

# The Hedley Informer

VOL. III

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1913

NO. 42

## FARM EXPERT ON HOW TO SELECT SEED TO PLANT

Seed from such crops as kafir, milo sorghum and feterita are going to be in good demand throughout the southwest next spring.

A large percentage of the acreage planted to these crops this year, will not make seed, on account of dry weather. Many fields will produce immature seed, and this is unfit to plant. We are certain that it will pay you to save the choicest heads of all the crops mentioned, that are produced on your farm this year, for seed purposes. These heads should be selected from the field, as soon as they are thoroughly mature, before the fodder is harvested for feed. These heads should be stored in some building in gunnysacks, or tied in bundles, the stems being fastened together with strings. The seed should be kept in the head until nearly planting time, when it must be carefully threshed by hand.

Most farmers know that the crops here mentioned belong to the sorghum family and that they therefore mix readily when grown side by side. It is on account of this that the purest and best seeds are to be found in the centers rather than at the edges, coming close to other closely related crops. Select heads that are well shaped and of a compact type, rather than those that are loose and open, or a broomcorn type.

It has been clearly demonstrated that the yield of the crops mentioned can be increased at least one third through the use of properly selected seeds.

Write and tell us if you have good, well selected seed for sale.

H. M. Bainer, Agricultural Demonstrator, Santa Fe R. R., Amarillo, Tex.

## BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mary Helen Bain celebrated her 14th birthday Wednesday afternoon by entertaining her friends. After various games they were treated to refreshments. All went home happy in having spent a pleasant afternoon.

## MANY REASONS WHY HEDLEY IS THE LEADING TOWN

Why is Hedley the leading town of Donley county?

Because she has the most progressive citizens.

Has the best lot of business men.

Has the best cotton market; having bought and shipped more cotton the last few years.

Has the best grain and feed market; having bought and shipped more feed.

Has two of the best cotton gins in the county.

Has the best farming country. Ships more cotton, feed, hogs and other farm products than any other town.

Has donated more towards building good roads.

And does more business of every kind.

Hedley is the leading town, and a mighty good place to call home. An extra good place in which to invest in property.

WATCH HEDLEY GROW!!

## MEMPHIS COUPLE MARRIED TUESDAY

On Tuesday evening at seventy-three at the home of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ewen, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jessie, to Mr. Sam J. Hamilton, also of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. B. Morgan in a few and impressive words. Only a few invited friends and relatives being present.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ewen of this city and has grown to young womanhood in this city where she numbers her friends by her acquaintances.

The groom is a young attorney of this city and is a member of the firm of Presler & Thorne. He is a young man of sterling worth and the many friends of this young couple will join the Democrat in congratulations and best wishes for a smooth voyage down the rough stream of matrimony. Their many friends will be glad to know that they will set up housekeeping and remain here in Memphis.—Democrat.

## HEDLEY PUBLIC SCHOOL OPENED LAST MONDAY

Hedley Public School opened Monday at the Baptist church, which was filled with pupils, teachers and parents. The exercises consisted of talks by the teachers, trustees and patrons, getting acquainted all around, and getting parents, teachers and pupils into closer relationship. Afternoon the pupils and teachers went to the school building.

The outlook for the school this year is better than ever before,

and we feel sure this will be the best school term in Hedley's history.

The interest shown in the meeting Monday morning by the patrons indicates a better co-operation than heretofore, and let's keep it up.

The teachers for this year are: Prof. C. L. Hufstедler, Mesdames Hufstедler, Kennedy, Scoggins, and Lewis, Miss Mae Simmons, expression, and Miss Mary Calloway, music.

## HARRY K. THAW HAVING HARD TIME TRYING TO STAY OUT OF ASYLUM

Colebrook, N. H. Sept. 11.—Harry K. Thaw, a fugitive from Jerome, tonight slept on a Hampshire soil, barricaded in the barroom of the hotel after one of the most exciting days of his career.

Thrust unexpectedly over the Canadian border early today despite writs of Habeas corpus and a prohibition issued by the courts of the Kings Bench and calling for his production in Montreal Monday. Thaw was a free man for three hours and during that time drove madly in an automobile for fifty futile miles through the hills of Vermont and New Hampshire.

Near noon he ran into the arms of a New Hampshire sheriff and was brought to Colebrook, where he retained counsel to resist extradition.

Thaw's removal from immigration quarters was sudden and dramatic.

Three mysterious men who said they represented C. J. Doherly, dominion minister of justice and acting minister of the interior, appeared before eight o'clock this morning.

Thaw was still asleep. They woke him up, commanded him to dress and after a struggle, in which he to brain one of them with a glass tumbler, took him to the border in an automobile.

Thaw screamed as he was brought down stairs: "Don't let them kidnap me, for God's sake." A few minutes later he was on his way to the border.

Instead of a protracted legal battle in Canada, his case so far as Canada is concerned, was over in a twinkling.

J. T. Jones of Garland, Texas, was here several days this week visiting his brother K. H. He was here a dozen or more years ago, and upon coming this trip found quite a lot of changes had taken place. He was highly pleased with the town and country.

## BAPTIST LADIES AID

The Baptist Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Cloninger Sept. 15, at 4 p. m.

Scripture lesson, Matt. 21. Subject for discussion, The Bible Doctrine of Faith.

Special reading, Mrs. Hornsby.

All members are urged to be present as we have some very important business to attend to.

PRESS REPORTER.

## GOOD RAIN, COOL WEATHER, MORE GRASS, AND BETTER FEED CROPS

Did you throw aside your X-ray clothing and put on heavier ones this morning? A big drop in temperature following summer weather sure gets in under summer clothes.

A splendid rain came Thursday following on the heels of several small showers, and had you noticed how green vegetation is getting already.

A "peach" of a norther is on today, and we have already forgotten how hot it was in August.

The rain will help wonderfully in late feed, and fill out some cotton bolls, and will make good grass pastures.

Now is a good time to sow wheat for winter pasture, which would come in nicely with high priced feed.

## W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary will meet at the M. E. church Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Bible study, Leviticus 14 to 27 inclusive.

PRESS REPORTER.

Miss Laraine Short who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Paul Sarvis at Goodnight, came down this week to visit with her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Sarvis a few days before returning to her home in San Francisco, Cal.

Thos. Willis and daughter, Miss Margaret, father and sister of E. H. Willis, came down from Clarendon to spend the day Sunday with E. H. and family.

Mrs. Cox of Clarendon and her mother-in-law, Mrs. John P. Cox of Hillsboro, visited the former's sister Mrs. T. R. Moreman this week.

Miss Una Boston and brothers, Willie, Pearl and Carl, left for Canyon this week to enter the Normal there for another year's work.

Arkansas land for sale or will trade for Donley or Collingsworth county land.

W. A. Allen, (2t) R 1 Hedley, Tex.

Dyer Gillis resigned his position as lineman of the local exchange Saturday, to accept a position with the Southwestern.

Miss Effie L. Rowe of Dalhart, owner of the Hedley Hdw. Co store, was here Wednesday looking over the business.

## TREASURER REPORTS FINANCE CONDITION OF HEDLEY SCHOOL

Report from the County Treasurer of the school fund for Hedley. The State apportionment will be \$7.50 per capita.

Balance on hand.....	97.25
Will receive from	
Local Tax.....	1890.26
Will receive from	
State Tax.....	1617.00
Total.....	3604.51

To go to Sinking

Fund and Interest..... 945.13

Amount to apply to

School and expenses... 2649.38

Guss Johnson, Co. Treas.

L. L. Cornelius, Sec.

Hedley School Board.

## MAYOR GAYNOR OF NEW YORK DIED SUDDENLY

New York, Sept. 10.—Wm. J. Gaynor, mayor of New York, and a candidate for re-election on an independent ticket, died on the steamer Baltic in mid-ocean at one o'clock yesterday afternoon.

News of the Mayor's death was received this morning in a cablegram from Rufus W. Gaynor, the Mayor's son, to Robert Adamson, the mayor's secretary.

The message read as follows: "Father died at 1 o'clock, due to heart failure. Notify mother."

## LOOK OUT!

or you will get run over, for people who want to either buy or sell real estate are on their way to see D. C. Moore, the Rustling and Hustling wide-awake Real estate man, who is locating people in Donley county, and in Hedley, one of the best counties and the best little town in Texas.

Come to Hedley. (adv.)

Just received a shipment of the best paint on the market—Lincoln Climatic; put up for this climate. J. C. Wooldridge.

## FARMERS EXCHANGE BUREAU TO HELP PANHANDLE FARMERS

In connection with the Santa Fe Agricultural Department, in Amarillo, Texas, we have a "Farmers' Exchange Bureau," which has been in successful operation for some time. The service of this bureau is free to those farmers and producers who desire to use it.

In this bureau we list the names of farmers having something to sell, as well as those who desire to buy. For example, if a farmer writes that he has choice seed for sale, or a Holstein cow, or some other animal, we immediately look over our list and possibly find that some other man is looking for this very seed or animal. We get these people in communication usually by letter and the result is that both are benefitted.

If you have something to sell in the way of seed, feed, horses, mules, cows, hogs, sheep, chickens or anything else that another might want to buy, kindly write us, telling what you have, the amount or number, the variety or breed, age price and other details. If you are in the market to buy anything along the line indicated, tell us, as nearly as you can, exactly what you want. Upon receipt of your letter we will list the articles you may have for sale, or what you may desire to buy. We can not guarantee to find you a buyer or to locate what you are looking for, but we will give you the benefit of our lists and these may help you.

In the event you buy or sell anything through our Exchange Bureau, kindly notify us, so that we may make notation on our list.

H. M. Bainer, Agricultural Demonstrator Santa Fe R. R. Amarillo, Texas.

W. L. Lewis was in from McKnight Monday. Stated they had a nice rain that morning also that Lewis & Watkins were to gin the first bale that day.

## APPRECIATIVE ATTENTION!

The impression that this bank aims to have every one carry away is that he has been treated courteously, and that his business, however small, has appreciative and intelligent attention.

We Want Your Business--

We Know We Can Please You

Capital and Surplus \$55,000.00

FIRST STATE BANK

HEDLEY, - - - - TEXAS.

## Notice to The Farmers!

### ON ACCOUNT

of the short cotton crop this season, a great many farmers will need assistance early.—Our bank has the CASE and DISPOSITION to help you now.

Let us cash your checks or give you deposit for them, and when you want accommodations don't hesitate to call on us.

The Cashier has had seven years banking experience, dealing principally with farmers, and therefore understands their needs in a banking way. Do your business with us now and you will not worry next Spring and Summer when you need to borrow.

Yours for business,

THE  
Guaranty State Bank  
HEDLEY, TEXAS



THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Publisher

HEDLEY, TEXAS

WORLD BETTER FOR HIS LIFE

Light Shed by Sir Harry Vane Has Cast Its Reflection Down More Than Two Centuries.

It was 251 years ago that the creatures of King Charles II. cut off the head of Sir Harry Vane.

Standing on the scaffold, and calmly facing his cavalier enemies, Sir Harry attempted to speak, but the royal drums drowned his voice.

The degenerate monarch declaring that Vane was "too dangerous a man to let live," had him put out of the way.

