

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. IX

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, OCTOBER 10, 1919

NO. 47

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The First State Bank
OF HEDLEY, TEXAS
GUARANTY FUND BANK

ONE FAMILY'S HARROWING EXPERIENCE IN THE BIG STORM AT CORPUS CHRISTI

The following article from the Mangum (Okla.) Star was handed to the Informer by Mr. and Mrs. Van Boone. The Bray and Boone families are close friends of long standing, and the Brays are known to many other Hedley people, having visited the Boones here two or three years ago. On this account, and for the further reason that there were other ex-Hedleyites in the Corpus Christi storm, we believe the full story will be of especial interest to our readers. The Star says:

It is a harrowing, terrible tale, haltingly and brokenly told by Mrs. Russell Bray and her three children, recently in the hurricane at Corpus Christi, widowed and orphaned by the terrible flood. They arrived in Mangum Tuesday evening having started for their old home as soon as they were able to travel, and after the husband and father's safety had been apparently given up as hopeless.

The story as told by them in general follows:

The storm arrived in its fury about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, the 14th. The wind had been blowing in from the land northwest when it suddenly whirled about and a terrific gale came from seaward to the west. It was but a short time after the storm struck until houses near the beach began to rock and break up and move away. Mr. and Mrs. Bray, with their three children 8, 10 and 15 years of age, lived very near the beach.

Mrs. Bray's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ambler, of Mangum, were also at the Bray home visiting. They had been in Corpus Christi only one week, and were intending to start home the next day, Monday.

It took only a few moments of the storm to convince these people they were not safe near the beach, so they waded out and took safety at a neighbor's house nearly 100 yards further back from the water on higher ground. Everyone pronounced this place beyond danger. Never since time began had the waters at Corpus Christi been as high as this location. But by 2 o'clock the waters were about this house running swiftly. Even yet no one thought there was any real danger. It was only when the front of the building was loosed and floated away that fear really possessed the crowd, and by that time the flood was running terribly swift to the west of the partly wrecked building, cutting off escape. Suddenly the house floated against this building the people were in, threatening to crush it against the solid garage building. They realized they must leave it at once. The only possible escape was to swim the swift current between them and the next building a little higher. The current was only about 15 feet across, but going like a torrent between two great piles of

driftage and wreckage. The two Bray girls, 8 and 15, first attempted to swim across. The wind was blowing a very hurricane. Only an expert swimmer could possibly hope to cross. All the family, however, were excellent swimmers, and the girls crossed safely. Next Mrs. Bray and the boy, ten years old, attempted to cross. Neither of them nor both together were able to make it. The current carried them down and on down toward the bay. They saw a mattress floating by and caught it. Only by accident did both mother and son catch this mattress. They were in water only knee deep, yet they could not travel against the wind and current. The mother tried in vain to steer the mattress toward a house; it kept moving toward deeper water and farther from safety. A raft of driftage floated by and each grabbed the heavier raft and climbed onto it. It rolled over and over; like a barrel it whirled round and round. They were carried under again and again. Sometimes they would not remain above the water long enough to catch even a breath. Each moment seemed like the last, as though endurance could last no longer; yet whole hours dragged on. Finally a stair of door steps, three steps in length, floated by and it seemed a better haven so they climbed upon that. It kept turning and whirling as had the other raft. The mother would almost surrender to the elements, yet would look at her son, only ten years of age, and for his sake cling tighter. She could not bear the thought of leaving him alone in the terrible turmoil. Lastly a very large and heavy mattress floated near; they climbed upon it and it was the easiest raft they had found; they could lie down on it. Suddenly Mrs. Bray found she could see no longer. The storm had blinded her. She kept calling to her little son, "watch, son, for the land, for safety." Suddenly the little fellow shouted "Mother, I see trees, we are saved." She asked him to look again. He repeated his acclamation that they were saved, that green trees were in sight. She then took her hands and pulled open her exhausted eyelids, and sure enough they were near land. They were floating in amongst all sorts of broken wreckage, splinters and every sort of broken furniture. Thru this they waded to land, seven miles from home and the town, having floated for 5 hours. They were half naked, and terribly exhausted. Late next day they were taken home.

After the mother and son had failed to cross, other members of the family were more fortunate, but though they crossed the torrent they were safe only for a short while, perhaps two or three hours. The building they were in started to turn over and float

Continued on last page

Furniture!

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Everything in Hardware and Furniture

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Agent Nissley Creamery. Cream tested and paid for the same day received.

Phone 93

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The Produce Man

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at the same old stand, caring for all deposits entrusted to it, returning them safely on call, extending needed accommodation to customers, rendering a service safe, useful satisfactory.

You should have an account here.

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HEDLEY, TEXAS

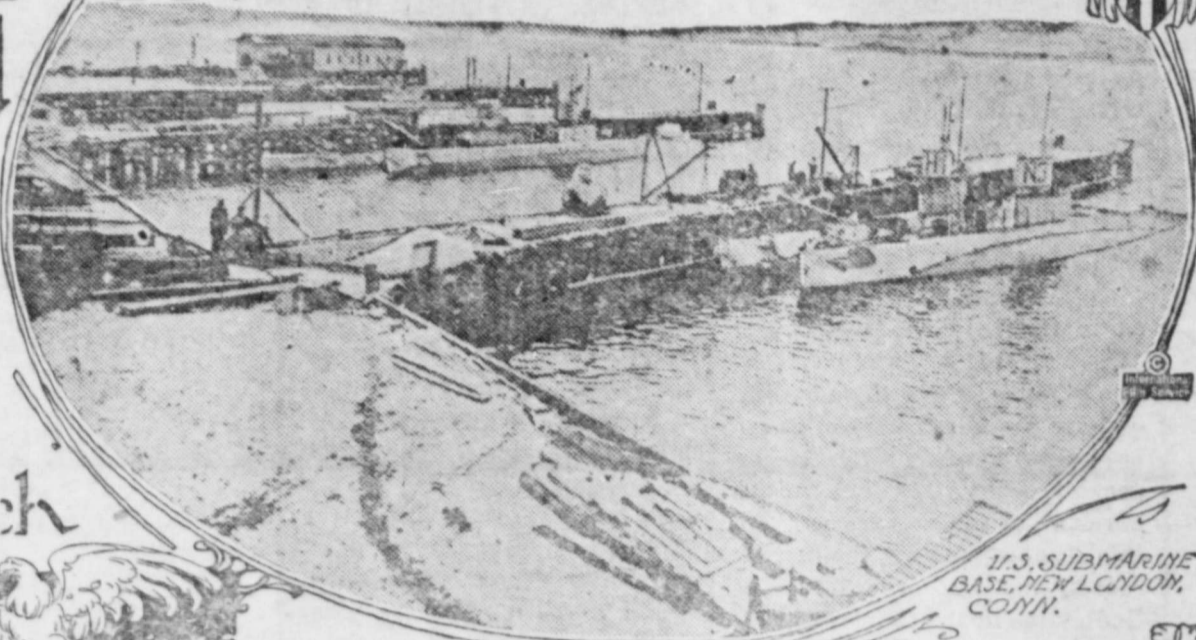
Dental Notice

THIS IS TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT I have established an office in Hedley, to be permanent. Those in need of Dental Services should call at once. Office at Mrs. Crawford's residence, next to Hotel Wayland. Phone 151.

F. N. Reynolds, D. D. S.

Detector That Doomed the Hun U-Boat

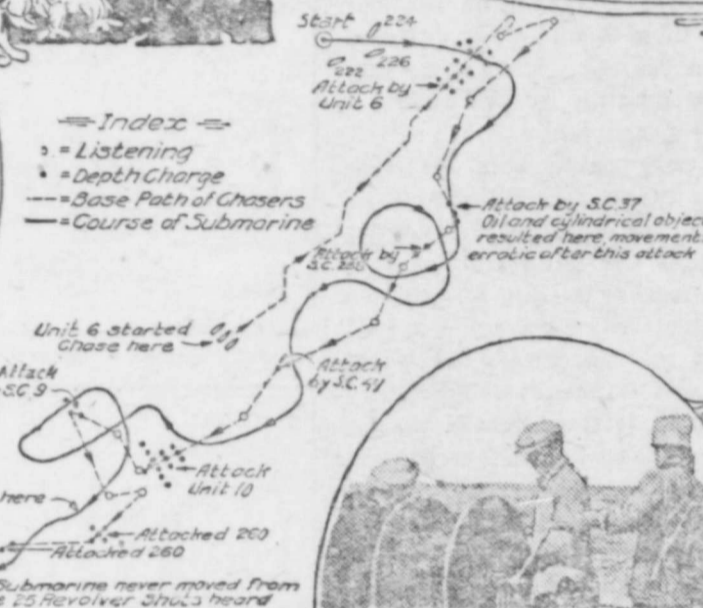
By Brewster S. Beach



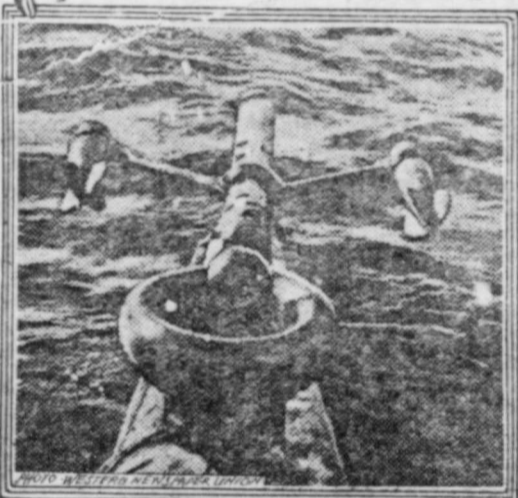
U.S. SUBMARINE BASE, NEW LONDON, CONN.



CAPTAIN R.H. LEIGH, U.S.N.



TRAILING THE LISTENER



LISTENING DEVICE ON PROW OF SUBMARINE



LISTENING FOR U-BOAT

WHATEVER plans Germany may be making for the "next war," if in truth she is or ever will be capable of carrying them out, it is certain that the submarine will play no part in her schemes.

The submarine is dead. The U-boat peril has vanished forever, never to be resurrected.

The collapse of submarine warfare during the closing months of the European conflict and the prediction that its resumption may never be seriously feared again, was the result of the invention in the United States of a wonderful listening device, or submarine detector, which came very close to driving the Hun subsurface from the ocean, and would have done so, in the opinion of naval experts, had the war continued through another summer.

As soon as the United States entered the war the navy department formed a special board to develop ways and means for combating the U-boat peril, then growing to alarming proportions.

This board consisted largely of officers from the bureau of steam engineering, of which Rear Admiral R. S. Griffin is chief. It called to its assistance in an advisory capacity many noted engineers and scientists from industrial concerns, including the General Electric company, represented by Dr. W. R. Whitney, director of that company's research laboratories.

Commander C. S. McDowell, U. S. N., served as executive secretary of the board, while the other advisory members were Col. F. B. Jewett of the Western Electric company, and Prof. R. A. Millikan of the University of Chicago.

Development headquarters were established at New London, Conn. The General Electric company in conjunction with the Submarine Signal company of Boston started an experimental field station at Nahant, Mass., and were later joined by experts from the Western Electric company.

Out of the activities of these two groups of scientists there was developed the American listening device, an instrument which proved to be able successfully to detect submarines while submerged within range of anywhere between 3 and 12 miles.

