

The Hedley Informer

VOL. III

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1913

NO. 48

HEDLEY CONTINUES LEADING MARKET

The Hedley gins have turned out between 750 and 800 bales this fall, and that means that there will be something like fourteen or fifteen hundred bales ginned here this season, as not much over half the cotton has been picked. The McKnight gin will run six hundred or more bales, and that also means that Hedley will buy more than 2000 bales this fall.

Besides buying cotton and paying well for it, Hedley buyers buy all the feed stuff that is brought here, which is no small amount, by any means. Great stacks of feed are already accumulated on the commons south of the railroad, and the major part of the feed has not been hauled to town yet, but will be when the cotton is out of the way.

There is no getting around the fact that Hedley is right up in the collar as a market, and is doing a nice business, even if this was a short crop year.

WATCH HEDLEY GROW!!

GOOD ROADS NEEDED IN DONLEY COUNTY

That the roads in this county are not as good as they should be is an undisputed fact, and they will be better some day, but why not now? Read the following article by Judge J. H. O'Neal for the Clarendon News:

"It is only a short while until the time set apart by the Governor's proclamation as Good Road Days. There are few, if any, questions now of more concern to the people of Donley county as a whole, than that of good roads, and yet it seems the people who should be mostly interested are in a measure wholly indifferent, not that they do not want good roads, but because they have not taken the time to think soberly about the matter, what it means to the individual and to the country as a whole. To the farmer first, this should appeal because he has more need for good roads than any other man, but good roads are of benefit to all; not a citizen of Donley county but will be benefitted, either directly or

indirectly, and this should inspire a united effort on the part of all. And may I suggest here that this will be to the people in this county, one chance to get the major part of the work done by the men from the towns, especially from Hedley, Lelia Lake and Clarendon, as these towns will furnish more men for work on the road which follows the Fort Worth & Denver Ry. than will come from farms along said road. In brief, by a united effort on part of country and town we can get, and will get, several hundred men and boys out on those days, without one cent from any tax payer. Then let's talk it up and have some enthusiastic meetings formulate systematic plans, divide the men into squads under an efficient road man, having it fully understood what each man shall take to work with and it will surprise you when you see what can be done by systematic work in two days. Everybody Hurrah for Good Roads. J. H. O'Neal."

Judge O'Neal has been making a thorough study of road building, and hits the key note when he states that if every citizen will work on the road two days it will surprise every one how much can be done. Build a good road that way this year and next year another, and in a few years we can boast of fine roads all over the county. Don't lay down because every road is not worked on at the same time. "Swap work." Help your neighbor this year, and next year he will help build your road. That's a fair proposition, and the quickest way to get good roads. "Rome wasn't built in a day," neither can all roads be made good in a day. On Good Roads Days let each community centralize its forces on some certain road and the result will be gratifying.

TEXT BOOK PROPOSITION DISCUSSED

Considerable discussion is going the rounds in regard to the text books lately adopted in Texas. The Text Book Board of Texas should thoroughly examine every book before adopting same for the children of our great state to study. One book in question is claimed by Rev. G. S. Wyatt of Childress to contain that which

A Warning To My Boy Friends at Home

I know of a pretty Island,
Far across the briny sea,
Where the soldier boys are stationed
And there you will find me.

Just a soldier who is waiting,
For his far off returning day,
And when that day comes
Around Hedley I will stay.

Its nice to roam the ocean,
And the whales and whitecaps see,
But I have now seen plenty,
And home is the place for me.

Boys to join the army,
You may think it nice,
But before you try the army
You had better think it over twice.

[NOTE—The above poem was written at Honolulu, Hawaii, by J. W. T., No. 89, Co. K, and his home is in Giles.—Editor.]

NOTICE!

WE BUY COTTON
AND
COTTON SEED

Bain & McCarroll

is liable to leave a false impression on children. He says in the Childress Post: "I imagine when it becomes generally known that the State Text Book Board has chosen a book that is to be used in our public schools, to be studied by our children, that contains matter which is in open opposition to the teachings of the Bible on all important subjects, that the people will not pass the matter by with indifference. Take as an example, the New Physical Geography by R. S. Tarr, in his treatment "Man and Nature" on page 369 of the 1913 edition. "Early Man—The origin of man is not known although scientists generally agree that he has developed, by the process of evolution, from some high form of animal. This belief is based upon the close resemblance between the body of man and ape, and receives support from the fact that, in habits and mode of living, some savages are little above animals." "Imagine thousands coming out of homes where, the night before, the father had gathered them around the family altar and read to them out of the old Book, "And God said, let us make in our im-

age, after our likeness; So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." One of two things will happen, so far as the children are concerned, they will either lose faith in the text book or the Bible statement as to the origin of man."