Sir Harry Vane was one of the most remarkable men of whom we have any definite knowledge.

The friend of liberty and justice, he was such all the time, and under all circumstances, writes Rev. Thomas R. Gregory in the New York American.

If ever a man "bitched his wagon to a star," that man was Vane. Immune to fear, proof against bribes, unaffected by the opinions of the world, Vane kept straight ahead in what he believed to be the path of duty.

Misad Chance to Kick.

"I have a complaint to make." It was a guest at the seaside hotel who spoke.

"What is it?" asked the polite proprietor.

"My room," said the angry guest, "is comfortable and the bed is soft."

"But, my dear sir—"

"The bathing is actually good and the city newspapers reach here in three hours."

"Why, I—"

"The table is good and the waiters do not expect to be tipped."

"But, sir, I don't see—"

"In fact, the place is delightful and your bill last week didn't bear a single thing that I had not had. But I can't stand it!"

"But what do you mean? I have purposely arranged everything for the comfort of my guests and thought I had done all in my power."

"That's the whole difficulty. Everything's so good that I can't believe it's true, and I lie awake all night for something to happen and my dream to end. I am fretting myself ill over it, and if you can't give me something to rumble about pretty soon I'll have to pack up and go home."

His Religion.

"One of our professors," said President Hadley of Yale recently, according to New York Evening Post, "is so devoutly religious that his inclinations are seldom hidden even from the most casual acquaintance."

Upon one of those occasions when most of us journey from New Haven to Princeton my friend discovered, standing on the station platform, a young man whose appearance and general demeanor conveyed certain suggestions not altogether soothing to the visitor from Connecticut, who viewed him with mingled compassion and reprehension.

He was not in his own territory, and yet something that recognized neither academic distinctions nor natural diffidence impelled him to step up to that young man and to speak to him kindly, but firmly.

"My dear young friend," he said, with sweet dignity, "are you a Christian?"

"The young man looked up, wavered unsteadily upon his feet, and then shook his head."

"No-no-no, sir—Protestant," he said.

Earthquakes and Rainfall.

An apparent relationship between the frequency of earthquakes at Tokyo and the amount of rainfall and snowfall in northwestern Japan has been pointed out by Professor Omori, who does not, however, attempt to explain it.

The periods when earthquakes are infrequent (but severe) coincide in a striking manner with those when rainfall is deficient at Niigata and Akita; while the periods of frequent (but not violent) shocks coincide with excessive rainfall at those places.

Hot Weather Care of the Dumb Animals

By MRS. A. B. RIGGS, St. Louis, Mo.

Whether the "poke bonnet" horse hats are "worse than nothing" or not, they should, at least, be taken off at sundown. The two-story, wire-framed canopies are far better. If a wet sponge is fastened on the horse's head, keep it wet or it is worse than useless.

Brighten him up frequently with a drink, but give only a little at a time. Above all, dispense with that instrument of torture, the high check-rein. At night let fresh air circulate freely through the stable, and tuck mosquito netting over its windows, as you would over your own.

Let dogs have plenty of water; but don't let them run after your carriage, bicycle or car. If a dog acts strangely on the street, that is by no means evidence that he is "mad," for "rabies" is extremely rare.

Don't tie up your dog. His nature demands freedom and a reasonable amount of exercise. Give the long haired dogs a little comfort by clipping their heavy coats.

Refuse to add one more to the number of abandoned cats left to a wretched existence in black alleys, while their heartless owners enjoy themselves at summer resorts—an act of cruelty forbidden by law in some states.

If you keep a little bird prisoner in a cage, see that it has plenty of fresh water and fresh air, and don't let the sun shine on it too long.

Keep an earthen jar sunk in the ground in a shady place near your door, full of fresh water (changed every day at least), for small wandering creatures, including the birds. This is a common custom in some countries.

Drunkennes More Disease Than Crime

By DR. J. K. GIFFORD, Macon, Ga.

For some time men learning in many states have been considering what to do with habitual drunkards. Recently a member of the Georgia legislature has been investigating the methods of handling drunkards in many states and he is at present preparing a bill advocating a state asylum for drunkards.

While in the asylum the inebriated should be given such work as they are capable of doing, and the institution should be made as nearly self-supporting from the proceeds of their labor as possible.

Medical authorities are coming more and more to the conclusion that drunkennes is a disease rather than a crime, and should be treated as such.

It is thought that by intelligent medical treatment carried on for a sufficient time to accomplish results, thousands of men, now regarded as hopeless, could be saved to themselves and their families.

Those who have passed beyond all hope should be put away permanently in an institution where they might receive protection against their own weakness, and their friends and relatives relieved of the burden of their support.

Solution of Lonely Lives Among Women

By Mrs. Phoebe Swartz, Chicago

The lonely woman of fifty with no home center, or man, either, for that matter, has missed the point of life. Make a home for some one else. Work, absorbing work, for others less fortunate, is the only solution.

The lonely woman of fifty has a tremendous advantage over the lonely woman of twenty. The lonely woman of fifty ought to assume the responsibility of making the lonely woman of twenty more happy and more safe.

Two women from Chicago have solved the problem by buying a place in Michigan, on the lake. They live there quietly in the winter, an integral part of the community.

Moderate Amount of Spooning Is Favored

By Mrs. Phyllis Brown, Kansas City, Mo.

I believe a moderate amount of spooning is all right. A girl can be strictly moral, and respected also, if she does spoon a little.

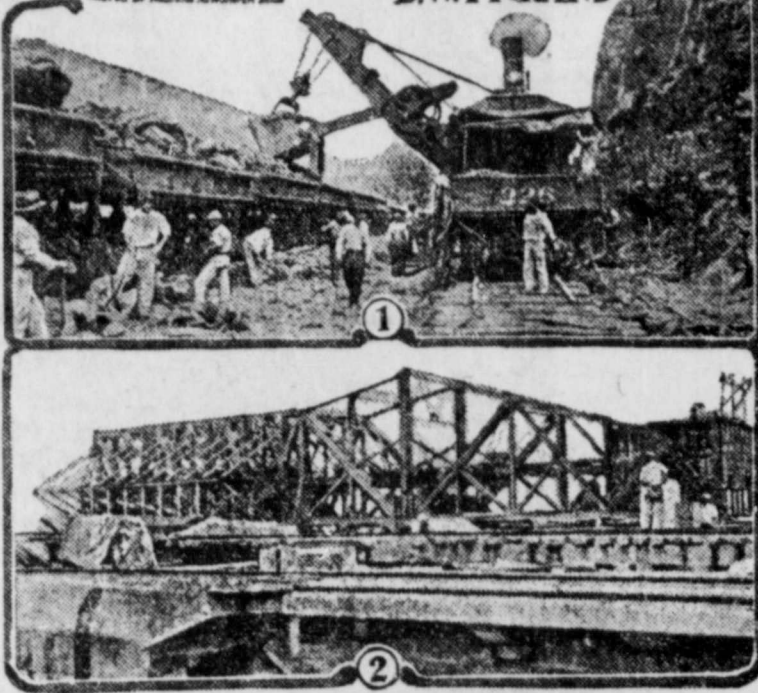
Very few men like a "prig," and a girl who is too nice to spoon will miss many a chance of going and having companions of the opposite sex.

Now I am a happy married woman, and my husband is proud to have a moral wife. And he hasn't any reason to care because I do spoon a little.

Girls, don't go to extremes either way. Keep your character pure but be jolly and you will have more friends and more good times.

The REAL CANAL DIGGERS

W. W. PICKARD



1—Steam Shovel and Crew in Culvert Cut. 2—One of the Great Emergency Dams Devised to Protect the Locks.

Colon, C. Z.—What of the men who have done the actual digging of the Panama canal? Who are they, whence have they come, how do they live?

We all have read a lot about Colonel Goethals, Colonel Sibert, Colonel Galliard, Colonel Hodges, Colonel Gorgas and a few others of the men who hold the "big jobs."

With the very beginning of the French attempt to dig the canal the labor problem bobbed up as serious, especially in view of the horribly insanitary conditions on the isthmus.

When Uncle Sam took hold of the big job he had the benefit of the experience of the French in this as in other respects, and though he tried a few experiments in the labor field on his own account, it was soon determined that the actual digging could be done best by negroes.

There is intense rivalry between the Jamaican and the "Bajan," for each believes firmly that his island is bigger and better than the other's and, incidentally, both believe that both Jamaica and Barbados are larger than Cuba.

Two things these negroes are extremely fond of—religion and rum. And both are rather disastrous to many of them.

Pay day in the zone furnishes some interesting scenes. The pay car traverses the railway and at each labor camp or town a line of negroes files through it.

The day laborer on the canal, as a general thing, uses the pick and shovel and does work that calls for no special skill.

Above them are the bosses of gangs, the conductors of dirt trains, the foremen of dynamite crews, men who hold similar jobs, and they are almost invariably white men because such positions require more independence, reliability and intelligence.

The negro laborer from Jamaica or Barbados is a joy forever. He is indelibly proud of his British citizenship, and with some reason, for the British government looks carefully after his welfare in such a case as his, the terms of his contract being supervised, his health guarded and his return, if he desires to return, provided for.

Bo the real diggers of the canal, though unbonored and unmaned, are well paid, well fed and well housed. In their degree they are as fortunate as any others who have found employment in the zone.

DRY FARM ESSENTIAL

Ideas of Practical Farmer on Need of Deep Plowing.

Very First Requisite in the Conservation of Moisture—Prevents Formation of What Might Be Called a Plow-Pan.

(By J. S. MURPHY, Practical North Dakota Dry Farmer.)

If I were asked what is the one thing above all other things necessary in dry farming I would say deep plowing. For purposes of dry farming all of the subsoil in this state lying west of Red river is practically the same, and is composed of drift brought here during the glacial period, one of the most stupendous events this old earth ever experienced.

Then, too, deep plowing prevents the formation of what might be called, for the want of a better name, a plow-pan. I have examined literally hundreds of fields, and I never yet examined a field in a dry year especially, that this plow-pan would not be in evidence when the plowing was less than seven inches.

The subsoil is the farmer's reservoir for the storage water that supplies the moisture during the season. After you have once plowed your land so, say, a depth of ten inches, it is not necessary, of course, to plow so deep each year.

Some four years ago I acquired a piece of land that had been tilled (so call) for twelve years. No part of this land was ever plowed five inches deep, and I determined to get down into it, and I did. Now I estimate, and my men thought by estimate conservative, that it took a full third more power to break up this hardpan (formed by twelve years' plow pressure than it would to break the original prairie sod.

Now you might properly ask right here: "How deep do you advocate plowing in beginning this system?" I answer: "Not less than eight inches, and nine would be better."

I want to say right here, if you have a piece of land that is full of weeds and that has been farmed indifferently, like the average in the western part of the state, just double-disk that land the first thing in the spring. This disking will break the crust, establish a mulch, conserve the moisture in the soil and enable the spring rains to penetrate; also it will help to germinate millions of weed seeds.

Spraying Compulsory.

Spraying has become compulsory in Ohio—no exemptions. It will take some time before the law is thoroughly enforced, its greatest hardship will be to the village resident who has a few fruit trees more for shade than profit, in the spraying of which buildings, etc., are liable to have the paint damaged.



# MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By **RANDALL PARRISH**  
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by **V. J. Barnes**  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak threatens Sergeant "Brick" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain LeFevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who throws him over for LeFevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin LeFevre forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for LeFevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhauls Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her. McDonald is ordered to Fort Ripley. Hamlin discovers that the man who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major. He finds McDonald's murdered body. Hamlin takes Wesson, a guide, and two troopers and goes in pursuit of the murderers, who had robbed McDonald of \$20,000 paymaster's money. He suspects Dupont. Concerned, soldier accomplice of Dupont is found murdered. Hamlin's party is caught in a fierce blizzard while heading for the Cimarron.

## CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

They plunged into it, plowing a way through the drifts, the reluctant horses dragging back at first, and drifting before the fierce sweep of the wind, in spite of every effort at guidance. It was an awful journey, every step torture, but Hamlin bent to it, clinging firmly to the bit of his animal, his other arm protecting his eyes from the sting of the wind. Behind, Wesson wielded a quirt, careless whether its lash struck the horse's flank or Carroll. And across a thousand miles of snow-covered plain, the storm howled down upon them in redoubled fury, blinding their eyes, making them stagger helplessly before its blasts.

They were still moving, now like snails, when the pale sickly dawn came, revealing inch by inch the dread desolation, stretching white and ghastly in a slowly widening circle. The exhausted, struggling men, more nearly dead than alive from their ceaseless toil, had to break the film of ice from their eyes to perceive their surroundings. Even then they saw nothing but the bare, snow-draped plain, the air full of swirling flakes. There was nothing to guide them, no mark of identification; merely lorn barrenness in the midst of which they wandered, dragging their half-frozen



They were still moving, now like snails.

soles. The dead body of Wade had stiffened into grotesque shape, head and feet dangling, shrouded in clinging snow. Carroll had fallen forward across his saddle pommel, too weak to sit erect, but held by the taut blanket, and gripping his horse's ice-covered mane. Wesson was ahead now, soggily crunching a path with his feet, and Hamlin staggered along behind.

Suddenly some awakened instinct in the numbed brain of the scout told him of a change in their surroundings. He felt rather than saw the difference. They had crossed the sand belt, and the contour of the prairie was rising. Then the Cimarron was near! Even

## NOT QUITE PROPER TRIBUTE

Effusive Indianian Rather Spoiled the Effect of Praise Bestowed on "Joe" Jefferson.

Jefferson was once strolling through the corridor of a hotel in Terre Haute, Ind., when a very pompous man came up to him and, extending his hand, said: "Mr. Jefferson, you do not know me, but I know you very well, sir. I am very glad to see you in our city. You are a great actor. I have

as the conviction took shape, the ghostly outline of a small elevation loomed through the murk. He stared at it scarce believing, imagining a delusion, and then sent his cracked voice back in a shout on the wind.

"We're thar, 'Brick!' My God, lad, here's the Cimarron!"

He wheeled about, shading his mouth, so as to make the words carry through the storm.

"Do you hear? We're within a half mile o' the river. Stir Carroll up! Beat the life into him! There's shelter and fire comin'!"

As though startled by some electric shock, Hamlin sprang forward, his limbs strengthening in response to fresh hope, plowed through the snow to Carroll's side, and shook and slapped the fellow into semi-consciousness.

"We're at the river, George!" he cried, jerking up the dangling head. "Wake up, man! Wake up! Do you hear? We'll have a fire in ten minutes!"

The man made a desperate effort, bracing his hands on the horse's neck and staring at his tormentor with dull, unseeing eyes.

"Oh, go to hell!" he muttered, and went down again.

Hamlin struck him twice, his chilled hand tingling to the blow, but the inert figure never moved.

"No use, Sam. We've got to get on, and thaw him out. Get up there, you pony!"

The ghostly shape of the hill was to their right, and they circled its base almost waist-deep in drift. This brought the wind directly into their faces, and the horses balked, dragging back and compelling both men to beat them into submission. Wesson was jerking at the bit, his back turned so that he could see nothing ahead, but Hamlin, lashing the rear animal with his quirt, still faced the mound, a mere dim shadow through the mist of snow. He saw the flash of yellow flame that leaped from its summit, heard the sharp report of a gun, and came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that the single living man left scarcely realized what had happened. Yet dazed as he was, some swift impulse flung him, headlong, into the snow behind his pony, and even as he fell, his numbed fingers gripped for the revolver at his hip. The hidden marksman shot twice, evidently discerning only dim outlines at which to aim; the red of discharge cut the gloom like a knife. One ball hurtled past Hamlin's head; the other found billet in Wade's horse, and the stricken creature, toppled over, bearing its dead burden with him. The Sergeant ripped off his glove, found the trigger with his half-frozen fingers, and fired twice. Then, with an oath, he leaped madly to his feet, and dashed straight at the silent hill.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### Unseen Danger.

Once he paused, blinded by the snow, flung up his arm, and fired, imagining he saw the dim shape of a man on the ridge summit. There was no return shot, no visible movement. Reckless, mad with rage, he sprang up the wind-swept side, and reached the crest. It was deserted, except for tracks already nearly obliterated by the fierce wind. Helpless, baffled, the Sergeant stared about him into the driving flakes, his ungloved, stiffening hand gripping the cold butt of his Colt, ready for any emergency. Nothing but vacancy and silence encompassed him. At his feet the snow was still trampled; he could see where the man had knelt to fire; where he had run down the opposite side of the hill. There had been only one—a white man from the imprint—and he had fled south, vanishing in the smother.

It required an effort for the Sergeant to recover, to realize his true position, and the meaning of this mysterious attack. He was no longer numb with cold or staggering from weakness. The excitement had sent the hot blood pulsing through his veins; had brought back to his heart the fighting instinct. Every desire urged him forward, clamoring for revenge, but the aroused sense of a plainman held him motionless, staring about, listening for any sound. Behind him, down there in the hollow, were huddled the horses of his outfit, scarcely distinguishable from where he stood. If he should venture farther off, he might never be able

seen you ever since I was a little boy"—he looked fully as old as Jefferson—"and I have always looked forward to your visit to this place." Presently Jefferson interrupted the stream of praise to say: "I thank you very much. You are very kind." If the incident had only ended here! But the Terre Haute gentleman went on: "I tell you, every where in this town people are glad to see old Josh Whitcomb." There was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Jefferson said: "I think you are mistaken. I play Rip

to find a way back again. Even in the gray light of dawn he could see nothing distinctly a dozen yards distant. And Wesson had the compass. This was the thought which brought him tramping back through the drifts—Wesson! Wade was dead, Carroll little better, but the scout might have been only slightly wounded. He waded through the snow to where the man lay, face downward, his face still gripping the rein. Before Hamlin turned him over, he saw the jagged wound and knew death had been instantaneous. He stared down at the white face, already powdered with snow; then glared about into the murky distances, revolver ready for action, every nerve throbbing. God! If he ever met the murderer! Then swift reaction came, and he buried his eyes on the neck of the nearest horse, and his body shook with half-suppressed sobs. The whole horror of it gripped him in that instant, broke his iron will, and left him weak as a child.

But the mood did not last. Little by little he gained control, stood up again in the snow, and began to think. He was a man, and must do a man's work. With an oath he forced himself to act; reloaded his revolver, thrust it back into the holster at his hip, and, with one parting glance at poor Sam, plowed across through the drifts to Carroll. He realized now his duty, the thing he must strive to accomplish. Wade and Wesson were gone; no human effort could aid them, but Carroll lived, and might be saved. And it was for him alone now to serve Molly. The sudden comprehension of all this stung like the lash of a whip, transformed him again into a fighter, a soldier of the snow, who refuses to acknowledge defeat. His eyes darkened, his lips pressed together in a straight line.

Carroll lay helpless, inert, his head hanging down against the neck of his horse. The Sergeant jerked him erect, roughly beating him into consciousness; nor did he deal until the fellow's eyes opened in a dull stare.

"I'll pound the life out of you unless you brace up, George," he muttered. "That's right—get mad if you want to. It will do you no good. Wait until I get that quirt; that will set your blood moving. No! Wake up! Die, nothing! See here, man, there's the river just ahead."

He picked up his glove, undid the reins from Wesson's stiffened fingers, and urged the horses forward. Carroll lurched drunkenly in the saddle, yet retained sufficient life to cling to the pommel, and thus the outfit plunged blindly forward into the storm, leaving the dead men where they lay. There was nothing else to do; Hamlin's heart choked him as he plowed his way past, but he had no strength to lift those heavy bodies. Every ounce of power must be conserved for the preservation of life. Little as he could see through the snow blasts there was but one means of passage, that along the narrow rift between the ridges. The snow lay deep here, but they floundered ahead, barely able to surmount the drifts, until suddenly they emerged upon an open space, sheltered somewhat by the low hills and swept clean by the wind. Directly beneath, down a wide cleft in the bank, dimly visible, appeared the welcome waters of the Cimarron. The stream was but partly frozen over, the dark current flowing in odd contrast between the banks of ice and snow.

The Sergeant halted, examining his surroundings cautiously, expecting every instant to be fired upon by some unseen foe. The violence of the storm prevented his seeing beyond a few yards, and the whirling snow crystals blinded him as he faced the fury of the wind sweeping down the valley. Nothing met his gaze; no sound reached his ears; about him was desolation, unbroken whiteness. Apparently they were alone in all that intense dreariness of snow. The solemn loneliness of it—the dark, silently flowing river, the dun sky, the wide, white expanse of plain, the mad violence of the storm beating against him—brought to him a feeling of helplessness. He was a mere atom, struggling alone against Nature's wild mood. Then the feeling clutched him that he was not alone; that from somewhere amid those barren wastes hostile eyes watched, skulking murderers sought his life. Yet there was no sign of any presence. He could not stand there and die, nor permit Carroll to freeze in his saddle.

Foot by foot, feeling his passage, he advanced down the gully, fairly dragging his own horse after him. Behind, held by the straining lariats, lurched the others, the soldier swaying on the back of the last, swearing and laughing in delirium, clutching at snowflakes with his hands. At the end of the ravine, under shelter of the bank, Hamlin tramped back, herding the animals close, so as to gain the warmth of their bodies. Here they were well protected from the cruel lash of the wind and the shower of snow which blew over them and drifted higher and higher in the open space beyond. Working feverishly, the blood again circulating freely through his veins, the Sergeant hastily dragged blankets from the pack, and spread them on the ground, depositing Carroll upon them. Then he set about vigorously rubbing the sol-

dier's exposed flesh with snow. The smart of it, together with the roughness of handling, aroused the latter from lethargy, but Hamlin, ignoring his resentment, gripped the fellow with hands of iron, never ceasing his violent ministrations until his swearing ended in silence. Then he wrapped him tightly in the blankets, and stood himself erect, glowing from the exercise. Carroll glared up at him angrily out of red-rimmed eyes.

"I'll get you for that, you big boob!" he shouted, striving to release his arms from the clinging blankets. "You wait! I'll get you!"

"Hush up, George, and go to sleep," the other retorted, poking the shapeless body with his foot, his thoughts already elsewhere. "Don't be a fool. I'll get a fire if I can, and something hot into you. Within an hour you'll be a man again. Now see here—stop that! Do you hear? You lie still right where you are, Carroll, until I come back, or I'll kick your ribs in!" He bent down menacingly, scowling into the upturned face. "Will you mind, or shall I have to hand you one?"

