

The Hedley Informer

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, DECEMBER 15, 1916

DONLEY COUNTY GOOD ROADS MATERIALIZING

Last definite plans have been made for actual road work to be done in this county, as the following telegraphic communication from Clarendon to the Amarillo News will show:
News from Clarendon, Texas, Dec. 12—The Donley County Commission Court tonight let the contract for \$75,000 of road work. The Ozark trail through this county will be completed according to plans suggested by Harvey the executive will begin this and other ways into Clarendon.

HONOR

mountain, pine-wood spurs, miles away, since reservation, boundary, Blakely, thoroughbred, Davis, infighting, as well, in away from, of the nearest, 70 miles, M. Hornsby.

- J. S. Grooms.
- Bond W. Johnson.
- O. C. Lowery.
- W. R. McCarroll.
- C. L. Goin.
- T. C. Lively.
- B. W. Moreman.
- W. I. Rains.
- J. T. Grimsley.
- J. M. Fields.
- F. A. White, Clarendon, Texas.
- M. H. Bell sends to John Berry and Arthur Bell, Forestburg, Tx.
- W. R. McCarroll sends to Mrs. S. O. McCarroll, Archer City, Tx.
- C. L. Goin sends to Mrs. A. G. Leveritt, Stephenville, Texas.

Buy your Xmas candies, nuts, oranges and apples from Lively's social picnic.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

White King—a Percheron stallion, registered. He is a dapple gray, 5 years old, weighs about 1700 lbs. Has a large number of bits around my place to will either sell or trade, bargain.

G. W. Sexauer, Memphis, Texas, about 8 miles south of Hedley.

THE FRIENDLY BANK

So many bankers look upon their profession as "purely a matter of business," and refuse to allow even the least bit of humanity to be mixed with the pursuit of dollars.

Not so with this bank. We wish to know you personally. Come to us and discuss your business projects and prospects. You will find us ever ready to advise and assist you in any way consistent with safe banking methods.

Briefly, while looking of course to our own legitimate business interests, we wish to be your FRIEND. You will always receive a cordial welcome at our bank, no matter how small or how large your dealings with us may be.

The First State Bank HEDLEY, TEXAS

J. C. DONEGHY, Pres. G. A. WIMBERLY, V. Pres.
J. R. BENSON, Cashier
H. D. CREATH T. R. MOREMAN

B. W. M. W.

The Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. J. H. Richey Dec. 20, at 2:30 p. m. The following program on Buckner Orphans Home to be rendered.

Leader—Mrs. Brinson.
Opening Song.
Prayer
Scripture lesson, Luke 10:27-37; James 1:27—Leader.
Life Sketch of Dr. R. C. Buckner—Mrs. K. W. Howell.
Paper—The Growth of Buckner Orphans Home—Mrs. Tims.
A visit to the Orphans Home—Mrs. McKenzie.

Open discussion—How may we help the Home, led by Mrs. McCarroll.

Song, Help Somebody Today.
Bible lesson, 2 Cor. I Author, Paul.
II Date 57 or 58.

III Purpose—To give Paul's defense of his apostleship and ministry and urge liberality in the Church.

IV Analysis.
(1) A personal defense, 1st to 7th chapters.
(2) Collection for the poor 8th to 9th chap.

(3) Paul's apostolic authority, 10th to 13th chapters.

V Questions.
(1) From chapters 8 to 9 give all the reasons for arguments Paul uses to urge the church to make a liberal offering.

(2) From chapters 10 to 13 make a list of all the things Paul could boast of.

Hymn.
Closing prayer.

WILL HAVE XMAS TREES

There will be some three or four Christmas trees in Hedley this year. Last year an attempt was made to have a community tree, which was alright, but not what it would have been if the tabernacle had been warm and well lighted. That reminds us that the building as it now stands is not of much use. If it were fixed up, floored and seated, the doors kept locked, and some parents control their boys enough to keep them from breaking out all the lights, then Hedley might have a place for all community meetings.

The Journal

Of The Hedley High School

EDITED BY W. J. Benson
Julia Etta Lane
Roxie Sibley Lewis

"Watch Hedley Grow"

We were made aware of the fact that Hedley is on the map, by the arrival of a school inspector Tuesday. He spent the entire day looking over the work of teachers and pupils. He also looked over the library and laboratory apparatus here and the list of that which has not come. He was favorably impressed by the work of the teachers. He declares if we get about \$100 worth of books for the library we will be able to get first class classification. This means something to Hedley. A diploma from Hedley High School mean an entrance to College without examination or condition. The pupils have been doing quite a great deal of research work this year, as well as outside reading in English. We feel that the patrons of the school will be glad to furnish the library required.

An Appreciated Visitor

Rev. J. H. Hicks made a splendid talk before the entire school Tuesday morning. His subject was "The Voices That Speak To You." The talk was enjoyed by all and a great benefit to us. We hope Rev. Hicks will come often among us with messages like that.

Students in Mourning

All the students are going about with long faces and tearful eyes because they must leave school for two weeks or perhaps it is because they are to have examinations on Friday.

Naylor Springs Correspondence

Last Friday night a goodly number gathered at the school house where each one brought a well filled basket to be sold for the purpose of buying for the Christmas tree. A number of boxes were there and a neat little sum was realized.

George Grooms from near Memphis was in our community Friday.

W. Haggerton and family and Mrs. Moody from Macoma are moving to the Dr. Fields farm this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston are enjoying a visit from the latter's brother-in-law from Alabama.

J. S. Hall's are planning to move to Leila Lake latter part of next week and Mr. and family will immediately take possession.

Jack McFarling from near Clarendon visited in the M. O. Barnett home Sunday.

W. J. Greer has been on the sick list, but we are glad to report he is feeling better.

FRANK CAPERS

Spend your money with Lively and save "money and get a square deal."

Mrs. Frank McClure entertained a number of friends last Saturday and Monday.

LOCALS

Jewel Brinson has been absent this week. She was hurt while playing basket ball.

The basket ball girls are working on a play "A Southern Cinderella." It is an excellent play and the girls are going to do their very best with it.

The entire high school has been saddened by the absence of Johnnie Killian's smiling face this week.

The boys have matched a basket ball game with Lakeview Friday afternoon at four o'clock. Come ye boosters.

The basket ball girls are sporting new suits, consisting of orange blouses and black bloomers. They are not afraid of being overlooked now.

Annie Richey was absent from school first of the week on account of cold.

A part of the laboratory apparatus arrived last week and was put up Saturday. The pupils will use it after Christmas.

The County Institute of Teachers will be held in Clarendon next week, and for that reason school dismisses this Friday for two weeks.

We will not issue another "Journal" until after Christmas. The editors are worn out with the duties of the last four months and wish a vacation.

We are sorry the "Journal" is so short, but everyone knows about the high cost of paper.