DESCRIPTION OF MIRAGE ON PLAINS

Our old-time friend, Editor L. P. Loomis, paints in glowing words a picture of the mirage of the Plains, in the Stratford Star, that rivals the word pictures of the late Robert L. Taylor.

"Under the mystic spell of the mirage's optical illusion we saw cities far grander than those painted on canvas, and we bowed in dutiful tribute to this unseen ethereal artist which we are pleased to term Nature's crowning workman whose handiwork is the perfection of beauty in reproduction, a master picture changing day after day to unfold new wonders before the worship-

ful travelers. Portrayed by this veiled brush of nature, dipped into the scintillant colors of the rainbow's treasure house, it casts a magical spell over the enraptured spectator; and guided by an unseen power we mount the bewitched broom stick of enthralled imagination to follow its kaleidoscopic arranging of panoramic changes. The horizon skirting the grassy uplands is transformed by this magic wand to a lake of floating vaporous blue, riding whose waves appear titanic ships—handsome merchant vessels whose background is augmented by awe-inspiring men-of-war whose shadows cast athwart the waters foretell approaching sunset. The varying images next present stately buildings of magnificent construction, marvelous to master architects, and disclosing mystical monasteries whose majestic steeples are burnished with a silvery brush and lighted with diamond diadems, whose elusive suggestions play upon the fancy as a thrill of irresistible allurements, sending out a message potent as a lotus flower and sublime as the absolute stillness upon which it broods."

BAD STORM IN LOUISIANA

New Orleans, Oct. 23.—A terrific storm that is reported to have cost nine lives, injured almost half a hundred persons and did great property damage, swept over a narrow strip of Southern Louisiana early today.

WILL HAVE INTERESTING DISCUSSION

On Monday Nov. 3, a discussion will begin at Memphis between Eld. A. W. Young of the Church of Christ, of Gainesville, and Eld. D. A. Leak, pastor of the Christian church of Memphis. The subject to be discussed is whether instrumental music in the worship of God is right.

Lewis the new tailor will give satisfaction. Try him. (adv)

BIG DEAL MADE IN CITY PROPERTY

A big deal was pulled off this week in Hedley. G. A. Wimberly bought the W. E. Reeves brick and corner lot adjoining it. Consideration not stated. Mr. Wimberly is talking of building another brick on the corner lot.

Let the work go on, because we want to

WATCH HEDLEY GROW!

THE BOB SMITH RECITAL WAS GOOD

Robert Oden Smith delivered his program as per previous announcement, at the Baptist church Monday night to a good sized and appreciative audience. His recitations and impersonations were extra good, and his jokes kept the audience in a good humor, although his sketches from Bob Taylor were not rendered so well, but all in all the recital was more than worth the price of admission.

The Baptist Ladies, under whose auspices the recital was given, cleared a nice little sum of money in the undertaking.

W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary will meet at the parsonage Monday Oct. 27 at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. John Moreman leader. Bible lesson Micah 6:6-18. Subject, In the footsteps of the Master—Mexico, Mines and Mission.

Hymn, Where He leads I will follow.

Sentence prayer. Reading, Down in the Mines. Mrs. Kendall.

A Glimpse at Mexican House-keeping, Mrs. Bryant. What has Prestantism done for Mexico, Mrs. Wimberly.

Bible Nuggets for Missionary Sermons, Mrs. Watts. Meditation on God's Word, Mrs. Yelton.

PRESS REPORTER.

Hedley is the Very Best Place to Sell Your Cotton for Several Reasons:

FIRST--Hedley buyers pay higher prices for cotton than buyers at other places.

SECOND--The gins are up-to-date and have sufficient facility to handle the cotton.

THIRD--The merchants are honest, wide-awake and progressive, and will give you the best values for your money.

FOURTH--Should you desire to hold your cotton, THE GUARANTY STATE BANK is able and willing to assist you.

Bring us your cotton checks, regardless of the bank they are drawn on. We want your business.

THE
Guaranty State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

MONEY TALKS!

But when it does, don't let it say "Good-Bye"

We offer you a good place to keep your money, besides offering you all of the accommodations which a first class bank usually offers. SAVE your money and when the opportunity comes you will be prepared to grasp it.

We have plenty of money to loan on your cotton.

We Want Your Business---

We Know We Can Please You

Capital and Surplus \$55,000.00

FIRST STATE BANK

HEDLEY, - - - - TEXAS.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Publisher

HEDLEY, TEXAS

MAKE SIGNALS AS OF OLD

Farmers of Holland Have Private Codes That Go Back to Time of the Spanish Domination.

To the casual observer looking at a landscape in Holland there is nothing to take the attention in the fact that possibly one or two out of a dozen windmills in sight are, to all appearances, simply standing idle, while the others continue to turn their sails.

But if you watch the sails of the idle mills very closely for a time you may notice that they move ever so slightly from time to time, and then remain for a while inclined at a different angle.