Even with the signing of the peace treaty little can yet be known of the details of this device. It is, however, an instrument using the principle of sound-wave transmission through water in a new and startling way and it depends for its direction-getting qualities on the peculiar and little-understood faculty of the human ear to detect the direction of sound by the shifting of sound from one ear to the other as the instrument was revealed.

As soon as the device was considered practical the General Electric company undertook its manufacture on a large scale in Lynn, Mass., developing three kinds of listeners: One which was hung overboard from the deck of submarine chasers, another which could be trailed off the stern and a third which protruded through the hull of the vessel. American destroyers, chasers and submarines were at once equipped with the instrument.

When the submarine detector had been turned out in sufficient quantity, the navy department believed that the allies should get the benefit of the invention at once. A special service party, in charge of Capt. R. H. Leigh of the bureau of steam engineering, was formed to take samples of the apparatus abroad and test it under actual conditions before the British admiralty. The instrument was likewise demonstrated to the French and Italian navies. The party consisted, besides Captain Leigh, of Lieutenant Carter, U. S. N., Ensign Welch, U. S. N. R. F., six enlisted men, C. E. Eveleth, C. F. Scott, and T. P. Collins of the General Electric company, representing the Nahant group, and W. L. Nelson of the Western Electric company, who was connected with wireless development. They sailed November 22, 1917, and joined the British grand fleet at Scapa Flow in the Orkney islands during the first week of the following month.

The admiralty and the supreme war council shortly afterward adopted the American device and from that time on submarine patrol work was revolutionized.

Defensive tactics which had been employed since 1914 were now no longer the sole reliance. The war was carried into the enemy's territory. Fighting ships, instead of patrolling the steaming lanes looking for a stray "sub" to poke its

periscope above the waves, were augmented by submarine chasers equipped with listening devices, and hunted the submarine in its underwater lair.

Up to this time the British had been frankly disappointed in results. It had been a rare thing for a submarine chaser to actually see a submarine. Days would go by without sight of one. Yet sinkings continued to multiply, tonnage decreased alarmingly and the rates of destruction and construction constantly approached the danger point. It was apparent that if an improvement in this situation could not be effected the allies faced privation, if not actual starvation, and any material help from America either in the form of men or supplies would be impossible.

The success of the device is well illustrated by the chart shown herewith which gives a vivid picture of the chase of an enemy U-boat in the English channel and demonstrated the ability of the listeners to keep hot on the trail of the submarine, doubling and crossing in an effort to escape.

This dramatic incident—one of many—is vividly described in the following report of the engagement in question:

"At 1:25 o'clock unit No. 6 'fixed' (located by triangulation) a submarine directly ahead at a distance of 100 yards; immediately carried out three-barrage attack, each boat letting go three stern charges and 'Y' gun. Pattern laid symmetrically, thoroughly covering any possible maneuver of the submarine. Stopped and listened. No hearing for about 20 minutes. Then got contact. Distinct sound of submarine making noise as if shafts were badly bent. Also giving out squeaking sound. Submarine sounded as if having great difficulty in keeping propeller going. She stopped frequently. We followed. . . . Heard submarine hammering, squeaking, straining, running intermittently, apparently with great difficulty and for short periods.

"The second depth charge of this attack threw into the air a 50-foot to 60-foot cylindrical black object about the size of a depth charge. . . . Another depth charge attack carried out. Submarine had gradually been making shorter turns for some time. . . . From this point on believe submarine bottomed and was never able to move except to start and scrape along the bottom a short distance. Noises indicated this."

Word was then sent to Penzance for additional depth charges and a radio dispatched to the base for a destroyer post haste.

"Subsequent events," continues the report, "show that submarine never moved from this spot. Noises indicated repair. Occasional unsuccessful attempts to start motor. . . . sounds rapidly becoming less frequent."

When morning came the submarine chasers and the destroyer which had been sent to their assistance gathered near the spot where the crippled submarine was resting at the bottom. Sounds of

feverish activity within the submarine's hull were distinctly heard.

Suddenly there was a dead silence. Then 25 revolver shots rang out—three first, followed by 22.

"Taking into consideration all circumstances and events," continues the account, "conclude submarine damaged externally, unable to start motor after repeated attempts. Unable to rise to surface and is on bottom in the vicinity. Reports of listeners substantiate this conclusion."

As a matter of fact, the British naval intelligence department learned later that the crew of a German submarine had been lost in the English channel about this very time. The report, as they obtained it, indicated that the Hun boat had been trapped on the bottom and so seriously damaged she was unable to rise.

C. S. Scott, engineer of the General Electric company and member of the special party sent abroad, contributes this incident which happened in the Adriatic sea:

"We had 36 chasers based in a little bay on the island of Corfu and the barrage of boats extended across the Straits of Otranto, a distance of about 40 miles. The chasers were operated in units of three, which on patrol kept about one mile apart. A distance of five miles was kept between units. Conditions in the Adriatic were ideal for hunting submarines. The water was very deep, ranging from 400 to 600 fathoms, which meant that the submarines when hard pressed could not seek shallow water as was their custom in the English channel and the North sea. Due to less shipping traffic in these waters there was practically no sound interference, which made for very good listening.

"Many successful attacks were made in these waters, one in particular being quite exciting.

"One of the ships in a unit heard what sounded like a submarine. In a few minutes all three listeners had picked him up and the bearing of his course was being plotted. The middle chaser, the flagship, was getting readings showing that the submarine was in a direct line astern and steaming toward her.

"The sound was very loud, as if the sub must be very close. Suddenly the water began to slap the bottom of the boat, so that everyone could feel it; and the next moment the observer reported that his bearing on the submarine had changed from 180 degrees, which was dead astern, to three degrees, which was on our bow. The submerged submarine had passed directly under the center boat. All three boats were immediately got under way and the attack was delivered. After all the depth charges had been dropped, the ships were stopped and observations again taken. A propeller was heard to start up and ran for about 30 seconds; and then a crunching noise was heard. It was quite evident that the sub, having been put out of control, sank to the bottom and had collapsed due to the tremendous pressure at these depths. We went back to the spot next morning and found an oil slick two miles long by 800 yards wide on the surface of the water."

The development of the submarine detector was the result of the foresighted vision of the navy department and the generous co-operation extended by private manufacturers who had placed their entire organizations at the disposal of the government for the period of the war.

Large electrical manufacturers with exceptional facilities for research and experimental work were able to render invaluable assistance in cracking the submarine "nut."

In fact, it may be said that "big business" in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, will be found to have contributed a very large share toward winning the war when the whole record of this war's inventions comes to be written.

BARN FOR FARM OF MEDIUM SIZE

Designed to Accommodate Fair-Sized Herd of Cows, and the Winter Feed.

FEED ALLEY THROUGH CENTER

Pathway Large Enough to Admit Wagon Means Saving of Labor—Ample Windows Let in Sunshine and Fresh Air.

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. 187 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

By WM. A. RADFORD.

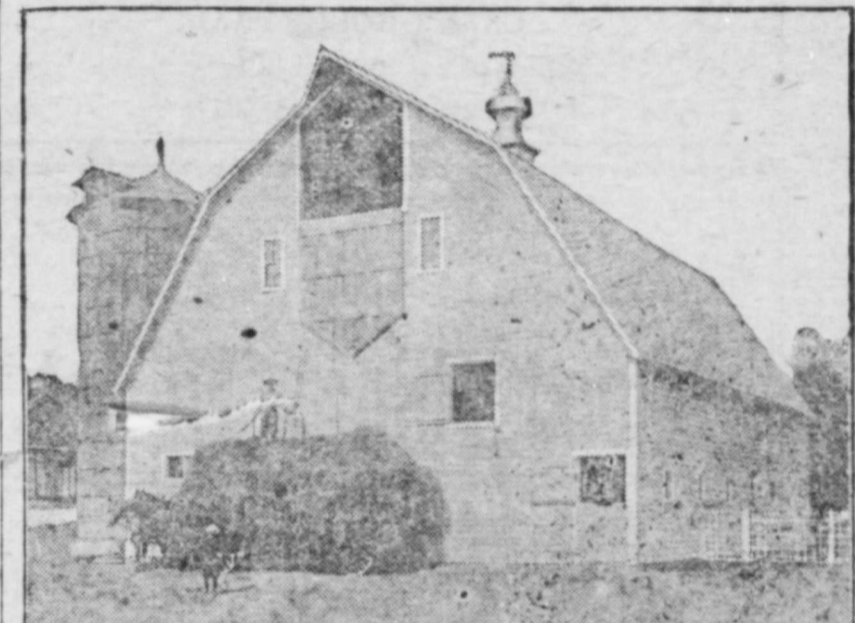
Housing the live stock and their winter's supply of feed is a subject that is given more than passing thought on the modern farm. No more do four walls and a roof satisfy the farmer. The four walls must be tight and keep out the wind and cold; the roof must be a real roof, one that will protect the animals and the feed from

foul air. These vent shafts connect with the ventilator on the roof, sucking out the foul air and creating enough circulation to draw in fresh air.

The features named have been discovered by farm-building architects to be especially valuable in keeping the animals healthy and productive. While it is not shown in this plan, every farmer who has a water-pressure system extends it into his barn, placing pipes so that they carry fresh, running water to each stall. From the individual drinking cups at each manger the animals have a constant supply of water. It has been shown that such equipment increases milk production more than 10 per cent.

Every product of the farm and the live stock that every day has on it are too valuable nowadays not to be housed in weather-tight and healthful buildings. Farm products are bringing high prices, not that they are out of line with the increased cost of production, but are high enough so that the farmer cannot afford to waste them. The right kind of a house means an increased income, as the damage done by weather and rats and other animals is considerable unless the barn and granary are so constructed that they cannot get in to damage the grain, hay, etc.

Just now farmers are in excellent financial condition to build the buildings that are needed on the farms. They will find that costs are higher than before the war, but building prices have not increased in so great



rain. But what is given the greatest consideration is the interior arrangement of the barn. Equipment that will make the work of caring for the animals easy to perform and will keep the cows and horses healthy and capable of doing their best work is a prime essential.

A medium-sized farm, such as is found in the central West and other sections of the country, does not require a very large barn, unless the farmer specializes in dairy products. But every farmer, if he is to conduct his farm along the lines that yield him the greatest profit, has a fair-sized herd of cows—a dozen, or more. If these animals are to be kept at their most productive stage they must have a comfortable habitation in the winter time.

A barn that is adapted to the needs of a great majority of farmers is shown in the accompanying design. It is a frame structure, set on a concrete foundation of the gambrel-roof type. The dimensions are 36 by 52 feet 6 inches. In exterior appearance this barn will make a fine addition to any

proportion as the prices they are receiving for their products.

The cost of the barn shown here will vary in different localities, according to local conditions. By consulting the local building contractor and building material dealer it will readily be found how much of an investment such a barn as this will require. Also, these building experts can give the prospective builder much valuable advice about building.

Building a barn or any other farm building that is needed is good business right now. The cost will not be lower for some years to come, and in the meantime the farmer has a convenient, labor-saving and waste-reducing building.

NEW MAPS URGENTLY NEEDED

Assertion That Only About Forty Per Cent of the Country Has Been Accurately Mapped.

It will astonish most people to learn that only about 40 per cent of the 3,000,000 square miles of the United States have been accurately mapped, and that much of that will have to be gone over again because of the rough methods originally used and because of topographical change since it was done.

The authority for these statements is Dr. E. Lester Jones of the United States coast and geodetic survey, says the New York World.