RECITAL NEXT MONDAY NIGHT

Mrs. U. J. Boston's music class will give a recital at the M. E. Church next Monday night, beginning promptly at 7 o'clock, and will be supplemented by readings by Miss Myrtle Reeves. This promises to be an entertaining recital and the public is cordially invited to attend.

Lively will save you money on your grocery bill.

Buy your Dodge car from me, A. L. Miller.

W. M. A.

W. M. A. Monday Dec. 18, 2:30. Mission Study. Chapter III Old Spain in New America.

PROGRAM

Redeeming the Southwest. Hymn.

Scripture: To Preach good Tidings, Isaiah:1-5
Prayer—For the Missionaries and the People.

Blackboard Work.

Religious conditions in Southwest found by Protestant Missionaries—Mrs. R. Johnson.

Hostess, Mrs. Hicks.

Conditions met by Missionaries—Mrs. Kendall.

Three minute reports—Our Church Work.

a Evangelistic—Mrs. Lively.

b Educational—Mrs. Harrison.

c Medical and Social—Mrs. Boston.

Stories of changes wrought by the Gospel—Mrs. Hicks.

Hymn.

Benediction.

Publicity Supt.

Be on hand at Lively's Dec. 16, and save yourself some money on groceries.

W. O. W. CAMP IS GROWING--- NEW OFFICERS

The W. O. W. Camp held annual election last Monday night, and the following officers for the coming year: S. S. Sibley, C. C.; H. A. B. A.; A. A. Duncan, Banker; L. A. Stroud, Clerk; Z. A. Moore, Esq.; J. M. Bozeman, Watchman; I. E. Lane, Sentry; B. L. Kiley, Manager 3 year term; J. Ozier and A. M. Sarvis, Camp Physicians. Public in station will be held Monday night, January 8.

Besides the election of officers several candidates were initiated into the mysteries and beauties of Woodcraft. Another class will be taken through the Forest next Monday night.

Last Friday night the Hedley W. O. W. team went to Leila Lake and helped in a class, the following which was read for all to enjoy by all.

CANADIAN FOUND

Canadian, Texas... life's body... reader... found in the... the most... house at... The... Toronto... M. St... W. St... had... before the... is supposed... gate... the... tem... board... It is... ed...

Closing Out Sale

order to make a change in my business, I will sell for cash only for the next 16 days. Are you ready to serve?

I have a good friend, HANK YOUNG, who is closing out his stock for cash, and this stock will go to the quick.

So if you want MONEY come to LIVELY'S and what we mean by SAVING MONEY.

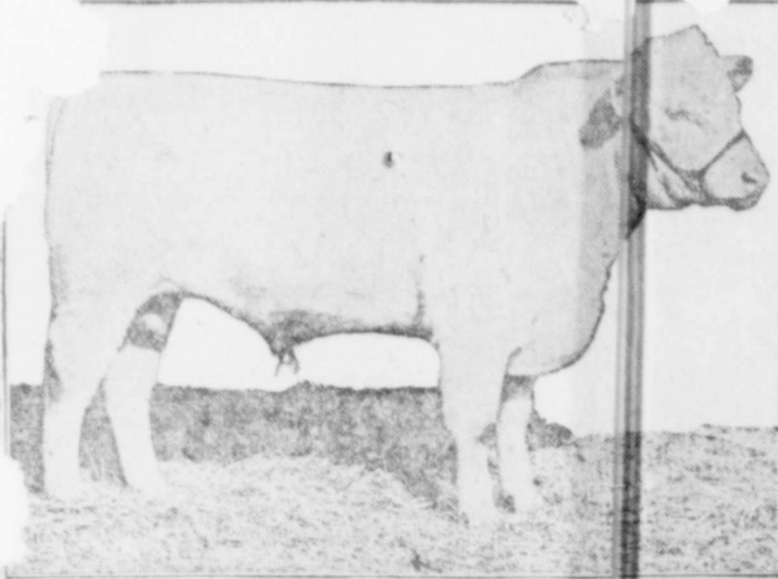
Be on hand December 16th and of this SAVING EVENT.

every one a

To serve,

T.

DAIRY FARM IS N. ARI.



VILLAGE MARSHALL, CHAMPION FUTURITY WINNER.

Farms used for dairy purposes should gain rather than lose in fertility, asserts H. L. Throckmorton, assistant professor of soils in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

"In dairying less plant food is sold from the farm than in any other type of farming," says Mr. Throckmorton. "In grain farming, the land is cropped year after year, and the products are sold off the land. In dairy farming, the crops are harvested and fed to animals.

"When grain or other crops are sold from the farm soil fertility or plant-



ed Jerseys.

No soil can grow without sooner or later reaching a point where the

on Farm. milk products are removed from the part of it is left and manure, which

LIVE STOCK?

in all nations where largely raised agri- is a patriotic duty meat food they is, such as and the man- of gar-

JAW IS NOT US DISE

At the Wis- ments with found that tained a large s-

At the Wis- ments with found that tained a large s-

GOLDEN PERIOD

Prosperity of New England is the Best Days of Square Riggers.

The war in Europe, which wrought such dreadful havoc in so many other directions, awakened these drowsy ports and called these waiting fleets to hoist anchor, Ralph D. Paine writes in Scribner's. A few months and almost all the great five and six masteders had vanished from the coast. Then the smaller schooners were snapped up for this golden offshore trade and those that remained at home found a wonderful harvest because of the scarcity of domestic tonnage.

It was like a fairy tale of commerce, and somehow more wholesomely gratifying than the fevered activity of million stocks in Wall street with their inflation and jobbery. These fine ships deserved to live, and those who owned them had been steadfast in fair weather and foul. For example, there was the six masted E. B. Winslow, which had been carrying coal from Norfolk to Portland, and she is one of scores whose good fortune has been as dazzling. She was chartered for Rio with 5,000 tons of coal beneath her hatches and came home laden with manganese ore after a voyage of seven months. Her owners received \$180,000 in freight money, or considerably more than the cost of building her, and \$12,000 of this was net profit to be distributed as dividends.

It soon became commonplace information to hear that a schooner had paid for herself in one voyage offshore. Those who preferred to sell instead of charter also enjoyed a sort of Arabian Nights come true. There was the retired skipper of Portland who recklessly bought an old vessel two years ago for \$17,000, a tremendous speculation which absorbed all he had thrifly tucked away in a lifetime at sea, and strained his credit besides. In two voyages this sturdy coaster put \$35,000 in his pocket, after which he sold her for \$100,000 and dared to indulge in the long-desired luxury of navigating his own cabin outboard.

BEGINNING OF NEW INDUSTRY

American Will Establish Plants in Honduras to Make Alcohol From Bananas.