Carroll shrank back like a whipped child, his lips muttering something indistinguishable. The sergeant, satisfied, turned and floundered through the drifts to the bank of the stream.



He Buried His Eyes on the Neck of the Nearest Horse.

He was alert and fearful, yet determined. No matter what danger of discovery might threaten, he must build a fire to save Carroll's life. The raging storm was not over with; there was no apparent cessation of violence in the blasts of the icy wind, and the snow swept about him in blinding sheets. It would continue all day, all another night, perhaps, and they could never live through without food and warmth. He realized the risk fully, his gloved hand gripping the butt of his revolver, as he stared up and down the snow-draped bluffs. He wished he had picked up Wesson's rifle. Who was it that had shot them, t.p. anyhow? The very mystery added to the dread. Could it have been Dupont? There was no other conception possible, yet it seemed like a miracle that they could have kept so close on the fellow's trail all night long through the storm. Yet who else would open fire at sight? Who else, indeed, would be in this God-forsaken country? And whoever it was, where had he gone? How had he disappeared so suddenly and completely? He could not be far away, that was a certainty. No plainman would attempt to ford that icy stream, nor desert the shelter of these bluffs in face of the storm. It would be suicidal. And if Dupont and his Indians were close at hand, Miss McDonald would be with them. He had had no time in which to reason this out before, but now the swift realization of the close proximity of the girl came to him like an electric shock. Whatever the immediate danger he must thaw out Carroll, and thus be free himself.

He could look back to where the weary horses huddled beneath the bank, grouped about the man so helplessly swaddled in blankets on the ground. They were dim, pitiable objects, barely discernible through the flying snow, yet Hamlin was quick to perceive the advantage of their position—the overhanging bluff was complete protection from any attack except along the open bank of the river. Two armed men could defend the spot against odds. And below, a hundred yards away, perhaps—it was hard to judge through that smother—the bare limbs of several stunted cottonwoods waved dimly against the gray sky. Hesitating, his eyes searching the barrenness above to where the stream bent northward and disappeared, he turned at last and tramped downward along the edge of the stream. Across stretched the level, white prairie, beaten and obscured by the storm while to his left rose the steep, bare bluff, swept clear by the wind, revealing its ugliness through the haze of snow. Not in all the expanse was there visible a moving object nor track of any kind. He was alone, in the midst of indescribable desolation—a cold, dead, dreary landscape.

## IMMATERIAL.

"Great heavens!" cried the drug clerk. "What is wrong?" asked the druggist. "I gave that boy hair tonic instead of cough sirup."

"Never mind. We make a profit of 90 per cent on each."

**Eccentricities of Genius.** "I wonder," said the beautiful grass widow, "if it is true that all geniuses are eccentric?"

"I suppose it is," replied the young man who had succeeded in getting a four-line poem published in a magazine. "One of my own peculiarities is that I never can eat without first rubbing my fork with my napkin."

**Johnny's Plans.** "Our Johnny has saved up \$6 which he is going to spend for fireworks on the Fourth of July."

"I suppose you expect Johnny to go out in a blaze of glory."

**Fortunate Mary.** Mary had a little lamb. She swapped it for a pig. The price of bacon and of ham makes Mary's fortune big.

**The Cause.** "So they are going to celebrate their crystal wedding?" "Yes. Neither of them has ever been willing to surrender the children to the other."

**Generally.** Generally the man who tries, by acting in an eccentric manner, to appear to be a genius is merely imitating another's faults.

# The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

## A FARMER'S COMPLAINT



They say the farmers git it all. They claim we live in princely style. But still my income's purty small. Though I keep 'erkin' all the while; The Sunday suit I have to wear. Would hardly please a millionaire.

They're blamin' us because they pay So much for meat and other things; To judge by what they have to say. You'd think the farmers all were kings. And yet I have to scheme, my friend, To git out even at the end.

My wife ain't wearin' costly furs, And on her hands no jewels blaze; I'll tell you honestly that here. Are pretty much all busy days; Yes, it is true that eggs are high, But so are all the things we buy.

There may be farmers who have learned The knack of layin' by a bit From what, by workin' hard, they've earned. But I am not a Croesus yet. And wouldn't you want durned good pay To be a farmer, any way?

**Looking Ahead.** "What are you thinking about, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "You seem to be greatly worried."

"I was reading an article in one of the magazines last night about the danger of our forests bein' destroyed unless something was done to stop the people who are cuttin' down the trees."

"Yes. Forest denudation is a thing that ought to be prevented. But I wouldn't let it worry me if I were in your place."

"I can't help thinkin' how sad it would be if I grew up and got run over by the cars, and the forests were all denuded, so there'd be no chance for me to get a wooden leg."

**Premature Baldness.** Little Harry's father was premature ly bald. Frequently the child had heard the matter mentioned and many times had he heard his parent explain that he had lost his hair before he was thirty years old.

One day Harry was sent away to stay for a week or two with his grand ma. When he was taken home again he found there a little brother. He looked for a long time at the baby, and then, turning to his mother, asked:

"Mamma, how old was he when he lost his hair?"

"Great heavens!" cried the drug clerk. "What is wrong?" asked the druggist. "I gave that boy hair tonic instead of cough sirup."

"Never mind. We make a profit of 90 per cent on each."

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## HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS END CONSTIPATION

If you really want to get rid of constipation, bad stomach, stuffed up bowels and all ailments arising from a disordered liver, get a box of blissful satisfying HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS today.

They never fail; take them as directed for a week and notice the feeling of happiness that comes from ability to eat well, sleep well, work well.

Notice the skin clear up, the blotches go, the eyes grow brighter and the appetite return. Don't take Calomel—all you need is HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS and all druggists hereabouts sell them for 25 cents a box. Free sample from Hot Springs Chemical Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

**His Views.** Wife—There is finish in that architect's work on our new house. Husband—Sure there is, but it's my finish.—Baltimore American.

**The Best Hot Weather Tonic.** GROVES TASTELESS CHILL TONIC enriches the blood and builds up the whole system, and it will wonderfully strengthen and fortify you to withstand the depressing effects of the hot summer. 16c.

**Hather Loud, Eh?** Fred—I understand that Ethel's new dress is the last cry in harems. Almee—Yes; it's a regular scream! —Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children** soothing, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, relieves pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle, 25c.

**His Principles.** "So that wretched old miser got better after all." "Yes, he rallied as soon as he heard that the price of funerals was going up."

**Fatal Day Was Near.** "Charles seems to be very exacting," said a fond mamma to the dear girl who was dressing for the wedding. "Never mind, mamma," said she sweetly, "they are his last wishes."—Lippincott's.

**Too Candid an Agreement.** "Lovers are prone to self-depreciation," said he tenderly, as they sat looking at the stars. "I do not understand what you see in me that you love so much."

"That's what everybody says," gurgled the ingenuous maiden. Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.

If you would hit the target of success you must aim before you shoot.

## WOMAN TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE

And Found Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Windom, Kansas.—"I had a displacement which caused bladder trouble and I was so miserable I didn't know what to do. I suffered from bearing down pains, my eyes hurt me, I was nervous, dizzy and irregular and had female weakness. I spent money on doctors but got worse all the time."

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This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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.

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# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed and Pub

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

## STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Management, Circulation, etc. of The Hedley Informer, published weekly at Hedley, Texas, required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, J. Claude Wells, Hedley. Managing Editor, Same. Business Manager, Same. Publisher, Same. Owner, Same.

Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders, None. J. Claude Wells.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of August, 1913. J. A. Morrow, Justice of Peace and Ex-officio Notary Public.

Still watching Hedley grow

Though this has been an off year Hedley continues to grow

Several nice showers have visited around and about this week. Cooler air and turnip seed sowing is the outcome.

Hark! the school bell is ringing, and the gin whistle is blowing, while the school kids are singing, and Hedley is growing.

Cotton pickers can get work to do in this country for the next two months. Cotton has opened rapidly and lots of farmers are already crying for hands.

2

The Informer editor is in the printing business. Not only prints the news, but unselfishly working for the citizens and business men of town and community, making it possible for the business interests to grow in business volume. What would you think of the editor if he were to handle merchandise on the side in competition to the Hedley business men?

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These Rockers fairly breathe rest and comfort; they are appropriate for all rooms and are also an attractive addition to the porch, veranda and lawn.

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Pasted on one of the stretchers underneath the seat of every chair made by the American Chair Company you will find their trade mark, as shown in the illustration, which is your safeguard against imitations and inferior goods. This trade-mark is a sign you are getting the best reed furniture made. Look for it.

We make this liberal offer to secure new customers and to increase our trade with old customers.

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If your cash purchase from us amount to \$50.00 during a period of twelve months, that is, \$25.00 additional, we will refund the \$1.50 you have paid for the Rocker, thus giving you the Rocker absolutely FREE. Remember, that a Rocker will be delivered to you for the small amount of \$1.50 just as soon as you have purchased \$25.00 worth of goods for cash, and it will be optional with you as to whether you trade the additional \$25.00 and get the Rocker FREE.

The Rockers are now on exhibition at our store. You are invited to call and see them and get a punch card. Have all your purchases punched on your card. Do all your trading with us and you will soon have a Rocker for every room. You will always find a choice selection of dependable merchandise at our store, and our prices mean a saving to you.

# THE CASH STORE

## The Satisfactory Store

O. H. BRITAIN, PROP. --- HEDLEY, TEXAS

The Informer force will attend the Press Association at Memphis, for that town knows how to entertain any organization. We would like for our readers to attend this meeting of the Northwest Texas Editors, and see how they behave. They sometimes act almost like humans.

Lieutenant Governor Mayes has promised to visit Memphis on the occasion of the meeting of the Northwest Texas Press Association on September 19 and 20. He will leave here to go at once to Austin where he will act as governor after September 23 for a month while Gov. Colquitt makes a trip to Panama. — Herald.

### BAPTIST LADIES AID

The Baptist Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Cloninger Sept. 15, at 4 p. m. Scripture lesson, Matt. 21. Subject for discussion, The Bible Doctrine of Faith. Special reading, Mrs. Hornsby.

All members are urged to be present as we have some very important business to attend to. PRESS REPORTER.

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### ALBRIGHT DRUG CO.

For sale, a good buggy, almost new. See Dr. A. M. Sarvis.

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I am agent for the best Moduments made; see or write me if you need such before you buy. Can save you money. Best material and work. Jas. A. Long, Clarendon, Tex. Star Route.

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Office at Albright Drug Co. Phones: Office 27, Res. 28 Hedley, Texas

**J. B. Ozier, M. D.**  
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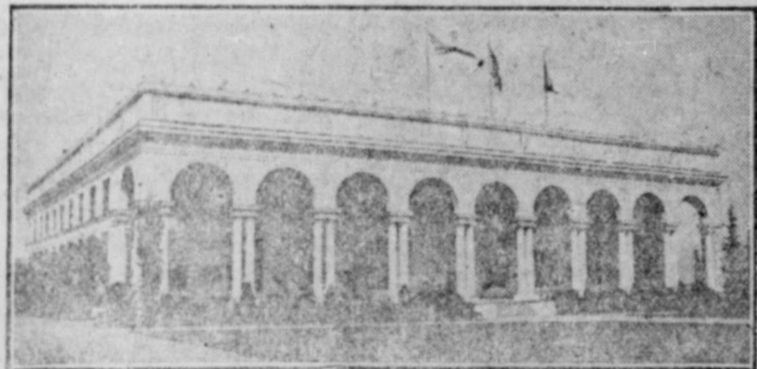


## Have a Fit With Clarke, The Tailor





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Clarendon, Tex. Star Route.

