in Clarendon with relatives.

Let me do your tailor work Satisfaction guaranteed. Claude Strickland.

Sheriff Doshier and H. D. Ramsey were down from Clarendon Tuesday.

Your suits called for, cleaned and delivered. Work satisfactory. Claude Strickland.

Mrs. M. G. Anderson of Wellington came over last week to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Benson.

Newest patterns in Cut Glass and Silver Ware just received. Hedley Drug Co.

Rev. W. H. McKenzie attended the Fifth Sunday meeting at Lodge and reports a splendid meeting.

I can make your old furniture look like new by a magic touch of the paint brush. Lloyd Lane.

Mrs. W. T. White went to Clarendon Wednesday morning to visit her son, Frank a few days.

I will paint your auto and make it look like new at the lowest possible price. Lloyd Lane.

Misses May and Alice Johnson of Clarendon visited their uncles, B. W. and P. C. Johnson Saturday and Sunday.

Another shipment of that new intense Rose Talcum just in. Hedley Drug Co.

C. Strong, W. H. Madden, Willie and Pearl Boston Forded to Wellington last Sunday.

I will call for and deliver your clothes at all times. Claude Strickland.

Grafton Dishman sold his Ford car this week, then bought a new '17 model Ford at Clarendon Wednesday.

BUSY-BEE Cafe-Confectionery

has a large fresh line of CANDY & CIGARS West side Main Street

See the Eye Specialist at the Hedley Drug Co Nov. 4 and 5 Eyesight made better if glasses will do it. (Adv)

Rev. L. A. Reavis made a business trip this week to the South Plains. He says that country is looking prosperous.

W. R. McCarroll made a business trip to Amarillo Saturday night, returning Sunday night

See Lloyd Lane at J. Walker Lane's Blacksmith shop when you want your auto or buggy repainted.

The Presbyterian minister will be here to preach Sunday and Sunday night. Everybody invited to hear him.

We have a delivery wagon and can deliver feed at any time. Phone 86 for your feed. Wood & Plaster.

Several very fine days this week on crop maturing and gathering, and the people are certainly making use of the time.

Sales find customers are our best advertisements on Rexall Goods. They are guaranteed and we stand back of the guarantee. Hedley Drug Co.

W. M. Ireland returned to his home at Demitt Tuesday morning after a visit here with relatives, W. I. Rains and W. A. Kinslow.

Mrs. J. S. Perine returned to her home in Fort Worth last Thursday after a few days visit with her cousin, W. I. Rains and family.

The splendid residence of A. L. Miller's was completed last week and the family moved into it, where they are comfortably domiciled.

What have you in property to trade for good four room residence in the booming town of Electra? Dr. T. J. Stansel, Electra.

E. C. Herd has bought some land from B. W. Moreman south edge of town and is having a neat residence erected on same. Watch Hedley Grow.

Rev. Ansel Lynn was here Wednesday to visiting his brother, Ellery. He was on his way to Annual Conference at Stamford which convenes next week

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

- Judge, J. C. Kilgough Clerk, J. J. Alexander Sheriff, G. R. Doshier Treasurer, E. Dubbs Assessor, B. F. Naylor County Attorney, W. T. Link Justice of the Peace Precinct 3, J. P. Johnson Constable, J. M. Bozeman District Court meets third week in January and July County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August

Feed took a flurry on the local market Wednesday. Milo maize sold as high as \$26.75 per ton. It is startling how high everything seems to be going before it quits going.

Try a Shumate Razor. Guaranteed or life and then some. Hedley Drug Co.

For the best of service go to King's Barber Shop where you can get fresh shaves, wet baths and clean clothes. Satisfaction guaranteed or whiskers refunded.

Grady Howard and bride who were married at Post City last Friday arrived Tuesday to visit his cousin, J. W. Bond and family. They were on their way to Wellington where they will make their future home

Miss Orene Lane returned home Monday from Midland where she entered school two months ago. Miss Lane has been having such bad health she found she had to leave school. The Informer trusts she will soon recover her health

The Hallowe'en entertainment given by Misses Helms and Ivy Patchings' pupils was a decided success. The little folks showed they had been carefully trained and rendered their parts splendidly.

City Directory

HEDLEY BAPTIST CHURCH Every 1st Sunday--Pastor, T. J. Stansel. Sunday School every Sunday 10 a. m. N. M. Hornsby, Supt.

