

THE HANSFORD HEADLIGHT.

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THE PICNIC A GREAT SUCCESS

National Holiday Was Fittingly Observed in Hansford County

Another July 4 has passed into history. A large crowd of Hansford county people met at the Les Cator grove, 5 miles west of Hansford, and celebrated this birthday of the nation in a truly patriotic manner. The celebration was held under the auspices of the Hansford County Commercial Club, and not a hitch occurred in the pre-arranged program from beginning to end. Owing to the heavy rains of the night previous, the crowds were late in arriving at the grounds and it was after 12 o'clock before any of the program was taken up in a regular and systematic manner. After visiting about the grounds for a time the crowd assembled at the platform where some excellent music was furnished by the Hansford Orchestra. Then followed addresses by Messrs. Townsend, Works and Callahan, and the reading of the declaration of independence. The committee on program, realizing that in the complexity of life, in the problems brought about by the war that now confront us, in the struggle for existence, the spiritual quality that was so manifest in the Pilgrims and the signers of the declaration threatens to be lost, hence a re-verification of the old custom of reading this immortal document as a part of the program for the day was not considered amiss. Dinner was next in order, and after feasting for an hour and a half on fried chicken and other good things the crowd turned their attention to sports. First came a free-for-all foot race which was won by Sylvester Frizzell. Of course there had to be a fat man's race and it was won by John Smith. Then came the most interesting and exciting sport of the day, the automobile races and tournament riding. Lon Hays and Chas. Riley got first prize, Lon driving the distance of 250 yards in 14 seconds, while Mr. Riley hooked 14 rings in three times through. The tug-of-war was the most laughable of all the sports and was won by Hansford county but not until after they had pulled as they never pulled before. The Hutchinson county contingent put up a strong fight and were outclassed by a very small margin. The ball game between Hansford and a picked-up team resulted in an easy victory for the former. The pony races were good and attracted considerable attention. A roan horse from the Powers ranch

won three races in succession. After sundown dancing began and it was along in the wee sma hours when the last of the happy crowd boarded their cars and started for home. The refreshment stand and doll rack did a lively business all day and far into the night. The celebration was a success in every particular.

June Weddings

June has always been the popular month for weddings, and it seems June, 1917, furnished the usual number of blushing brides and handsome bridegrooms in spite of the short wheat crop and war with Germany.

On June 24 Edwin D. Sheets and Miss Tressie Lackey were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lackey, 12 miles southwest of Hansford.

R. H. McNutt and Miss Flossie Henderson of Lieb, were united in marriage at Texhoma on Monday, June 27.

The many friends of Sol J. Davidson and Miss Viola McNabb were taken by surprise this Thursday morning when they announced their marriage, which was solemnized at Dalhart, Texas, on Thursday, June 14, by Rev. Israel, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of that place. On that date Mr. Davidson and Miss McNabb were invited by a young married couple of Guymon to make the trip to Dalhart with them. The invitation was accepted and while the latter were attending to business the happy "would-be's" went quietly over to the court house, secured the license and proceeded to the home of the minister. After the ceremony the four returned to Guymon, the chaperons being none the wiser, while the mother of the bride was the only person in Guymon to suspect what had taken place.

Mr. Davidson is proprietor of "The Hub" tailor shop. Since coming here less than a year ago he has forged to the front in Guymon business circles and gives promise of becoming one of our substantial young business men. The bride has lived in Guymon with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McNabb, for a number of years. She is accomplished in the many ways that will fit her to make another happy home in Guymon.

The young couple will start house-keeping at once in the Tyler property at the corner of Third and Quinn. Their many friends will join the Herald in extending congratulations and

When the Frost is on the Highball

When the frost is on the highball and the julep is in hock,
When you have to keep your "licker" well protected under lock;
When the corkcraw's out of fashion and the mint bed's gone to grass,

And a sip of soda water is the strongest thing they pass—
O the time is then a feller 'bout the first of old July
Will be chasin in a circle with his tongue a-hangin' dry,
As he starts out for his toddy and discovers with a shock
That the frost is on the highball and the julep is in hock.

Farewell to "mornin's mornin'" and to "night caps," too,
Farewell;

Farewell to days of frolic and to nights of raisin';
The stubble's in the rye patch and it's still around the still,
And the glasses' clink is mournful as the wailing' whip-o-wills;
The colonel's up against it and his spirit sinks because
The sinkin' down of spirits will soon be agin the laws;
He'll still dream of his toddy, but he'll wake up with a shock
When the frost is on the highball and the julep is in hock.
—Grantland Rice.

wishing them a long married life strewn with happiness and prosperity.
—Guymon Herald.

GOOD RAINS

The recent rains seem to have been general over Hansford county. The long continued dry spell which played havoc with the wheat crop for this season and was threatening even the row crops, has the appearance of being broken and farmers are wearing a smile that won't come off.

Last Sunday night and early Monday morning a steady but quite heavy rainfall prevailed throughout the greater part of Hansford county. Another rain came early Tuesday morning, with indications for more to follow. With occasional showers from now on, the row crops are assured, of which there is a larger acreage than usual. Many of the wheat fields have been plowed or disced up and put in maize and Kafir, but farmers had been a little dubious about even a feed crop on account of the continued dry weather. Now their doubts are removed and many are getting busy planting a greater acreage than ever.

Hansford county seldom makes a complete failure and the man who follows diversity of crops always plays a winning hand. Some weeks ago it was generally thought we would have no wheat at all, but nevertheless quite an acreage is being harvested, and while the yield is not what we would like, yet we hear of numerous fields estimated at from eight to ten bushels per acre. The present high price of wheat makes even a ten bushel yield quite attractive, and will bring the farmer a better revenue than twenty and thirty bushels per acre in past seasons.

All wheat land which is not already in row crop, or being planted, is being summer-fallowed and thoroughly prepared for wheat this fall. This is the first season that we have had opportunity to put summer-fallowing to a real test, and it is our opinion that our farmers will find that it pays well. We have had a few instances in past years where experiments have been made in summer-fallowing for wheat, with the result that it increased the yield more than three fold. Should this rule hold good it is possible that the dry season will prove a benefit after all. True, the shortage of a wheat crop this season is making it a little hard on us and ready money may not be as plentiful this fall as we would wish, yet if we get a three-fold yield next season, as a result of proper handling of the soil, we will not only be gainers financially but will have absolutely proven the value of summer-fallowing and will be in a position to do more intelligent farming than in the past.

We can not conceive of any busi-

Friends of John Hutton were agreeably surprised Tuesday afternoon when he alighted from the Ft. Worth & Denver train accompanied by Mrs. Hutton. Very few had been apprised of the fact that the marriage had taken place on April 23d in Fort Worth and when this became known his ability to keep the matter secret was all the more surprising. The bride was formerly Miss Edna Lofgren and during the time she was nurse at the sanitarium made many friends here who are glad to welcome her back to Dalhart as a permanent resident. On account of the condition of her mother's health Mrs. Hutton was unable to come to Dalhart immediately following the marriage. The groom is junior member of the firm of Hutton Bros. and son of our former sheriff, R. P. Hutton, and is a young man of steady habits, good character and successful in his business.—Dalhart Texan.

Miss Lutia Belle Wright of Amarillo is a guest of Miss Vashti Wright.

Attorney H. E. Hoover of Canadian was in Hansford Monday on legal business.

B. C. Holt and family, 15 miles south, were trading in Hansford Monday.

Mrs. Coleman, living 20 miles out southwest of Hansford, is reported quite sick.

J. O. Lynch, Dave Lewis and O. F. Foster were here Monday from Texhoma, attending to justice court business.

Woods Barnes, county assessor of Hutchinson county and well known as a cattle and hog buyer, was in Hansford on business Saturday.

Leeman McGee is the new carrier of the Guymon-Hansford mail. Leeman is a good, hard working fellow and is giving general satisfaction.

Miss Vashti Wright returned Saturday from Wichita Falls, where she had been for several days attending the state encampment of Camp Fire Girls.

Acc Powers was in Monday attending to business matters and rejoicing with the others over the rains. Mr. Powers says his Indian corn had begun to suffer for rain but will come out fine now, while Kafir and milo maize are just simply humping itself.

W. S. McNABB, President B. V. ANDREWS, Active Vice Pres.
WALTER C. SIKES, Cashier

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HANSFORD, TEXAS

ness which requires a greater amount of careful study than that of farming. It used to be that all the bright boys were sent to college with a view to preparing them for some of the professions, while the dull, stupid ones were kept at home on the plea that they did not have sense enough to do anything but farm. Thank God that day is past and farming has taken its proper rank among the professions. The sooner we all wake up to this fact the better, and instead of educating our boys to be lawyers and doctors and lots of other fool things called professions, let's make of them real farmers—professional farmers—farmers that are able to give some reason for their manner of doing things, and the result will be better crops and more money in the pockets of the producer.

A. W. Callahan was in Elkhart on legal business the first of the week.

J. Y. Grubbs and family are here from Guymon visiting relatives and friends.

J. A. Poole, a prosperous farmer-stockman from Hutchinson county, was trading in town Saturday.

Dr. J. M. Townes and wife of Joshua, Texas, are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Phil Weaver, and other relatives in Hansford.

Gus Ward and Commissioner Grooms were here from the Coldwater country Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Westmoreland, Jr., of Guymon, are happy over the arrival of a fine boy at their home. The young gentleman arrived on Saturday of last week.

Dave McClellan was kicked by a horse and quite seriously injured last Saturday forenoon. Dr. Hanly was called and Mr. McClellan is very much improved at this writing.

Attorney A. W. Callahan spent the greater part of last week at Tulsa visiting with relatives. Mr. Callahan says an even dozen of the tribe of Callahans were together at Tulsa, and they had a great visit.

John L. Hays, agent for the Smith Form-a-Truck, received two of these very useful machines the last of last week and has them on exhibition. They are a splendid truck and Lon will doubtless sell many of them.

Smith Form-a-Tractor Big Aid to Modern Farming Methods

A new entrant into the tractor field, which gives evidence of revolutionized methods in the comparatively new industry, is the Smith Form-a-Tractor. This is an attachment which fits to the Ford machine, converting it from a pleasure car into a piece of farm machinery within a period of fifteen minutes.

By removing the rear wheels of the Ford and placing in their stead the giant wheels of the Form-a-Tractor, the farmer has a power plant which can pull machinery which otherwise would require the employment of at least four horses.

The Smith Form-a-Tractor merely utilizes the remarkable power and economy of the Ford to do profit-making farm work. It does not injure the Ford in any way. It consists of two 42-inch wheels of 10-inch tread, to which is attached a frame which runs the full length of the Ford; and connects with the front axle, an arrangement which reinforces and strengthens the Ford frame, while eliminating any possibility of injuring the car.

Other features of the attachment are the collar type of radiators, many times as efficient as the Ford radiators, and a patented force-feed oiling system.

The Kaiser Unmasked!

The last issue of The Headlight contained the first of a series of amazing articles revealing the intrigue, scandal and diplomatic trickery in German Imperial court circles—where the great war was hatched. Count von Heltendorff, long personal adjutant to the Crown Prince, is the author of the series, which he calls "Secrets of the Hohenzollerns," and his case against the Kaiser and the Kaiser's imperial son proves them the world's most notorious murderers. Don't miss the first article—you'll sit up and wait to get those that follow. Call at the office and we will give you a copy of last week's paper.