An American has just secured a concession from the government of Honduras which is expected to be profitable to him and the government. The concession is for the manufacture of alcohol, which is a government monopoly. There have been great losses to banana planters in the past because many of the bunches did not contain a sufficient number of "hands" to be marketable, and have been thrown away. It is from this waste product that the American, who has had experience in the industry, intends to make alcohol. He has deposited \$25,000 with the government as an evidence of good faith, and this is to be credited toward the export duties of three cents a gallon. He must also pay \$2,000 a year for the salaries of government inspectors and must begin operations within a year. His agreement provides that he shall take all the bananas offered up to 200,000 bunches monthly. He has also secured the right to build a sugar and paper mill near the distillery. His plan is to aid planters in restoring worn-out banana lands for the raising of sugarcane, to make sugar, distill alcohol from the refuse and make paper from the bagasse, the fiber of the cane.

Note About Mero Coffee. Steps are being taken to rehabilitate coffee growing among the Marao Moros of Lanao, Philippine Islands. Coffee at one time was exported in considerable quantities from the Lanao region, owing to tribal wars and army assistance against the authorities. The industry practically disappeared. A nursery has been established with more than 200,000 seedlings. A considerable part of the farm is to be planted to coffee, and the Moro farmers are to be supplied free of charge with healthy young trees grown from selected seed. Recently 50,000 young seedlings have been furnished the colonists at the American colony of Momungan, and there is every reason to believe that coffee raising will be profitable.

BEST TIME TO CUT SUDAN GRASS CROP

Sudan grass yields the best hay when cut just after full bloom. There are times when it is advisable to cut the hay before it has reached full bloom, on account of removing the first cutting, so as to get a more abundant second crop. If this season is short it may be impossible to get two full crops, and in this case it would be better to cut the first one prematurely. Grass will probably stand better in the hay than any other.

AMERICAN PORTS SUPERIOR

Among interesting facts gleaned from a study of American ports, made under the auspices of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, are the following: American ports are better situated by nature to handle the largest than any of the old-world ports; as the most expensive, as well as the largest, pier in the United States; the largest dry dock in the world; the largest dry dock in the world; the most noted development in recent years on the Pacific coast, at San Diego, California, increasing influence on port

PREVENTION OF SEASICKNESS

Recalling the fact that deaf and dumb people do not become seasick, Drs. Lewis Fisher and Isaac H. Jones, in the New York Medical Journal, draw the conclusion that seasickness is an ear phenomenon. The end organ of equilibrium in the ear canal, the static labyrinth, is disturbed by the unaccustomed movement of the boat. The effects of seasickness can be duplicated in many cases merely by stimulation of the ear canals by cold douches.

Bucharest City of Spies



MILITARY REVIEW IN BUCHAREST

Bucharest is a city of unrest. Roumania lacks repose. The westerner is immediately confronted by these two factors direct. He emerges from the home of Magyar or Slav. They also indicate, although not adequately explaining, the character of the Roumanian people, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing before Roumania entered the war.

Bucharest is a city of spies. There is an element in the character of the Roumanian that admits of his becoming an able exponent of espionage. The Roumanian trusts nobody, and consequently is not trusted, but it is in the manner in which he manages to secure his ends that it is so interesting and often wonderful in its daring and enterprise, two essentials in "intelligence."

Honeycombed as Bucharest is with nationalities, nothing escapes; and the neutrality of the country has played an important part in the great war. On the Calea Victoria representatives of almost every country in the world may be found slowly promenading. There one may find the observant but silent Jap and the dusky negro, the bronzed German or Austrian officer in mufti, and the American from the oil fields, the Magyar of the plain and the southern Slav, the volatile Frenchman and the calm Scandinavian, the stolid Russian and the quaintly garbed Turk, all mingling and commingling with the decorative uniforms of the Roumanian army and presenting a patchwork of character, color and language.

Bucharest slumbers not nor does it sleep; it is activity incarnate. Early in the morning, long before the contents of the Minerva Universal or the Dimineama have been digested, the principal thoroughfares are beset with youths shouting the wares of the sensational Dreptaten. Something has fallen, some catastrophe overtaken the central empire or the entente. The Dreptaten appears to insure conversation during the lunch; it is an aid to indigestion. Rest and repose are foreign to Roumania.

Good Publicity Center.

Having all this in view, it is not very wonderful that Germany, at the outbreak of war, immediately recognized the value of Bucharest as a publicity center. Publicity, what crimes have been committed in thy name!

With that clever cunning one now associates with Teutonic newspaper industry in the Balkans, Roumania has been simply inundated with prompt information concerning the failures of the triple entente.

Instead of relying upon the effect produced by mushroom newspapers bearing topical names, the Germans captured most of the established papers, and with them a public ready and receptive, instantly available. The allies have neglected the press factor in Roumania. Conjointly with their press enterprise the Germans utilized to the full the opportunities for espionage afforded by the "Latin Island amid a Slav sea." The same group of "agents" who negotiated the sale or transfer of the newspapers were responsible for the establishment of the Teutonic spy system in Bucharest.

Situated in Strada Cosma, near the end of the Calea Victoria, in close proximity to the German legation, stands an unobtrusive-looking building in a quiet backwater of city respectability. Here the sleuthhounds of intelligence deposit their news, where it is submitted to minute examination before being forwarded to Berlin; here all instructions are given, and skulking along by the shade of the high wall may be seen from time to time the disturbing figures of diplomatic life bent upon errands of international import.

This much must be said for the "system" in Bucharest; it carries on its work with flagrant openness and apparent unconcern.

Teutonic espionage in Bucharest has one point in its favor; it is controlled by one hand and from one center. Instead of having much tresome overlapping the Germans assumed control, and Austrian, Turk and Bulgar were subordinated to the ubiquitous Teuton.

It has another feature that on the face of it appears to be commendable. There is a very intimate connection between the departments of state, or,

rather, "intelligence" they are but one. The right hand of diplomacy knows what the left hand is doing and approves. It is conceivable that much time and money may be wasted by having a diplomatic "intelligence," an admiralty "intelligence" and a war office "intelligence," for there is always the possibility of friction and jealousy between the departments apart from other things. In Bucharest, at least, the central powers have centralized "intelligence."

Agents in the Cafe Royal.

The types employed are of the usual bewildering order. There is the ill-clad ex-police official, with his heavily silvered cane and inevitable bowler hat, the scantly paid journalist, well trained in the uses of blackmail; the restaurant waiter, the sleek hotel proprietor and chef de reception; a host of impecunious government officials, postmen and telegraphists, the owners of the cafe chantants and the women therein, and a host of debt laden officers of all ranks, marshals and manipulated by the naval and military officers detailed—in mufti—to keep their country well-informed.

At the tea hour the Cafe Royal is full of agents. This is one of the busiest cafes in Europe. All languages are spoken, all countries catered to. To those with an eye for signs and an ear for strange tongues, together with an instinct for the esoteric, no more fascinating life center exists. So continuous is the procession that passes to and from the entrance that appearance and reappearance are virtually unnoticeable. Every conceivable form of recognition is adopted.