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**THE CENTURY PAGE**  
Published once a week, is a magazine of ideas of the house, every one the contribution of a woman reader of The News about farm life and matters of general interest to women.

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I. O. O. F. Lodge meets every Friday night.  
J. X. Miller, N. G.  
O. B. Stanley, Secretary

**A. F. & A. M.** Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon.  
G. A. Wimberly, W. M.  
J. W. Bond, Secretary

### City Directory

**CHURCHES** BAPTIST, Jas. A. Long, pastor. First Sunday in each month.

PRESBYTERIAN every Third Sunday.

Rev. Charlton, Pastor SUNDAY SCHOOL Every Sunday, J. G. McDougal, Supt

METHODIST, G. H. Bryant, pastor. Every Second and Fourth Sunday SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday morning. T. R. Moreman, Superintendent.

BAPTIST, Rev. Reece, pastor. Every First Sunday SUNDAY SCHOOL Every Sunday morn. K. W. Howell, Supt.

CHURCH OF CHRIST meets at Presbyterian church for Bible class and communion at 2:30 every Sunday afternoon.

PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening

### DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. C. Killough  
Clerk, J. J. Alexander  
Sheriff, J. T. Patman  
Treasurer, Guss Johnson  
Assessor, G. W. Baker  
County Attorney, W. T. Link

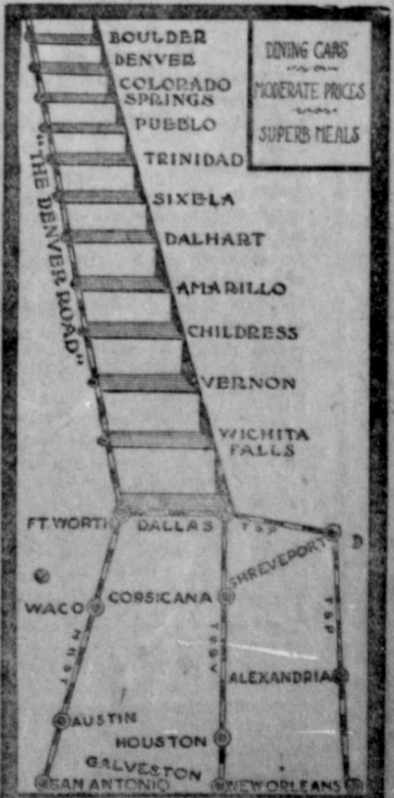
Commissioners:  
E. D. McAdams, Pct. No. 1  
P. O. Longon, " " 2  
N. L. Fryar, Pct. No. 3  
J. T. Bain, " " 4

Justice of the Peace Precinct 3, J. A. Morrow  
Constable Pct. No. 3, W. H. Atkinson

District Court meets third week in April and October.  
County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

### TIME TABLE

North bound	
No. 1.....	7:15 p. m.
" 7.....	10:15 a. m.
South bound	
No. 2.....	9:05 a. m.
" 8.....	9:00 p. m.



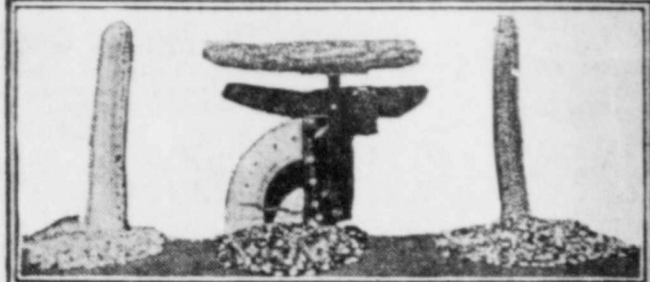
In a comparative sense  
**COOL COLORADO**  
with its numerous incomparable attractions and opportunities for vacationists and those seeking health resorts in the West, is in a few days away and the Fast Double-Daily Through Train of the Ft. Worth & Denver City Railway (including through-section between Denver and points on the T. & D. V. the T. & P. and Ft. W. & T. Ry's., as indicated hereon) commences travel to Colorado and Texas and returns on the same schedule and schedule in both directions. If in doubt, let me send you some literature, in booklet form, free!  
**A. A. GLISSON, G. P. A.**  
FT. WORTH, TEXAS



# IMPROVING the CORN CROP



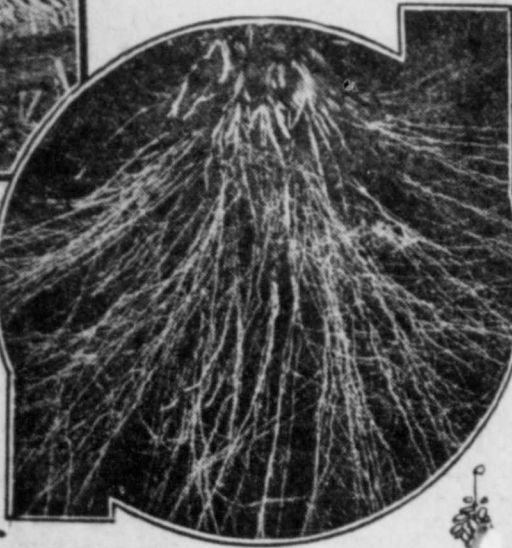
CORN IN THE SHOCK



12 ROW EAR 5 1/2 OZ GRAIN - 10 ROW EAR 8 OZ GRAIN



CORN HARVESTER IN OPERATION



ROOT SYSTEM IN HILL OF CORN



GOOD EARS ON EACH STALK AND THREE STALKS IN EACH HILL



55 EARS FILL A BUSHEL BASKET

It is surely an amazing fact that the corn crop of the states should average year after year only about 30 bushels to the acre. The acreage planted is increased by millions from year to year. Vast areas of virgin territory are constantly being brought under cultivation. It is a matter of record that many farmers raise 100, 200, some as high as 300 bushels to the acre, yet the average for the entire crop is never increased.

Is it likely that there is anything wrong with the government figures? I do not think so. There is as much care given as is possible to insure accuracy, and I daresay that many farmers, even if they raise more than 30 bushels to the acre, will feel satisfied that the figures are correct from his knowledge of what the average yield is in his district.

The farms are tilled by a pretty good type of farmer, on the whole, hard working, and fairly intelligent. The best that we have been able to produce of the true American, and for the most part the best of the sturdy sons of the soil from many foreign lands. We have a national department of agriculture that has been the envy and the copy of the world, which is in a sense, a farmer's university, and the sole aim and purpose of which has been and is, to make better farmers. For a generation or more, it has striven by study, experiment and printer's ink lavishly disseminated, to educate the farmer and bring him to a higher level as an efficient tiller of the soil. Through the work of its many professors it has presumably told the farmer much about seeds, and soils, and methods of cultivation, and of protection from insect pests, an infinite variety of details about the vital facts concerning his business, yet the result remains the same, so far as corn is concerned, year after year—thirty bushels to the acre.

In almost every state in the Union there is now, and has long been, an agricultural experiment station, working in co-operation with the federal department of agriculture and hand and sand with the farmers of the state to educate him. The stations are equipped with professors, and experts, many of them of the highest authority in the land, vast tracts are under experimental cultivation, they have been planning, working, testing soils and seeds, and fertilizers, to aid the farmer in the exercise of economy and the growing of better crops. The set results of their labors they are constantly disseminating by means of lectures, and correspondence, and bulletins, free, for all who would avail of such—yet the net result after all these years is an average of 30 bushels to the acre for corn.

The agricultural colleges have gone even further than this. They have in many instances not been content to work and lecture and print the results of their labors for their benefit of progressive farmers, they have been militant in their work, have instituted campaigns of education by sending out some of the professors on special trains, right in the heart of farming districts, and giving the farmer heart-to-heart talks, and object lessons in better farming methods; telling him about soils, methods of cultivation, seed selection, inviting them freely to ask questions, to the end that he may become a more enthusiastic worker and raise better crops. Although this has been going on for years and beyond question many have profited by it, yet the average yield for corn the past year was just the same—30 bushels.

Is it possible that the present type of farmer has reached the limit of his capacity to improve? It may be so. At any rate, besides all this there is an agricultural press, of vast proportions throughout the states, working to educate the farmers and keep him posted on everything that may be of help to him in his business. Many farmers take several such publications. Then again, the tools that are available to the farmer for his work are far superior to what they have been in the past, and are improved every year. Is it possible that the farmer is not as a class taking advantage of the best tools for his work?

What is the first thing to be done in the growing of better-corn crops? I think in seed selection. There is nothing startling or original in this, I admit; it is the doctrine that has long been preached, but I would simply add my testimony from the results of my experiments with the hope that it may lead others to try along the same lines. There is nothing difficult about it, there is certainly nothing costly; it amounts to simply a little more thorough and intelligent heart interest in one's labor.

To secure a corn that will yield tenfold what he has been accustomed to getting the farmer must breed for results. He has got to improve the corn in the same way that he would raise the standard of his stock or his flocks. And once he has secured a type of corn that shows increased productiveness, he must try to keep it pure, avoid inbreeding and maintain its stamina, with the same watchfulness and care that all breeding demands.

It does not require a scientific education to grow more and better corn, or better crops of any kind. It does require brains. One of the first things to be done is to get out of the slipshod ways of working. Corn, especially, is one of the most abused crops of the farm. Because it will grow and give some returns with a lot of neglect—it gets it.

In no one respect is the average farmer more careless than in his choice of seed, and this may be said to be the prime essential. The farmer is plowing, manuring, performing all the operations from planting time to harvest, year after year, and with some of these he takes considerable pride; for instance, I know farmers who are perfect plowmen; they know it and are proud of their skill, but these same farmers are hide-bound in an old custom of throwing their corn in their crib just as it is husked, and when they want seed in the spring-time, they go to the crib and pick out sufficient likely ears from what are left to meet their needs, and let it go at that.

It is an enigma how a man can be so skilled as a workman in many respects, and yet absolutely inert to one of the most vital phases of securing perfection in that work. It needs no argument for it has been demonstrated over and over again that the breeding of plants can be followed with as much certainty as to results, as the breeding of animals. Then why not do it? The only added equipment which nine out of ten require is the exercise of more intelligent care and precision in some of the details.

It seems strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, that most farmers are aware of what may be done in plant breeding, and know the general principles, but they will not wake up to a practice of them in their own interests.

If we are to increase the corn yield we have got to get it in the blood.

It is not in the soil, or the fertilizer, or the weather, nor in any other factor, important though each may be. The first essential is to breed up corn for plants with the same care given to animals or fowls. Type, quality, stamina, productiveness, etc., must be known, must be sought for and improved with each season. It is not enough to pick out perfect ears or such as may be attractive at harvest time. It is necessary that one shall know the plant that produced the ear, and all the conditions of its growth and environment.