W. E. Howard and wife of Hutchinson, Kansas, passed through Hansford Tuesday en route home from a visit down in the El Paso country, having went over the entire route of the Hockaday trail in a Ford. Mr. Howard is traveling representative of the Hutchinson Monument Works.

Judge Brown and Max Lackey attended the Ozark Trail Convention and auto races at Amari to last week.

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THE QUARTERBREED

A Tale of Adventures on An Indian Reservation

By Robert Ames Bennet

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"Mumbling an apology, Dupont hastily unfolded the deed, skimmed through it, and grasped the fact that it purported to convey to him a full half-interest in the mine. He had started to read it over more carefully when an oath from Vandervyn caused him to look up.

"The younger man pointed along the coulee bank to where the road topped the spur ridge of the butte.

"The devil!" he exclaimed "What brings him back here?"

"Cap! It sure is Cap!" muttered Dupont. "Nom d'un chien! You don't think he's got on to the game, do you?"

"Wouldn't do him any good if he had."

"Then why d'you think he's—"

"To enter the contest!" divined Vandervyn. "There's time enough to get Washington and have him put under arrest for disobeying orders."

"Hold on!" cautioned Dupont. "What does he try his luck? In the mountains there ain't no horse nor mare either can break up your pinto come."

Vandervyn's face cleared. "You ought to know. I'll chance it if—"

"Ain't no chance to it," put in Dupont. "It's a dead cinch."

"He'll think he's going to do me," exclaimed Vandervyn. "Let him register. He's come back for the mine first; then Marie. I don't want her to see him or to know he has come back. You have your deed. Suppose you start at once."

"If she's willing, I'll see," qualified Dupont. "Look out you don't slip up. I tend to my end. So long—good night!"

He rode off down the butte side of the coulee.

Vandervyn cantered straight across, and met Hardy a few yards below the tent of the commissioners.

"Good day, captain," he spoke in a friendly greeting. "I am surprised to see you back here. Have your orders been countermanded?"

"No," replied Hardy with equal calm. "I have resigned."

Vandervyn could not conceal his astonishment. "Not—not resigned from the army?"

"Yes. I telegraphed the war department, received an answer, and mailed my resignation and application for leave of absence to my commanding officer at Vancouver barracks. As an officer it was not proper for me to enter the contest."

"Ah!" Vandervyn's smile gave place to a look of pained surprise. "So you intend to enter the contest. But do you think that quite honorable, captain, in the circumstances?"

"I do not care to discuss questions of honor with you, Mr. Vandervyn," replied Hardy with utmost coolness.

"That I can well understand," countered Vandervyn. "Knowing that we can make no protest, you intend personally to take advantage of the information that you pledged yourself to keep secret."

Hardy dismounted without replying, and placed himself at the end of the line of registering entrymen. The sun

not return until Vandervyn and the commissioners had left for the agency.

That evening he drew up the legal notices required in the posting of a mining claim, and paid three or four of the older prospectors to check them for errors. To all who inquired, he described the trail by which he had gone into the mountains, and frankly stated that he knew of none other that led to the nearest of the four prominent peaks which had been named as the corners of the mineral-land boundary.

The rest of the evening and most of the following day he spent in grooming his mare. He gave her no grass and little water, but a good allowance of oats. Both morning and afternoon he took her out for short rides up the coulee, and each time repeatedly climbed and descended the bank. He did not cross over to the reservation side, much less go to the agency.

The day set for the opening dawned still and clear, with the promise of burning heat by noon.

After breakfast the more uneasy spirits began wandering about the camp or fidgeting with their packs. Nearly all the older and more experienced men gave their ponies a feed of oats, and stretched out to lounge in the shade of their tents.

Two hours before the time set for the start Vandervyn appeared, and crossed over to the camp. He was riding his pinto and leading a pack pony. When the old prospectors saw his heavy pick and shovel and large, poorly lashed pack of food and bedding, they cracked many dry jokes on the grand chances of the tenderfoot. Their own picks and shovels were as light as such tools could be made without impairing their efficiency, and their packs were as lean as Vandervyn's pack was swollen.

Hardy alone divined the deceptive mockery of his rival's cumbersome display. But he was bound by his word and could say nothing. It was he, and not Vandervyn, who was looked upon with suspicion by the crowd. Soon there was a gathering of a moblike group, that rumbled awhile, and ended by presenting itself before Hardy as a committee of inquiry.

"You been agent at this here reservation," explained their spokesman. "We want to know if you've got a frame-up to have some feller meet you with your pack animals over in the mountains."

"No," replied Hardy. "There are four days' rations in my saddlebags. A poncho is all one needs in sleeping before a fire this time of year."

"You ain't got no tools," criticized a man who had been drinking.

"The same is true of several among you," Hardy rejoined.

One of the cowboys who was included in this remark called back resonantly: "You've been into the mountains. I bet you a blue chip you've got a good prospect spotted, ready for branding."

"I am not making any bets," said Hardy. "You have heard all I know about the trail. Mr. Vandervyn has made the trip several times. He was with me during the one trip I made. I have no objection to your questioning him about it."

There was some muttering over this. But Hardy's manner was so cool and quiet that the incipient mob left him, and straggled over to where Vandervyn had hired an expert to throw the diamond hitch on his ridiculous pack. Hardy turned his back on them, and set to grooming the satiny coat of his mare. His unconcern was well founded. Whatever means Vandervyn used, they were sufficient to satisfy the crowd. The muttering soon ceased, and the men dispersed.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Race.

The commissioners came down from the agency barely in time to make their identification of the contestants. Last of all Hardy and Vandervyn identified themselves and hurried over to the end of the waiting line. There was a scant five minutes remaining. Vandervyn was a quiver with eager excitement, and made no attempt to conceal the fact. He smiled and waved his hand to the commissioners, and looked about with sparkling eyes. There was no anxiety or envy or malice in his look. Never had he appeared handsomer or more boyish.

The other commissioners had climbed into the touring car. One of them held up his watch. Another commissioner arose, thrust a small pistol above his head with a melodramatic flourish, and fired.

At the signal the line of contestants wavered and plunged forward into the shallow stream. There were, however, quite enough hasty ones to raise a wild splashing and turmoil, as, whooping and yelling, they spurred their ponies through the water and whirled away at a gallop. Some wheeled up the coulee; a few rode straight across at the steep bank. Vandervyn, the best and noisiest of all, headed the stream for the road.

Hardy followed him, and as he came to the stream for the road, he was

Hardy started after these last, holding his mare to her usual steady trot. When he came up the road to the head of the gulley, those who had gone before him were all quite a distance ahead, with Vandervyn still in the lead. Midway between the mouth of the valley and the agency, the long-striding mare began to pass ponies whose riders had thought better of their whirlwind start. Others were still loping in swift pursuit of Vandervyn.

Hardy walked the mare up the slope of the agency terrace. He saw nothing of Dupont or Marie, and the Indians had moved away with their tepees. But in the rear of the warehouse he caught a glimpse of two Indian policemen removing the load from Vandervyn's pack pony. His face clouded. He put the mare into a gallop.

All the way to the head of the valley Hardy held to a steady gallop. One after another, he passed the remaining leaders. The best of the ponies were no match in speed with the big thoroughbred.

At last only Vandervyn was ahead. As Hardy overhauled and forged past Vandervyn, the young fellow turned and met his gaze with a look of mocking hate. Hardy glanced back several times, prepared to fling himself flat alongside the pommel of his saddle. His uneasiness did not lessen when a few minutes later Vandervyn halted, and scrambled down from the trail to get a drink out of the creek. The crease in Hardy's forehead deepened.

Ahead, the walls of the canyon were sloping back into the widened valley where had been the first Indian camp. Dogs, Indians and tepees, all were gone. Only a brush-walled dance lodge remained to mark the camp site. As the mare pounded past, she curved her outstretched neck toward the lodge and whinnied. Hardy heard no answer to the call, but his frown suddenly deepened.

He reached forward and stroked the mare's sleek neck. Hot as had been the race from the agency, she had not turned a hair. His frown relaxed. Yet his tight lips showed that he was still uneasy. He balanced himself in his stirrups, and began to ride as lightly as possible.

Ascending the mountainside, he was compelled to content himself with the mare's nervous, long-strided walk. But whenever the trail was not too steep or rough, he put her into a trot, and varied the pace with an occasional short gallop.

An hour passed. He was already well into the mountains. He came to a succession of steep climbs and descents that held the mare down to a walk. Presently he thought he heard hoofbeats behind him. He listened. He had not been mistaken. An unshod horse was coming up with him at a steady jog trot.

It seemed impossible that Vandervyn's pinto could have so recuperated from that whirlwind heading of the rush as to be able to take this steep trail at a trot. Hardy gazed back, expecting to see one of the cowboys. As he went down over a ridge crest, the rider came up the ridge back across the intervening gulch. The man snatched off his broad-brimmed hat to wave a salute. The sun glinted with a golden sheen on the unmistakable blond head of Vandervyn.

At the first small break in the descent Hardy dismounted, unsaddled, and sponged out the mare's mouth and nostrils with water from his canteen. He then shook out and refolded his Navajo saddle blanket, and started to resaddle. But before he buckled the cinch-strap he shifted the pistol from his breast to a front pocket in his riding breeches.

He was vigorously grooming the mare when Vandervyn came jogging down through the thickets of tall brush that grew close on each side of the trail. He did not pause in his riding until the nimble-footed unshod pony ambled into view, less than a dozen yards up the trail. Then he glanced about, straightened, and stood staring. The pony was a pinto.

Vandervyn, smiling with insolent exultance, rode down to him, his right hand jauntily poised on his hip, over the hilt of his revolver. His eyes challenged his rival with an audacious, provoking stare. But Hardy looked only at the pinto. There was no sign of sweat lather on his rough coat, no weariness in his gait. He was fresh—"Lots of come-back to a bronco, captain," purred Vandervyn. "Sorry to see that you've stove up your mare. She's too highbred for a rocky road like this. But you might take off her shoes and travel light, the way I've done."

The pony was now ambled down the slope past Hardy. He looked at the unshod horse, and eyed him with a hateful, mocking stare. He saw the pinto's head in his staggering

when a turn of the trail suddenly gave him his first view of the broken-topped mountain and the ridge-side where Redbear had made the second attempt to assassinate him. As he looked at the shattered summit, his hazel eyes flashed. He thrust the rifle back into its sheath, and drew the mare down to a walk.

Behind him he heard a muffled drumming of unshod hoofs. Vandervyn was coming up at a gallop.

When the mocking trickster came up behind Hardy, he reined in to a jog trot, and, as before, rode past him with his hand on his hip.

There were marked differences between the third pinto and the two first. He was taller and leaner, and one of his feet was white. But Hardy appeared to be too dejected to heed the fact. As the pinto ambled away in the lead, Vandervyn smiled, and looked back at his rival with all the hate gone from his face. "By-by again, old man," he bantered. "Sorry I can't stay to keep you company. The lady is waiting—and the mine. It may also please you to hear that I have a duly signed and witnessed contract with the tribe, giving me a fee of 20 percent on all moneys appropriated in payment to the tribe for their mineral lands. Let's hear you congratulate me. Show you're game!"