If this is so, you may take it that the miller is talking by means of signals to the proprietor of another windmill which may be miles away, perhaps hardly to be seen on the horizon.

Some years ago the Netherlands government carried out a series of experiments in order to ascertain the value of the innumerable windmills for signaling for military purposes.

They were surprised to find that communication was already established. Confidential messages were being sent daily from one mill to another, and so on throughout the breadth and length of Holland, in a very short time, by means of secret codes known only to the millers themselves.

These codes have been handed down from generation to generation. It has been stated, ever since the Dutch threw off the Spanish yoke, and have been guarded most jealously from the knowledge of all outsiders.

Apart, however, from these secret codes being known only to proprietors and certain local groups of millers, there exists a series of windmill signals, with which every one of the inhabitants of the country districts are familiar.

In Holland there are no hills and no reefs of rock which can be utilized to transmit signals by motioned arms or by sound, yet the inhabitants can communicate with each other with ease and most amazing rapidity over great stretches of country, and, in fact, possess one of the most perfect languages in the world, without having to pay for any patent in using it.

There is yet to be discovered a spot in the land of canals and dykes from which no windmill is to be seen, and each and every mill owner can send out messages that are readily understood by Dutchmen.—Stray Stories.

Eastern Potentate a Musician.
In the palace of the maharajah at Mysore, India, is a magnificent American organ, costing about \$30,000, which was manufactured especially for him in Ohio. Recently his highness made inquiry concerning American sheet music, and being much pleased with samples sent him from New York at once ordered nearly \$1,000 worth of such music to be sent to him. His highness, who is a skilled musician himself, seemed delighted with the American tunes, especially the band music. One-third of the area of Mysore is cultivated, one-third is not suitable for cultivation, and the rest is forest, waste and fallow.

Hongkong's Tobacco Trade.
The import tobacco trade into Hongkong consists almost entirely of second-rate to waste tobacco, chiefly of filler from the Philippines which has been discarded for the fine trade by the great Philippine factories, and of wrapper from Sumatra discarded by the high-grade trade, and various tobaccos from Java, India and the Malay states which are not suitable for the fine trade anywhere.

Most Any Time.
The scene is set.
A country road, trees, sky, summer homes, a lake in the distance. A steam railway line crosses the road at right angles.
Enter, up the road, an automobile, well loaded and running at high speed.
Enter at the far right an express train.
Both automobile and train are rushing toward the crossing.
Owner of automobile to chauffeur: "Can you make it?"
The chauffeur, speeding up: "Sure I can make it!"
He doesn't.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Power of Water Pressure.
Pumps powerful enough to lift water to the top of the Woolworth building, rearing a crest of 57 stories and overlooking all the rest of New York, were recently tested and found to register 350 pounds pressure in the basement of the building, the tallest in the world. This is said to be twice the pressure necessary to bore a hole through the strongest brick wall. At the top of the structure a nozzle pressure of 23 pounds was obtained.

Probably Not.
Mrs. Hoyle—"How did your husband get along running the ranch while you were away?" Mrs. Doyle—"Well, I don't think he will advertise for a position as housekeeper on the strength of the record he made."—Judge.

Might Say Many Men.
"Some men," said Mrs. Pozzozzie, "think that because they have one poor little woman bamboozled at home, that they possess great executive ability."

Relative Merits of Genius and Talent

By LINDSAY SWIFT

When Macaulay described that tiresome New Zealander standing on the ruins of London bridge and viewing the wreck of empire, he omitted to state that this traveler of the future would find on the parapets two worthies discussing the relative merits of genius and talent. This problem will continue to hold the boards long after the protective tariff and capital punishment have ceased to be subjects for debate.

What are these two qualities or possessions of human mind? Bulwer called talent "doing something better than others," and that will answer very well. If there were not an immense amount of talent in the world there would not be so much success, and the movement of life would be backward, not forward. We must not minimize the importance of talent.

But what is genius? Is it the highest degree of talent; or is it something wholly distinct—a special gift to certain rare individuals? Does it partake in a measure of the divine or creative power, or is it a survival of that fiercer primitive energy so necessary to the survival of man or animal when life was only a desperate struggle to exist at all.

Mr. Henry Adams, in his remarkable "Letter to the American Teachers of History," speaks of the eocene lemur as probably the most energetic creature that ever came into being, and man has probably lost a large measure of the original force such an animal possessed. Certain it is that when we think of the greatest intelligences that ever lived we name some of the ancients out of all proportion to the moderns.

Perhaps it would not be going too far to say that Aristotle and Julius Caesar were the greatest individuals this planet has produced. It seems to be true that with the enormous increase of human efficiency and of applied talent that the appearance of indubitable genius of the highest order becomes rarer.