There are many mysteries to be solved in this question of seed selection with the view to breeding up a more productive type of corn. My own experiments in this direction will indicate some of the difficulties to be met with. In husking the corn in the fall of 1908 I came across just one stalk containing two ears. It was the first I had ever met with, though upon inquiry I find that farmers do frequently come across such two-eared stalks, though they never pay any attention to them, but throw them in the crib with the others.

It occurred to me, however, that it would be well to plant from those two ears and endeavor to raise a two-eared type. One ear was of good size and the other about two-thirds as big. Weighing them the large one weighed 14 ounces and the small 9 1/2 ounces. The large ear was an average ear such as every stalk carried. Thus this particular plant gave 9 1/2 ounces more than any other plant. This gain would mean almost a ton more to the acre if the corn could be bred to yield two ears. It would mean even more if the two ears could be made to attain a good size instead of one being large and one small as in this case.

The corn was of a variety called yellow-flint, obtained originally of a nearby farmer. From these two ears I selected 630 kernels, discarding the butts and tips. The field in which this was planted was fall plowed and dressed during the winter with a liberal application of a high quality of stable manure, as I keep such in a cement-bottomed pit. The two-eared seed was planted at one end of the main corn field. It should, of course, have had a separate plot, and it may be that the tendency to revert to one ear was due in part to its contiguity to the ordinary corn.

The 630 kernels made 210 hills. Fourteen failed to come up, probably being eaten by worms or mice. The germination showed very strong vitality. However, of the 616 stalks, all from the two-eared seed, only 136 stalks produced a double ear. About one-fifth.

Another interesting point, showing clearly a tendency to reversion to remote ancestors, is found in the fact that while the two-seed ears were of the yield was about 75 per cent. of the yield was of one eight-rowed cob. Although this variety of flint corn will show frequent ears of 12 and 14 rows, it may be considered properly an eight-rowed type of corn. Thus we see that after throwing the sport of a two-eared stalk, there is not

sufficient stamina in all the seeds to reproduce like the parent. The corn reverted not only to the one-eared but to the eight-rowed type.

This is one of the mysteries that will have to be solved, no doubt before a highly-productive two-eared type of corn can be raised with the qualities of the parent so fixed that it can be relied upon to maintain a big average yield. It may be due to a weakness of inbreeding.

Some of the ears weighed over a pound each, making over two pounds to the stalk. If this could be averaged for an entire corn field it would yield over ten tons to the acre.

Such may seem an exaggeration or an impossibility, but it is so only in comparison with what we have been accustomed to. Even if by judicious selection of two-eared seed each year still the type could not be fixed so as to produce even yields of the maximum amount, yet if it gave an increase of 20 per cent. as it did in my experiment, the return would be a big one for what is involved. It does not imply added cost, in the production, but only a greater care and interest in one's work.

Another thing to be kept in mind in breeding up a type of corn for higher productiveness is that the number of kernels to the ear and their size has an important bearing on the yield of grain.

A corn expert once figured out that if the productiveness of corn could be increased by only one kernel to each ear, on the entire crop it would mean a gain of 50 tons of grain! Even though the figures be not absolute there is no gainsaying that the increase of yield would be a very big amount in the aggregate. The point is made very clearly in the accompanying photographs which show eight, ten and twelve-rowed ears of corn. Each ear was exactly the same in weight, being 11 ounces each. The eight-rowed ear gave seven ounces of grain, and had a cob weighing four ounces, the ten-rowed ear weighed eight ounces of grain and had a three ounce cob. The twelve-rowed ear gave 8 1/2 ounces of grain. A difference of an ounce and a half to the ear of actual grain is an appreciable gain worth striving for. But that does not mean that such is the limit of the gain to be obtained. It would be quite within reason to obtain tenfold that increase.

The chief requisite to substantial progress in the growing of a more productive corn must be the skill and judgment of the worker. The first essential is no doubt seed selection, but this does not merely mean the picking out of the best looking ears either at harvest time or in the husking. It is necessary that the grower shall watch the corn from the first start of the seed and through the growing.

Vigor, productiveness and early ripening should be noted, not merely in the mind, but in a book, and the stalks should be marked so that they can be identified at any time. My method is to snip out little bits of tin; punch a hole through them at one side and put a bit of thin wire through and twist this loosely about the stalk when marking it. On the tin I scratch a number with a sharp awl. There is not likely to occur any accident that can destroy this tin or erase the number.

# IDEAS for HOME BUILDERS

By WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

An eight-room, full two-story house, with a splendid cellar and a good attic, is what every large family needs. There are a great many different styles of eight-roomed houses. Eight rooms seem to be about the size required by business men in the smaller towns and country places.

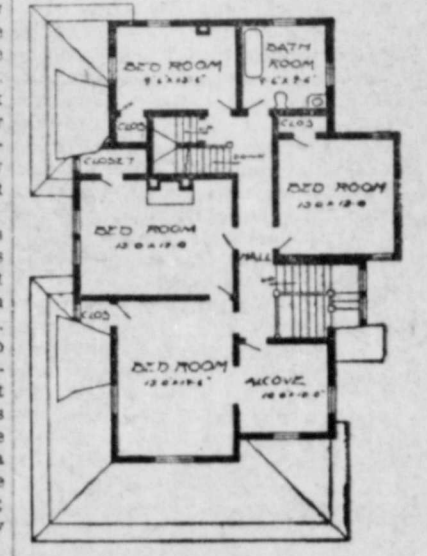
A great many farmers are now building new houses. Farmers have been prosperous of late, and they are using considerable money in building. A farmer likes to have a house look well, and to have conveniences for doing the work; that is live, up-to-date farmers do. There are plenty of the other kind, but they are not building houses like this.

This house is about as large as necessary on the average farm. It is about as large as a furnace will heat economically, being 35 feet in width by 49 in length, exclusive of porches. The stairway to the attic is closed so that no heat is wasted in that direction. A hot-air furnace is the best means of heating up a house of this size. Anything larger should have hot water or steam. There is a great advantage in hot air, from the fact that it furnishes ventilation; most houses in the country are shy on ventilation.

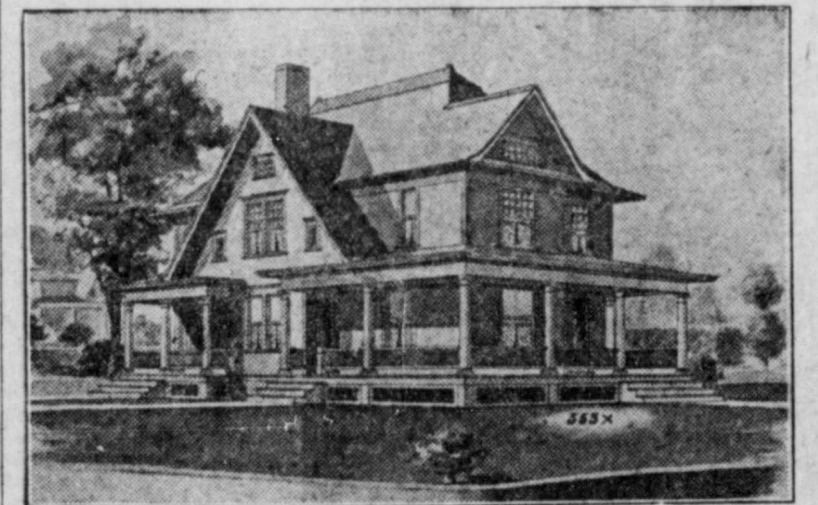
Members of farmers' families in some rural districts are more subject to lung diseases and pulmonary troubles than the inhabitants of towns or cities. Physicians in country places say harsh things about some farmers, claiming that the prevalence of consumption in rural districts is due to living in houses without proper ventilation and heating; also that the extra burden thrown upon females by want of conveniences for doing household work is a contributing factor. They name farmers who are very careful of their horses and cattle, but very neglectful of wife and daughters. They are even bold enough to say that the first care with such men

the comfort of the farm stock; that is humane, and it is profitable; but the family is worth more than the animals. The first consideration should be bestowed on the house, and the barns should be a close second. Water supply, heat, ventilation, drainage, plumbing, laundry arrangements, bathroom facilities, disposal of sewage and garbage, and ventilation of the cellar, are very important topics for consideration. They make for health; but, when neglected, they often lead to disease.

The verandas on this house are especially attractive when it is built in the country. They give an air of

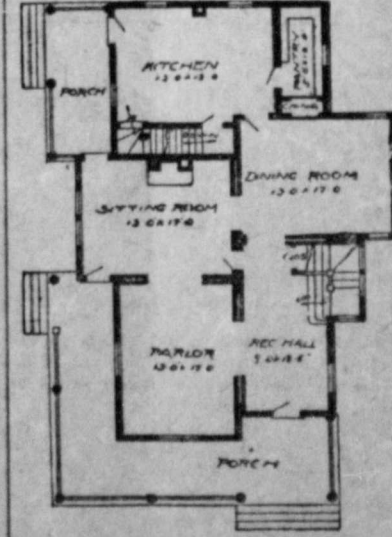


Second Floor Plan.



seems to be to provide good feed, shelter, and good stables for the stock, and the old house must wait until everything else is attended to. In the meantime the women folks are obliged to work in a drafty kitchen, and to sleep in bedrooms that are not heated. The result is that they spend the night in close rooms with the windows shut in order to keep warm.

Some of these physicians claim that there would be no difficulty in keeping the girls and boys on farms if



First Floor Plan.

they had houses that were fit to live in. There probably is some truth in these accusations. Most of us are acquainted with farmers who are very quick to invest in the best machinery, and plenty of it, for the purpose of relieving their own end of the work, but who are very negligent in providing household helps and conveniences. It is all right, of course, to pay a great deal of attention to

economical of room. The cellar is big enough to partition off a storage room for fruits and vegetables in different compartments.

House drains should connect with a septic tank. A farm house septic tank, when properly constructed, is just as good as a city sewer, and it is no more trouble. What is known as the septic system of sewage disposal was tried out theoretically, scientifically, and practically in England years ago. It consists of two tanks—the first is nearly airtight as possible. The liquid from this is siphoned into the second tank automatically when it fills up to a certain point. Two kinds of bacteria are known to work in the two tanks. The kind in the first tank require but little air; the kind in the second tank do better work when no light but plenty of air is admitted. These bacteria destroy the solids in the sewage. A peculiar feature about this system is the fact that the solids, even greases, are reduced to a harmless deposit in the form of scum on the top of the water, with a amount of scum and precipitate does not increase but remains the same month after month. It is not definitely known what becomes of the additional amount added each year. It disappears as if by magic.

The septic tank system is not necessarily expensive. Two round holes in the ground six feet in diameter each, and six feet deep, are sufficient to take care of the sewage from a large house. These underground tanks may be made of cement, and should be connected with a siphon at least three inches in diameter. This siphon is a simple affair, and may consist of a U-shaped pipe, the outlet of which should be three or four inches lower than the inlet. The liquid discharge from the second tank is clear, colorless, and almost pure water.



# For the LITTLE ONES

## LOCKING UP LONDON TOWER

Ancient Custom Still Observed in Big English Metropolis—Makeup of Procession.