But Hardy did not raise his eyes. As soon as Vandervyn was out of sight around the castellated rocks at the top of the ridge, Hardy stopped the mare and dropped from the saddle. His shapely mouth was curved in a resolute smile, and his hand was rapidly transferring from the saddlebags to his pockets a pocket ax, a handful of pistol cartridges and the legal notices for posting a mining claim.

He glanced up the slope, and, seeing no sign of Vandervyn, stripped off the mare's bridle, sponged out her nostrils and mouth with the last water in his canteen.

Hardy took the steep slope at an unhurried pace. He reached the place where he had found the bloody trail of Redbear. Up the cleft the climbing was not stiff. He came out on the valley slope, extremely hot and dry but not out of breath. Drawing an airline across to the opposite mountainside, where he had seen the light of Ti-owa-konza's campfire through the darkness, he started down into the valley at a jog as brisk as that of the third pinto. He was almost spent as he tottered through the pines up the last slope. The camp was gone, but he knew the nearest way to the spring.

He rested two or three minutes, repeatedly cooling his head in the spring and rinsing out his mouth, but drinking only a very few sips. Again refreshed, he half filled his canteen, and started on up the easy mountain slope at a steady jog.

Ten minutes brought him over the summit to the sharp pitch above the mine. He stared down at the terrace several moments, however, before he made out the figures of a man and woman waiting at the first turn of the trail. There could be no doubt that the two were Marie and her father.

It was no less certain that Vandervyn had not yet arrived. Even had he suspected his opponent's stratagem, he scarcely could have covered the seven miles of trail in as short a time as Hardy had taken to make the three miles across country.

The two watchers never thought to look about and up the mountain. They had not yet looked about when he came down upon the crest of the spur. A large, newly cut stake gave him a hint, where one of the upper corners of the claim should be located. He cut his own stake, drove it, and tacked on one of his legal notices. Another stake indicated the other upper corner, and he swiftly repeated the making of his own stake and posting of the notice.

At the curb of the mine shaft he posted another notice. He was now in plain view from the cabin, but out of sight of the watchers down on the trail. On the terrace, as he was working the third stake into a bed of loose rocks, he heard an angry exclamation over near the cabin. Dupont and Marie had come around the end of the building, and were staring at him. In a frenzy of disappointed avarice, the trader reached for his revolver. Still more swiftly Marie flung herself upon him.

"No! no! you shall not!" she cried. "Leave it to him—he is so near! Let them play out the game!"

Hardy ran across to cut his last stake. Between the ax-blows could be heard the hoofbeats of a galloping horse. He tacked the notice on, chopped a small hole with his ax in the hard soil, and set it up. The mine was his own.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Owner of the Mine.

At that moment Vandervyn loped up over the edge of the terrace, waving his hat to Marie. Then he caught sight of Hardy, over beyond the girl, and the exultant yell died on his lips. He put the curb on his pony, and swung off beside Dupont. The girl's face was ashen.

His voice was almost a cry: "You've done it! You've done it!"

He thought to himself: "Has Hardy done it?"

Hardy eyed Vandervyn with utmost wariness. And, as before, at the head of the canyon of Sioux creek, Vandervyn turned in the saddle, and looked full at Hardy. He was hateful, mocking, and full of scorn. He saw the pinto's head in his staggering

To the astonishment of all three, Hardy made no attempt to "get the drop" on his opponent. Instead, he started to advance upon Vandervyn at a quick, deliberate pace, his hands hanging empty at his sides, his face calm and stern.

"Put down that gun!" he commanded.

Vandervyn was leveling the rifle. He took aim straight between Hardy's eyes. His finger kissed the trigger. The slightest twitch would have sent the bullet crashing through Hardy's brain, and the slightest sign of fear or hesitancy on Hardy's part would have caused that twitch. He was looking death in the face. Vandervyn was in a murderous fury.

Yet Hardy came on—quick, steady, absolutely calm. His gaze passed above the deadly muzzle, along the foreshortened barrel, to the narrow-lidded, bloodshot eyes of Vandervyn. His voice rang out again, clear and sharp with authority:

"Put down that rifle—put it down, sir!"

The muscles of Vandervyn's neck twitched. Along the top of the barrel he was glaring back at Hardy—glaring into those hazel eyes that met his fury with the clear, cool gaze of



The Trader Reached for His Revolver.

absolute courage. The sheer nerve of that steady approach to his rifle muzzle compelled him to pause. It disconcerted him; it struck a chill into the heat of his frenzy.

Still Hardy advanced, swift and steady, his gaze never so much as flickering. Now his eyes and forehead, close beyond the foresight of the rifle, appeared enormously enlarged to Vandervyn's distorted vision. Steadily Hardy put up his hand, took hold of the rifle barrel, and turned the muzzle aside.

"Ah-h-h!" gasped Marie.

Hardy drew the rifle out of Vandervyn's relaxing grasp.

"Stand aside, sir!" he quietly commanded. "I wish to speak alone with Miss Dupont."

Vandervyn had parted with his rifle as if dazed. At the sound of Hardy's voice a fresh wave of crimson flooded his face. He stepped back, and jerked out his revolver. Hardy leaped upon him like a panther, and struck the weapon aside. The heavy bullet whizzed past Hardy's head. A moment later, Vandervyn, though the younger and perhaps the stronger of the two, reeled away, clutching his lacerated trigger finger. Hardy stood with the revolver in his hand. He turned to Marie.

"May I ask for a few words alone with you?"

"No!" Vandervyn hoarsely forbade the girl. "You shall not speak with him. Jake, you're her father—tell her she shall not!"

"You know she don't never mind what I say," mumbled Dupont. "Anyway, it sort of looks like Cap is running this here shindy."

Hardy did not glance away from Marie. Throughout that supreme test of the will power and courage of her two lovers, she had stood tense and silent, as if spellbound. She now looked from one to the other, her face inscrutably calm, her black eyes fathomless.

"I will hear what Captain Hardy has to say," she said.

Hardy motioned her father and Vandervyn toward the mine dump. They obeyed.

"We are alone," said Marie.

Hardy smiled. "I won the race." "Was it fair, cutting across country?"

"Fair? Then you did not know of his scheme."

"What scheme? I do not understand."

"It does not now matter. I won the race and—the mine."

"Do you expect me to rejoice with you?" asked the girl. "If has cost my father his half of the mine."

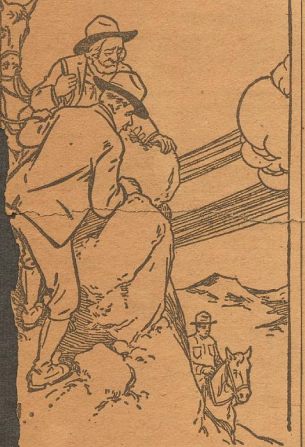
"How so? He is not an entryman."

"Reggie gave him a deed to a half-interest."

"I see," said Hardy. "Quite in keeping. The deed is absolutely void, and would be in no less so even had the girl signed it. You've done it, Hardy. You've done it, Hardy!"

"You've done it, Hardy!" The girl gasped. "You've done it, Hardy!"

"So you thought you'd do it yourself that



The Devil! What Brings Him Back Here?

was far down in the sky when he came before the secretary's table, at the end of the line. Vandervyn rose from his easy seat to take a position behind him. The secretary hesitated and looked inquiringly at Vandervyn. He met with a nod to proceed.

"You wish to register?" came the curt question of the chairman.

"Yes," replied Hardy with equal curtness.

"Is an army officer entitled to enter the contest?" questioned the smallest commissioner.

"You need not debate the matter," said Hardy. "I have resigned my commission."

Again Vandervyn nodded, and there were no further objections raised. Hardy signed the register, and his thumb prints, and were described in writing by the secretary.

Once mounted his mare, he did

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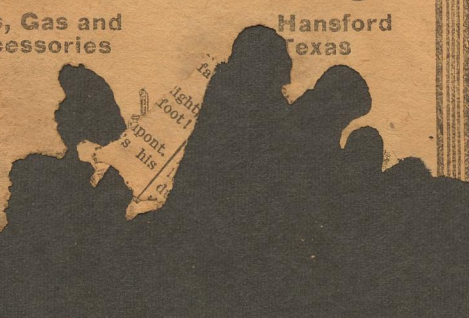
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Hansford Texas



First published June 15, 1917

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Pursuant to an order issued by the Commissioners' Court of Hansford county, Texas, notice is hereby given that a special election will be held on Saturday, the 7th day of July, a. d., 1917, at the various election precincts in Hansford county, Texas, for the following purposes, viz: To determine whether there shall be levied upon all taxable property in said county a road tax not to exceed fifteen cents on the \$100 worth of property, under the provisions of article 8, section 9, of the constitution of Texas, and article 7042 Revised Civil Statutes, 1913.

(Seal) J. AYNES BROWN,
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ernment.—President Sam Houston.

By President Jefferson's request what he esteemed to be the great
achievements of his life were engraved upon his tomb: "To the
Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute
of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and the FATHER OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA."

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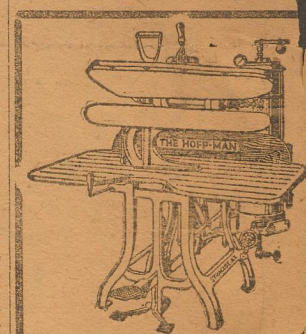
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There Are Too Many People Going Hog Wild About Higher Education.—Gov. James E. Ferguson.

Governor Ferguson vs. The University of Texas

THE ISSUE.

Governor Ferguson has brought the gravest charges against the University of Texas. He has undertaken to force the Board of Regents to carry out his wishes with regard to its management. Failing in this, he has vetoed, or attempted to veto, practically the entire legislative appropriation for its maintenance for the next two years. The issues at stake here are of such tremendous importance that we propose to lay them frankly before the people of Texas, with complete confidence in the wisdom and justice of their decision when they know the facts.

The Constitution of Texas commands that free public schools, including a State University of the first class, shall be maintained in Texas. The Constitution and Laws of Texas place the management of each public school in the hands of local trustees and the control of the University solely in the hands of its Board of Regents. These Regents are nominated by the Governor and appointed by the Senate. The Governor is not a member of the Board of Regents, and, after nominating them to the Senate, has no more legal or constitutional authority over them than he has over local public school boards or over the Supreme Court.

To make it doubly sure that the Regents of the University and trustees of all schools should be free from political control, the people by overwhelming majority amended the Constitution in 1912 so that only one-third of the members of any board is appointed each two years.

The people thus by constitutional vote and by legislative action have most plainly commanded that Texas have a first-class State University, and that it and all other schools and colleges shall be free from political interference by governors or anybody else.

Governor Ferguson is the servant of the people of Texas; he has sworn to uphold the laws and the constitution. Has he done it? Let us see!

Before Governor Ferguson had been in office six months he told members of the Board of Regents of the University that certain members of the faculty must be dismissed and that the Regents must not appoint as president of the University Dr. Baile, then acting president.

As soon as President Vinson was elected by the Board, Governor Ferguson tried to scare him into dismissing without charges or trial five members of the faculty in the University by threatening him with the "biggest bear fight that was ever pulled off in Texas" unless he did what the Governor ordered him to do.

When asked by Regent Will C. Hogg to give his reasons for demanding the dismissal of these men, Governor Ferguson replied: "I don't have to give any reasons. I am the Governor of Texas."