That topography may change much is illustrated by the fact that Fire Island entrance, Long Island, N. Y., has changed its position four miles in 50 years.

In an article on photography in war time L. P. Clerc of Paris suggests that topographical maps of states or even of whole countries can be prepared from photographs taken from airplanes far more simply and accurately than by surveying.

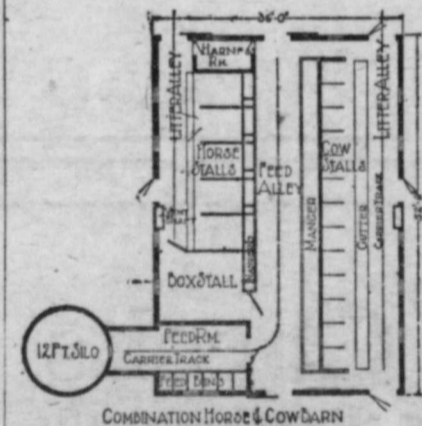
Dr. Jones points out the limitations of airplane photography; this can scarcely yet help in measuring elevations, for example, but he says that in testing the correctness of present day maps the airplane could be of great value, as it would be quicker to send it through the air taking photographs of the ground than it would be to resurvey such vast areas.

Prize for Best Poem Divided.

It was announced at Columbia university recently that the Poetry Society prize of \$500 for the best volume of verse published by an American author during the calendar year of 1918 has been divided between "The Old Road to Paradise" by Margaret Wildseder, and "Cory Huskers," by Carl Sandburg. The jury consisted of Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale, Richard Burton and Sara Teasdale Filisinger.

Hardships of Travel.

"What do you think of government control of railroads?" "Forget it," said the tattered wanderer in disgust. "A gentleman of leisure don't get thrown off a rattle, as much as he used to, but the schedules is somethin' fierce. It took me three weeks to get from New York to my winter home in Florida."



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today, regardless of price, that will give you the unlimited service and comfort that a bill of lumber or other building material will.

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Everything in Hardware and Furniture, Shelf Hardware, Enamelware, Aluminumware, Oil and Coal Stoves.

Leather Goods—a fine stock now on hand.

Pipe Casing, Pipe Fittings, Windmills.

Auto Casings, Auto Tubes, Etc.

Linoleum, Rugs, special prices on Rugs.

The Bain Special Wagon, that has no equal.

The Harvest King Steel-Wheel Wagon, none better. Get our prices and be convinced.

The Store that Always Appreciates Your Trade—Either Large or Small Bills.

If You Have Leases to Sell, See Me

OR IF YOU WANT TO BUY, SEE ME

If it's a Farm or City Property you want to buy or sell, I can handle the deal for you

J. P. POOL

WILSON'S WORDS CLEAR UP DOUBT

CALIFORNIA THROWS OVER ITS LEADER, JOHNSON, AND RALLIES TO LEAGUE.

WEST GIVES HIM OVATION

All Doubtful Features of Past Are Explained Away By President, and Former Doubters Hasten to Give Him Their Support.

(By Independent News Bureau, formerly Mt. Clemens News Bureau.)

Aboard President Wilson's Special Train—a continuous ovation along the Pacific coast and then on his eastward way back toward the capital was given to President Wilson as he came toward the end of his month daylong speaking tour in behalf of the League of Nations. California, particularly the delightful city of Los Angeles, went wild in its enthusiasm for him and his advocacy of the League, and it was in that state, perhaps, that he did his most successful missionary work. Hiram Johnson, California's former governor, now her United States senator, and considered by her as the most likely Republican candidate for the presidency in 1920, had before the arrival of President Wilson, convinced a great number of citizens that the League as at present formulated was not a good thing. He had told them that the United States, because of it, would be drawn into every petty European quarrel; he argued that we would lose our sovereignty by joining with the European nations. He had blamed the president for assenting to the possession by Japan of the Peninsula of Shan Tung in China.

BUREAU CHANGES NAME

The Mount Clemens News Bureau, which has been furnishing reports on President Wilson's tour in behalf of the League of Nations to 5,500 papers, has adopted a new name and will hereafter be known as The Independent News Bureau.

But Mr. Wilson, with clear logic and with compelling eloquence, answered to the entire satisfaction of California's people every objection which Senator Johnson had made to the League. And thousands of the state's citizens deserted the Johnson standard immediately and rallied to the support of the president. More than that, they came forward and said, "We were against you, Mr. President, but you have cleared everything up and now we are with you heart and soul." Still more than that, they let Senator Johnson know that they were no longer with him and that they disapproved of the speaking tour which he himself was making in opposition to the League and so powerful was the volume of public opinion which reached him, that the senator almost immediately abandoned his tour. The Shan Tung question, because of the anti-Japanese feeling which undoubtedly exists along the Pacific coast was the most serious which the president had to answer. He explained to the people that he had been powerless to prevent the rich peninsula from being given to Japan. England and France, through a secret treaty, had promised it to Japan for entering the war and remaining in it. That treaty had to be carried out. Anyway it was not China that was losing Shan Tung, but Germany, which had seized the territory from China in 1898 and held it ever since. Japan had promised, the president explained, to return Shan Tung as soon as the peace treaty was ratified and it was only through the ratification of the treaty with the League of Nations inclusion, that China could ever expect to get her former property back. And she surely would get it back, he declared, through the ratification of the League. Therefore, through the same instrumentality no other nation could again prey upon the "Great, patient, diligent, but helpless kingdom." As to our being drawn into any European conflict. The president pointed out that no direct action such as the sending of troops to any part of the world to maintain or restore order could be taken by the Council of the League without a unanimous vote of the council members, therefore our vote could at once negative any such proposition as sending our soldiers where we did not want them sent. Besides, Mr. Wilson argued, "If you have to quench a fire in California you don't send for the fire department of Utah." But, he argued, there probably never will be another war, if the League is established, for the members promise either to arbitrate their differences and accept the decision of the arbitrator, lay the differences for discussion and publication before the Council of the League for a period of six months, and then, if possible, accept the council's advice. That failing, they agree to refrain from war for a further period of three months and nine months of "cooling off," the president contended, would prevent any armed conflict. These clear explanations satisfied every reasonable hearer and destroyed the "Bugaboos"

which Senator Johnson and others had raised against the League. Through rugged Nevada into Utah, the land of Mormons, the president swept to find that those fine people were heartily with him for the League and a permanency of peace.

HONOR ROLL

The following new and renewal subscribers have brought forth the spondulix during the past week to keep the great moral guide coming:

J. C. Hickerson
L. Spalding
W. Z. Hoggard
J. W. DeBord
R. E. L. Snodgrass
L. A. Jamar
J. T. Craddock
Mrs. W. D. Mendenhall
N. C. Duggins
J. S. Grooms
D. C. Moore (2)
A. J. Newman
Mrs. J. W. Lane
J. Ring
A. A. Cooper
T. R. Moreman (2)
C. B. Battle
J. F. Stiles (2)
W. T. Dickson
H. Hoggard
Mrs. T. A. Hart
Miss Lizzie Wimberly
J. M. Cox, Hondo, N. M.

Extra heavy blue Overalls for men, \$2.00 a pair, at the M. & M. Store.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Raney are enjoying a visit this week from their sister, who lives at Clovis, N. M.

Bring it to me; I will fix it—just any old thing. Hoggard.

All kinds of FARM LOANS. Geo. A. Ryan, Clarendon.

King Barber Shop

J. B. KING, Prop.

First Class Equipment, Prompt and Courteous Service Always.

Agent Panhandle Steam Laundry

THE HOTEL WAYLAND

C. F. DOHERTY, Prop.

HEDLEY, TEXAS

Clean and Sanitary Thruout

Rates \$2.00 a day Centrally located

Real Estate

If you want to buy a Small Ranch, Stock Farm, Town Property (either business or resident) Or if you want a small place, close in, from one acre to fifty—In fact, ANYTHING IN THE REAL ESTATE LINE,

See or write

D. C. Moore at Hedley, Texas

GET YOUR SHAVE AND HAIR CUT AT

MUNN'S Barber Shop

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Oil Leases

See me if you want to buy or sell

Jim Sherman Clarendon, Texas

GEO. A. RYAN

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

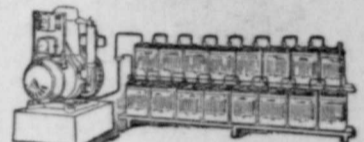
You don't have to wait if you tell me your wants in these lines. Office: Connally bldg.

CLARENDON, TEXAS

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The complete Electric Light and Power Plant

Clean, safe electric light and power at the touch of a convenient button.



KEMP & COPE, Dealers CLARENDON PHONE 63

Dr. F. B. Erwin

Graduate and Licensed VETERINARIAN

Inter State Inspector

Memphis, Texas



The Best and Most Stylish Clothes Ever Shown

That describes the big stock of merchandise we have placed in our store for the approval of the men and boys of this community.

Style and Quality will be readily discernable in every garment, and the Service will be all that years of experience and an earnest desire to please can make it. Better get yours now.

Hayter Bros.

The home of good clothes for men and boys CLARENDON, TEXAS

The Nationally Accepted Wall Tint



No Package Genuine Without Cross and Circle Printed in Red

To Get Alabastine Results You Must Ask for Alabastine by Name

Beautiful—Sanitary—Durable—Economical for Homes, Schools, Churches and all Interior Wall Surfaces

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1645 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Always the Viewpoint.
"You made me pay considerably more for this article than it is worth."
"Do you really think so?"
"I do. Don't you call that profiteering?"
"Not when I manage it. When I do anything like that I refer to it as 'salesmanship.'"

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

OLD-TIME RULES OF CIVILITY
Undoubtedly Were Taken Seriously in 1675, but Would Seem Somewhat Elementary Today.

There was published in 1675 a curious book called "The Rules of Civility," and one of the things impressed upon the reader is that "being in discourse with a man, 'tis no less than ridiculous to pull him by the buttons, to play with the handkerchiefs, belt or cloak, or to punch him now and then in the stomach; 'tis a pleasant sight, and well worthy of laughter to see him that is so punched, fall back and retire, whilst the other, insensible of his absurdity, pursues and presses him to some corner, where he is at last glad to cry quarter before his comrade perceives he is in danger." Further, the reader is informed that "it argues neglect, and to under-value a man, to sleep when he is discoursing or reading; therefore good manners command it to be forbid; besides, something there may happen in the act that may offend, as snoring, sweating, gaping or dribbling."

A fellow who can't control his tongue ought to do a lot of steady road work.
Pensions are the silver lining of war clouds.

Spanish City Short of Bread.
A great shortage of bread exists in Barcelona as a result of the prevailing death of flour.

Mean Thing.
Edith—How do you like my new photographs, dear?
Marie—Why, one of them is very pretty and the other is quite a good likeness.

FREE SAMPLES
The quick relief Vacher-Balm gives for Catarrh, Nervous Headache, and many pains, is so marvelous that it pays us to give away FREE Samples, where it is unknown. Write for a Free Sample and agent's prices, while this offer lasts. E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Adv.