You may find picturesquely garbed Roumanians from frontier villages interested in contraband turning up at aperitif hour; and diplomatic under-officials with messages from a superior.

DANUBE PORT OF BUCHAREST

Giurgevo Was Established by Genoese Merchants on a Site That Is Historic.

Giurgevo, the Roumanian border city from which the Bulgarian town of Kuitschuk, on the south bank of the Danube, was bombarded not long ago, is the center of trade between the two countries in peace times and is the southern terminus of the first railroad built in Roumania, (1869), the line running to the capital, Bucharest, 49 miles to the north. With Smarda, two and a half miles distant, it is the Danube port for Bucharest and for all the rich corn land which lies between the two cities, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society.

Occupying the site of ancient Theodoropolis, founded by the Emperor Justinian and named by him for his famous actress wife, daughter of a bear-feeder of the amphitheater at Constantinople, the present city of Giurgevo was established by Genoese silk and velvet merchants of the fourteenth century, who enjoyed the highly profitable patronage of the fiery-loving nobles of this rich agricultural district. The name is derived from Genoa's patron saint, San Giorgio.

A short distance north of Giurgevo there is a narrow defile which to Roumanians is one of the most hallowed spots in the kingdom, for here Michael the Brave in 1595 made a stand which native historians compare with Thermopylae. A tiny band of patriots withstood the onslaughts of a Turkish army overwhelmingly superior in numbers. The Roumanians achieved a notable victory, their adversaries leaving three pashas dead upon the field and the grand vizier himself barely escaping death in the neighboring marshes.

In the Turko-Russian war in 1771 the capture of Giurgevo was one of the few successes of the decaying Ottoman power.

Below this city the Danube widens until it is three miles from bank to bank, while in midstream are many islets, overgrown with willow trees. In early summer the adjacent plains, presenting a most delightful prospect to the eye, are described by one traveler as "a never-ending succession of pasture lands, so rich, so verdant, so luxuriant that one might fancy they were the reality of the Indian's dreams of paradise, where the green hunting fields have no end."



PRODUCTION OF B.

Demand Price Com. Quality of Product. Mill-Feeds Rat.

Make sure that you produce grade butter; then form a demand and a price with the quality of the product are delivering and the labor involved in producing it.

A grain-and-mill-feeds ration in conjunction with grazing cows at milking time, can come up regularly to be increased and enriches the furnishes a manure that is fertilizing elements, and economy in the amount of pasture consumed.

Cream that tests from 30 to 40 percent butter remains fresh and longer than that of a premium makes higher the producer a skilful for feed- ing, poultry, fertility away from the

OF JERSEY CO.

Her Ability to Adapt to All Conditions and Other

often enough such criticism fact that the and, the birth- is rather mild. But has no basis; in fact, Eminent ess, one of the world's most famous cows, was bred, raised and made he



Purebred Jersey.

great record in the severe climate of the Michigan peninsula, and Passport, a Pennsylvania Jersey, which has just broken the milk record of the breed, lived while on test in an open shed during a winter when the thermometer at several times registered 30 degrees below zero.

Wherever the Jersey cow has gone she has shown her ability to adapt herself readily to all conditions, climatic and otherwise.

ATTENTION TO CARE OF

Average Farmer Can Apply Principles of Sanitation. Small Da.

With the advent count that is run cities of the coun- inspection of da- more attention be- care of milk in ad- duction.

Although the bacter practical for the age farmer the tion can be applied by most as easily as by the small dairy. Washing the udder, teats of the cow and drying them with time with a clean cloth before milking is one of the simplest, and yet important steps.

Relief to dairymen have said impossible for clean milk to be produced if the milker works with hands. (Most invariably B. coli, a cause of intestinal troubles) will be found in the milk that is gathered under such circumstances.

COTTONSEED MEAL FOR COWS

Silage Alone Does Not Supply Balanced Ration—Some Grain is of Very Much Importance

Silage alone does not furnish a balanced ration, so some grain should be fed, especially to the dry cow, to give the most milk. At least part of the meal should be in the grain ration.

BULL IS DANGEROUS ANIMAL

Many Advocate Utilizing Lost Power by Putting Head of Herd in Harness—Watch Him.

Putting the herd bull in the harness and making him work is a way of utilizing lost power that has many advocates. In doing this, however, it should always be borne in mind that the bull is a dangerous animal and needs watching.

ATTENTION PLEASE

are planning to do any building or digging around your place we would be glad to insure you. Also bear in mind we always have coal on hand to sell.

Dicero Smith Lumber Company

FOARD COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. H. O'Neill
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, G. R. Doshier
Treasurer, E. Dubbs
Assessor, P. E. Naylor
County At-Large, J. P. Ditchey
Justice, J. P. Ditchey

County Court meets on the 1st day of January, March, May, July, September and November.

City Directory

First Baptist Church
Sunday School every Sunday 10 a. m. N. M. Hornsby, Supt.

METHODIST - J. H. Hicks, 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 Lordsday 10:30 a. m. and also preaching every first Lordsday morning and night.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. at the Presbyterian church. A most cordial invitation is extended to every one.

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. C. E. Johnson, Supt.
Prayer meeting and choir practice each Tuesday - night at 7:30.

Ladies Aid Society meeting Wednesdays after 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m. The public is cordially invited to attend any of these services.

BUSY-BEE Cafe-Confectionery

has a large fresh line of CANDY & CIGARS

West side Main Street.

J. CLAU... 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 3, 1879.

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

Last Sunday was another sandstormy day, the kind that is usual for March and April. Northerners are also getting rather promiscuous.

Cotton took a tumble of about \$5.00 per bale at one time Monday, besides the other drops before that. Rather unusual for cotton to go down very much at this time of year, but there is no telling what the market will do.

The Harmon County Tribune of Hollis, Okla., has changed hands. J. Fred Bell, and old time acquaintance of the Informer editor, has taken charge of same and is getting out a creditable paper for that thriving little city. Here's wishing Fred the best of success.

What shall it profit a man if he gives his whole place to cotton and raise a good yield and sell it at twenty cents per pound (if he shall be that fortunate next year which is not at all certain) if he has to spend it all for \$1.50 corn, \$2.50 flour and 50c bacon - Hearne Democrat.

J. L. Martin, the versatile and witty editor of the Foard County News, has sold his interest in same to T. B. Klepper of Crowell. Mr. Martin is president of the Northwest Texas Press Association, and his editorial style of writing will be missed by all the members of the Association if he doesn't get back in harness somewhere.

The Foard County News editor has discovered a way to get rich. He has found that there is money in poultry from experience. He says, "We have 13 hens and have fed them since September 1, wheat to the amount of \$6.98, oyster shell \$3.25, granite grit \$1.40, and poultry tonic \$9.30, a total of \$23.28. That's the money in our chickens. And that's not all. We are prepared for the holidays. Got an egg the other day."