Because they would not promise to do his bidding, he demanded the resignation of certain members of the Board. When he could not force the dismissal of the professors without charges, Governor Ferguson brought charges and told the Board that if they did not convict and dismiss these men he would remove them as Regents. The Board investigated the charges thoroughly and found them all to be either false or frivolous and refused to dismiss innocent and valuable men. Two members of the Board who had been appointed by Governor Ferguson himself refused to uphold him after they heard the evidence.

After the adjournment of the last legislature Governor Ferguson called the Regents together in his office and made them understand that they must do as he said or he would close the University by vetoing its entire appropriation for the next two years.

Failing to find on the board enough men to carry out his wishes, he sought to secure a majority by removing Dr. S. J. Jones, his own teacher in early youth, and would have carried out his purpose had he not been stopped by the court.

Angry because of his inability to carry out his purposes, he vetoed, or attempted to veto, practically the entire appropriation for the University for the next two years.

If any governor is permitted to assume the power sought by Governor Ferguson in his attempt to gain control of the University, he can assume like power over all the institutions of every character in the

state, and by wielding such power to accomplish his own aims, he can set at naught the will of the people.

WHY DID NOT THE LEGISLATURE INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES AGAINST THE UNIVERSITY?

During the last two years in his public utterances as recorded in the press and in his addresses before the legislature, the Governor has made the gravest charges against the University management, against its faculty, and against its student body. He has accused the management of disloyalty, extravagance, and misappropriation of funds; the faculty of being "two-bit" thieves and liars; the student body of disloyalty, treason, and snobbery. He has declared that he has found more corruption in the University of Texas than in all the other departments of the state government together; that the University is a rich man's school; that it is setting up an oligarchy; and that it is robbing the people.

If the Governor has had any evidence that his charges were true, if he had had the interest of education at heart, would he not have asked the legislature for a thorough investigation in order that the facts might be known and the evils corrected?

What did he do?
He not only did not ask for an investigation, but he did all in his power to prevent an investigation.

On the other hand, what did the University do?

The University persistently demanded that the light be turned on.

The President of the University wrote to him: "In order that I may have some basis on which to work in this matter, I am taking this opportunity to ask you if you will not be kind enough to have the material in your possession upon this point in such shape that I may make immediate investigation and have time enough to ascertain the facts, so as to be able to make a suitable report to the Board of Regents."

The Board of Regents of the University said: "We beg to close this statement with the earnest request that any and every act of this Board be examined and investigated to the fullest extent by a properly constituted legislative committee."

The Ex-Students' Association of the University said to the Senate: "In the name of enlightened education in all of its branches we call upon you to ascertain, through means at your command, the truth—the whole of the truth."

The faculty of the University followed with two separate unanimous petitions for an investigation and the students likewise asked the Legislature to probe the institution.

While these requests from the University were pending before the Senate, Governor Ferguson stated to the Senate that he "did not consider further investigation necessary."

Nevertheless, before appointing the three new members of the Board of Regents who had been recommended to them by the Governor, the Senate through a committee looked into the need of an investigation and had the Governor, President Vinson, and other witnesses before them. This committee reported that there was no need of an investigation, and the Senate unanimously declared that the entire matter should be dropped.

In the face of these facts the Governor, since the adjournment of the Legislature, has again demanded of the Board of Regents the dismissal of the members of the faculty who had been previously investigated and exonerated by the board; has demanded also the dismissal of the president, Dr. Vinson, and several additional members of the faculty; and, as reported in the press, has time and again upon the stump, in different parts of the state, publicly denounced the members of the faculty and the student body as guilty of disloyalty to the country, as anarchistic, and as dishonest in their practices. These charges have been published in the press of the state and have also gone to the other states of the Union, bringing disgrace to our people.

WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO TEXAS TO CLOSE THE UNIVERSITY.

To close the University would mean the destruction of an institution contemplated in the first constitution of the Republic, en-

dowed in 1839 and 1858, definitely commanded in the constitution of 1876, located by vote of the people in 1881, and nurtured and supported by every legislature and every governor down to the present day.

2. It would take away the educational opportunity provided by the fathers from the three thousand sons and daughters of Texas who attend the long sessions, the fifteen hundred (most of them public school teachers) who attend the summer sessions, the thousand or more who are unable to attend the University but who study at their homes through the correspondence department, and countless others who are helped by extension teachers supplied by the University.

3. It would mean the forcing of the sons and daughters of the rich to seek educational advantages in the North and East, where they spend their substance beyond our borders and develop out of harmony with our people and our institutions.

4. For the thousand or more young men and young women who earn their own way through the University and for many of the hundreds of others whose parents are in straightened circumstances it would mean the denial of all chance of getting an education—the burden as always falling most heavily on those least able to bear it.

5. It would mean that Texas, through the act of one man, would do a cruel injustice to two hundred or more able, conscientious members of the faculty, against whom no breath of criticism has ever been uttered, even by Governor Ferguson himself, by throwing them out of employment in the middle of the summer.

6. It would mean the scattering of an able faculty that it has taken a generation to bring together.

7. It would mean such a blow to the reputation of Texas as would make it impossible in the future to attract to our schools teachers of the highest ability and attainments.

8. It would mean the cutting off the stream of two hundred teachers that yearly go from the University to help raise the standard of our public school system.

WHAT CLOSING THE UNIVERSITY WOULD MEAN TO THE NATION IN THIS TIME OF ITS GREATEST CRISIS.

1. To close the University would mean that Texas, through the act of Governor Ferguson, is to stop the training of surgeons and nurses for the American Army and Navy.

"Medical schools," said the Council of National Defense, "are in a sense munition works necessary to produce trained medical officers for the Army and Navy. This country should not repeat England's blunder at the outbreak of the war in permitting the disorganization of the medical schools either by calling the faculties into active service or sanctioning the enlistment of medical students into any of the line organizations. Medical schools to supply trained men for the future as well as the present emergency must be kept in active operation under any circumstances."

What greater folly could a people commit than to spend a quarter of a century building up a medical college to be destroyed by one man when we should be enlarging its facilities to the utmost limit?

2. It would mean that Texas, through the act of Governor Ferguson, is to stop training engineers by the University for service in building fortifications, laying out trench systems, and building and rebuilding military roads and railroads back of the lines in France and Russia.

3. It would mean that Texas, through the act of Governor Ferguson, is to close the University's research laboratories which have been offered to the National Government, and which are already making valuable tests of war munitions, fuel oils, and food supplies.

4. It would mean that Texas, through the act of Governor Ferguson, is to stop the training of a thousand young women in Red Cross work, in first aid to the injured, and in the conservation of our food supplies. Sixty of the last term's class are now in the federal service carrying on a state-wide campaign demonstrating methods of canning and preserving our perishable fruits and vegetables.

5. It would mean that Texas, through the act of Governor Ferguson, is to stop training for military

service the two thousand young men who gather yearly at the University.

6. It would mean that Texas, through the act of Governor Ferguson, is to put a stop to the Aviation School recently established at the University by the Federal Government, one of the six in the country. The nation that maintains supremacy in the air will win the war. Shall Texas stop the stream—twenty-five per week—that is to go from the University to the fields in France?

7. It would mean that Texas, through the act of Governor Ferguson, is to cut off her source of supply for the officers' training camp. When the call came, four hundred noble young Texans left the University class rooms for the training camp at Leon Springs. In addition, two hundred recent graduates of the University answered their country's call. It is a fact that the University of Texas furnished one-fourth as many men to the Leon Springs camp as all the rest of Texas combined.

And yet, in the face of this record, Governor Ferguson is reported in the press to have denounced the University for disloyalty!

GOVERNOR FERGUSON'S CHARGES AGAINST THE UNIVERSITY.

In his message vetoing the University appropriation, Governor Ferguson has made seven specific charges against the University of Texas, as follows:

1. That the number of students is so small, and the cost per student is so great, that "before we commit ourselves to the expenditures of the vast sum of money for the benefit of such a comparative few of our people, we ought to satisfy ourselves that the money is being wisely spent."

2. That the University has not a proper President, and that, therefore, the Board of Regents in selecting such an inexperienced, incompetent individual has committed a gross wrong to the University and the people of Texas, and in addition to this that the President is disqualified by the constitution of Texas from being at the head of the State University because he is a minister of the gospel.

3. That "the University has permitted the growth of an institution, which, though it may have been innocent in its original intentions, now threatens the life of the University itself," meaning the fraternities.

4. That "it is a fact well known that gross irregularities continue at the State University and the illegal misappropriation of the public funds by certain members of the University is no longer a private secret."

5. That "it is a fact well known that the University is attempting to do a class of work which can be done by other institutions of the State at much less expense, and which ought to be done by other institutions."

6. That the members of the faculty of the University are organized into cliques and clans which disregard the power of the Board of Regents and openly defy the constituted authorities of the state.

7. That it is apparent that the University "has become an institution of fads and fancies, grossly mismanaged, which is directly responsible for the enormous and extravagant appropriation which the people are called upon to make for its support."

Governor Ferguson has reiterated the charges in his veto message and has added others in his reported speeches throughout the western part of the state.

If these charges be true, the University deserves the severest condemnation. If they are untrue Governor Ferguson deserves the condemnation. Three facts stand out prominently:

1. The Regents of the University examined into Governor Ferguson's charges in October, 1916, as they had done prior to that date, and reported to the people of Texas and to the Legislature that in their judgment the charges were not true.

2. The Regents, the faculty, the Ex-Students' Association, and the student body endeavored by every means in their power to get the Legislature to investigate these charges.

3. The Legislature had before it the itemized statement of the University expenditures for two years certified by a public accountant. The Senate committees of both the House and the Senate made a care-

ful inspection of every item of the University's budget for the next two years, and on the basis of this made the largest appropriation to the University in its history. Acting upon the advice of Governor Ferguson, the Senate refused to investigate the University.

From these three facts it appears that the Legislature, if Governor Ferguson's charges are true, has been grossly negligent in its duty to the people of Texas in permitting an institution characterized by the "gross irregularities" with which Governor Ferguson has charged it, to continue to receive the benefits derived from the people's money. The people of Texas should demand that Governor Ferguson assemble the Legislature in special session, and that he lay before that body the charges of "gross irregularities" which he has mentioned in his veto message, and in the public utterances which he is reported to have made.

The people of Texas have a right to answers by Governor Ferguson to the following questions:

1. If you believed the charges you have brought against the University were true, why did you not submit them to the Legislature, and demand an investigation?

2. If you believed the charges you have brought against the University were true, why did you block a legislative investigation when the Legislature demanded it?

3. Why do you not now call the Legislature together to investigate and settle this controversy?

Governor Ferguson is trying to dodge the real issue and make it appear that there is some kind of conflict between higher education and lower education. We wonder what he thinks would become of the elementary schools and of the people of Texas if there were no higher schools to educate teachers or leaders for agriculture, commerce, engineering, law, medicine, etc.? We wonder if he thinks Governor Hogg was "hog wild" when he said:

"Since my three years' residence at the capital I have known many young men in rags and poverty, side by side with those more fortunate, to graduate from our University with distinction and high honors. By the facilities afforded the poor and the rich in these institutions, endowed and sustained as they ought to be, clear of favoritism and discrimination, they shine abroad among the ambitious youths of our common schools and lead them on, making higher education and greater success in the rugged race of life possible to them all. Jealousy they should be fostered and encouraged, and the blighting influence of prejudice should never hover around them."

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.