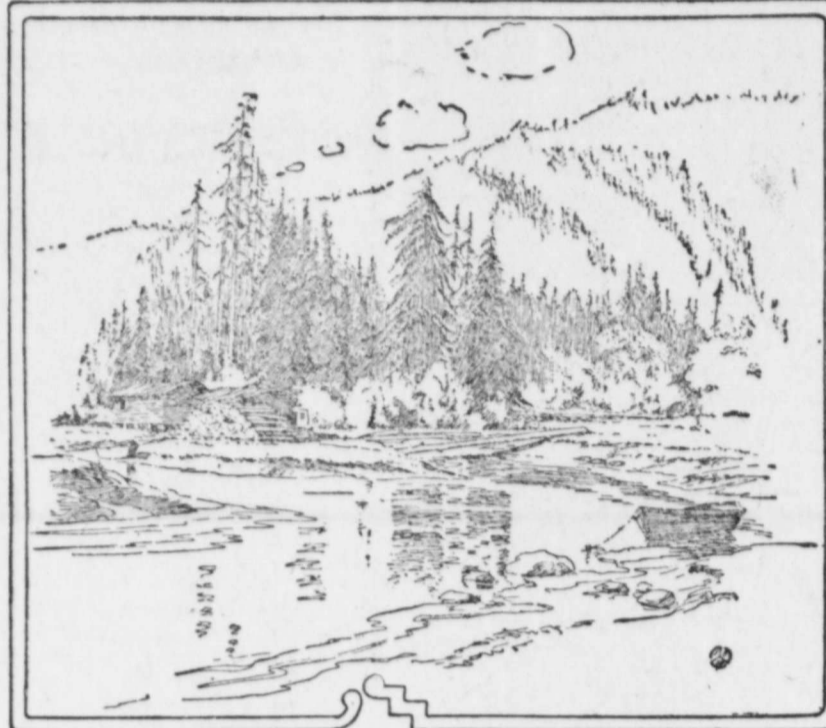
OLD AND NEW WORLD LINKED
Roots of Country's National Life Not Exclusively Planted This Side of the Water.

The American Revolution was unquestionably a great historic event by reason of its connection with the formal institution of a new nation, but the roots of our national life were not then planted. They run back to the first settlements and the first chapters and agreements, nor is the genesis of the nation to be found there; sharp as are the beginnings of our history on this continent, no student could content himself with a conception of our national life which took into account only the events and conditions determined by the people and soil of America. Even in actual relations between America and Europe there never has been a time when the Atlantic has not been an ebbing as well as a flowing tide, and the instinct which now sends us to the Old World in passionate pilgrimages is a constituent part of our national life.—H. E. Scudder.

Making Him Feel Good.
Percy Noodles says that when he wrote to the capitalist's daughter at the seashore not to eat lobster salad and ice cream at the same time, she wired back: "Haven't seen a lobster since I parted with you at the depot."
—Dallas News.

The poetical hen will soon begin her annual Easter lay.

IN A JAPANESE WOODMEN'S CAMP



Japanese Woodcutters' Camp in British Columbia.

A LAZY creek, almost currentless through salt marshes, at low tide quite deep in its muddy bed; a salty, weedy, slightly smoky, cedary, and piney smell upon the air; windrows of kelp and other weedy drift upon the sloping slope of bank; squirt of clams, in every fairly flat place, and rippling drift of founders upon the bottom; drifting moons of stray medusae luminous in the water—there is a typical woodland setting in northern British Columbia, says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor. The crew is ubiquitous, not unlike a raven; beloved he is of totemic designers and carvers, from Tillamook up to Nome, calling his hoarse "caw" from the shadows of some disheveled cedar.

On the high water mark of spring tides, ragged cedar and pessimistic-looking hemlock in silhouette against the sunny blue, purple-courses with raven-like shadow, the distant mountain side. At the base of the irregularly standing timber, thicket of sallows, an impenetrable thicket of logg, salmon and burton berry, blackberry bramble and whortle berry, under a taller growth of alder, willow and poplar, together make a tangle of fallen trunks and upturned roots, amid which the epibionts of the fireweed of the Pacific coast, overtops a man's head, a spire of vibrant pinky purple flame. At the forks of the creek, a wide eaved bunk house, its foundation posts lifting its floor well above the dampness of the marsh, stands upon a bit of ground where solid soil, washed down from the heights, supports rank grass. Rapidly built throughout of cedar, walls and roofs of split cedar shakes, in weathered redness it has a fitness to its place. Smaller shacks near, in color and size, match piles of cordwood near the water; awaiting a scow, a favoring high tide, and transportation across the water to the city.

The Ever-Welcome "Chow."
A scrap of straw matting and a momentary glimpse of a short and sturdy figure, round and black of head, the bronze skin in quiet contrast with blue overalls, showed it to be a Japanese woodcutter's camp. The sun was high and the shadows short by the time the sketch was finished. An eruption from the woods and cordwood piles toward the bunk-house suggested possible refreshment, even if the calling of the dish-pan, banged with a stick of firewood at the door, did not. There was too much good sketching about for the artist to want to return across the harbor for such an inconsequential thing as lunch, which, however, would quite likely suggest its lack some time between then and the sundown he knew he would linger for. So, portfolio under arm, he strolled to the bunk house.

Within, on either side, were two-tiered bunks against the walls, stopping short of the further end, which, stove beneath the end window—a rear door letting in breeze and sunshine—was combined kitchen, dining room, and place of assembly. About six persons, on either side of a three-plank table covered with oilcloth, looked curiously and courteously at the stranger as he stepped within. The cook, poised loaded dishes on either hand, nodded and smiled the inscrutable Japanese smile. The mention of "chow" brought a cheerful grin to three or four faces at once, and a welcoming indication of a seat at the end of the table, as the three on that side hunched along to make a place—definitely shifting food with them. In 19 seconds more—with a grave courtesy—was placed before the guest the usual food, each portion in a blue-and-white bowl; to him was apportioned a separate teapot and a handleless cup, both of palegreen saki-ware.

Art in a Woodmen's Camp.
The artist ate and conversed. Such of these woodcutters as spoke English (and they nearly all did), spoke in measured carelessness, out of which at intervals crept a "Chinook" word or a phrase of this coast as bold and the careful English as a single dark cedar in a green meadow. Looking about, the guest noted a print on the bunk house wall. He got up and walked across to get a better view.

He knew little and cared less of names and dates familiarly spoken by parlor talkers on Japanese art, but he did feel decorative values, color and drawing, and all the rest of it—whatever it is, in short, that makes the Japanese print so interesting. This had they all, he said, as he returned to his seat. His auditors were visibly pleased, though with the reserve characteristic of their kind; the artist's neighbor pointed at his portfolio, and interjected: "You make picture too, maybe?" and evoked admission. "You show us."

Sundry sketches of things and places near brought smiling, sidewise comments of recognition, but most of all a single sketch of fir tops, dark above a morning mist, with the misty prow of a boat and the oncoming ripple of an easy tide, attracted attention. This was appreciatively passed from hand to hand, and one said: "Now we show you, maybe you like?"

Kinship of the Pastel.
From one bunk and another came curious wraps of mats and cloths, out of which again came a finely made box or roll, exposing in turn a silken bag, holding carved, founded, or wrought treasures, a kakemono wrapped in a fragment of temple silk, or a couple of shingles keeping flat between them prints of modern photographs of Japan.

Presently the table, cleared of dishes and food with approving consideration, was an exhibition field on which one and another, singly, and seriously smiling, displayed his treasure for the guest's delight. Half a dozen prints of samurai, a famous actor, a geisha, a landscape, and a couple of utter decorative abstractions, each slowly produced and lingered over, were interspersed with bits of cast and carved bronze, iron, carved ivory, kakemonos of two or three types, and even a bit or two of pottery and cloisonne.

EACH AGE HAS ADVANTAGE
Hard to Tell Which, From Childhood to the End, May Be Called the "Best."

Which is the best age? Are we to believe the professor who tells us that a man's best work is done before he is forty, or Robert Browning, who exalts old age and cries, "Grown old along with me—the best is yet to be!"

Childhood, remarks a writer in London Answers, has a magic and a mystery which can never be regained. Out of its imagination a child shapes its own world and creates its own delights in life.

Youth is the time when we find our greatest physical expression. Our ideals take form and we are neither fettered by failures nor spoiled by success. Normal youth believes it can conquer all obstacles and achieve all ends.

Maturity knows better. The man of forty is balanced by experience, and while his mental faculties should have reached their highest point of development, physically he is not a back number.

And what of Browning's old age? Is the best yet to be? Perhaps. The man who has had a failure is near the end of his earthly troubles, and the man who has succeeded awaits with a sense of fulfillment, the next great adventure.

Taking It for Granted.
"What are you reading these days?" asked the talkative man.

"Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of Roman Empire,'" answered the studious person. "Ever dip into that work?"
"No, I'm satisfied with just knowing the Roman empire declined and fell, without going into all the details."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Calomel Loses You a Day's Work! Take Dodson's Liver Tone Instead

Read my guarantee! If bilious, constipated or head-achy you need not take nasty, sickening, dangerous calomel to get straightened up.

Every druggist in town—your druggist and everybody's druggist has noticed a great falling off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it, while Dodson's Liver Tone is perfectly safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist. Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle doesn't cost very much, but if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, you have only

to ask for your money back. Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience all the next day like violent calomel. Take a dose of calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak, sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day's work! Take Dodson's Liver Tone instead and feel fine, full of vigor and ambition.—Adv.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

SOLD FOR 80 YEARS. For MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER. ALSO A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC. Sold by All Drug Stores.

A young widow hasn't much use for a man who attempts to kiss her and falls.

THE MEN IN CLASS A1

A sound, healthy man is never a back number. A man can be as vigorous and able at seventy as at twenty. Condition, not years, puts you in the discard. A system weakened by overwork and careless living brings old age prematurely. The bodily functions are impaired and unpleasant symptoms appear. The weak spot is generally the kidney. Keep them clean and in proper working condition and you will generally find yourself in Class A. Take GOLD MEDAL Hairlem Oil Capsules periodically and your system will always be in working order. Your spirits will be enlivened, your muscles supple, your mind active, and your body capable of hard work. Don't wait until you have been rejected. Commence to be a first-class man now. Go to your druggist at once. Get a trial box of GOLD MEDAL Hairlem Oil Capsules. They are made of the pure, original, imported Hairlem Oil—the kind your great-grandfather used. Two capsules each day will keep you toned up and feeling fine. Money refunded if they do not help you. Remember to ask for the imported GOLD MEDAL Brand. In three sizes, sealed packages.—Adv.

Small Comfort.
Everything he wants will come to the man who waits until he doesn't want anything.

How's This?
We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Quite So.
"Bob told me he had struck a moneymaking scheme." "So he has. He's got a job at the mint."

A torpid liver condition prevents proper food assimilation. Tone up your liver with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They act gently and surely. Adv.

Why, of Course.
Money is called the circulating medium because it is difficult to circulate without it.

FOR HEADACHES—
There isn't any Headache remedy that does the work like CAPUDINE. It gives quick relief from Headaches of all kinds. Trial size 10 cts. Larger sizes also—IT'S LIQUID.—adv.

No man ever comes half-way up to the expectations his mother had of him when he was a boy.

Experience.
Miss Sentiment—Were you ever disappointed in love?
Eligible Widower—Two and a half times.
Miss Sentiment—Two and a half times?
Eligible Widower—Yes, twice married and once rejected.—Boston Post.

"O Happy Day" sang the laundress as she hung the snowy wash on the line. It was a "happy day" because she used Red Cross Ball Blue.

Big Consolation.
The fellow who plays fair may not win many prizes, but he won't lose any friends.

"I Believe I Could Not Have Lived If I Had Not Taken Rich-Tone."

"This truly wonderful tonic has done me more good than all the doctors' treatments and I have been under the care of several eminent physicians. I am truly grateful for the benefit I have received from taking Rich-Tone and recommend it to all people who are physically weak and run down."
—Says N. P. Stevens.