Strange to say, very few people are aware of the ancient custom which is still kept up at the Tower of London, says London Tit-Bits. Just before midnight a befeater and the chief yeoman porter secure the keys from the governor's house to "lock up." Having received the keys, they proceed to the guardroom.

"Escort for the keys," calls out the porter and a sergeant and six privates turn out.

The procession then marches off, and the sentries who pass issue the usual challenge of "Who goes there?" to which the answer is "Keys."

Arriving at the entrance of the Tower grounds, the Lions' gate, the porter locks the gates, and the party returns to the guardroom, the sentry challenging as before and receiving the same answer. However, on arrival at the guardroom again the sentry stationed there stamps his foot, at the same time giving the usual challenge.

"Keys," replies the porter.

"Whose keys?" the sentry asks.

"King George's keys."

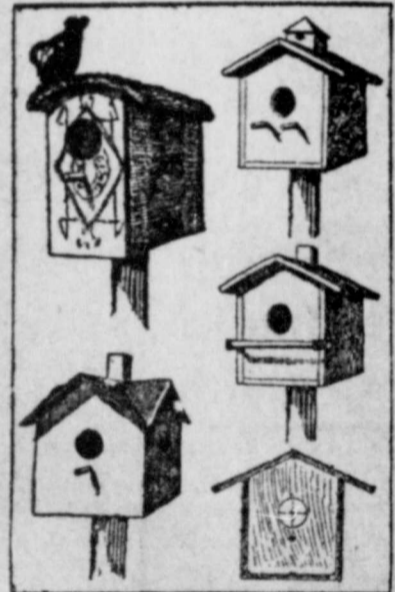
"Advance King George's keys, and all's well."

The porter then says, "God bless King George," and all present respond with "Amen." The keys are then saluted and returned to the governor's house, where they remain until the next night's ceremony.

## HOUSES FOR LITTLE BIRDS

Not Necessary to Make Nesting Places Elaborate—Roughest Shelters Generally Sought.

The boy or girl who puts up boxes for the birds to nest in and supplies the birds with drinking water and bathing places, is certain of an unending source of pleasure. Much of this will come from watching the birds, at times, and studying their habits. Bird houses needn't be new or elaborate. The



Suggestion for Bird Houses.

roughest shelters, and weather-stained boxes, are more likely to find a tenant early, than those made of new lumber. Any boy can make one of the houses shown in the illustration, says the Farmers' Mail and Breeze. When the birds move in they will pay rent by eating hundreds of insects which would otherwise do damage.

## RIDDLES.

What is the right kind of timber for castles in the air?

A sunbeam.

What is that which never asks any questions and yet requires many answers?

The doorbell.

What is it which if you name it even you break it?

Silence.

What sort of men are always above board in their movements?

Chessmen.

What word of 15 letters is there from which you can subtract 12 and leave ten?

Prententiousness.

How many weeks belong to the year?

Forty-six; the other six are only lent (Lent).

What is the difference between a goose and an author?

A goose has many quills, but an author can make a goose of himself with one quill.

When may a man be said to as sard up as a man can be?

When he cannot get credit for good intentions.

So Will the Reader.

"Pop, is an abys anything sleepy?"

"Of course not, child. What put that to your head?"

"Well, it's always yawning."

## NOVEL FEAT OF GROCERYMAN

Develops into Expert Calculator in Order to Dispose of Goods in Short Space of Time.

The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker have to become expert calculators in order to dispense their goods to the waiting customers in the minimum amount of time and to be sure they do not receive the worst of it in multiplying pounds by pennies. Then, too, all sorts of perplexing little problems in weighing and packing have to be disposed of. For example, the case of the grocer who had a big bag containing 20 pounds of granulated sugar, which he wished to put up into packages of two pounds each. The perplexing feature of the incident was that he had only two weights, five and nine pounds, respectively. There he was with his 20 pounds of sugar, his



Neat Trick of Groceryman.

scales, his scoop, and those two weights, and without loss of time he had to fill his ten two pound bags. Could you tell him how to accomplish the feat in the fewest possible number of operations?

The groceryman performed the feat as follows in ten operations, which is the shortest method possible: He placed the nine-pound weight on one side of the scales and the five-pound on the other. Then he was enabled to weigh the difference between them, four pounds in sugar, which left 16 pounds in the large bag. Then he placed the nine pounds and five pounds together on one side of the scales and the 16 pounds of sugar on the other side. Out of the bag he was then able to weigh two pounds, leaving two pounds in the four pound bag. In eight more operations he put the 16 pounds of sugar into two pound bags by using two pounds of sugar as a two pound weight.

## PALMISTRY IN THE FAR EAST

Thumb Is Called "the Great Finger" in Japan and China—Servants Use Finger Points.

The Chinese and Japanese call the thumb "the great finger," and connect it with one's ancestors. Our index finger is with them the "head or man pointing finger," and has to do with the father.

The middle or longest finger belongs to the mother, while the next, or nameless finger, is the property of sweethearts and wives (the westerners have chosen this finger, too, for the wearing of the wedding ring). The little finger concerns our descendants and posterity.

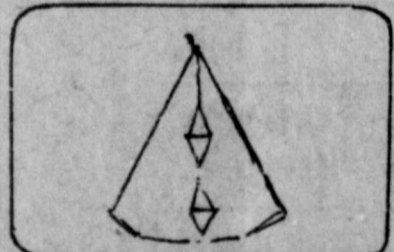
The ball of the thumb, the celebrated "mount of Venus," according to palmists the world over, retains its qualities appertaining to sensuous, sensual, and mundane matters with the Japanese hand readers, too.

Both Japanese and Chinese servants, in signing and sealing agreements with their masters, frequently moisten their finger points with ink and press it on the paper. As a means of identity or personal sign manual, these finger prints appear to have been long known in the east. It is, therefore, no surprise to find that Japanese palmists, in addition to examining the "lines" of the open palm, extend their inquiries to the pore patterns on the tips of the fingers and thumbs.

## HINT FOR THE CAMPERS-OUT

Good Circulation of Air Is Assured in Tent by Placing Sort Stick Between Flaps.

When wishing to get up a circulation of air, try this simple plan: After closing the flaps put a stick 15 or 18 inches long horizontally, as seen in the picture, between the flaps. This



Hint for a Tent.

will spread them apart and give an opening, and good ventilation is assured. They may be made large or small, and as many as desired.

Needed a Respite.

Old Gent—Well, sonny, did you take your dog to the "vet" next door to your house, as I suggested?

Boy—Yes, sir.

Old Gent—And what did he say?

Boy—E said Towser was suffering from nerves, so ax had better give up playing the planner.—Tit-Bits

Practical Application.

Small Boy—Say, mother, what is a desert?

Mother—It is a place where nothing grows.

Next day in school the small boy was asked what was a desert.

"Papa's head!" came the immediate reply.—Tit-Bits.

## OTHERS ALSO IN HARD LUCK

Youthful Artist, However, Was in No Mood to Extend Sympathy to Fellow Unfortunate.

Two youthful artists having a studio in Philadelphia, wherein they not only work, but lodge as well, were obliged to make shift, not long ago, during a period of financial stress, with such meals as they could themselves prepare in the studio.

One morning as the younger of the two was "sketching in" the coffee he gave utterance to loud and bitter complaint. "This is a fine way for gentlemen to live!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't know," was the airy comment of his friend. "Lots of people are far worse off. I was reading only this morning of a recluse who cooked his own breakfast for 19 years."

"He must have been awfully hungry when he finally got it done," rejoined the other, savagely.—Harper's Magazine.

## Everything O. K.

With your appetite—your digestive organs—your liver—your bowels. If not, you should try a short course of

# HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It helps Nature overcome such ills as Flatulency, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Cramps and Malarial Fever. Get a bottle today.

## Changes Her Mind.

"I used to think Gus Simpson was a nice young man, but I just hate him now."

"Why, what has he done?"

"He treated me shamefully."

"In what way?"

"Why, the other evening at a party I said to him: 'Let's play the old game of "Questions." If I say "Yes" or "No" to your questions, I owe you a box of gloves; and if you say "Yes" or "No," you'll give me a box."

"Then what?"

"Well, after the party he took me home, and all the way there he talked as sweetly as could be about love, and that man should not live alone and all that, and when we got to the front gate he said, 'Fannie, will you marry me?' I, of course, answered, 'Yes,' in a suppressed voice."

"And what'd he do then?" inquired her listener, eagerly.

"He just chuckled and said, 'You've lost, Fannie. I take No. 9s. Then laughed with all his might—that's what he did.'"

No wonder she fluted him!

## IN MISERY WITH ECZEMA

Franklin, La.—"About four years ago my face broke out in little red pimples. At first the eczema did not bother, but finally the pimples began itching and burning and then there came little raised places. I suffered untold misery. I scratched them until they bled and I could not sleep at night. I was ashamed of my face and I could not bear to touch it."

"I tried different remedies without result until I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in six weeks they completely cured my face. That was nine months ago, and no sign has appeared since." (Signed) Mrs. Leola Stennett, Dec. 14, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

## Knew What to Expect.

Husband (at 11 p. m.)—Well, good night, you fellows. I am going home to a vegetarian supper.

"What do you mean by that?" asked one of the company.

"Well, my wife said that if I was not at home by 10 o'clock she would give me beans."—Stray Stories.

## Severe Rheumatism

Grove Hill, Ala.: Hunt's Lightning Oil cured my wife of a severe case of Rheumatism and my friend of toothache. I surely believe it is good for all you claim for it.—A. R. Stringer 25 and 50c bottles. All dealers.—Adv.

## Could Afford It Now.

"Why have you cut that lady who has just passed? Yesterday you were most cordial towards her."

"That is my dressmaker, and I paid her bill this morning."

## To Cure Tender and Rceding Game

Apply the wonderful old remedy DR. FORTY'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

A woman is unpopular with her neighbors if she never does anything that they can gossip about.

## GOOD RESULT OF SUGGESTION

Chance Phrases and Ideas That Have Been Utilized and Found to Have Real Value.

Richard Mansfield told me that when he was a lad in London he often nearly starved. There was a certain bakeshop where he would go and feast upon the odors coming from the door. The boyhood notion gave him the idea of putting those lines in his play "Beau Brummel," about "dining on the names of things"—a suggestion he used with powerful dramatic effect.

This idea of suggestion has done many a good deed. About ninety years ago a thirsty man walked up Wall street—I understand the habit of getting a thirst no longer prevails there, or maybe it is only the manner of allaying it—and pumped a tin cup full of water from his own well. "Not so good as I used to get from my father's well," or something to that effect he remarked to his wife. "A pretty idea for a song," said she, and so he sat down and in an hour wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Dropsy Treated 10 Days Free.

Short breathing quickly relieved—swelling removed in a few days. Wonderful cures made of dropsy where all else fails. Write for 10-day free home treatment. Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. K, Atlanta, Ga.—Adv.

## Knife Not Used.

"How did you happen to have Old Man Longwind on the program at your informal banquet?"

"Well, he wasn't on the program, but somebody who was on couldn't come, so the old guy was asked to fill in."

"What did he do?"

"Not a thing but arise and speak for forty minutes."

"Gee! Did he have his speech all cut and dried?"