The constitution demands that Texas have a University of the first class and places it under the control of a Board of Regents and out of the hands of politicians. One of the first democratic platforms after the University was inaugurated demanded "the enactment of legislation to remove it (the State University) as far as possible from political influences." And the democratic platform on which Governor Ferguson was elected says: "We are gratified at the rapidly-growing demand for higher education, and pledge the party to furnish to the young men and women of Texas facilities and opportunities not inferior to those offered by any other State." The present Legislature, representing the people of Texas, after careful consideration on the ground at Austin, expressed its approval of the University and obeyed the constitution and the Democratic platform by granting the University the largest appropriation in its history.

Yet, in the face of the commands of the Constitution, of the democratic platform, and of the democratic legislature, in spite of the earnest pleadings of the Regents and of many of the best citizens of Texas, Governor Ferguson exercised his veto power in a tyrannical and unlawful way and did all in his power to close the University.

The reasons which he pivots for this veto are either repetitions of misrepresentations already shown to be untrue, or are matters entirely off the question, injected in such a way as to be an insult to the intelligence of the people of the state. He evidently still believes, "I don't have to give any reasons. I am the Governor of Texas."

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The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns

STARTLING EXPOSURE OF INNER LIFE OF KAISER AND CROWN PRINCE AS TOLD BY COUNT ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF TO WILLIAM LEQUEUX

Relates How Kaiser Escaped Assassin

EDITORIAL NOTE.—William Lequeux, who here chronicles for his friend, Count Ernst von Heltzendorff, the latter's revelations of the inner life of the imperial German court, has long been recognized throughout Europe as the possessor of its innermost secrets.

The English "Who's Who" says of him: "He has intimate knowledge of the secret service of Continental countries and is considered by the government (of Great Britain) an authority on such matters." Another authority says: "Few people have been more closely associated with or know more of the astounding inner machinery of Germany than he."

Lequeux probably has more sources of secret information at his command than any contemporary in civil life, and for the last six years the British Government has made valuable use of his vast store of secret information through a specially organized department with which Lequeux works as a voluntary assistant.

Count von Heltzendorff became an intimate of Lequeux several years prior to the outbreak of the war; he has been living in retirement in France since August, 1914, and it was there that Lequeux received from the crown prince's late personal adjutant permission to make public these revelations of the inner life of the Hohenzollerns—that the democrats of the world might come to know the real, but heretofore hidden, personalities of the two dominant members of the autocracy it is now arrayed against.

"THE emperor commands you to audience at once in the private dining room," said one of the imperial servants, entering the kaiser's study, where I was awaiting him.

As I passed downstairs to the room, to which entrance was forbidden even to the crown prince himself, I naturally wondered why I had been commanded to audience there.

"Have you any knowledge of the contents of the letter which you have brought from the crown prince?" the emperor asked bluntly.

I replied in the negative.

"Where are you going now?" he asked suddenly.

"To Thorn. His imperial highness suspects the garrison there on Thursday," I said.

"Ah! Of course. I intended to go, but it is impossible."

Then after a pause, the emperor looked me straight in the face and suddenly said:

"Heltzendorff, have you any knowledge of any man called Minckwitz?"

I reflected.

"I know Count von Minckwitz, grand master of the court of the duke of Saxe-Altenburg," was my reply.

"No. This is a man, Wilhelm Minckwitz, who poses as a musician."

I shook my head.

"You are quite certain that you have never heard the name? Try to recollect whether the crown prince has ever mentioned him in your presence."

I endeavored to recall the circumstance, for somehow very gradually I felt a distinct recollection of having once heard that name before.

"At the moment I fail to recall anything, your majesty," was my answer.

The emperor knit his brows as though annoyed at my reply, and then grunted deeply in dissatisfaction.

"Remain here in Potsdam," he said. "Telegraph to the crown prince recalling him at my orders, and I will cancel the inspection at Thorn. Tell the crown prince that I wish to see him tonight immediately upon his return."

Then, noticing for the first time that the emperor held a paper in his hand, I realized by its color that it was one of those secret reports furnished for the kaiser's eye alone—a report of one of the thousands of spies of Germany lead everywhere.

"Minckwitz! I impressed that name upon my memory, and, being dismissed, showed myself out of the imperial presence."

Returning to the Marmor palace I sent a long and urgent message over the private wire to "Willie" at Altona, repeating his majesty's orders, and recalling him at once. Quite well I knew that such an unusual message would arouse his highness' apprehension that for some offense or other he was about to receive a paternal castigation. But I could not be explicit, because I had no knowledge of the reason the emperor was canceling our engagement at Thorn.

"Did He Ask You?" the crown prince burst into the room. "Who was I attending to the coronation?"

"What in the name of heaven shall this mean, Heltzendorff?" he demanded. "Why did he speak so reproachfully to my messenger?"

"I delivered the message as described, your majesty. The emperor's private secretary, whom I mentioned to you, was the crown prince's adjutant."

"Did he ask you?"

"Yes. I told him I knew no man by the name of Minckwitz."

"What is the name of the man who posed as a musician?"

"I do not know, your majesty. He was speaking of a man named Minckwitz, who was posing as a musician."

"But I do not know any man by the name of Minckwitz."

"I do not know any man by the name of Minckwitz."

"I do not know any man by the name of Minckwitz."

court. Oh! The emperor knows him well enough. It is somebody else he is referring to."

"His majesty wishes to see you at once," I urged, full of wonder.

I could plainly see that his imperial highness had been much upset at mention of the mysterious person called Minckwitz. What could the emperor know of him? Was there some scandal at the root of it all, some facts which the crown prince feared might be revealed?

Travel-stained and without changing his tunic, "Willie" went to the telephone and ordered Knof to bring back the car. In it he drove across to the Neues Palais to see the emperor.

I had an appointment in Berlin that night, and waited until quite late for "Willie's" return. As he did not come, I left for the capital, and on arrival at my rooms, rang up Wolff's agency, and gave out a paragraph to the press that his imperial highness, the crown prince, had been compelled to abandon his journey to Thorn, owing to having contracted a chill.

At the Schloss Oels. "Several weeks went by, and one day we were at the ancient schloss at Oels, in far Silesia.

The guests included old Count von Reichenbach, court chamberlain of the prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, who was a noted raconteur and bonvivant, with Major von Heidekamper of the Fourth Bavarian Light Cavalry, a constant companion of "Willie," and Karl von Pappenheim, a captain of the Prussian guard, who had been educated at Oxford, and who was so English that it was often difficult for people from London to believe that he was a Prussian.

Von Pappenheim was one of "Willie's" new friends. He was the son of a great landowner of Erfurt, and his pair had for the past month been inseparable. He was a shrewd, keen-eyed man, who seemed ever on the alert, but, of course, obsessed by military dignity. He had a sister, Margarete, a pretty girl, a year or so his junior, who had been to the Marmer palace on one occasion.

One day I had accompanied the party out after stag. Soon after luncheon, which we took at a forester's house, we went forth again, and I concealed myself at a point of vantage, lying behind a screen of ferns and branches specially constructed as cover.

I was alone, at some considerable distance from the others, and had been there waiting for nearly an hour with my gun in readiness, when suddenly I heard the cracking of dried wood not far away.

Something was moving. I raised my gun in breathless eagerness.

Next moment, however, I heard the voices of two men—"Willie" and his friend, Von Pappenheim. They were approaching me, speaking in low, confidential tones.

"You quite understand," "Willie" was saying. "My position is a terrible one. I don't know how to extricate myself. If I dare reveal the truth, then I know full well what their vengeance will be."

"But, my dear Caesar," was Karl von Pappenheim's reply, for he was on such intimate terms that he called his highness by the name Von Hochberg had bestowed upon him, "is it not your duty to risk all and tell the truth?"

The pair had halted only a few yards from me and taken cover behind a dead bush which had been cut down and placed conveniently at the spot, in case the shooting party were a large one and the screen behind which I had concealed myself was insufficient. So near were they that I could hear all that was said.

"The emperor would neither believe nor forgive me," "Willie" said. "Minckwitz is a clever devil. He would bring manufactured evidence which must implicate me."

"Minckwitz! That was the name which the emperor had uttered, asking me if I knew him!"

"But can he bring evidence?" asked his companion.

"Yes, curse him!—he can!"

"You can refute it, surely?"

"No, I can't. If I could, I should make a clean breast of the whole matter," Willie declared.

"He Holds Me in the Hollow of His Hand."

"But cannot I help you? Cannot I see Minckwitz and bluff him?" his friend asked.

"You have no chance," was the reply. "I am in the hollow of his hand."

"Ah! I have been horribly indiscreet."

"I know," said Willie, "and I do not know how to extricate myself from this."

"But I do not know how to extricate myself from this."

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"I do not know how to extricate myself from this."

A LETTER FROM THE CROWN PRINCE'S PERSONAL ADJUTANT TO WILLIAM LEQUEUX, POSSESSOR OF THE SECRETS OF EUROPE.

Vencux Nadon,
par Moret-sur-Loing,
Seine-et-Marne,
February 10th, 1917.

My dear Lequeux:
I have just finished reading the proofs of your articles describing my life as an official at the imperial court at Potsdam, and the two or three small errors you made I have duly corrected.
The gross scandals and wily intrigues which I have related to you were many of them known to yourself, for, as the intimate friend of Lulsa, the ex-crown princess of Saxony, you were, before the war, closely associated with many of those at court whose names appear in these articles.
The revelations which I have made, and which you have recorded here, are but a tithe of the disclosures which I could make, and if the world desires more, I shall be pleased to furnish you with other and even more startling details, which you may also put into print.
My service as personal adjutant to the German crown prince is, happily, at an end, and now, with the treachery of Germany against civilization glaringly revealed, I feel, in my retirement, no compunction in exposing all I know concerning the secrets of the kaiser and his son. With most cordial greetings from
Your sincere friend,
(Signed) ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF.

most certainly carry out his threat against me."

"Contrive to have him arrested upon some charge or other," Karl suggested.

"If I did he would produce the evidence against me," declared the crown prince.

A silence then fell between the pair. Suddenly Karl asked:

"Does Von Heltzendorff know?"

"He knows nothing," was "Willie's" answer. "The emperor questioned him, but he was in ignorance of Minckwitz's existence. He was naturally surprised, but I did not regard it as judicious to enlighten him."

"He is your confidential adjutant. If I were you, I should tell him the truth. No time should be lost, remember."

Then, after a few seconds of silence, Von Pappenheim went on:

"Why, I never thought of it! My sister Margarete knows Minckwitz. She might perhaps be useful to us—eh?"

"Why, yes!" cried "Willie," "a woman can frequently accomplish a thing where a man would fail. A most excellent idea. Let us leave the others to their sport and get back to the schloss and discuss a line of action—eh?"

And in agreement, the pair emerged from their ambush, and retraced their steps along the path they had come.

A Message From the Emperor.

Next evening Von Pappenheim's sister Margarete, fair-haired, petite and rather doll-like, arrived at the castle.

During dinner an imperial courier arrived from Berlin with a letter from the emperor, and "Willie" opened it, read it, and then, excusing himself, left the table. I rose and followed him, as was my duty, but when outside the room, his highness sent me back, saying in a thick, husky voice:

"I shall not want you, Von Heltzendorff; I will write the reply myself."