Take RICH-TONE and gain new energy

Rich-Tone makes more red corpuscles, enriching and purifying the blood. It contains all of the elements that are needed most in maintaining strength and vigor. Rich-Tone restores the tired nerves, restores appetite, induces healthy sleep—it gives you all those things which mean energy and well-being. Get a bottle today—only \$1.00 at all drug stores.

A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas

Heal Itching Skins With Cuticura

All druggists, Soap, Ointment, 25c. Talcum, 5c. Sample each free of Cuticura, Dept. E. Boston.

Babies Smile
when stomachs do their work and bowels move naturally. Fretful, crying babies need **MRS. WINSLOWS SYRUP**. The Infant's and Children's Regulator to make the stomach digest food, and bowels to move as they should. Contains no alcohol, opiates, narcotics, or other harmful ingredients. At your druggist.

B. A. THOMAS POULTRY REMEDY

Healthy Chicks, More Eggs Assists Moulting—Good for Bowel Trouble and Other Diseases in Young Fowls

RESULTS GREAT COST SMALL
I purchased a box of B. A. THOMAS' POULTRY REMEDY and began feeding according to directions. At that time my flock of 42 hens were only laying five to ten eggs per day. Today, one week from date of purchase, I am getting eighteen eggs per day. MRS. FANNY MOORE, Alma, Neb.

B. A. THOMAS' STOCK REMEDY. Makes healthy, thrifty stock. Keeps them free of worms. A medicine, not a food. Very economical.

B. A. Thomas' Hog Powder "Saves the Bacon"

FARRIS' COLIC REMEDY. For horse colic. The easy way. No drenching. A child can give it.
OLD KENTUCKY MANUFACTURING CO. PADUCAH, KY.

Off-Color Days

are usually the reflexion of some upset to bodily health.

Coffee drinking usually exaggerates such conditions and frequently produces them.

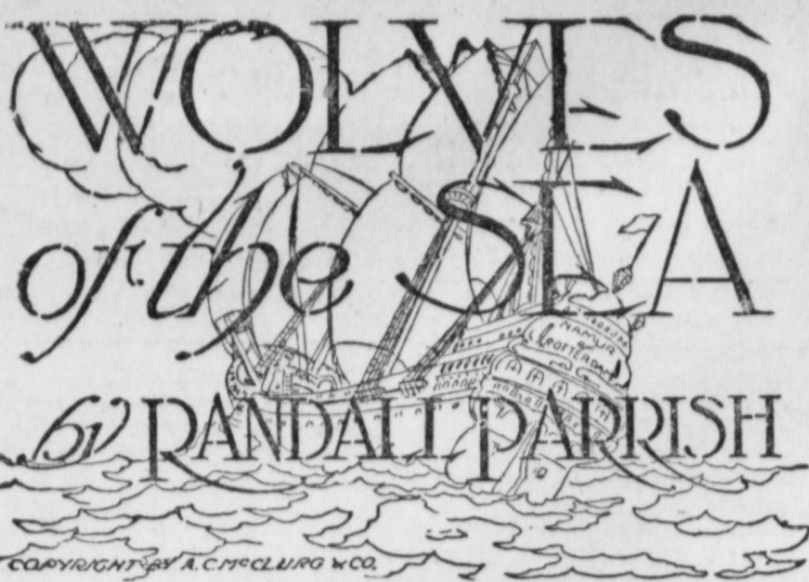
That's why so many former coffee drinkers now favor

The Original POSTUM CEREAL

Boil fully fifteen minutes and a delightful beverage results. Fine for children as well as grown-ups.

Everywhere at Grocers.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.



CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

It was as though my brain snapped back into ascendancy. I was no longer a raging fury, mad with the desire to kill, but cool-headed, planning escape. Before a hand could reach me in restraint, I sprang backward and ran. I stumbled up the stairs leading to the companion. The vague glimmer of daylight showing through the glass, revealed the presence of Watkins. I heard him dash the door wide open, call to those on deck, and then saw him wheel about to again confront the devils plunging blindly forward toward us through the dark cabin. We could hold them for a time at least, yet I had the sense to know that this check would prove only temporary. They outnumbered us ten to one, and would arm themselves from the rack. Yet the greater danger lay in the possible disloyalty of my own men. A dozen of us might hold these stairs against assault, but treachery would leave us helpless. If one among them should steal below forward, and force open the door from the forecabin, we would be crushed between two waves of men, and left utterly helpless. I saw the whole situation vividly, and as quickly chose the one hope remaining.

"Watkins," I called sharply back over my shoulder. "Get the boats ready and be lively about it. We'll hold these fellows until you report. The two quarterboats will hold us all. Knock out the plugs in the others. See that Miss Fairfax is placed safely in the afterboat, and then stand by. Send me word the moment all is ready."

I had glimpse of the thick fog without as he pushed through the door, and of a scarcely distinguishable group of men on the deck. Those about me could only be located by their restless movements. I stepped down one stair conscious of increasing movement below, the meat cleaver still gripped in my hands.

"Any of you armed with cutlasses?" "Oul, m'sieur, Ravel DeLasser."

"Stand here, to right of me, now another at my left. Who are you?" "Jim Carter, sir."

"Good; now strike hard, lads, and you others be ready. The cabin is full of 'em, and it is your life and mine in the balance. If we can get away in this fog they'll never find us, but we've got to hold them here until the boats are ready. I killed their captain, Sanchez. That is where we've still got them, without a leader."

"But they've got arms?" "Only hand weapons," broke in Carter. "There's ball in the bandoliers, but no powder. I was going to break open a cask, but Estada put me at another job."

"Then that leaves us on even footing, lads, we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Clasp of the Sea.

The sounds of voices and of moving bodies were plainly discernible, but the darkness was too dense below to permit the eye perceiving what was taking place. The rattle of steel told me some among them had reached the arm rack. There followed the crash of wood as though the butt of a gun had splintered a door panel. Then a voice pierced the babel. My mind gripped the meaning of it all; they had found a leader; they had released Manuel Estevan. Now the real fight was on! I could hear the fellow question those about him, seeking to learn the situation.

"Who have cutlasses? So many! a dozen form with me. Now bulies, they are on the stairs there, and that is the only way to the deck. Now then—to hell with 'em!"

We met them, point to point, our advantage the narrow staircase and the higher position; theirs the faint glimmer of light at our backs. The first rush was reckless and deadly, the infuriated devils not yet realizing what they faced, but counting on force of numbers to crush our defense. Manuel led them yelling encouragement, and sweeping his cutlass, gripped with both hands, in desperate effort to break through. DeLasser caught its point with his blade while my cleaver missing him with its sharp edge, nevertheless dealt the fellow a blow which hurled him back into the arms of the man behind. I saw nothing else in detail, the faint light barely revealing indistinct figures and gleam of steel. It was a pandemonium of blows and yells, strange faces appearing and disappearing, as men leaped desperately at us up the steps, and we beat them remorselessly back. I saw nothing more of Manuel in the fray, but his shrill voice urged on his fellows. It was strike and parry, cut and thrust. Twice I kicked my legs free from hands that gripped me, and DeLasser fell, a pike thrust through him. Who took his place I never knew, but

a stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.

But they were of a breed trained to such fighting, and the lash of Manuel's tongue drove them into mad recklessness. And there seemed no end of them, sweeping up out of those black shadows, with bearded or lean brown savage faces, charging over the dead bodies, hacking and gouging in vain effort to break through. I struck until my arms ached, until my head reeled, scarcely conscious of physical action, yet aware of Manuel's shouts.

"Now you hell-hounds—now! once more, and you have them. Santa Maria! you're got to go through, bulies—there is no other way to the deck. Rush 'em! That's the way! Here you—go in outside the rail! Broth of hell! Now you have him, Pedro!"

For an instant I believed it true; I saw Jim Carter seized and hurled sideways, his cutlass clashing as it fell, while a dozen hands dragged him headlong into the rack beneath. But it was only an instant. Before the charging devils could pass me, a huge figure filled the vacant space, and the butt of a gun crashed into the mass. It was the Dutchman, Schmitt, fighting like a demon, his strength that of an ox. They gave way in terror before him, and we went down battering our way, until the stairs were clear to the deck, except for the dead under foot. When we stopped, not a fighting man was left within the sweep of our arms. They scurried back into the darkness like so many rats, and we could only stare about blindly, cursing them, as we endeavored to recover breath. Schmitt roared like a wild bull, and would have rushed on, but for my grip on his shirt.

"Get back, men!" I ordered sharply. "There may be fifty of them yonder. Our only chance is the stairs."

We flung the bodies on one side, and formed again from rail to rail. Below us there was noise enough, a babel of angry voices, but no movement of assault.

"Any of you armed with cutlasses?" "Oul, m'sieur, Ravel DeLasser."

"Stand here, to right of me, now another at my left. Who are you?" "Jim Carter, sir."

"Good; now strike hard, lads, and you others be ready. The cabin is full of 'em, and it is your life and mine in the balance. If we can get away in this fog they'll never find us, but we've got to hold them here until the boats are ready. I killed their captain, Sanchez. That is where we've still got them, without a leader."

"But they've got arms?" "Only hand weapons," broke in Carter. "There's ball in the bandoliers, but no powder. I was going to break open a cask, but Estada put me at another job."

"Then that leaves us on even footing, lads, we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel."



The First Rush Was Reckless and Deadly.

sault. What they would do next was answered by a blaze of light, revealing the silhouette of a man, engaged in touching flame to a torch of hemp. It flung forth a dull yellow flare, and revealed a scene of horror. Our assailants were massed halfway back. Between us, even ten feet from the stairs, the deck was littered with bodies, ghastly faces staring up, with black stains of blood everywhere. It was Manuel's hand which had kindled the light, and the first croak of his voice told his purpose.

"Now you skulking cowards," he yelled pointing forward, "do you see what you are fighting? There are only five men between you and the deck. To hell with 'em! Come on! I'll show you the way!"

He leaped forward; but it was his last step. I sent the cleaver hurtling through the air. I know not how it struck him, but he went down, his last word a shriek, his arms flung out in vain effort to ward off the blow. Schmitt roared out a Dutch oath, and his gun, sent whirling above me, crashed into the uplifted torch. Again it was black night, through which the eye could perceive nothing. Even the noise ceased, but a hand gripped my shoulder.

"Who are you?" "Watkins. The boats are ready. The one forward has pushed off loaded. The afterboat is alongside. There is such a fog, sir, yer can't see two fathoms from the ship. The girl is in the boat, but LeVere ain't. The mate

slipped out o' sight — the cog, lads, somewhere aboard."

"Never mind him; the fellow can do no harm now. Move back slowly lads. Schmitt and I will be the last ones out."

We closed the companion door as silently as possible and for the moment there was no sound from within to show that our cautious withdrawal had been observed. I stared about, but was able to perceive little beyond the small group awaiting my orders. The fog clung thick and heavy on all sides, and it was impossible for the eye to penetrate to either rail. Fortunately there was no weight of sea running.

"There is nothing more to keep us aboard lads. Stow yourselves away and hang on; I'll wait here until you are all over."

They faded away into the mist, dim spectral figures, and I remained alone, listening anxiously for some hostile sound from below. Satisfied that the lads were safely over the rail and the decks clear, I turned toward the ship's side. As I did so a yell reached my ears from the blackness below—the hounds had found voice.