But we may, I think, dismiss any consideration of these marvelous personalities of every age. Their position is fixed and unassailable. There is also an every-day genius—the unusual capacity displayed in our common life, that is well worth our attention. Most of us go along evenly day after day, accepting the fruits of the past, but not letting our wits work to better things, or to introduce any new tone into human conditions.

A very simple instance of the application of this quality of genius into ordinary affairs is shown by that simple little invention suggested by Ben. Franklin on one of his several voyages across the Atlantic. The ship's cook wanted to make pea soup, but could find no way to grind up the peas to a suitable consistency. "Put a ten-pound shot in the pot," said the marvelous Benjamin, "and the motion of the vessel will grind the peas." Simple enough, when a man like Franklin has first thought of it.

Now the man of talent will take up these wonderfully simple, yet potentially great ideas and will improve upon them, introduce them to the world, and will do what the genius often cannot do—make money out of his ability and skill.

Lindsay Swift

Advance of Women All Over the World

By J. E. DUMARS, Boston, Mass.

Women of the present day read fiction. They also go into many subjects that heretofore have only been published for men. I am connected with a magazine that has a circulation of two million. Each subscription is paid in advance and the magazine is devoted entirely to woman and her work. The bettering of the school systems is one of the things that has interested women in the higher grades of fiction. Women are advancing all over the world.

They have the same love for their home and children, but the advancement of the school room has had a great deal to do with the change in their mode of life and way of thinking.

I do not mean to say that because the modern woman does not want to know how to make a pie that she does not take interest in her household duties.

Years ago the only reading matter contained in women's magazines was devoted to receipts and useful household hints. But it is different now. Women have a great work in the world and their advancement has been very rapid.

A number of the magazines published exclusively for women are among the most widely circulated periodicals in this country.

World Has Little Use for Jesus

By Rev. William Rader, San Francisco

The world has no use for a person with a long face. Sorrow drives away friends, and it is because Jesus was a man of sorrow that the world has so little use for him. There was one day when Jesus was popular, and that was when he fed the multitude bread; a few days later he was unpopular because he talked to the same multitude about their souls and bread from above.

He was popular when he ministered to bodily wants, but unpopular when he ministered to spiritual ones. It is the same today—a preacher or a church can be popular by ministering to things of the flesh.

Should we turn this church into a hospital every newspaper in the city would applaud because we were doing some practical good, and the populace would cheer.

When it comes to the church doing its main function, to remind people of the city to come, then the world turns away.

It is because he is a man of sorrow that he means so much to us Christians, because he tells us of the unseen world.

For the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

How Many Society Women Drink Cocktails

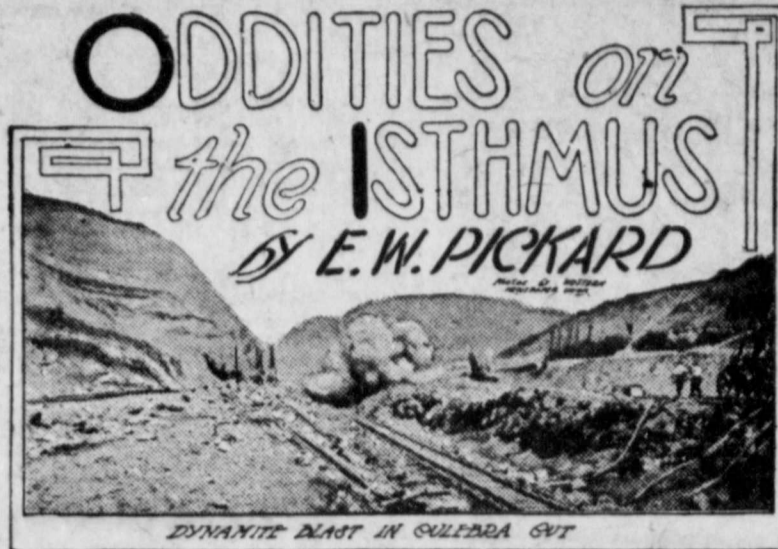
By CHAS. T. WILSON, Chicago

Formerly when fashionable women wanted to drink a cocktail they had to do a lot of maneuvering to get one.

At present all a woman has to do is to enter the dining room of the first fashionable hotel she is passing and hand her order to the waiter. It may be that she does not want it known that she is ordering a drink.

She need have no fear, for the waiter is well aware of this, and will not serve it to her openly. Perhaps it will reach her in an after-dinner coffee cup, or the chances are that she will receive it in an ice-cream glass, surrounded by a lot of fancy cakes or some pretty title to hide the contents of the glass.

If two or three women are together and give an order for cocktails it will not be surprising to see the waiter serve it in a silver soup dish, and dip the contents out with a ladle into small cups.