On my return the guests were discussing the effect of the emperor's message upon their host, Von Pappenheim being particularly anxious. He said something in a low voice to his sister, when the latter became at once thoughtful. Indeed, the remainder of the meal was a very dull affair, and it was with relief that we rose and went out into the big ancient hall, with its vaulted ceiling, where coffee was always served.

The courier had left on his return journey to the capital, yet "Willie" did not again reappear. At eleven o'clock I found him lying in a heavy sleep upon the sofa in the room set apart for me for my writing.

I called his faithful valet, and together we half-carried him to his room, where he was undressed and put to bed. Hardly had I returned to my room, when Von Pappenheim entered in search of his host.

"His highness is not well, and has retired to his room," I said. "He expressed a desire to see nobody tonight."

"Oh!" he cried in despair. "Why did he not see me and tell me the truth! Precious hours are flying, and we must act if the situation is to be saved."

"What situation?" I asked, in pretended ignorance.

"You know nothing, Von Heltzendorff, eh?" he asked, looking me straight in the face.

"Nothing," was my reply.

"You have no knowledge of the trap into which the crown prince fell when he was in Paris with you six months ago, and when he and I first met?"

"A trap! What do you mean?"

"Has he told you nothing?"

"Not a syllable."

"Ah! Then I cannot be frank with you until I obtain his highness' permission. He told me that you knew nothing, but I did not believe it. Knowledge well what implicit confidence he places in you, I believed that you knew the ghastly truth."

Into what trap had the crown prince fallen?"

"I do not know, your majesty. He was speaking of a man named Minckwitz, who was posing as a musician."

"But I do not know any man by the name of Minckwitz."

"I do not know any man by the name of Minckwitz."

"I do not know any man by the name of Minckwitz."

"I do not know any man by the name of Minckwitz."

"I do not know any man by the name of Minckwitz."

be decided by the son of the all-highest one.

On a Secret Mission for the Crown Prince.

Next day, soon after his highness was dressed, he entered my room.

"Heltzendorff," he said, "I have been chatting with Von Pappenheim and his sister upon a little matter of business which closely concerns myself. I want you to leave in an hour's time and go to Hanover. In the Kirchroder strasse, No. 16, out at Kleefeld, there lives a certain man named Minckwitz—a Pole by birth. He has two nieces—one about twenty and the other two years older. With them you have no concern. All I want is that you engage a photographer, or, better, yourself take a snapshot of this man Minckwitz, and bring it to me. Be discreet and trust no one with the secret of your journey."

"Exactly. There is a doubt as to the man's identity, eh?"

"Willie" nodded in the affirmative.

Satisfied that I should at last see the mysterious person whose identity the emperor wished to establish, I set out from Oels on my long journey right across Germany.

In due course I arrived in Hanover, and found the house situated in the pleasant suburb. Here I found that "Willie's" suspicions were correct, and the man Minckwitz was living under the name of Sembach and pretending to be a musician. I watched, and very soon, with my own camera, in secret took a snapshot of the mysterious individual as he walked in the street. With this I left, two days later, on my return to Oels.

The photograph was that of a thin, narrow-faced, deep-eyed man, with a scraggy, pointed beard—a typical Pole, and when I handed it to "Willie" he held his breath.

"Look!" he cried, turning to Von Pappenheim and his sister, who were both present. "Look! There is no mistake! That is the man. What shall we do? No time must be lost. How can I act?"

A Talk With Von Pappenheim's Sister.

Brother and sister exchanged glances blankly. From inquiries I had made in Hanover, it seemed that the man was a stranger, a music-master, who had arrived there about a month ago. I feared to make inquiry through the police, because my official capacity as personal adjutant to the crown prince was too well known, and suspicion might have thus been aroused.

The trio again held secret counsel, but I was not told the nature of their deliberations. All I knew was that the crown prince was in some terrible and most dangerous difficulty.

That afternoon I met the girl Margarete walking alone in the grounds near the schloss. The autumn sun was pleasant, though there was a sharp nip in the air, which told of the coming of the early Silesian winter.

We had walked together for some distance, when I suddenly halted and asked her point-blank why they were all in such great fear of Herr Minckwitz.

She started, staring at me with her big blue eyes.

"His highness has not told you, count. Therefore, it would ill become me to reveal his secret," was her cold rebuke.

"But if the situation is so grave, and if I had been intrusted with the secret mission to Hanover, I may, perhaps, be of service in the matter. I understand you are acquainted with Herr Minckwitz, alias Sembach—eh?"

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I learned it myself," I answered, with a smile.

For a second she reflected, then, with a woman's cleverness, she said: "I can tell you nothing. Ask the crown prince himself." And she refused to discuss the matter further. Indeed, she left the castle two hours later.

The effect of my words was almost electrical. He sat up, staring at me, almost dazed at my statement.

"It is true, Heltzendorff. Alas! True!" he replied. But he would even then give me no inkling of the reason of his fear.

"If this Herr Minckwitz means mischief, then surely it would be easy to secure his arrest for some offense or other, and you need not appear in it," I suggested.

"I've thought of all that. But if the police lay hands upon him, then he will revenge himself on me. He will carry out his threat—and—and, Heltzendorff, I could never hold up my head again."

"Why?"

"I can't be more explicit. I'm in a hold, and I cannot extricate myself." I reflected for a moment. Then I said:

"You appear to fear some action of Minckwitz's. If that is so, I will return to Hanover and watch. If there is any hostile intent, I will endeavor to prevent it. Fortunately, he does not know me."

Next night I was back again in Hanover, having stopped in Berlin to pick up a friend of mine upon whose discretion I could rely implicitly—a retired member of the detective force, named Hartwig. Together we started to watch the movements of the mysterious Polish musician, and to our surprise we found that he had three friends, one a furrier living in the Burgstrasse, who visited him regularly each evening. They always arrived at the same hour, and generally left about eleven o'clock. Through five days we kept watch, alternately closely shadowing the man who called himself Sembach, and becoming acquainted with his friends, most of whom seemed of a very queer set.

A Strange Purchase.

There was no doubt that Minckwitz and the two young women were associates of some criminal gang, and, further, I was staggered one evening to watch the arrival at the house of a young man whom I recognized as Brosch, an under-valet of the emperor at the Neues Palais.

"For what reason had he come from Potsdam?"

He remained there till noon on the following day. When he emerged, accompanied by Minckwitz, the pair went into the city, and we followed, when, curiously enough, I came face to face with Von Pappenheim's sister, who was apparently there for the same purpose as myself! Happily, she was too intent in her conversation with Minckwitz, whom she met as though accidentally, to notice my presence.

Then, at last, the musician raised his hat and left her, rejoining the young man, Brosch.

The pair went to a bookshop in the Herschedstrasse, and presently, when they came forth again, Brosch was carrying a good-sized volume wrapped in brown paper.

My curiosity was aroused. Therefore I went into the shop, made a purchase, and learned from the shopman that the younger of the pair had purchased a well-known German reference book, Professor Nebendahl's "Dictionary of Classical Quotations."

Strange that such a book should be purchased by an under-valet!

Leaving the detective, Hartwig, to watch, I took the next train to Potsdam, where I was fortunate enough to find the emperor giving audience to the imperial chancellor. At the conclusion of the audience, I sought, and was accorded, a private interview, at which I recalled his majesty's anxiety to ascertain something regarding the man Minckwitz.

"Well—and have you found him?" asked the emperor, very eagerly.

I replied in the affirmative. Then he told me something which held me breathless, for, unlocking a drawer, he showed me an anonymous letter of warning he had received, a letter which, posted in Paris, stated that an attempt was to be made upon his life, and hinting that the crown prince might be aware of it.

"Of course," he laughed, "I do not regard it seriously, but I thought we ought to know the whereabouts of this man Minckwitz, who is probably an anarchist."

"Will your majesty leave the matter entirely in my hands?" I suggested. "The police must not be informed."

"It shall be as you wish. I give you authority to act just as you deem best, if you really anticipate danger."

"I do anticipate it," I replied, and a few minutes later bowed myself out of the imperial presence.

During that day I idled about the palace, gossiping with the officials and dames du palais, awaiting the return of the young man Brosch. That night he did not come back, but he arrived at the palace about seven o'clock on the following morning. The head valet was furious at his absence, but the young man made a very plausible excuse, saying his sister was very ill.

At night, but as the emperor's valet's return, I repaired to the emperor's study and secreted myself beneath a great damask-covered settee which runs along the wall opposite the door. For nearly an hour I remained there, when the door was opened stealthily, and there entered the young man whom I had seen in Hanover on the previous day. He carried a book in his hand. This he swiftly exchanged for another similar book of the same appearance, and a moment later crept out again, closing the door noiselessly.

Quickly I came forth and took up the classical dictionary, a copy of which was usually upon the emperor's table. It presented just the same appearance as the book that Brosch had taken away, only it was considerably heavier.

A Narrow Escape.

Without delay, I dashed out, sought the emperor's valet, and was admitted to his majesty's presence.

Three minutes later we were both in the study. I took up the book and held it to his ear. Just as I had heard, he could detect the faint ticking of a watch within.

The book had been hollowed out and a bomb inserted! It was, no doubt, set to explode between eight and nine o'clock, when the emperor would be at his desk.

"Take it out quickly!" shrieked the kaiser, in terror, when he realized the true import of the plot.

In obedience, handling the book very carefully, I rushed with it downstairs, out into the open. I placed it on the grass some distance away, while the emperor followed me, utterly astounded at the discovery.

Having deposited it, I dashed back to where the emperor was standing upon the steps, greatly to the surprise of the sentries, when hardly had I reached him than there showed a blood-red flash, followed by a terrific report and concussion—an explosion which would have blown the emperor's head off as he sat.

His majesty stood white and rigid, instantly realizing what a narrow escape he had had, while the noise caused the greatest alarm, and people began rushing hither and thither to ascertain the cause.

In a few seconds his majesty was calm again.

"Say nothing of this, Heltzendorff," he said. "Let it remain a mystery. Come upstairs, and I will speak on the telephone to the police."

"Your majesty gave the matter unreservedly into my hands," I reminded him.

"Ah, that is so; I forgot," he exclaimed, and after thanking me he added: "Take what steps you like, but have the offenders punished, and also try to find out who sent me that anonymous warning."

The young valet, who had been, no doubt, heavily bribed by Minckwitz to substitute the book, had already disappeared, and, as a matter of fact, has never been seen since in Germany.

The man Minckwitz had also, it seemed, suddenly left Hanover on the night of my departure, for Hartwig, following him, reported to me by wire that he was in Paris.

What I Learned in Paris.

Without delay I traveled to the French capital, saw my old friend, Pinaud of the Surete, and told him the whole story

THE SOURCE OF WEALTH

Careful Tillage, Good Management and a Beneficent Soil.

Reading the reports of the managers of the chartered banks in Canada, one is struck by the wonderful showing that they have made during the past two or three years. They are careful in their statements, and while they attribute the success that they have met with, together with that which has followed other lines of business, they are careful to emphasize the fact that the condition of big business may not continue. On the other hand, they point out that the material and fundamental source of wealth is the farm. While other lines of business may have their setbacks, and while care and scrupulous care, will have to be exercised to keep an even balance, there is but little risk to the farmer who on economic and studied lines will carry on his branch of industry and endeavor to produce what the world wants not only today, but for a long distance into the future, with a greater demand than ever in the past.