The Olney Enterprise fully illustrates the soaring tendency of paper by the following article: "The Enterprise received a \$25.00 shipment of paper this week which has in some manner become misplaced. We have looked through the pigeonholes in our desk as well as in the small cash box where our valuables are usually kept, but have so far failed to locate the missing paper shipment. There was a traveling man here a few days ago who tried his best to sell us a safe, but we didn't think we needed it. Now we know we need one."

That shipment of paper we failed to receive last week and because of this were forced to issue our old paper, we happened to

do not seem to be one failing to get paper. The Archer County News remarked last week, "If our last shipment of paper does not arrive before next issue we may be forced to appear on a post card."

After writing the above the missing Informer paper showed up, but too late for us. It went around by Palestine. We presume Palestine, Texas, but took long enough to go by the Holy Land.

Do you realize that Christmas is right at hand? Only a little more than a week off. Are you going to try to make someone happy this Christmas by remembering them with some little gift or a word of cheer? Then remember that there are those who will barely have the necessities of life to keep soul and body together. Help them. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Make it a Christmas long to be remembered because of some good deed done, instead of some selfish action taken.

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 Northwest 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.

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The Quarterbreed

A Modern Indian Reservation Story by Robert Ames Bennett

you are given a present-day American on government reservation. The author depicts, in a manner in which the Americans have been in the past by unscrupulous politicians with strong political views. On the other hand, that you have a taste of a romance, you will find a powerful love element in "The Quarterbreed." And the author's portrayal of the characters is as much as an entertainment. I am sure that readers can get a great deal of pleasure from the perusal of each installment of the story.

THE

In its story it shines in its own way. The story is a tempered with a middle of the road and the story is a snowy crown of the mountains. The nearest of the pine-clad spurs were now only a few miles away. He had almost reached the reservation. Wolf river marked the boundary. The raggy straggled mare was as easy—and faltering—as when she had borne him away from the half-dozen shacks of the nearest "town" on the railroad, fifty miles back over the open range. But as they began to top the rise, he drew her down to her rapid walk, and took out his fieldglasses.

Hardly had he focused the powerful little binoculars when from across the coulee, a short distance downstream, came the crack of a high-power rifle. A moment later the shot was followed by three deeper reports from upstream. The first shot was smokeless. Not so the others. The bluish smoke putts of their charges of black powder clouded the gaze of the rider to the men or more swarthy, half-naked Indians crouching near the top of the coulee bank, across from the nearby butte. All were warily peering down the coulee.

The road ran obliquely across the narrow valley to a side gully that gashed the far bank hundred yards or so downstream. Back in the shelter of this gully four or five ponies stood grouped before a buckboard. Above them a man was crouched under the edge of the bank. Another man lay behind a small bush, just outside the entrance of the gully. A woman in a civilized dress was coming around from the rear of the buckboard. The erect figure of the rider tensed with quick decision. He wheeled his mare out to cut down the sharp slope towards the Indians. His gaze crossed the coulee with the call: "Ho, there!"

The Indians twisted aim in a half panic. He started to slink away.

"Ho, there! Cease firing!"

But he swung his rifle around and fired. The bullet grazed the rider's coat as he swung up his right hand, palm up, in reply to the peace signal. The bullet cut the

change of a word from him added to the rein, his mare swayed and he fell obliquely down the side of the coulee. The Indians burst into a yell, and several opened fire on the fugitive as the mare leaped down to the coulee and dashed across the bottom toward the gully.

Urged on by voice and spurless heel, the mare sprinted over the sandy level with the rush of a racehorse on the home stretch. Coming to the narrow stream, she covered it in a single tremendous leap, and dashed on, unchecked, up into the gully, safe out of reach of those whirling leaden horns.

As they swept past the low bush at the entrance of the gully, the rider looked down at the man behind it. He saw a blond, florid young fellow, whose blue eyes and small red-lipped mouth were ugly with hate. A glimpse, and he was past the outlaw.

The woman, crouched just beyond, under the edge of the bank, was blazing away toward the Indians with an automatic revolver. An instant later he pulled up his mare alongside the buckboard and looked up with cool alertness at the third member of the party, under the brink of the bank. The man ceased firing and twisted his thickest body half about so that he could stare down at the newcomer.

The fusillade of the Indians had ceased the instant their view of the fugitive was cut off. Yet, after a single hard look, the man on the bank turned away to thrust his rifle up over his shoulder and rode back past the skittish ponies. The woman had crept in to the entrance of the gully to where she could stand upright without exposing herself to the fire of the Indians.

She came up the slope with an easy, bringing step that told of youthful joyancy. From under the hem of her neat gingham dress peeped the toes of small, blue-beaded moccasins. Having reloaded her pistol, she raised her head to look up at the rider. He was lifting his hand to touch his hat with perfunctory courtesy. Then he saw her face—calm, proud, vividly beautiful.

He removed his hat, with a sudden change in his manner that brought a gleam into the girl's blue-black eyes. A trifle disconcerted by the girl's cool scrutiny, he brusquely demanded: "What is the trouble here?"

She looked from his cavalry puttees to his army saddle and the butt of his rifle. "I guess you needn't worry about your scalp," she assured him, her rich contralto voice as soft as it was sweetly mocking. "You came near getting a hair brand, I see. But you're safe enough now if you keep close."

The rallery brought a slight flush into his sallow cheeks. Yet his gaze did not flinch before her look of disdain. He asked another question: "Have they taken the agency?"

"No. We saw this bunch up the bank. Reggie cut loose at them before Pere could stop him."

"Pere? Ah—your father. The other man fired at them first, you say?"

"Can you blame him? He was along when the agent was shot down, last week. You may have heard of the murder."

"Yes. Still it was wrong for him to invite an attack, with a woman in his party."

"Oh, I'm only a quarterbreed, you know," replied the girl with ironical lightness. "Besides, Reggie thought the party was trying to head us off. Don't worry. Charlie Redbear crawled up the road half an hour ago. The chances are we can hold out until he fetches the police. A rifle shot punctuated the remark."

The rider looked over the coulee bank across at the jagged crest of the butte. "If they slip over there," he said, "this position will become untenable. The butte is the key to the situation."

He looked at the girl, between concern and swiftly growing admiration of her remarkable beauty. Her eyes were like blue-black diamonds. An almost imperceptible film of old-gold enriched the cream and rose of her cheeks. Her jet-black hair was of French fineness. The curve of her rather large mouth was perfect.

But the red lips were again parting in a disdainful smile. She replied without seeking to conceal her scorn: "If you're afraid they'll take the butte, you might get away by bolting down the coulee. We'll do what we can to draw their fire."

"You will?" he said. "Thank you for your suggestion. I believe I'll follow it. Kindly step aside."