METHODIST--L. A. Reavis, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except every First Sunday morning. SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday 10 a. m. C. B. Battle, Supt PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening

CHURCH OF CHRIST meets every Lord'sday 10:30 a. m. and also preaching every first Lord'sday morning and night.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. at the Presbyterian church. A most cordial invitation is extended to everyone. R. E. Newman, Supt.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH--Preaching every First Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

At The First Baptist Church W. H. McKenzie, Pastor. Preaching first and third Sundays, morning and evenings. Sunday school each Sunday at 10 a. m. Johnson, Supt. Praying meeting and choir practice Tuesday night

Society meeting after 1st and 3rd each month at 2:30 p. m. is cordially invited to all of these services.

Every 2nd and 4th Monday nights J. C. Wells, C. C. Stroud, Secretary

I. O. O. F. Lodge meets on every Tuesday night. J. W. Bond, W. M. E. E. Dishman, Sec

Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon. J. W. Bond, W. M. E. E. Dishman, Sec

EASTERN STAR CHAPTER meets on each First Monday night at 7:30 Mrs. Margaret Dishman, W. M. Mrs. Ethel McCarroll Secy.

To My Friends in Donley County:

I desire to call your attention to a list of bargains in wheat land, which I am offering for sale, as follows:

- A half section southwest of Washburn, all level land, at \$12.50 per acre. A section of land, with seven room house in a small town, land adjoining town within 100 yards of depot, 300 acres in cultivation, all tillable, \$20 acre. A half section 6 miles from Amarillo at \$15.00. A quarter section 10 miles east of Panhandle at \$15. A perfect section, 8 room house, 300 acres in wheat, 8 miles from Happy at \$15.00 per acre. A quarter section, one mile from Panhandle, at \$25. A section near Wildorado at \$12.50 per acre. 950 acres of land, improved, 3 miles from Amarillo, at \$21.00 per acre. A perfect section south of Vega, at \$10.00 per acre.

Let me know your wants and I will fill you up.

Over old P. O. Bldg AMARILLO, TEX. L. A. WELLS

PROSPERITY POINTERS FOR FARMERS

In the interest of further developing and upbuilding the territory through which their lines are operated, the Fort Worth & Denver City and Wichita Valley Railway Companies have issued an attractive thirty page booklet entitled "Prosperity Pointers For Farmers" and containing valuable information regarding soil conditions and the money making crops to which same is best adapted as proven through the production of the numerous bumper crops which have produced generally prosperous conditions and are constantly making it possible for Renters to become prosperous Home Owners. A few of these booklets are still available for those whom it may be possible to interest in the question of locating in North-west Texas. If, therefore, you have any friends that you desire to interest, and will send us their names and addresses, we will find pleasure in mailing them copies of the issue referred to. If you have friends to whom you would like to send copies yourself, instead of having us do so, we will be glad to send you the booklets desired free of cost. W. F. Sterley, G. F. & P. A., F. W. & D. C. Ry Co. Fort Worth, Texas.

If you know of an item of news that would interest your neighbors, don't withhold it from us. If you know what they know, and they know what you know, and everybody knows what every else knows, soon we will know everything there is to know.

Informers ads get results.

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's worth at the price you pay. The elimination of repair expense by superior workmanship and best quality of material insures life-long service at minimum cost. Invest on having the "NEW HOME". WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME. Knows the world over for superior sewing qualities. Not sold under any other name. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS. FOR SALE BY: Dealer wanted

365 COPIES No Part Year Orders DURING BARGAIN DAYS Dec. 1 to 15 Annually You Can Subscribe or Renew for a Complete Year to The Fort Worth STAR-TELEGRAM 40,000 DAILY (8 Editions) 45,000 Sunday A \$6.00 Daily and Sunday Newspaper for \$3.65. A PENNY A DAY IMPORTANT NOTICE! With the exception of black ink, all raw materials used in manufacture of a newspaper have advanced in cost during the past twelve months approximately 100 per cent. This means that it will cost your publisher practically double to supply you with a newspaper the coming year. Under stress of these unusual conditions, The Star-Telegram has been forced to increase its "Bargain Days" rate from \$3.25 to \$3.65. An increase of 40c per year (3 1-3c per month) or 12 per cent. Based on the conservative estimate increase in production cost of 100 per cent, under this price the division of added expense will be as follows: Increased expense to The Star-Telegram 88% Increased expense to The Reader 12% This situation means that after "Bargain Days" the regular rate of \$6.00 per year must be strictly enforced. We have battered the price to the very bottom in order to protect our Annual Subscription Cheap Rate Period, which has been in effect since the establishment of The Star-Telegram. Do not take chances, save the \$2.35, by ordering before Bargain Days expire. Take advantage of the \$3.65 rate. The high standard of The Star-Telegram will be maintained as long as there is a Star-Telegram regardless of any war burdens. Bring Your Order to This Office. 365 CENTS