"No—it was only dried!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Not Fit For Ladies

Public sentiment should be against it, I believe it is; there can be no reason why ladies should have to suffer with headaches and neuralgia, especially when Hunt's Lightning Oil gives such prompt relief. It is simply a question of getting the ladies to try it. All druggists sell Hunt's Lightning Oil in 25c and 50c bottles.—Adv.

## Summer Clothes.

Mildred Lawson, a pretty American dancing girl, made her debut in London last month, and the English critics, while admiring her dances, complained a good deal about the scantiness of her costumes. Miss Lawson sent some of these English criticisms to a New York agent the other day, and in a letter accompanying them she said: "You'll notice that they kick a lot about my dresses. But what's the use, say I—what's the use of making such a fuss about nothing, or almost nothing?"

## Exact Statement.

Some one has said that the man who laughs is the man who is secure in superior information, wisdom, wit or sophistry. The naïvete of the Sudan supplies plenty of food for this kind of laughter.

There is the story of a telegraph clerk in an outlying district of the White Nile who, finding the desolation upon his nerves, telegraphed to headquarters: "Cannot stay here; am in danger of life; am surrounded by lions, elephants and wolves."

The hard-hearted operator at the other end wired back: "There are no wolves in the Surraa."

He received a second wire: "Referring my wire 16th, cancel wolves."—Youth Companion.

## Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *W. D. Little* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

## Quick Work.

Mamma, on hearing that her sister had received a new little girl, said to Lillian, her young daughter, "Lillian, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Lillian, wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick?"

## Always a Kick.

"Had a guest once," remarked the landlord of a summer hotel, "who was satisfied with the meals, the rooms, the rates, the scenery and the temperature."

"Then he had no complaint to make?"

"Yes, he had. The sunsets were not up to his expectations."

## Insult Added to Injury.

"When I bought this horse from you, you told me he was as bold as a lion, and he shies at a straw."

"No; I told you he was like a lion. Ain't he a roarer?"

## What Did She Mean?

He—Something's preying on my mind.

She—It must be pretty hungry.

A man isn't necessarily a coward because he is afraid of consequences.

## HIRED MAN KNEW THE GAME

His Dexterity on First Base Surprised the Youngsters Until They Learned More of His Career.

In the American Magazine Hugh S. Fullerton writes an article entitled "The Making of a Big Leaguer." It is the story of one of the greatest ball players in the United States as told by himself to Mr. Fullerton. This player was a country boy and, of course, began to play the game early. He tells the following story about an incident of his boyhood:

"Father had a hired man named Ned, a tall, quiet fellow with a pair of blue eyes that seemed always about to laugh, but seldom did. He had been with us a year. He got drunk periodically, and after each spree father hunted him up and brought him back to work. We asked him to play with us, and he laughed and said he reckoned he would try to play first base if 'paw' would let him off. I fixed it with father, and Ned played first base, making catches and stops that filled us with astonishment. Also he made five home runs, two into the railroad pond and three into the barn lot back of left field. Walking home that evening he told me he had played ball professionally, yet it was not until two years later that I learned he once had been a famous outfielder with a great team."

## Parcel Post.

"Is a bulldog mailable?"

"Yes; but not in this mail. Cats and pigs go in this mail."

## Its Proper Place.

"Where did you get that flame-colored rig?"

"I got it at a fire sale."

# THE BEST HOT WEATHER TONIC, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

The Old Standard, General Tonic. Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System.

## FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

It is a combination of QUININE and IRON in a tasteless form that wonderfully strengthens and fortifies the system to withstand the depressing effect of the hot summer. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A true tonic and sure appetizer. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it.

# Pellagra Cured! Money Back If Remedy Fails

Rejoice! Pellagra HAS been cured! YOU CAN BE WELL AND STRONG AGAIN! My Remedy NEVER FAILS to relieve the most distressing symptoms within a few days, and CURES within a few weeks or months. Hundreds of grateful patients testify to the marvelous healing power of

## Baughn's Pellagra Remedy

For Pellagra and Nothing Else. Don't despair! Write me today for my FREE BOOK, which gives many testimonials like Mrs. Baker's—tells how to recognize Pellagra—about my Remedy—its cost—my unconditional guarantee—my responsibility—gives symptom blank and tells you how to order.

If you have Pellagra—if you know anyone else who has—write for this book. Don't delay. You take no risk. Remember you are protected by our guarantee.

Address **G.P. Baughn**

## American Compounding Co.

Jasper, Ala.

When you write please mention this paper.

# Libby's Luncheon Delicacies

Dried Beef, sliced under thin, Hickory Smoked and with a choice flavor that you will remember. Vienna Sausage—Just right for Red Hot, or to serve cold. Try them served like this. Cut my bread in thin slices, spread with creamed butter and remove crust. Cut a Libby's Vienna Sausage in half, lengthwise, lay on bread. Place on top of the sausage a few thin slices of Libby's Midget Pickles. Cover with other slice of bread, press lightly together. Arrange on platter, serve garnished with parsley sprigs. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



## LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

HAHN MUSIC SCHOOL THE SCHOOL FOR YOUR DAUGHTERS 1809-11 Commerce Street, Dallas, Texas Let us train you for business success. We know how. Write for free catalogues.

## Metropolitan Business College

1809-11 Commerce Street, Dallas, Texas Let us train you for business success. We know how. Write for free catalogues.

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Address **G.P. Baughn**

## American Compounding Co.

Jasper, Ala.

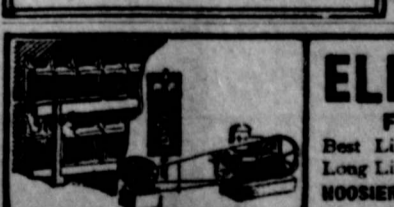
When you write please mention this paper.

## DROPSY TREATED.

Give quick relief, usually removes swelling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 10-15 days, with treatment FREE. DR. GARDNER'S OIL, Box 4, Atlanta, Ga.

## EARLE D. BEHREND'S

DALLAS TEACHER OF VOICE, BREATHING TENOR SOLOIST, DIRECTOR INTERPRETATION REPERTOIRE Studio Open For Terms Write Sept. 1st. 4480A Sycamore St.



## ELECTRIC LIGHTS FOR COUNTRY HOMES

Best Lights in the World. SAFE, Cheap and Long Lived. For full particulars write HOOSIER STORAGE BATTERY CO., Evansville, Indiana

## WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

FOR MALARIA and as a TONIC. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by Panama Post on receipt of price. Arthur Peter & Co., Louisville, Ky.

# Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use



**"Rexall Remedies"**

AT

*The Rexall Store*

Such as Catarrh Remedy; Kidney, Rheumatic, and Hair Tonic.

We handle the complete line. Come and get one of these Remedies.

*The Rexall Store*

**Hedley Drug Company**

**Locals**

\*\*\*

B. L. Kinsey went to Vernon Sunday.

The editors spent Sunday in Memphis with homefolks.

A. A. Beedy attended Presbytery at Clarendon this week.

W. H. Madden spent Sunday in Goodnight with old friends.

George Killian and wife moved out to Windy Valley this week.

Gene Dishman has accepted a position with Moreman & Battle.

Atlee Reeves and Grafton Dishman went to Wichita Falls Sunday.

See Bozeman before having your wagons and buggies repaired. Work and prices guaranteed.

The Best Washer on Earth for the money. See Frank Kendall.

Mrs. F. A. Killian has moved from Giles to send the children to school here.

Miss Mary Helen Bain visited relatives in Memphis several days last week.

The "Modern Washer." Call at the Saddle Shop and see sample.

Mrs. S. A. McCarroll left Tuesday night for Brenham, their future home.

Miss Rosie Ruthford of Scranton, Texas, is visiting her sister Mrs. C. Johnson.

J. Paul Sarvis and family were down from Goodnight visiting homefolks Sunday.

Miss Mamie Beedy left Thursday for Floydada where she will attend school this year.

Sam Bond went to Canyon first of the week to enter the Northwest Texas Normal.

Mrs. Newman of Memphis was here last of last week to see her sister Mrs. W. M. Dyer.

J. W. Bond returned from Wellington Saturday. He left his mother much improved.

J. B. Dasy is helping in the King barber shop. Will Stulce left last week for Clarendon.

Miss Ina Reeves left Sunday night for Fort Worth where she will probably enter school.

Rev. G. H. Bryant went to Amarillo Tuesday to meet his family who were on their way home from Lockney.

Kerley & Latimer are putting down a well for T. T. Harrison who will begin building his new residence next week.

Keep the flies out by using the best Screen Doors. Sold by J. C. Wooldridge.

Miss Lelia Watt of Rochester, Texas, visited her brother J. W. first of the week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Ozier visited the Drs. parents in Amarillo Sunday.

Mrs. G. A. Wimberly visited her folks in Memphis several a few days last week.

Mrs. C. A. Hicks is enjoying a visit from her father R. N. Condron of Canyon City.

500 cross ties for sale at 12c each, and 100 half-gal. jars of fruit 25c a jar.  
E. R. Clark.

N. J. Allen has about completed his residence on the acreage tract east of D. W. Williams home on McDougal Heights.

WANTED grass or stalk pasture for two head of horses.  
J. C. Wells, Informer Office.

Mrs. Emma Mahan of Fort Worth visited her niece Mrs. J. R. Masterson this week.

Just received a shipment of the best paint on the market—Lincoln Climatic; put up for this climate.  
J. C. Wooldridge.

Mrs. T. R. Moreman accompanied her mother Mrs. Miller, to her home in Clarendon Sunday.

K. J. Clements and wife moved to Memphis Tuesday after a stay of some two or three months here.

Mrs. Taylor left this week, having sold her residence just north of the Baptist church to J. W. Bond.

C. C. Chance and family are now living at Chico, Texas. His mother, who lived in Wise county, died a few days ago.

Mrs. J. G. McDougal attended the wedding of her niece, Miss Jessie Ewen, at Memphis Tuesday.

Mrs. Bert Whittington returned home Wednesday night from a three weeks visit with her mother in Dickens county.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brinson attended the Wright Blankenship meeting in Clarendon Sunday.

Fred Stagg of Estelline has accepted a position with Ed Yelton in the Imperial Barber shop.

E. R. Clark and family left for Kirksville, Mo., where they will spend the winter, and Miss Jessie is studying osteopathy.

Mrs. Marion Williams and daughter and Neville Williams and wife of Clarendon visited J. B. Masterson and family Sunday.

# Watch Our Store Something Doing Every Day

**We are better equipped than ever to handle your Fall business. Every department and line have been strengthened and extensive preparations have been made to handle your business in a perfectly satisfactory manner. Will be pleased for you to call.**

**Watch for our Millinery Opening. We will show the nicest and most stylish line of hats ever shown in Hedley**

**We have a complete line of School Children's Supplies, such as: Pencils, Tablets, Lunch Baskets, School Bags, Erasers, Etc.**

**Our Ready-to-wear Suits for men, ladies and children are arriving and the lines will soon be complete. Call and see the new styles.**

**We call your special attention to our line of Dress Goods and Trimmings in the Latest Styles for Fall and Winter.**

**Our Grocery stock is always kept fresh and right up to the minute in every respect.**

# BAIN & MCCARROLL