Colon, C. Z.—Frequently the officials of the Republic of Panama—the minor ones—have been ridiculed for the combination of stupidity and pomposity that governs their conduct. Sometimes the ridicule is not deserved, but often it is. Some months ago an American resident of the city of Panama imported a pair of riding boots from the states, and in his manifest submitted to the native customs authorities he so listed them, with the price, \$9.50. The paper was returned to him with curt instructions to correct it. Not knowing how he had erred, he consulted the customs man and was told the boots must be listed as two separate articles, thus: "One riding boot, value \$4.75; one riding boot, value \$4.75." Mr. American complied silently, and received his boots.

The Isthmus of Panama does not belong to the English, never did, and there are not many real Englishmen there. Yet the presence of a large number of British subjects—the Jamaican negroes—has forced on the inhabitants an English custom, that of vehicles taking the left side of the road. Probably this is due to the fact that most of the cab drivers are Jamaicans. All the people of that island are intensely proud of being subjects of King George, and they are tenacious of such British customs as they know. Every caddy in Panama and Colon—and their number is legion—carries either a bicycle gong or an automobile horn with which to warn other vehicles and pedestrians of his approach, and on a busy day the noise is more unpleasant than that of the blasting in the Culebra cut.

Speaking of the blasting reminds me that one of the very high up engineers on the canal job is exceedingly afraid of dynamite. He is also a strict disciplinarian and does not allow the workmen to loaf. Whenever one of the frequent "doby shots" or small blasts is to be fired, the nearest steam shovel emits a series of short, quick toots and the men scurry to cover. As soon as Mr. Engineer appears in the cut to see that the laborers are losing no time, the warning whistles are heard from steam shovels all along the way and he speedily returns to his office on the hill, leaving the unprodded workmen to resume their leisurely gait.

Tourists flocked to the canal zone in such increasing numbers that the Panama Railway company—which means the United States government—decided to erect a new Washington hotel in Colon to supplant the old hostelry of that name. The architect designed a handsome four-story structure of concrete and, to take full advantage of the cool breezes from the Atlantic, provided in his plans for a large roof garden and two dumb waiters running up to it. The dumb waiters were put in the roof all right, and put in the dumb waiters, but when the hotel was nearing completion some one discovered there was no opening in the roof for the aforecited dumb waiters. The necessary changes would cost several hundred dollars, and the government official who passed upon the expenditures decided against making them as the hotel already had cost more than had been expected. Consequently those two dumb waiters run up to the ceiling of the fourth story and there stop, while the roof garden, having no service, remains unopened.

Charlie Ying, a moon-faced celestial, had prospered on the isthmus and decided not long ago to open an "American bar." He knew some English for he used to work on the docks at Canton, but when it came to the important matter of wording his sign he thought best to consult another Chinaman, who formerly lived in Chicago. This was the result of their joint effort:

AMERICAN BAR
WE SERVE WHISKY COCKIES
AND GIN RICKTAILS.

Close to the shore of Taboga Island, so close, in fact, that they are connected at low tide, lies a little, rocky, wooded islet known as Morro. For many, many years it was owned by a Spanish family, the present representative of which is a widow of small means. On Morro is a flowing spring of excellent water, and one of the Pacific navigation companies desired to acquire the islet as a watering station for its vessels. The widow was paid a fair price, and as a bonus was given life passes for herself and her children on the boats of the company. No sooner had the deal been consummated than the estimable lady backed up her duds, stored her household belongings and with her family boarded one of the steamships for a trip. The journey was so pleasant that they have been traveling continually on the company's ships ever since, and the man who engineered the purchase of Morro is wondering who got the best of it.

Panama City's water supply is derived from the Rio Grande reservoir, a little lake quite close to the canal. For obvious reasons bathing or wading in it is forbidden, and all around it are signs stating that fact. Recently the wife of a member of the canal commission was entertaining friends from the states, and in the course of their wanderings one day they came upon the reservoir. They were tired and dusty and the cool water looked so inviting that they all took off their shoes and stockings and went in wading. Unfortunately for them, one of the efficient zone policemen came upon them and arrested the whole party. They were taken before the nearest magistrate, and despite the pleading of the commissioner, who had been hastily called to the rescue, each one was compelled to pay a fine and listen to a sharp lecture on law-breaking and sanitation.

In one respect at least, Panama is like no other Latin-American city that I have seen. It has no distinctively residence quarter. "Now that we have seen where the people do business, let's see where they live," said I to my amateur guide.

"You have been seeing that too," was the reply. "The people live over the shops in all parts of the city—all the people, including the wealthy ones. The latter, however, also have beautiful country places in the savanna lands a few miles away, and spend much of the year there."

The asylum for the insane on Ancon Hill is inhabited mainly by negroes from Jamaica and Barbados. These colored folk seem to go crazy in large numbers, and I asked a doctor there the reason. "Rum and religion" was his terse reply. "They use a lot of both, and not much is needed to throw them off their mental balance."