She stood motionless, her eyes glittering with cold contempt of his cowardice. Unchecked by the look, he leaned forward in the saddle. The mare leaped away like a startled deer. One clear of the gully she swerved sharply and raced away down the coulee. The flight was so unexpected, so daring and so swift that the fugitive had been borne a good fifty yards down along the foot of the near slope before the Indians opened fire on him.

The girl had crept forward and crouched in the entrance of the gully to peer over him.

"The coward!" she cried. "The coward! I hope they get him!"

But before one of the many bullets could find the leaping, receding mark, mare and rider shot out of sight behind a clump of willows. At once the firing ceased.

The blond young man under the bush glanced around at the girl and called jeeringly: "I say, Marie, how's that for a bottal visit? Took him for a gentleman?"

"Gentleman? That's the word," she mocked. "Conduct becoming an officer and gentleman."

"Officer?" he repeated. "don't mean to say—"

"Yes," she asserted. "He's an army officer. I could see it sticking out all over him."

The man stared at her in blank amazement, but suddenly bethought himself to roll over and send a bullet pinging up the coulee.

The girl continued to peer down the river bottom. After several moments mare and rider dashed into view, racing directly across the coulee. Though the Indians at once opened fire, the mare had skinned over the level and up into a gully in the far bank before they could get the range.

Hopeful that one or more of the enemy might expose themselves during the excitement, the young man behind



"The Coward, the Coward! I Hope They Get Him."

the bush had not looked around. As the firing ceased, he called scoldingly: "How about the strategic retreat? Does General Fabius make his getaway without casualties?"

"Le bon Dieu be praised! He has escaped," the girl mocked in turn. "We are saved. In a week or ten days he will return to the rescue with three troops of cavalry."

"If those sneaking coyotes have sent a delegation around to climb the butte from the upside, we'll get ours before Charlie can come back with the police," grumbled the young man.

"Yes. Our military expert saw that at once. He said this position would become untenable."

"So he ran, leaving a woman in the lurch—the skunk!"

"Well, he has gone. You'd better be thinking how to get us out of the hole you've got us into," suggested the girl.

"All I did was to knock up the dust in front of them. The way they came back at me proves they really were scheming to get us."

"Much you know about it," scoffed the girl. "Just because some of the tribe are feeling ugly is no sign that—"

"How about the murder of Nogen?"

"Well, how? You and Charlie both say there was only one buck who did the shooting. No; if this bunch had been planning to get us, they'd have been out of sight under the edge of the bank or over on the butte when we first came along."

"Have it your own way—only toss me a bottle of beer, that's a good girl. I'm dry as a fish."

Recklessly he sat up and looked at her, his small mouth curving in a smile under the neat mustache. A bullet whizzed close over his head. A bullet hit the girl.

The girl did not wait for him to reach her. Satisfied as to his safety, she went up the gully to the buckboard and drew a canteen from the box under the seat. Her father glanced down and saw what she was doing. His face was powdered with dirt. He spat and beckoned to her.

"Good! Bring it up. Bullet hit the edge of the bank."

The girl climbed nimbly up the gully side with the canteen. Her father spat again, took a deep drink, and said: "Better get the ponies round behind the buckboard. Unless Charlie gets back soon, we may have to leave the ore and make a break for the agency."

"All right, Pere," cheerfully responded the girl. "There haven't any of them been hit so far, I guess. They may be willing to let us off with a big scare."

"I'll give them a scare and something more when the police come," declared the young man, who had taken a new position in the opening of the gully.

"No, you won't," remonstrated the girl as she started down to him with the canteen. "When old Ti-wa-konza sent in word that he'd call it quits over the shooting of Nogen's killer, he meant it. But this time you fired the first shot, and if you kill one of them, it will mean a blood feud, if not an uprising. The young man snapped his fingers. "I don't give that much for the whole pack of coyotes!"

"Don't forget the mine, Mr. Van," protested the older man.

"Yes, and how about me?" asked the girl as she held out the canteen.

"That settles it," he replied. "To

please you, I'll—what do you say?—I'll call it quits." Shaking a gush of water out over the spout, he lifted the canteen in gallant salute and carried it to his lips.

"Better hurry with them ponies, Marie," called her father.

She did not wait for the canteen, but walked swiftly up the gully to the restive ponies. As she led the two saddle horses around to the rear of the buckboard, the young man called up to her: "Shorten my stirrups. That pinto is the best runner in the bunch."

"Can you make it bareback?" she asked.

"He can hold on to the harness," said her father. "Tie the tugs so they won't drag."

"Yes, I guess I can hold on. I'll try the calico mare."

"Any sign on the butte?" she inquired, her supple gloved fingers deftly freeing the harnessed ponies from the buckboard.

"Nothing yet," answered the young man. "I'm expecting a bullet soon."

"This ain't no joke, Mr. Van," complained the other man. He glowered at the butte. Suddenly his trained eyes caught sight of an object moving up the steep slope of a crag. He clapped his rifle to his shoulder, sighted it, paused—and lowered the weapon, with an astonished oath.

"Pere!" cried the girl. "What is it?"

"Wait!" he replied. "If it is—by Gar, if it is! Git ready, Mr. Van. Only don't shoot unless they rush us."

The report of a rifle came down from the butte crest. The young man lowered his rifle and peered over the edge of the gully. At the same moment a whirl of yelling horsemen swept down the coulee bank opposite the butte, and went flying away up the valley in a wild race for the nearest grove of cottonwoods.

From the butte several shots cracked in rapid succession. The fugitive Indians yelled at their ponies in a frenzy of urgency, and dug their heels into the flanks of the straining beasts at every jump. The rifleman on the butte was firing towards them, not towards the party in the gully.

"Hold on, Marie!" said her father, jumping down the bank to her. "We'll hitch up again, and cross over to meet him."

"Who?" asked the girl.

She had been too intent on her task to see what was happening.

"The man who ran away," he answered. "The joke's on you Mr. Van."

"How?"

Her father grinned as he bent to refasten a tug. "You took him for a quitter. He had the nerve to run their fire against you, and you thought he was heading back for the railroad."

The girl flushed. "He's not the man on the butte?"

"Yep. Jumped the whole bunch, first shot. We better hustle. It'll look good for us to cross over to meet him."

"Marie says he's an army officer," added the young man. "It will be as well to get the ore off the reservation. There's no telling what he has come for."

CHAPTER II.

The Acting Agent

Within a few minutes the party had neared the top of the ridge. The thoroughbred mare came trotting up from the hollow on the other side. At sight of them her rider brought her to a stand. The older man turned and his pony up the round of the summit. "By Gar, that wasn't no bad pony you made, partner," he called. "The butte gave you the drop on 'em."

The man whose strategy had routed the Indians did not reply. The girl looked up at him with confident expectancy in her sparkling eyes. He did not move. The expression of his harsh features was severe, but there was a flush under the tropical tan on his cheeks.