I ran through the fog in the direction the others had disappeared, and had taken scarcely three steps when I collided against the form of a man, whose presence was not even noticed until we came together. Yet he must have been there expectant and ready, for a quick knife thrust slashed the front of my jacket, bringing a spurt of blood as the blade was jerked back. Even as my fingers gripped the uplifted wrist, ere he could strike the second time, I knew my antagonist. I knew also this was a fight to the death, to be terminated before that unguarded crew below could attain the deck. It was LeVere's life or mine, and in the balance the fate of those others in the waiting boat alongside. The knowledge gave me the strength and the ferocity of a tiger. I ripped the knife from his fingers, and we closed with bare hands, his voice uttering one croaking cry for help as I bore in on his windpipe. He was a snake, a cat, slipping out of my grasp as by some magic. At last I had him against the rail, the weight of us both so hard upon it that the stout wood broke, and we both went over, grappling until we splashed into the water below. The shock loosened my hold; as I fought a way back to the surface I was alone. My strength began to fail, hope left me as I sank deeper and deeper into the remorseless grip of the ocean. I was not afraid; my lips uttered no cry, no prayer—I drifted out into total unconsciousness and went down.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Open Boat.

I came back to a consciousness of pain, unable at once to realize where I was, or feel any true sense of personality. Then slowly I comprehended that I rested in a boat, tossed about by a fairly heavy sea; that it was night and there were stars visible in the sky overhead. I stared at these, vacant of thought, when a figure seemed to lean over me, and I caught the outline of a face, gazing eagerly down into my own. Instantly memory came back in a flash—this was not death, but life; I was in a boat with her. I could not move my hands, and my voice was but a hoarse whisper.

"Miss Fairfax—Dorothy!" "Yes—yes," I swiftly. "It is all right, but you must lie still. Watkins, Captain Carlyle is conscious. What shall I do?"

"He must have been behind us at the steering oar, for his gruff, kindly voice sounded very close.

"Yer might lift him up, miss," he said soberly. "He'll breathe better. How's that, Captain?"

"Much easier," I managed to breathe. "I guess I am all right now. You fished me out?"

"Sam did. He got a boat hook in your collar. We cast off when yer went overboard, and cruised about in the fog hunting fer yer. Who was yer was fightin' with, sir?"

"LeVere."

"That's what I told the lads. He's a gonner, I reckon?"

"I never saw him after we sank. Are all the men here?"

"All but those in the forward boat, sir. They got away first, an' we ain't had no sight ov 'em since. Maybe we will when it gets daylight. Harwood's in charge. I give him a compass, an' told him ter steer west. Was that right?"

"All I could have told him. I haven't had an observation, and it is all guess work. I know the American coast lies to that direction, but that is about all I couldn't tell if it be a hundred, or a hundred and fifty miles away. Must have been in bad shape when you pulled me in?"

"We thought you was gone, sir. You was bleedin' some, too, but only from flesh wounds. The young lady she just wouldn't let yer die. She worked over yer for two or three hours, sit afore I hed any hope."

Her eyes were downcast and her face turned away, but I reached out my hand and clasped her fingers. The mystery of the night and ocean was in her motionless posture. Only as her hand gently pressed mine did I gain courage, with a knowledge that she recognized and welcomed my presence.

"Watkins says I owe my life to you," I said, so low the words were scarcely audible above the dash of water alongside. "It will make that life more valuable than ever before."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

French photographers have developed a process for treating negatives by which the effect of stereoscopic relief is produced in pictures.

VIENNA'S AGED DYING ON FEET

Most Austrians Suffer From Ravages of the Many Wartime Maladies.

CHILDREN ARE EMACIATED

Scrawny, Limp, Listless From Malnutrition and Seldom Smile or Play—American Red Cross Is Helping.

London.—Dr. Ethel Williams, a Newcastle doctor of 30 years' experience, recently has returned to England from Vienna. She attended the Woman's International conference at Zurich, where she heard so much about the conditions of disease in Austria that she decided to see for herself what those conditions really were. She spent a week in Vienna, visiting the hospitals and the school kitchens, studying medical statistics, interviewing representative people, and seeing as much as she could of the city. Speaking to a Manchester Guardian representative, she said:

"What impressed me most was the appalling condition of every old person I saw, and of 95 per cent of the children. The old people were like walking death's heads. There are so many things that persons over sixty cannot digest. The mortality among the old has increased by 150 per cent."

"What struck me most when walking about the streets was that there were no toddlers. Children of three and even four years were carried by their mothers. The children did not run about, or shout, or quarrel. It was four days before I saw a child playing."

Most Children Emaciated. At least 95 per cent of the practically wild children were painfully emaciated, with discolored circles around their sunken eyes and the tendons of their necks showing like those of old people. Even middle-class children have these scrawny necks, and when they run their cheeks flap like those of old people. But they seldom run. They are all limp and listless.

The scene in the out-patients' department at the biggest state children's hospital was pitiful—no sound or attempt to play. The children sat quietly on their mothers' knees or against a wall.

"I saw several cases of osteomalacia, a disease so rare before the war that the only two cases I had ever seen had been shown to me as a curiosity. It seems to come from lack of fresh food, and there have been 250 cases in Vienna, and I heard of another epidemic in a German town."

"The bones soften and become distorted, the pelvis bones fold inward. In early stages it is curable, but a bad case never will walk again, and a rather bad case always will have difficulty in walking."

"The cases were those of older children and adults. They told me that the hospitals were receiving about 15

cases a day, and those they had to turn away inevitably must become worse. I used to test the condition of the children I saw by feeling their fleshless arms. When I touched one child the father said: 'Don't touch him. He has this bad new disease, and it hurts him so much.' I realized that I had hurt him, but the child was too listless to shrink from the pain."

"The doctors could do practically nothing for the out-patients who could not be taken to the hospitals. The mothers were in despair. The doctors said the greatest want of all was for cod liver oil. Funds raised in England had sent a supply, but it only lasted two days. Practically every child under two is rickety."

Suffer From Starvation. "It is extraordinary how little Vienna has suffered from war epidemics such as typhus. The enormous increase in sickness is due to starvation disease. Almost all of its child population is stunted, starved, left without vitality, vigor or energy. An enormous number are tubercular and a considerable proportion of these will die. Another considerable proportion will for all their lives probably be stunted in mind and body, and all will be handicapped."

The children of school age provided with one meal of soup and bread in the day by American Red Cross workers at a special kitchen she visited were watched lest they should take the bread home. "You must eat the bread," the workers told them. "All that we can do



Philip B. Kennedy, newly appointed chief of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, says that trade restoration in Europe, including that in enemy countries, is dependent upon the return to work of the different peoples.

is to help you to keep well and strong." The American Red Cross is opening more of these kitchens, and hopes to feed 40,000 or more children, but that only means food for one section of the people, the children of school age—and even then only one meal in the day.

FAMINE IN MEN TO FIGHT FIRES

Shortage Makes Forest Fire Situation in the Northwest Desperate.

FEARLESS MALES SOUGHT

Husky Man Who is Willing to Work Looks Good as Million Dollars to Officials of United States Forestry Service.

Spokane, Wash.—One of the biggest "industries" of the northwest this summer is the fighting of forest fires.

A good, husky man, with two strong arms and a willingness to work, looks as good as a million dollars to the officials of the United States forestry service, and the big lumber concerns, who are losing vast values in timber.

There is a famine in men. That is the great reason fires, started by careless campers or lightning storms, have been able to spread over many miles of America's richest lumber lands and cause damage that will not be replaced for a generation.

One large fire in the Pack river district, northern Idaho, burst entirely beyond control and spread over forty-five square miles of territory without showing the least signs of dying down. Men to fight it were few and far between.

War Against Flames. In Spokane as well as the coast cities the forest service is waging recruiting campaigns similar to those carried on during the war. It is a war—against flames almost as destructive to America as the flames that broke out in Europe.

Lumberjacks, those big-shouldered veterans of the forest life, make the finest fire fighters. This summer they have had little chance to engage in their regular work of cutting timber, and have bent all their efforts to saving the forests that house the nation.

The forest service maintains a ceaseless lookout. As soon as smoke is discerned the news is flashed to headquarters; a crew is hastily recruited and equipped, and sent into the burning area with full supplies of food, tools and bedding.

But they have little chance to use the bedding. Fire fighting is an all-night all-day job.

How Fire is Beaten. The only successful method of stopping a fire is to get in front of it, clear a wide trail, and widen it by backfiring.

A slight change of wind will make the back fire cross the trail and endanger the workers' lives.

Blazing trees frequently fall with the wind, across the trail, and undo the work of a day.

One result of the epidemic of fires in the present summer will be a vigorous effort, on the part of lumber companies and forestry men alike, to secure from congress a greater appropriation for the forest service than ever before. America's forests are no longer so numerous and well-grown that the trees can be sacrificed with out national suffering.

Bells for City Dogs. Asheville, N. C.—As unreasonable as it sounds the city authorities have announced that every canine resident of this city must wear a bell during the next year, and to prove their earnestness they have purchased a large supply of the necessary ornaments for distribution among the owners of dogs here.

PERSHING QUALIFIES AS A MARKSMAN



General Pershing, on a visit to the great rifle range at Le Mans, France, demonstrated to the onlookers how he handled a rifle in his frontier days.

USE TACTICS OF QUAIL

How Villa and His Men Foil Pursuit.

Bandits Scatter and Hide as Federals Appear—Brown Uniforms Aid.

Juarez, Mex.—Francisco Villa's method of evading pursuit by Mexican government troops is almost identical with that used by a covey of quail to escape the hunter. Even the detail of protective coloring has been applied by Villa, for his men always wear brown cotton clothing which blends with the desert landscape and dust clouds through which they travel in campaign.

Hunters know that the quail's instinct directs it to scatter when danger approaches and seek cover in the nearby landscape. Villa and his re-

el bands do the same thing when a superior federal column approaches.

Often Villa's band will number 2,000 men under his chiefs, Angeles, Lopez, Diaz and Garcia. They make a column which coils across the plains like a giant snake and leaves a great dust cloud in its wake.

But let General Castro's government troops approach with artillery, machine guns and cavalry mounted on former American army horses and the column will break up into little bands of 100 under petty chiefs, will disappear in some mountain canyon and go into hiding until the federals pass. Once the danger of attack is over the column reassembles, occupies some town in its path and again disappears with its loot.

Villa's men have been known to hitch their horses to plows in the fields of the irrigated districts and be industriously plowing when the fed-

eral scouts appeared. They have learned various tricks of deception during the years of evading the federals, and even drive a herd of burros with them so they may transform themselves into wood vendors on occasion.

ANTHRACITE PRODUCTION UP

Shipments Show Hundreds of Thousands of Tons Over Latest Normal Production.

Philadelphia.—Shipments of anthracite for July as reported to the anthracite bureau of information aggregated 6,052,334 tons, an increase over June of 432,743 tons.

Compared with July, 1916, the latest normal year in anthracite production, the shipments last month showed an increase of 619,456 tons.

The shipments for the first four months of the coal year, beginning April 1, amounted to 22,908,555 tons, as compared with 21,146,536 tons for the corresponding period in 1916, an increase of nearly 1,800,000 tons.

**OIL STRIKE REPORTED
AT LELIA LAKE WELL**

A rumor was current on the streets of Hedley yesterday that oil and gas had been struck the evening before at the Lelia Lake Oil Co. well. We were unable to obtain official information up to the time of going to press.