One of the Jamaicans in the asylum spends every evening sending vocal "wireless messages" to the governor

PROPER CARE OF RUGS

LENGTH OF LIFE DEPENDS ON HOW THEY ARE TREATED.

Vacuum Cleaner Has Done Much to Preserve the Appearance of Floor Coverings in Helping to Preserve the Nap.

The vacuum cleaner is really a boon to the oriental rug. The nap is thoroughly cleaned without being pulled out, as it is sometimes pulled out when rugs are beaten. Even a vacuum cleaner should be used on fine rugs with care, and it should be rolled up and down the rug with the nap rather than across it.

It is, of course, desirable to have oriental rugs perfectly clean. The idea that they look older or more artistic when they are soiled is absurd. But clean them carefully. Once a year wash them with wool soap and warm water and dry them evenly, so that they will lie flat and smoothly on the floor. And always sweep them gently, though thoroughly. In the winter, when there is snow, sprinkle it over them when you are brushing them and watch the colors regain a marvelous freshness.

The autumn is a good time to repair rugs. If there are moth holes in oriental rugs have them mended by a professional. If the fringe is ragged and rough trim it evenly. If the selvage edges are worn, overhaul them before they become really ragged.

Careful attention prolongs the life of a rug as nothing else can prolong it. The ordinary wear and tear of years will not bring about half as many bad results as will the neglect of a single month or season.

Baked Fish With Dressing.

Take rock cod or other fish weighing two or three pounds, clean, rinse and wipe dry. Rub the fish outside and in with salt and pepper and fill with the following dressing: A large cupful of fine bread crumbs, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of sage, if liked, a pinch of pepper and one onion chopped fine. Moisten with milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Bind the fish with a piece of string and put into a pan with a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Lay on the fish three or four slices of salt pork, over which pour two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup and two of hot water. Bake one hour, basting frequently.

Baked Mushrooms.

Prepare the same as for stewing. Place them in a baking pan in moderate oven. Season with salt, pepper, lemon juice and chopped parsley. Cook in the oven 15 minutes, baste with butter, arrange on a dish and pour the gravy over them. Serve with sauce made by beating a cup of cream, two ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little cayenne pepper, salt, a tablespoonful of white sauce and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Put in a sauceman and set on the fire. Stir until thick, but do not let boil. Mushrooms are very nice placed on slices of well-buttered toast when set into the oven to bake. They cook about 15 minutes.

Silver and Gold Pie.

For the silver part take a large white potato, peel and grate it into a deep plate. Add the juice and grated rind of a lemon, the beaten white of an egg, a cup of white sugar and a cup of cold water. Stir well together and bake in a single crust in a dish deep enough to hold twice the quantity of the silver part. Make a custard of one cup of milk, a teaspoon of cornstarch, one egg, sugar to taste and flavor with grated nutmeg or sherry wine. Pour over the silver layer and return to the oven and cook until set. When done you may finish with a meringue if you wish, or serve without.

Ice Cream Cake.

One cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1/4 cup butter, 1 spoon cream tartar, save out two whites for frosting, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 2 cups flour, 1/4 cup milk, 1 small teaspoon vanilla in the cake and also small teaspoon of vanilla in the frosting. Frost with 2 whites, beaten stiff, powdered sugar and a little coconut. Put nut meats on the frosting.

When Washing Gloves.

Cotton, silk and fabric gloves in general do not need to be washed on the hands, a somewhat unpleasant process. As the finger tips are the parts most soiled, bunch the fingers in the left hand, soap them and brush lightly with a nail brush, then rinse well. This cleanses the tips thoroughly.

For Burnt Steel.

Should you ever have trouble with the bright parts of a kitchen range turning black from the heat, you will find that if you use a cloth dipped in vinegar, rubbing the blackened parts with it, the brightness will be restored.

Baked Lamb Chops.

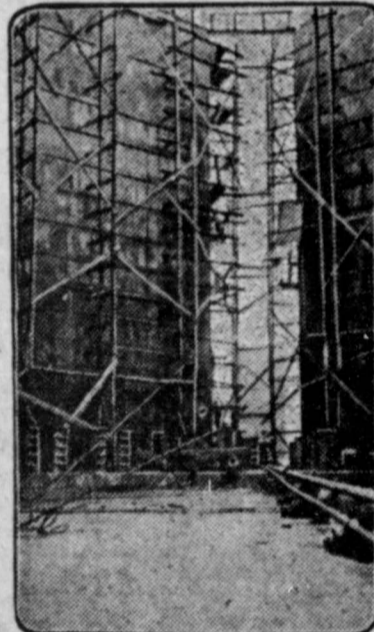
Take as many thick slices as are needed for the meal, place in a pan with a little water, lay a thin slice of onion on each, season with salt and pepper and bake till done.