She hesitated, her rich color deepening. Then her pique gave way to a more generous impulse. She drew the gauntlet glove from her right hand. Under his cold gaze her eyes again hardened with offended pride, and again they softened and glowed with frank approbation.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked.

He bowed formally. "If you think there is anything to be forgiven, you know there is. I wish to express my regret."

"You know there is. I wish to express my regret."

She stood up in the buckboard and held out her hand to him. He took it white and shrewly. He bowed with grave courtesy, as he took it in his nervous clasp.

"You have no need to apologize, Miss—"

"Dupont—Marie Dupont."

"None whatever, Miss Dupont," he went on. "I should have explained my intentions."

"Why didn't you make for the butte first thing, instead of crossing the coulee?" broke in the blond young man.

"I did not wish to shoot until I understood the cause of the trouble. There was also the chance that they would cease firing when I rode towards them."

"That was savvy of you," remarked

the girl's father—"that and making the second run when they'd come so near getting you the first time."

"You are Jacques Dupont, the Indian trader?"

"That's me—only they make it 'Jake' this side of Ottawa. Marie guessed you're an army officer."

Captain Floyd Hardy, United States cavalry, stated the newcomer as he raised his glasses.

The blond young man straightened out of his insolently careless pose, and spoke in the tone of a gentleman: "Pleased to meet you, Captain Hardy. You were in command of the Philippine constabulary force that suppressed the recent insurrection in the Sulu islands. You received favorable mention from congress. I am Reginald Vandervyn of the Vandervyns of Staten Island. Senator Clemmer is my uncle."

The captain responded to the introduction with a curt bow.

"See anything of the piece, Cap?" asked Dupont.

"Yes. They should be here in a few minutes."

"I see them," said the girl. "They're coming down the slope this side of the Sioux Creek divide."

"They're slow," growled Vandervyn. "I'll ride back and head them 'cross country. They have good horses. They shall run out every buck in the bunch."

He spun his pony about to sprint down the road into the coulee. Hardy uttered a stern order: "Halt!"

Angered at the command and still more at the impulse that compelled him to obey it, Vandervyn twisted about in his saddle to face the officer with a challenging stare.

"Keep that talk for your inferiors," he said. "I am acting agent of this reservation. What I say goes. I'll have those bucks trailed till every one of them is in the guardhouse or feeding the crows."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Vandervyn," replied Hardy, and he drew an official envelope from an inside pocket. "You are only the chief clerk on this reservation. I have been detailed to serve as acting agent."

"You?" cried Vandervyn. "Why, it was all fixed for me to be appointed agent. My uncle wired me that my name would go through for the promotion without a hitch. So you pulled the wires to cut me out?"

"I pulled no wires, Mr. Vandervyn," Hardy coldly met the accusation. "On my return from the islands, last month, I asked for a detail to active service in the open, preferably here in the northwest, on account of my health."

"Do you mean to say you did not ask for this place in particular?"

"No. The detail was given me because of the killing of the late agent and the reported restlessness of the tribe."

"You'll find these ugly bucks different from Moros."

"Perhaps," said Hardy. He looked at the two big, lumpy sacks that were lashed on the buckboard. "You had started for the railroad?"

"Pere and Mr. Van wished to ship out the ore," explained the girl.

"Ore?" inquired Hardy.

"Well, yes, it's a sort of ore," admitted Dupont. "You see, me and—"

"I'll make it clear to Captain Hardy in two words, Jake," broke in Vandervyn. He looked at the new agent with a frank, direct gaze. "You see, captain, some of the Indians have been getting ore, back in the mountains. Jake trades them goods for it. The barter has been a good thing for them, and so far, I believe, Jake has lost nothing."

Dupont narrowed his shrewd gray eyes as if calculating. "Well, no, that's no lie, Cap. Take it in the long run, I ain't lost nothing. It might figure out I've broke even or maybe some better."

Vandervyn winked at Hardy. "When an Indian trader admits he may have done some better than to have come out even, we can guess what that means."

"Nom d'un chien!" grumbled Dupont. "Ain't the risk to count?"

"It has been an unnecessary risk for you to keep your daughter on the reservation after the killing of Mr. Nogen," reproved Hardy. "I presume she is now safe, but not to return until the ore is shipped."

"The ore is shipped," said Captain Hardy, going for his hat.

"Anyways, you can't do anything about it. You can't do anything about it."

"I don't want to remain any longer, well in hand," said Hardy.

The girl's eyes flashed suggestion of dictation please, thank you, she said.

"In this instance, Hardy, since your father is in no danger would order you to remain."

"You'd dare to order

"Certainly. You should know the scope of the agent's authority. It includes the right to order the reservation anyone not a member of the tribe."

The girl smiled mockingly. "You forget I told you I am a quarterbreed."

"Marie!" remonstrated Vandervyn. "Mind your own business!" she flashed back at him. "I am not ashamed that I'm a member of the tribe, and I don't care how soon he knows it, even if he is an officer of your little American army."

She turned upon Hardy, flushed, defiant, haughty. "My mother was the granddaughter of Sitting Bull. What have you to say to that, Mr. West Pointer?"

"Nothing, Miss Dupont, unless—"

He paused, smiled and continued—"unless it is to remark that I am a member of the police are so near."

The girl's eyes flashed with anger. With a swift movement she bent over and snatched her driving whip from its socket on the dashboard, and stood poised, the whip upraised, to strike. Dupont's heavy jaw dropped. Vandervyn swung his rifle. He had large blue eyes glinting with eagerness. Hardy faced the girl with a steady gaze. She would have slashed him across the face.

"You—you!" she whistled. "To me with the treacherous great-grandfather, would you?"

"Treacherous? How do you mean that?"

"He was murdered—by the police," she cried. "You know it."

"I beg your pardon," replied Hardy. "I had not the slightest idea of what you must be alluding to. But, since you say so, I wish to say that you are formed. Sitting Bull was resisting arrest. The police were under orders. The chief had first been the chief's men."

The scarlet that flamed on her cheeks deepened to crimson. She waved. Instead of striking the whip lashed down across the team. The girl plunged and jumped for the buckboard and away from the rider.

The girl's companions, ponies about to gallop after her, spoke to them in peremptory command: "Wait! Dupont, you to bring my baggage on the road. Here come the police to detail four of their number to escort you as escort."

"We don't need no escort," said Dupont. "Do we, Mr. Van?"

"They will go in place of us," explained Hardy. "I ask him to accompany me to the agency."

The young man looked up and down with an insolent smile. "What do you mean to do? Do not choose to go back?"

"It would put me to the finding a new chief clerk," said Hardy.

The other evidently had an arbitrary order. He bit his lip. "It was



Hardy Uttered a Stern Order

plain that he was puzzled and utterly worded reply. Was or merely a statement of apprehension?