Speaking recently before a Canadian bank board at its annual meeting, the vice president, once a farmer himself, said:

"The farm is the chief source of wealth. We have now three transcontinental railroads with branches running through thousands of miles of the very best undeveloped agricultural land in the world. In the natural course of things, these must attract immigration. The products of the farm are now commanding the highest prices ever known, and in my opinion even after the end of the war, high prices for foodstuffs must continue to prevail. With the mechanical appliances now available for farm work, the farmer needs no considerable supply of extra capital, but should be helped to the extent needed upon good security. The food supply of the world is short, the demand is likely to increase rather than decrease. Development of mines, extension of factories and the reconstruction of devastated Europe must all call for supplies for the workers. On the whole, the farmer has been helped rather than hurt by the war, and will continue to be, at least for a long time to come."

Many men of authority and intelligence support what the vice president said, and their statements are supported by the facts that readily present themselves. The different grain-producing countries of Europe have been robbed of the man power that developed their agriculture, the farms have been devastated and laid waste. Full and complete reliance will have to be placed on the United States and Canada, and from what we see today, it will take the combined forces of these two countries to come anywhere near meeting the cry that will go out for food. The warnings and appeals sent out by the heads of these two countries are none too soon nor too urgent. Therefore, it becomes necessary for those who can produce to exert themselves. Secure land, rent it, buy it. Get it somewhere, some way, and have it operated. The Canadian Government, sending out its appeal, is not selfish in this matter. Thousands of acres in the United States await the tiller's efforts, and none of it should be idle. Canada, too, offers wonderful advantages, with its free lands and its low-priced lands, to those desirous of helping the nation, and improving their own condition at the same time. Many are taking advantage of this wonderful opportunity.—Advertisement.

Add Horrors of War.

A friend just phoned us, "I have just thought of another great horror of war," he said excitedly. "Just think, it is going to take all of our chorus men away."

CUTICURA HEALS SORE HANDS

That Itch, Burn, Crack, Chap and Bleed—Trial Free.

In a wonderfully short time in most cases these fragrant, super-creamy emollients succeed. Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub Cuticura Ointment into the hands for some time. Remove surplus Ointment with soft tissue paper. Free sample each by mail with Book, Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Just the Contrary.

"Those street organists certainly lead a lazy life."
"Oh, no; life with them is one long dally grind."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

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

Suspicion.

Mrs. Slobrowsky—What makes your hands so dirty, Jan? Have you been washing your face?

It is easy for a man to get rich quick if he meets a lot of others who want to.

What a happy world this would be if people continued to act after marriage as they do during courtship!

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smearing—Just Eye Comfort. 66 cents at Drugists or by Mail. Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY, CHICAGO

DOTS AND DASHES WIRE NEWS OF THE WEEK

War News.

German military writers, with enlightenment furnished to them by the war press bureau, express the opinion that the British are preparing a new offensive, but Field Marshal Haig's tactics in striking now here and now there along the British front leave them in uncertainty as to the section on which the blow will fall.

The operations along the western front in France are being carried out mainly by the artillery wing of the belligerent armies, according to advices from the war front.

Realizing his danger, the German commander is fighting for Lens like a wolf in a corner. Lens gone means that a large sector will have to be abandoned. So inside a salient somewhat resembling the shape of a dog's head the Germans are hanging on apparently determined to hold until the last hope goes.

Three British naval airplanes fought a battle with ten German machines over Flanders recently. An official account of the fight says one and probably three of the Germans were driven down. All the British airmen returned safely.

An official report from British headquarters in France reads: "Our success southwest of Lens was followed up on both banks of the Souchez river. Progress was made by our troops in this area on a front of about two miles. A raid attempted by the enemy southeast of Ypres was repulsed by our machine gun fire."

The Belgian army is larger, better equipped and more determined today than it was at the beginning of the war. Lieutenant General Leclercq, military member of the Belgian mission, said in a recent address to the National Press Club.

The massing of German troops on the Aisne front means the coming of a new offensive launched at the French by the forces of the crown prince, according to the view held by the best military critics in London.

The war situation at the present moment is one of possibilities rather than activities notwithstanding the big guns are still busy. The Belgian report of considerable activity in the Dixmude region gives rise to all sorts of speculation. Whatever the future holds, it is well assured that the French are prepared for almost any offensive that the crown prince may attempt.

Washington.

With drastic prohibition amendments to prohibit the manufacture of beer as well as distilled liquors and giving the President discretion to permit the manufacture of wine only, the administration Food Bill has been agreed on by the Senate agriculture committee and favorably reported as a substitute for the House bill.

Current retail prices on canned vegetables are nearly twice the prices paid canners by wholesalers for this season's output, the Federal Trade Commission reported in connection with its investigation into food prices. The inquiry into canned goods, the commission explained, is to "forestall speculative prices."

President Wilson has requested and received permission to place a memorial tablet to his father in the First Presbyterian Church at Staunton, Va.

The United States cruiser, Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship at the battle of Manila Bay, ran aground in the fog off Block Island, R. I. She was reported in a bad position with considerable water in its hold.

The administration Food Control bill, giving the President broad authority to control the distribution of food, feed and fuel for war purposes, and appropriating 152½ million dollars for its enforcement and administration, was passed by the House after far-reaching prohibition provisions had been written into it.

Suspension during the war of all cannon salutes to visiting dignitaries at army post fortifications or encampments has been ordered by the War Department.

Domestic.

The Nation's contributions to the Red Cross in response to the call for a 100 million dollar war fund were estimated at 114 million dollars by Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross war council.

Tabulations at Red Cross headquarters in Washington showed \$100,313,000 in receipts, of which \$35,993,000 was from New York City and \$64,320,000 from the remainder of the country.

The count of the greatest hoard of gold ever stored in one place in the history of the world, consisting of English, French and American gold and bullion, totaling 765 million dollars, has just been reported by the United States Treasury Department. The hoard is stored in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York.

BIG REDUCTION IN PRICE OF COAL

EASTERN MINE OPERATORS TO MAKE REDUCTIONS RANGING FROM \$1 TO \$5 TON.

PUBLIC TO DERIVE BENEFIT

New Prices Become Effective July 1—Present Agreement Affects Only Bituminous Product, But It is Believed Anthracite Will Lowered Later.

Washington, June 29.—The sweeping reductions in the price of bituminous coal at all mines east of the Mississippi river ranging from one to five dollars a ton to the public, with a further cut of 50 per cent for the government, were agreed upon today at conferences between the operators and government officials. The new prices become effective July 1.

Four hundred operators who gathered here yesterday at a call from Secretary Lane and pledged themselves to furnish their product at a reasonable price were represented in the final conferences by committees from each field. Earlier in the day they had agreed to place the price fixing in the hands of the government through the defense council's coal production committee. Secretary Lane and Commissioner Fort of the federal trade commission, thus avoiding the possibility of violating the anti-trust laws. Director Smith of the geological survey, estimated that the reduced prices would mean that the operators would get \$180,000,000 less annually for their output, and that the saving to the government and the coal consuming public would be even greater.

In addition to placing prices upon coal at all the mines it was announced that all the jobbers, brokers and retail men would be permitted to charge commissions of not more than 25 cents a ton, and that not more than one commission should be charged. In other words, the consumer will get his coal at the mine price plus transportation charges and 25 cents per ton.

The agreement does not affect anthracite, and the coal committee announced tonight that action on that problem had been postponed until after July 1, by agreement with the operators. The anthracite producers have indicated willingness to meet the government in the same spirit manifested by the bituminous men.

In the final conferences trade secrets between competitors, cost prices and other confidential information were laid on the table and the government acting as judge, decided what would be the highest prices paid at mines, prices to go into effect July 1, to stay in effect until investigations are made and other changes ordered.

Representatives from various states were asked to quote the minimum price at which they could furnish coal. The Clearfield district of Pennsylvania agreed to cut its price for coal as it was loaded at the mouth of the mine from \$5.25 to \$3.00, with \$3.50 for lump sizes. Tennessee came down from \$4.50 to \$3.00. Virginia did likewise. West Virginia reduced the current contract price of \$5.60 to \$3.00, and Illinois and Indiana reduced their prices to \$2.75 for coal as it came from the mine.

GRAIN MEN TO LEND HAND.

Hutchinson, Kan., June 29.—Resolutions pledging the support of the grain men of the state to the movement for a "200,000,000 bushel wheat crop for 1918" in Kansas were adopted tonight by the Kansas Grain Dealers' association, in convention here. C. C. Isley of Cimarron said a million dollars was needed at once to aid western Kansas farmers to get seed wheat.

"Western Kansas is not asking for charity," he said. "All we want is co-operation. Unless something is done and done right soon tens of thousands of acres of Kansas wheat land in the western part of the state will lie idle, this fall instead of growing the wheat the nation and world needs so badly."

BRAZIL TO JOIN ALLIES?

Rio Janeiro, June 29.—Brazil has revoked her decree of neutrality in the war between the entente allies and Germany.

The Brazilian government by act of congress late in May authorized the revocation of Brazil's neutrality in the war between Germany and the United States. It notifying the Brazilian legations of the sanction of the revocation Uilo Pecanha, the foreign minister, in a note said Brazil up to that time had refrained from taking sides in the European conflict, but that the republic could not remain indifferent from the moment the United States found itself involved in a struggle for the rights of the people and when Germany meted out indiscriminately to Brazil the most brutal treatment.

Big Task Confronts Him.

San Antonio, Texas, June 29.—Approval of the plans for the infantry barracks to be built at Camp Wilson for the men of the 10th Cavalry was received by the commanding general here today.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

To Keep Phone Cord Straight.

A new contrivance described in Scientific American promises to keep the kinks out of flexible telephone cords. The device consists of "two small composition parts turning on a central spindle, all inclosed in two brass shells or covers. Between the two rotating parts are two ball races that serve both as fractional bearings and as conducting means. The cord terminals are easily connected to the binding screws on each part, and there is ample room for a strain knot within each shell. The freedom of the swiveling of the two halves eliminates the snarling of the cord."

Most particular women use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

Exactly It.

"They say that so many barbers may go to the war that men will have to let their hair and beards grow."
"What a barberous outlook!"

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System

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

One and the Same.

"Jones reminds me of a donkey sometimes."
"Yes; he makes an ass of himself quite often."

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY

but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

New Jersey farmers report volunteer farmers unsuccessful.

Russians are illicitly distilling vodka in defiance of prohibition.

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!
No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority. For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

When a man begins to go down hill the law of gravitation and the encouragement of friends help him along.

Always use Red Cross Ball Blue. Delights the laundress. At all good grocers. Adv.

A lot of people are mighty quick to throw a cover over the naked truth.

Many a man's failure is due to his being afraid to try.

Too Sick To Work

Many Women in this Condition Regain Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Convincing Proof of This Fact.



Ridgway, Penn. — "I suffered from female trouble with backache and pain in my side for over seven months so I could not do any of my work. I was treated by three different doctors and was getting discouraged when my sister-in-law told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her. I decided to try it, and it restored my health, so I now do all of my housework which is not light as I have a little boy three years old."
—Mrs. O. M. RHINES, Ridgway, Penn.

Mrs. Lindsey Now Keeps House For Seven.

Tennille, Ga.—"I want to tell you how much I have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for three in the family. I had dull, tired, dizzy feelings, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got this medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have been benefited."
—Mrs. W. E. LINDSEY, R. R. 3, Tennille, Ga.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

A Proposal.