Cleaning Fish Dishes.

Hot water with plenty of ground mustard added is the best method of freeing dishes, kettles, silver and other utensils from the disagreeable taste and smell of fish.

For Tough Fowl.

Add a pinch of saleratus or a little vinegar to the water in which they are cooking.



One Pair of the Immense Gates of the Gatun Locks, Seen From the Floor of the Lock Chamber.

of his home island, telling him how badly his compatriots are being treated on the isthmus. (He utters the words of the messages with a sputtering explosiveness that is curiously like the sound of the wireless sender.)

Visits of congressional investigating committees are no novelty to the people who are making the canal. Neither are they any pleasure. It is the general belief down there that these are mere junkets, and it must be admitted that the visitors often show a colossal ignorance concerning the canal. Colonel Sibert, engineer in charge of the Atlantic division, one day spent hours showing a congressman over the Gatun locks and explaining it all to him. When the colonel concluded his little lecture the lawmaker clasped his hands behind him, gazed about and remarked ponderously: "Well! So this is the famous Culebra cut! I'm glad I've seen it and learned more about it."

Poor Colonel Sibert collapsed.

Nobody now lives where once stood the proud city of Old Panama—that is, nobody except one old native woman who has a little shack by the beach and sells liquid refreshment to the thirsty tourist. Her stock includes various soft drinks, beer and, hanging from the walls by strings, bottles of imported champagne. These last look as though they had been hanging there since the day when Morgan and his buccaneers departed from the ruined city.

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.

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

ADVERTISING

There is no one factor in civilization that gives more suggestion to the mind of the public than the daily and weekly press. It is the forum of public opinion and the pulse of the people. Both the king in his palace and the laborer at his task read the news of the day. Printers ink is the best sales manager, and it is the merchants greatest asset. Properly displayed, it catches, holds and imprisons the mind of the reader and every reader is a prospective buyer. Advertisements attractively displayed at regular intervals will find the eye of all readers, no matter how fast they are turning the pages. Do not economize in space. Big space is cheapest because it does not waste a single eye. An advertisement about one article well described, is worth more than the one vividly describing a dozen things in a general way.

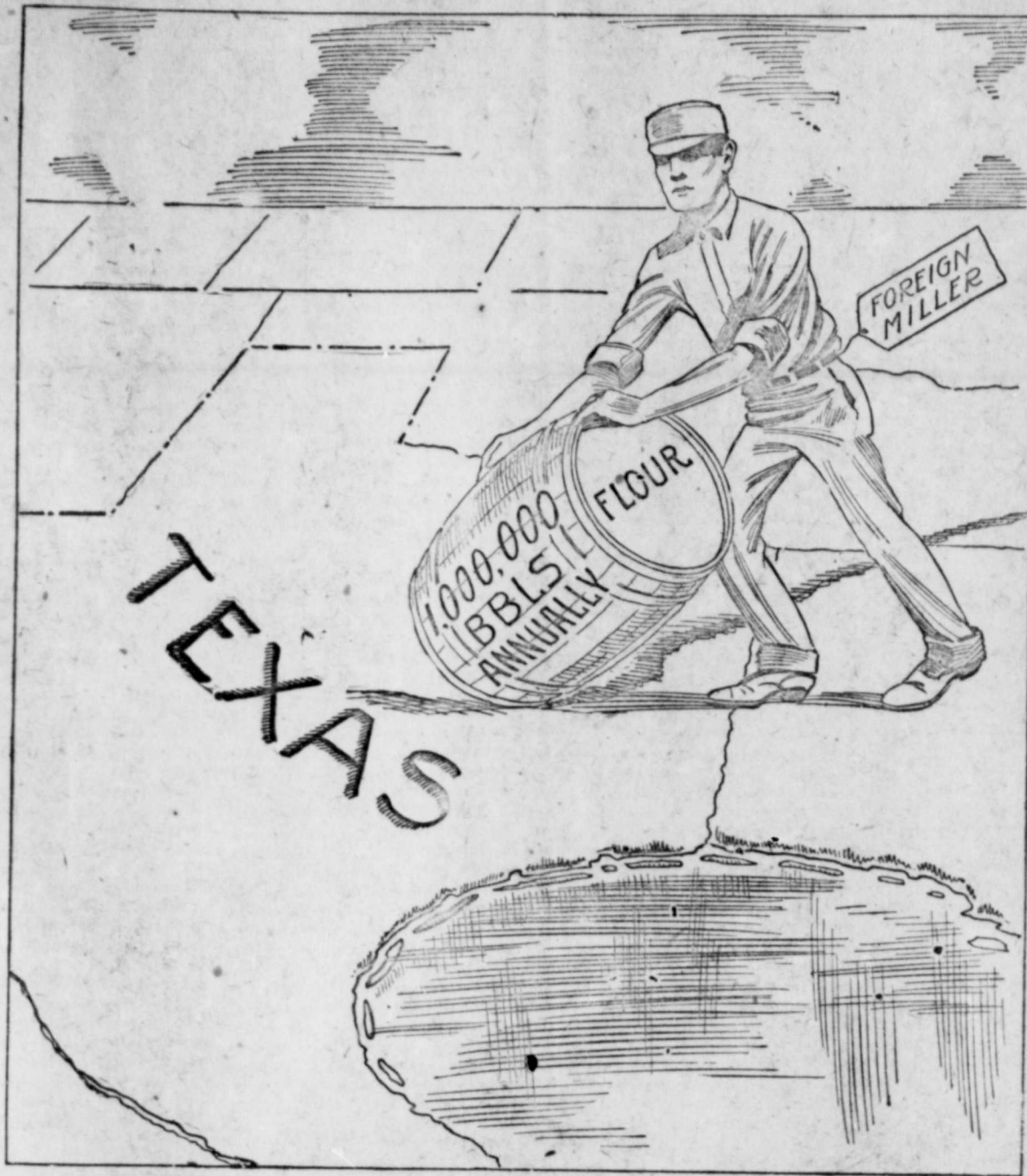
Years ago when the small country store sold everything over the counter, the owner could maintain a personal relation with every customer. Today the newspaper has relieved the merchant of this duty and has reduced selling to a game with the chance eliminated. Millions of dollars are spent annually in this manner and is considered more an investment than an expense. That advertising along modern lines pays, does not admit of argument. It has developed into a science, exact and precise. The eloquence of newspaper advertising is educational and enlightening, and to be potent, it must be based on what is true. If the seller hopes to make good with the public and live up to his eloquent claims for the excellence of the product he has to offer, he must sell the product he advertises, as well as advertise the product he sells.—W. H. Harris.