"If you wish to resign, captain, may I request a graph for your successor immediately appointed and ordered to resign quick enough?" said Vandervyn. "You're I'd order me around if it were up to me."

Hardy turned to the trader.

"Please remember my best wishes to you and your family. The escort will be waiting for you at the agency."

The girl's eyes flashed suggestion of dictation please, thank you, she said.

"In this instance, Hardy, since your father is in no danger would order you to remain."

"You'd dare to order

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You wish to give sensible, practical gifts---you wish to save as much as you can and get the best for the money expended. Why not anticipate that Christmas Gift for the husband, wife, father, mother, sister, brother, by having us lay aside one of these excellent articles mentioned below:

\$12.50 to \$20 for a genuine Cedar Chest
Will earn its cost many times by protecting wearing apparel from moths. We show a large line at attractive prices. A gift to suit all ladies.

Majestic Range Cutlery Chinaware

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Rockers--finest lot ever in Hedley

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Other things in the store that will make suitable useful Christmas Gifts. Come in and see them.

MOREMAN & BATTLE

Locals

I. Sarvis visited in week.
timer was down from first of the week.
A. Reavis was down Monday.
xander made a trip first of the week.
city property for sale on T. R. Moreman.

Sheriff Doshier was here Monday and Tuesday collecting taxes.
Chas. Boles was over from Wellington a few days this week.
Mrs. B. L. Knowles of Lelia Lake visited her sister, Mrs. W. G. Brinson, Tuesday.
I will call for and deliver your clothes at all times. Claude Strickland.
A. W. Worsham bought a farm near Lubbock last week and will move to same next spring.

Lively will save you money on your grocery bill.
Mrs. J. L. Kennedy and children were down from Lelia Lake Saturday and Sunday visiting friends.
FOUND--Purse with contents. Owner may have same by describing it and paying for this notice. T. F. Brown.
Mrs. A. J. Newman went to Memphis Tuesday for a few days visit with her brother, W. A. Starne.

French Ivory...
Brushes, Combs...
G. E. Davis...
I have two...
J. T. Patton...
Dolls! Dolls! Both American and German manufacture. Hedley Drug Store.
Marshall Long has moved into the J. R. Boston residence from Windy Valley.
Let me do your tailor work Satisfaction guaranteed. Claude Strickland.
Mrs. Helen Allen and brother, Theodore, visited their brother in Estelline last week.
Rings, Lavaliers, Watches and all kinds of jewelry. Hedley Drug Store.
Get a Camera for that Christmas present. Prices from \$2 to \$5.00. Hedley Drug Store.
Mrs. W. M. Mace of Lelia Lake spent Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. W. M. Posey.
Your suits called for, cleaned and delivered. Work satisfactory. Claude Strickland.
Miss Muir of Clarendon spent Saturday and Sunday here visiting some of the teachers.
Buy your Xmas candies, nuts, oranges and apples from Lively--special prices.
J. W. Bond went to Waco last week to attend the annual meeting of the Masonic Lodge.
W. H. Madden visited his brothers, R. L. and L. B. in Memphis Tuesday and Wednesday.
W. E. Grimsley bought a farm near Clarendon last week, and will move to same first of the year.
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Hand Made Candy
Fresh and Fancy Candy at the Busy Bee Cafe Confectionery. West side main street.

Miss Stella Hamblen left Tuesday night for Wynnewood, Okla., to visit her sister, Mrs. J. E. Cates.

SCHOOL TAX
I have the receipts made out ready for you to pay your Hedley Independent School District taxes at the Guaranty State Bank.
31 C. A. Hicks, Collector.

Some of The Articles Sold for Christmas Presents at The Dixie

We have a complete line of Nuts, Candies, Oranges, Chewing Gum, and can quote prices by the pound, dozen, or box. A Christmas Greeting Card given with each package. Special inducements given to encourage morning trade.

For Women

Crepe De Chine waist.
Crepe De Chine waistsings.
French Serge.
Storm Serge.
Silks--all kinds.
New line of Velvets.
Fancy Elastic.
Latest in Ladies Purses.
All kinds of Neckwear
New line of Silk Hosiery.
Silk Handkerchiefs
Handkerchiefs of all kinds.
Skating Sets.
Dishes.
Lavaliers.
Scarf Pins,
Bar Pins.

For Men

Ties in Holly Boxes
Suspenders in holly boxes
Hose in holly boxes
Hose Supporters
Scarf Pins, Ties
Collars
Nice line of Stationery
Toys
Bible
Crochet Ball Holders
Pin Trays
Mirrors
Receivers
Dolls--all kinds.

A complete line of new and up-to-date line of Footwear for the entire family, such as High Top Shoes for ladies and misses; House Slippers for women; Latest styles for men in both "White House" and "Walk Over;" "and the Billikens" for the children.

The Dixie

Spend your money with Lively and save "money and get a square deal."

NOTICE

Everyone holding tickets in the Ford contest must have them here by 2:30 p. m. Dec 23, 1916, as I will not be allowed to hold any tickets.

Chas. Boles,
Wellington, Texas.

F. A. White was down from Clarendon visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. White, from Tuesday morning until Wednesday.

FOR SALE--Bay horse, 7 yrs. old, good single or double driving or riding. Will sell for cash or good note on fall time. Call phone 44.

J. W. Bland traded his residence property in town (which he got from J. W. Reeves) to J. L. Bain for 240 acres of his land east of town.

FOR SALE--Jack (known as the largest Moreman Jack), and three brood sows subject to registration also some good young mules.
2tp. A. W. Worsham.

M. J. Smith has moved to the place west of town vacated by A. A. Nipper who moved into his own house just completed north-west of town.

Mrs. W. A. Barnes returned to her home at Newlin Tuesday after a few days visit with her granddaughter, Mrs. A. F. Bond.

We have opened a Real Estate office over the Dixie Store, if you want to sell list your lands with us. See our proposition before you buy.
Kinsey & Pierce Real Estate Co.

G. C. Phelps and family moved from near Clarendon Friday into the Grandma Shelton house. They will move to their farm west of town soon as their house is completed.

Be on hand at Lively Dec 16 and save yourself some money on groceries.

For the best of service King's Barber Shop who can get fresh shaves, and clean clothes. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Frank McClure is going to California where he will leave first of the year. His future home is in California.

Lloyd Munroe is going to California where he will leave first of the year. His future home is in California.

For your Fruits, Nuts, Candies, and All Good Things to Eat, Visit Our Store.



HONEST WORK

There are two highly important points for a man to consider before having his car overhauled.

The first point is to assure himself that the mechanics are going to work on the car are mechanics enough to locate and properly repair at the need of the situation.

The second point is to convince himself that he can trust the shop to give him an honest accounting of the amount of work that was actually done on the car.

We gladly welcome an investigation on both of these points. We have the facilities, the workmen and the business methods that will more than satisfy all who investigate.

BELL & CROW