We handle WHITE CREST and PEACEMAKER flour. A fresh car just received.
Barnes & Hastings.

Mrs. J. B. Masterson and J. A. Moreman leave this morning for a visit to Dallas, Fort Worth, Denton, Ardmore, Okla. and other points.

**JOIN
The Panhandle Relief
Association
CLARENDON, TEXAS**

Equitable Rates for Mutual Life Insurance. Ask for Application Blank and Information.

R. H. BEVILLE, SECRETARY
Clarendon, Texas

We want you to know

we are equipped to give you the best Drug Store service to be had anywhere and have the determination to show you that we are capable of rendering you service second to none.

CONNECT YOUR HOME WITH A
RELIABLE DRUG STORE

Hedley Drug Co.

Expert Kodak Finishing

Work handled daily at following prices:

Developing film (any size).....10c per 6 exp.
Printing 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 (No. 2 Brownie).....3c each
Larger sizes.....4c each Smaller sizes.....2c each
Printing any size on post-cards.....5c each

Money Must Accompany All Mail Orders
NO JOB TOO LARGE OR TOO SMALL
Equipped to handle 2400 prints per hour

W. D. ORR
713 Main Street Memphis, Texas

**KODAK FINISHING
OF THE BETTER KIND**

QUALITY AND SERVICE is our motto. You get what you pay for.

We require no advance money on mail orders. We send them out C. O. D.; you pay for them when you get them. Also, pictures sent this way are insured.

Ask anybody about us—they know.

BARTLETT'S ART STUDIO
The Home of Good Photographs
CLARENDON, TEXAS

**DONLEY COUNTY EXHIBIT
AT THE DALLAS FAIR**

Along with those of several other counties, the Donley county exhibit to the State Fair was given mention in Tuesday's daily papers. The News said:

"P. C. Bennett of Clarendon, county agent, presides at the Donley county exhibit. Alfalfa, maize, kafir, millet, cotton and apples galore are among the crops native to that county that are shown. Milo maize averaged one and one half tons to the acre in Donley county, Mr. Bennett said."

Guaranteed full weight 8 oz Duck, 35c yard at the
M. & M. Store.

A CORRECTION

A mistake has been called to our attention in the County Fair premium lists as published in the Informer last week.

Mrs. B. F. Lyle was awarded first premiums for best calico and worsted quilts, instead of Mrs. Davis as announced.

We feel sure there were some other errors, and omissions, as the lists we secured were not exactly in "apple pie order."

FARM LOANS

I have on hand a large sum of money to loan on good farms. Low rate and good terms.
T. B. Norwood.

NOTICE TO OUR CUSTOMERS

After October 10th we will not deliver anything in the morning ordered after 10 o'clock, and nothing in the afternoon ordered after 4:30. Please take notice and be governed accordingly.

Furr Grocery Co.,
A. J. Newman,
Armstrong & Cooper,
C. H. Brewer,
Barnes & Hastings.

WINDY VALLEY PICK-UPS

Some rainy weather on hand at present.

Miss Fannie White of Claude is a guest of Mrs. Charley Cobb. Mrs. George Conner and her daughter, Miss Delphia, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Obie Rich Sunday afternoon.

A large crowd attended the Fair at Hedley, carrying off several prizes, three being free trips to the Dallas Fair, these going to Clarence and Gilmer Ayers and Arthur McElroy. The boys left for Dallas Monday night.

J. J. Bills and family were Lelia Lake visitors Sunday. Mrs. Cobb of Claude returned home Sunday after a month's stay here.

Mrs. Obie Rich is able to be up again after an illness of three months duration.

The Baptist conference meets Sunday at the church.

J. J. and D. R. W. Bills visited in Vernon last week and attended the Fair. Their father, D. C. Bills of Hood county, accompanied them home for a short stay.

Clay Inmon is home from Brice during the rainy weather.

Mrs. Buster Conner visited Mrs. Jake Conner Friday.

Good luck to the Informer and its readers.

Bashful Nell.

**HARD TIMES! HIGH PRICES!
SAVE THEM DOLLARS!**

Bring me your Old Shoes and I will fix them for you, as good as when new; under a guarantee—no fix, no pay.

Or I will pay cash for men's and boys' old shoes, at a reasonable price, when they are fixable.

W. Z. HOGGARD

at Alexander's old stand.

**POULTRY BREEDERS, TAKE
NOTICE**

The Donley County Fair that was held in Hedley this Fall demonstrated the fact that there is a great interest taken in poultry raising in the Hedley section, and that a large number of thoroughbred chickens are bred and grown in our community.

Let's all get together and organize a Poultry Breeders Club, for the encouragement and up building of our interests, and the breeding of more and better poultry.

We will meet in the Odd Fellows building on Saturday, Oct. 18th. All breeders of poultry cordially invited to meet with us.
A Poultry Breeder.

WHITE CREST—a perfect flour. Car just received.
Barnes & Hastings.

A letter from Leslie M. Long to his father, Marshall Long, bears the glad tidings that he has received his discharge from the Navy and expects to arrive home about the 12th or 15th of this month. On his last return trip from France, his ship, the George Washington, brought as passengers the King and Queen of Belgium, who will make an extended tour in this country.

LOST—3 red shoats, weight about 80 pounds, and 1 red sow, weight about 200 pounds. \$5.00 reward for recovery.
J. A. Mullins.

J. K. P. Kyser of Bray was a caller at the Informer office one day last week and paid for two more Informer subscriptions—one to be sent to a son at Forney, the other to a daughter at Chisholm. Mr. Kyser was enthusiastic over the success of our Fair, and is predicting a record breaker for next year. He sends three papers to his children "down in Texas," to let them know that Hedley is on the map.

TO WATER CUSTOMERS

Owing to the fact that much water is being carelessly wasted, I will hereafter cut off the water at 8 p. m. and leave it off during the night. Govern yourselves accordingly.

C. F. Doherty.

A card from Bond W. Johnson informs the Informer that he and his family are moving from Corpus Christi to Houston, 1311 Heights Blvd. He says they are all well, and adds an appreciated kind word for the Informer. Hedley people are much pleased to know that they came safely through the disastrous storm.

LOST—Between Hedley and Clarendon, one GE Electric Smoothing Iron. Finder please return to us at Clarendon and get reward.

Kemp & Cope, Dealers
in Delco Light Products.

WANT A FAMILY that can pick from 1000 pounds to a bale of cotton a day. Have 125 acres that will make half a bale per acre. Will pay \$1.50 per 100, furnish house to live in and pasture for horses. See
E. T. Moody,
9 miles west of Hedley.

TRANSFER WAGON

Lawrence Baker, Prop.

WILL GIVE YOU PROMPT SERVICE, AND SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE

PHONE 10

TERRY COUNTY LAND

is one of the best buys in Texas. I have a number of choice ranches and farms listed with me for sale—at rock bottom prices. If you are interested see or write me before buying.

K. W. Howell,
Brownfield, Texas.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
Preaching at 8 p. m.
COME TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.
Cal C. Wright, Pastor.

WORK STOCK for sale: good mares and young mules.
T. B. Norwood.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

All services at usual hours. Come and worship with us.
J. M. Mizell, Pastor.

Old things made new—at the Shoe stand. The Judge is there.
Hoggard.

A. W. Alexander, in a letter written the 7th inst to W. Z. Hoggard, says that he is getting better slowly. He expressed himself as highly pleased at the success of the Fair, of which he read in the Informer. He seems to think (rather, his Doctor does) that it is advisable for him to remain in Marlin a while longer than he had expected to. He sends his best regards to all his friends.

Jim Sherman, Member National Collectors' Association, Clarendon, Texas.

We forgot to mention in last week's paper that Fred Bidwell had returned from the old home in Grayson county, he having gone there with his brother, J. L. Bidwell, who has been seriously ill for some time.

Hall Insurance, Fire Insurance, Life Insurance—all kinds of Insurance. See Geo. A. Ryan, Clarendon, Texas.

Mrs. W. E. Reeves left the past week for Oklahoma City on a visit. She expects to be gone about two months.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Church of Christ meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Presbyterian church, for communion service and Bible study.
Everybody invited.

\$100,000 TO LOAN

Low rate of interest. Will buy good notes. Office in First National Bank building.
LEON O. LEWIS,
Clarendon, Texas

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

ED C. BOLIVER
Publisher

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

The Informer, \$1.50 a year.

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 of church or society doings, when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

NOTICE—Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Informer will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

P. C. Johnson is now behind the counter at the Armstrong & Cooper store, and invites his friends to pay him a visit.

FOR SALE—A few bred-to-lay Barred Rock cockerels.
M. J. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Wright and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, are spending the week in Dallas.

Dr. J. F. Tomlinson is here this week from Memphis looking after his drug business.

Miss Lola Baker is now an employe of the Guaranty State Bank.

Cotton is being marketed fast these days—when the weather permits.

TO INFORMER READERS

A number of you owe us money on subscription. We have some rather heavy obligations to meet in a short time, and ask that you pay us next time you find it convenient. This is a serious matter with us; please keep it in mind.

Another thing: After Nov. 15th the price of the Informer will be \$1.50 a year. This announcement was made once before, but we decided to try to "get by" at the old price a while longer. We've lost money on the trying, paper and other materials continue to soar, until it's a matter of raising the price or closing the shop. In these high price times, if the paper isn't \$1.50 it isn't worth printing. Remember, Nov. 15th. Until that time you can still buy it for a dollar a year.

Subscribe for The Informer.

**HAVE YOU BOUGHT
YOUR
THRIFT STAMP TODAY?
SAVE AND SUCCEED!**

Pay Your Subscription to the

**Informer
NOW**

**If you want to save
50c on it**

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Help to Pass the Crisis Safely—Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Can be Relied Upon.

Urbana, Ill.—"During Change of Life, in addition to its annoying symptoms, I had an attack of grippe which lasted all winter and left me in a weakened condition. I felt at times that I would never be well again. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it did for women passing through the Change of Life, so I told my doctor I would try it. I soon began to gain in strength and the annoying symptoms disappeared and your Vegetable Compound has made me a well, strong woman so I do all my own housework. I cannot recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly to women passing through the Change of Life."—Mrs. FRANK HENSON, 1316 S. Orchard St., Urbana, Ill.

Women who suffer from nervousness, "heat flashes," backache, headaches and "the blues" should try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Mean Remark.

"I hear he got his wife out of a department store." "He must have proposed on remnant day."

A SUMMER COLD

A cold in the summer time, as everybody knows, is the hardest kind of a cold to get rid of. The best and quickest way is to go to bed and stay there if you can, with a bottle of "Boschee's Syrup" handy to insure a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning.

But if you can't stay in bed you must keep out of draughts, avoid sudden changes, eat sparingly of simple food and take occasional doses of Boschee's Syrup, which you can buy at any store where medicine is sold, a safe and efficient remedy, made in America for more than fifty years. Keep it handy.—Adv.

Poor Way to Economize

But don't pinch your feet and think you are patriotically saving on leather.

Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Readers of other perfume superlatives. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

When a man does his work well he has no time to find fault with the work of his neighbor.

HAD TO GIVE UP

Was Almost Frantic With the Pain and Suffering of Kidney Complaint. Doan's Made Her Well.

Mrs. Lydia Shuster, 1838 Margaret St., Frankford, Pa., says: "A cold started my kidney trouble. My back began to ache and got sore and lame. My joints and ankles became swollen and painful and it felt as if needles were sticking into them. I finally had to give up and went from bad to worse."