"I do not love you," he said. "I do not wish to hold your hand nor embrace you nor kiss you. I do not want to talk to you about tennis, nor golf, nor suffrage, nor servants, nor where you were last summer, nor clothes. I do not wish to discuss literature, nor music, nor art with you. I do not wish to quarrel with you."
"What is your object," she inquired anxiously, "in telling me this?"
"Nothing very serious," he said. "But considering the situation, wouldn't it be a good idea for us to get married?"

COVETED BY ALL

but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Many a housewife's idea of a brave woman is one who isn't afraid to talk back to the cook.

If a theatrical performance doesn't make a woman cry she thinks she isn't getting her money's worth.

The value of pineapples exported from Hawaii during the year ending June 30, 1915, was \$6,319,000.

New York state prohibits sales of tobacco to persons under eighteen years old.

TYPHOID

is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccination, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

MEN AND WOMEN

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition! beauty, vigor and cheerfulness often disappears when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For good results use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine. At druggists. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents. When writing mention this paper.

Kill All Flies!

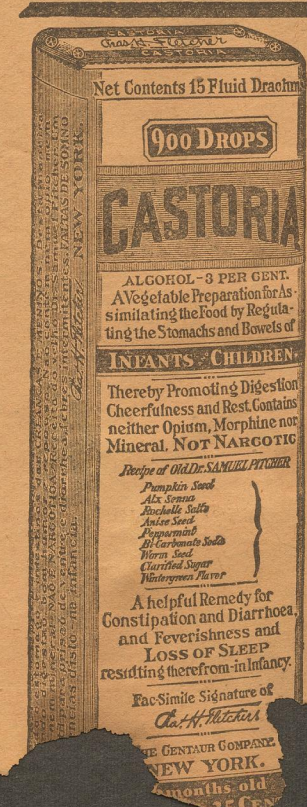
THEY SPREAD DISEASE
Flood anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Next, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, any tin will do. Tip over will not spill as long as you keep it. Daisy Fly Killer HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 60c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Kodak Films Developed Free!

Prints 3 Cents Each—Any Size. Write for circular and samples. Oklahoma Film Finishing Co., P. O. Box 970, Oklahoma City, Okla. W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 26-1917.

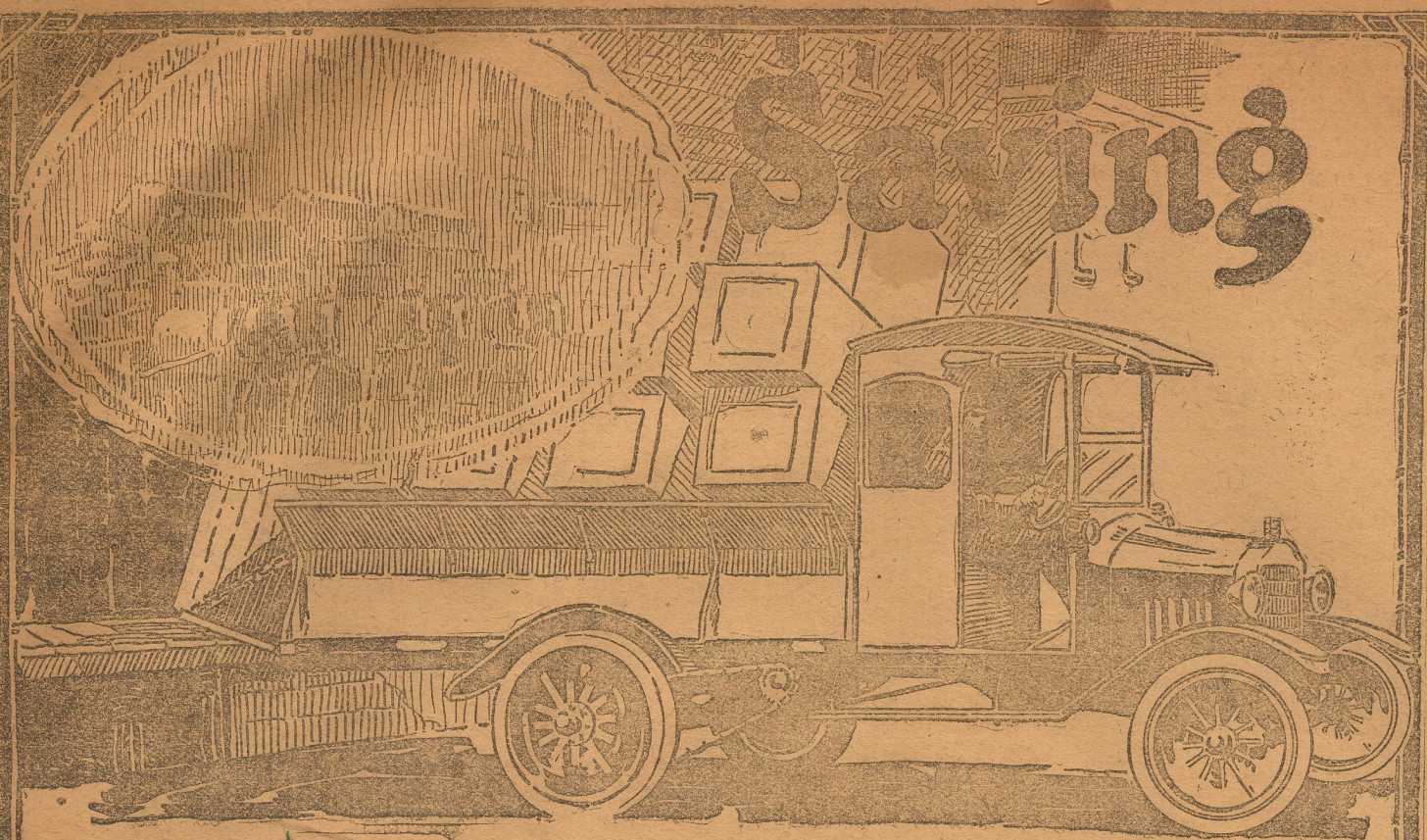


Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE TO BE ALWAYS



When will
You Cut Your
Equipment Costs)
75%
and Use
Smith
Form-a-Trucks?

**Smith
Form-a-Truck**
\$350
C. O. B. Chicago

Horse-drawn delivery and hauling saddles you with an excess cost for equipment that can easily amount to 75% over your entire investment.

A Money Saver

Smith Form-a-Truck eliminates all unnecessary investment in delivery and hauling equipment. It easily hauls twice the tonnage hauled by horses over three times this area and in the same time. This is real hauling and delivery efficiency—time saving, money earning in every line of business.

Loaders' & Drivers' Wages

Where you now use from three to four horse-drawn teams, one Smith Form-a-Truck will easily do the work. Loaders' and drivers' wages are saved. The men on the loading platform work steadily and earn money for you instead of wasting it waiting for slow moving teams to get back.

Horses Must Rest

Your excessively large, horse-drawn equipment costs you money for upkeep on working and non-working days. Stabling, feed, veterinary bills go on all the time—and for steady service all day you must have extra equipment to give the horses a rest.

Expense Stops

Smith Form-a-Truck costs nothing to maintain when it is not working. Stop the motor and the expense stops until you start it up again. There is no non-production expense. And the actual cost

of maintenance when Smith Form-a-Truck is running is not only far less than for horses, but less than for any other form of hauling or delivery.

A Big Guarantee

And you can put Smith Form-a-Truck at work in a few hours. Simply attach it to any Ford, Maxwell, Buick, Chevrolet, Dodge Bros., or Overland power plant. The truck construction is permanent—fully guaranteed—the mechanical equal of the highest priced truck you can buy.

Rear Axle Carries Load

You know the service value, the economy standard of the famous power plants with which Smith Form-a-Truck can be used. And the power plant only pulls the load. The Smith Form-a-Truck carries it—90% of the entire load rests on the sturdy Smith Form-a-Truck rear axle.

Be One of 30,000

Don't put up with wasteful expense in your hauling or delivery for another day. Get your order in for Smith Form-a-Truck now. Be one of the 30,000 sure of getting delivery this year. Join the 18,000 present satisfied users.

If you have any doubt, ask for a demonstration. It will be a revelation to you to see the actual money saving Smith Form-a-Truck will make for you.

JOHN L. HAYS
Hansford, Texas

The Store
of
Cash Values

Just Arrived:

A new Line of Goods
in the latest styles.

Small Profits

Quick Returns

THE
CALDWELL
Store

Hansford - Texas

Hansford-Guymon
Auto Line

U. S. Mail
Baggage and Express

Round trip for Passenger, \$6
One way \$3

J. W. PAYNE

Attorney-at-Law

Will practice in all State Courts.
Office in Farmers and Stockmens
State Bank

Ochiltree, Texas

DR. JARVIS

DENTIST

Next date at Hansford
Tuesday, July 10, 1917

Ralph T. B.

County Surveyor of Hansford
County

Have your land surveyed
Locate all your corners.

See or write me at Hansford

NOTICE

To our Hansford County
Patrons:--

We carry a complete line of Dry
Goods and Groceries.

We will appreciate your business.
Make our store your headquarters
when in town.

McLARTY
GROCER
Guymon, Oklahoma

ALFALFA SEED FOR SALE

I have about 300 bushels of re-
cleaned Alfalfa seed for sale. See
sample at Hansford County Bank.
L. R. McCOMAS,
Star Route, Guymon.

17-t6

We carry a full line of
HARDWARE and FURNITURE
Wagons, Harness, Windmills, Well
Supplies, Stoves, Wire, Etc.,
Farming Implements of all Kind

The **Langston Hardware**
Company
Guymon Okla

LUCERNE

Bro. Jefferson preached an able dis-
course to a large audience last Sun-
day evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Spivey and
family spent Sunday with the Boston
Eubank family.

Lee Black visited W. T. Grisel and
family Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gator and son
James, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith
and Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Noble were
Sunday guests at the Cleary Wilcox
home.

Billy Spivey branded his calves
last Saturday.

Master William Smith is visiting
his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. L.
G. Noble.

Quite a crowd from here attended
the Lakeside literary Saturday eve-
ning.

Sunday school will be held hereafter
at the residence of Mrs. T. J. Layton.

Messrs. R. L. and Leonard Jeffers-
on and their sister, Miss Egan, spent
last Sunday at the home of Mr. and
Mrs. J. H. Gator.

T. L. HOBBS JOE HOBBS

T. L. Hobbs & Son
Distributors
of the
HUBMOBILE

The best all-purpose car on the mar-
ket. See us if you need a car.

Hansford, Texas

Specialist at Texhoma

Dr. Higginbotham, the nose and
throat surgeon, will be at the May-
field Sanitarium Thursday July 12th.
DR. P. M. HARGROVE,
Texhoma Okla.

Mrs. Lora Vernon and Miss Benna
Vernon arrived the first of the week
from Nara Visa, New Mexico, and
will visit indefinitely with their sis-
ters, Mrs. J. M. Kirby and Mrs. Sam
Archer.

Curt Lowe was in town Monday
morning early and reports that 200
acres of alfalfa seed are being
shipped. The first made a

BUTLER OIL CO.

HANSFORD, TEXAS

Gasoline, Oils and Greases

We handle the best grades of
everything in our line.

Your Trade Is Appreciated

C. K. Wilmeth

Better known as
"Rabbit Foot Bill"

AUCTIONEER

Twenty-seven years experience.
Make dates at Headlight office

OKLA. O.