"My kidneys didn't act right and the secretions were scanty and distressing. I had awful dizzy spells when everything before me turned black; one time I couldn't see for twenty minutes. Awful pains in my head set me almost frantic and I was so nervous, I couldn't stand the least noise. How I suffered! Often I didn't care whether I lived or died."

"I couldn't sleep on account of the terrible pains in my back and head. Nothing seemed to do me a bit of good until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. I could soon see they were helping me; the backache stopped, my kidneys were regulated and I no longer had any dizzy spells or rheumatic pains. I still take Doan's occasionally and they keep my kidneys in good health."

Sworn to before me. F. W. CASSIDY, JR., Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Down Come Prices.

Darby—I saw in a Main street window about 100 articles on which the price had been reduced 50 per cent.

Joan (excitedly)—Bet you've been drinking! But what were they?

Darby—Knitting needles.—Buffalo Express.

Fresh, sweet, white, dainty clothes for baby, if you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Never streaks or injures them. All good grocers sell it, 5c a package.

When you hear a man say that he is tired of the world it's a safe bet that the world is tired of him.

The chronic bore makes a big hole in a man's busy day.

MURINE'S Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy, if they Tingle, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Drugstores. Write for Free Eye Book. Marine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

Afternoon Frock, New and Piquant



Among the experimental styles which have blossomed out for late summer wear and that hope to survive in fashions for winter, there are afternoon and evening frocks that show much draping of material about the figure. And so long as gowns or suits convey to us that they clothe a supple, youthful and corsetless figure, they are sure of attention. Not that figures are in reality corsetless, or always youthful. But these are the things that must be suggested if the garment is to prove a success. The task of conveying the fashionable outlines lies with the corset maker and the dressmaker, who are very much aided by the softness and limpness of the fabrics used.

One of the new draped frocks for late summer is shown in the picture above, made of silk with a satin stripe. Whether or not it is an import, it has a French flavor, with its rather short, split underskirt and bouffant over-

drapery. In the underskirt and overskirt the satin stripe in the fabric runs horizontally, but in the bodice and sleeves the stripes are vertical. All the interest in this frock centers in the management of the fabric, for nothing else is used. The long overdress is caught up in two very deep plaits to form the suggestion of panniers at the sides and a short tunic at the back, and it is considerably lengthened at the left side, where it ends over the split in the underskirt.

The quaint bodice is extended into a basque and joined to the skirt. A square neck and elbow sleeves are finished with full, soft puffs of the silk. A lace chemisette with a falling frill of lace across the front closes the story of this piquant frock which is so unlike its contemporaries. It has a quaint and sprightly style and many of the fibre-silk materials are especially well suited to it.

In the Kindergarten Class



A small boy, newly arrived at the dignity of pants, and a little girl in her new fall coat for school wear, invite the attention of interested mothers. These are children in the kindergarten stage and they are well clothed in the simple and good-looking things that are pictured here.

There is hardly a season which enters lacking light woolen coats in black-and-white checks for girls and misses. This one, for a little lady of four years or so, is cut to flare and its knee length. It has large patch pockets, with pointed flaps, that support handsome buttons, and a shawl collar of the checked material. The buttons are the special pride and glory of this coat and three of them serve to fasten it at the front. They are black with a ring of white, to match them to the coat. The over collar and straight cuffs of white pique which lend so much snowy freshness to this smart little coat are, of course, detachable, so that they may be kept clean, and several sets of them take their turn at service while their fellows go to the tub.

The entire suit worn by the little lad is washable. The waist and pants are designed with an eye to easy laundering, made of strong cotton materials and put together to last. In

clothes for small boys these are the first essentials after the choice of fabric is made. After these matters are disposed of, design is considered, and it would be hard to find anything more engaging than this snappy little outfit. The short pants turn under at the bottom and fasten with elastic at the knee. The plain blouse is plaited into a wide belt in which long, vertical buttonholes are worked. It has long shoulders and long sleeves and a regulation sailor collar, trimmed with the usual three rows of braid. There are two rows on the sleeves, and on the left arm a very grand and impressive looking insignia. But the crowning glory of this suit, as of the little girl's coat, are the very large and handsome buttons that look more than equal to holding the pants and waist together. The belt laces together at the left side, and a wide silk tie completes the splendor of an outfit which shows its wearer to be a person of considerable consequence in a world of his own.

Julia Bottomley

Hand embroideries are once more seen on lingerie gowns.



Savory beans, Mexican peppers, choice bits of tender beef—all in a hot Spanish sauce! Such is Libby's Chili Con Carne—ask your grocer for a package today. Try it with rice, mashed potatoes or spaghetti—it's delightful.
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Desperate Remedy.

"I have a fine remedy for the high cost of living, but it's desperate and I hesitate to try it."
"What is it?"
"Just to quit eating food altogether."

"BAYER CROSS" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Always buy an unbroken Bayer package which contains proper directions to safely relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Colds and pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents at drug stores—larger packages also. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-acidester of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

True.

"His word is law."
"I never could see much to that expression."
"Why not?"
"Most laws require so many words."

To Purify and Enrich the Blood Take GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILI TONIC which is simply IRON and QUININE suspended in Syrup. So Pleasant Even Children Like It. You can soon feel its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. Price 60c.

The Next Best Thing.

"Is he clever?"
"I don't know. All I do know is that he has a way of making people think he is clever."

Exactly.

"I keep telling my boy to aim high, impressing on him that 'not failure but low aim is crime.'"
"I see; in teaching the young idea to shoot you use a Maxim."

Why buy many bottles of other Vermifuges, when one bottle of Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot" will act surely and promptly? Adv.

Not All There.

"I understand your cook left your house." "Not all of it," said Mr. Cumrox. "We had to put a mortgage on it to meet her requirements as to wages."

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition. Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

Gallant Valuation.

She—Whosoever wants me, must take me at my face value." He—"I'm sure that will be a fair estimate."

A pneumatic hammer for tamping paving stones has been invented.

HEADACHE Often Caused by Acid-Stomach

Yes, indeed, more often than you think. Because ACID-STOMACH, starting with indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-rotting, bloating and gas, if not checked, will eventually affect every vital organ of the body. Severe, blinding, spitting headaches are, therefore, of frequent occurrence as a result of this upset condition.

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If you want to get back your physical and mental strength—be full of vim and vigor—enjoy life and be happy, you must get rid of your acid-stomach.

In EATONIC you will find the very help you need and it's guaranteed. So get a big 50c box from your druggist today. If it fails to please you, return it and he will refund your money.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

The Proper Treatment.

"I have a terrible cold," he complained. "My head feels all stopped up."

"Have you tried a vacuum cleaner?" she queried sweetly.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

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Don't treat sore, inflamed, smarting eyes with powerful "drop" drugs "drop" in by hand. A soothing, effective, safe remedy is MITCHELL EYE SALVE.

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No hunting allowed on my premises.

L. A. Dunn.

Subscribe for The Informer.

ONE FAMILY'S HARROWING EXPERIENCE IN THE BIG STORM at CORPUS CHRISTI

Continued from page 1

away. Grandfather Ambler and Alma, eldest daughter of the Brays, a girl of 15, sprang out of a window as the building careened and clung to floating wreckage, as had the mother and son before, following them out into Nueces bay. After they had fought the elements cling to the rolling and turning raft for about half an hour, Grandfather Ambler was washed and jerked loose and lost in the terrible boiling waters. Alma floated on alone, on and on into the flood, the darkness and the night. Finally she landed on a firm bottom, where she remained for several hours, until morning. At daybreak she found she was on an island in the Nueces river, at a point shown later to be 12 miles from her starting place. She saw land across the waters, and driven by hunger and desperation she decided to try to swim across to the landing. She was almost exhausted, but realized she would starve or die of exposure if she remained on the island. In order to swim the better she removed her clothing. Then by swimming and wading she managed to land across on the shore. This proved to be only another island, and she must wade on to another landing. Here she was met by the first human being she had seen since her grandfather sank behind the raft. A soldier had been carried to this same locality, and seeing her approaching he threw her his coat which she wrapped about her. Her feet were torn and bleeding. She was faint and sick, but this American soldier carried her out to dry land and safety. There was a house in sight and they sought it for food and shelter. But lo, there was no one to be seen and no food but some ears of corn. Each of them ate of the corn. Then they followed a fence hoping to find some habitation. Remember, neither then had the remotest idea of what direction they had taken nor in what location they had been carried. Nothing but terrible winds, driving blinding rains, and maniacal howlings, moanings and groanings had greeted their eyes and ears for a whole afternoon and night. But they found a ranch house a mile beyond, where the young lady was given clothing and they were warmed and fed. Two hours later the grandmother was brought to the same house by a rescue party. She had been cared for thru the storm by a young soldier, and both had finally lodged in a tree where they were found Monday. Two nails

had torn great gashes in Mrs. Ambler's hand, and she was terribly exhausted. It was thought for some time that she might not recover, as the wounds had become infected by the poisonous waters. She has recovered sufficiently, however, to come home and she, with her son, Lennie Ambler, will arrive in Mangum Friday.

The father, W. R. Bray, and his daughter, Wilma Nelle, left the building by the door at the same time Mr. Ambler and the eldest daughter went out at the window. This girl being only 8 years old, does not remember the harrowing experiences like the older ones. She remembers floating on and on among the wrecks for hours with her father. She remembers seeing him loose from the raft, but remembers seeing him no more. Neither he nor his father-in-law, Mr. Ambler, have been seen since they left the rafts during the storm. The little girl remembers growing very tired in the waters. She says she laid down on a board in the water to go to sleep. She woke up next day some time, lying on the beach far up the Nueces bay. She saw a pillow lying near by, crawled to it and rested her head upon it. She was almost dying of thirst, and attempted to go to the water's edge to get a drink, but was too weak to walk or crawl the distance. She was not found until Tuesday, and was in such a delirious condition that her life was almost despaired of. The grandmother and Alma were taken to a relief camp at Odem, Texas, then to Sinton to a relief hospital, and on Thursday back to Corpus Christi. One by one they learned of the safety of the others; but the father of the children, and their grandfather, will likely never be seen.

Mrs. Bray states that this story wouldn't be complete without a word of praise for the great work of the Red Cross and other like organizations during the terrible trials and suffering after this storm.

Extra heavy Outing, in all colors. Light colors 25c yd; dark extra heavy in solid and fancy patterns 30c yd, at the
M. & M. Store.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cox, from Hondo, N. M., have been here and at Clarendon for some time, visiting their daughters, Mes. J. E. Blankenship, C. H. Lamkin and John Turnbow. Mr. Cox called at the Informer office a few days ago and subscribed for this paper.

Don't throw them away, bring 'em on; no fix, no charge—your shoes.
Hoggard.

Mrs. J. W. Lane and children left Tuesday for Wichita Falls, in which city they will make their home. Their many friends regretted to see them go, but Mrs. Lane decided it was best, all things considered. Our good wishes go with them.

Why let your tailoring work become a burden? We are prepared to do all kinds of tailoring work; ladies' work a specialty. A good steam press makes quick service. Satisfactory work guaranteed.
R. R. Mobley,
O K Tailor.

Mrs. Raymond Stucker, from Dalhart, has been visiting Mrs. Clyde Grimsley. She left Saturday for the Dallas Fair, but will return here for another visit about the 20th inst.

LOST—Guest towel, hand embroidered, tatted on each end, in the embroidery display at the Fair.
Mrs. T. R. Moreman.



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