The weather is evidently trying to see how mixed up it can get. A norther, then a shower and then another norther, then a southwester, and then something else. Wednesday morning the tail end of a norther struck here accompanied by about seven drops of rain. People thought, now frost will sure get the crops, but "nary" a frost. Just so the farmers can get their crops out this fall will be satisfaction enough.

Watch the date on the label on your Infermer. Your subscription may be out and if it is we want you to renew, as your name is needed on our list. There are some whose subscriptions are several months in arrears, and we kindly request that you will attend to same at your earliest convenience. The postal law does not permit us second class mail on papers that are very far in arrears.

We have often asserted that

OUR HOME INDUSTRIES



III—FLOUR.

"The foreign miller ships into Texas one million barrels of flour per annum, while our Texas millers are compelled to seek a foreign market with four millions barrels of their products per annum."—Commerce Secretaries.

the Panhandle is equal to any occasion. Of recent months high dry land farming has been agitated over Texas, and the Panhandle has been doing her part in that direction. Since the recent heavy rains, there is one man in Hall county advocating the use of boats for farming, as he is now using two boats to gather his feed stuff. We are always equal to any occasion as the above will bear us out in that statement. Where are there any other counties in Texas so resourceful.—Democrat.

I am agent for the best Monuments 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.



The Paint Question will be settled when you let us open up a can of B. P. S. Paint for you.

Come In! We'll explain why we believe B. P. S. is the Best Paint Sold.

GIGERO SMITH LBR CO

POULTRY ATTRACTION

Chickens That Have Cackled and Crowed in the Presence of Kings Will be Shown at Ft. Worth Fat Stock Show.

Roosters that have crowed in the presence of kings and hens that have pecked at the judges of poultry shows on both continents, will be exhibited at the Fort Worth Fat Stock Show, November 22-28.

Every year the blooded hens and high-browed roosters from all over the world assemble at the show, chatter about the premiums, cackle and crow over the blue ribbons, return to the barnyard boasting of their triumphs and spread the fame of the Stock Show throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The hen will be one of the leading attractions of the show and she is a splendid entertainer. Her form is exquisitely molded in all shapes and sizes from the ornamental to the useful. Her attire is the pink of perfection and her form and color are of latest design. In utility she is without an equal in the Texas barnyard. Her cackle is as musical as the clink of gold dollars, she buys the baby new dresses, keeps the family in groceries and pays off farm mortgages. She has put on a shell game that has driven the fakers from the fair grounds in shame and she has netted the housewife millions of dollars.

For years she has maintained her supremacy as a star performer and this year she will put on a show that will rival all previous exhibits. In giving the largest returns on the amount invested, she takes sweepstakes. The markets of the world are clamoring for the Texas steer; the packers are loudly calling for more hogs; the sheep boasts of the demand for its fibre, but they must all bow down before the Texas hen. She lays three times per value per annum, raises annually a brood of chickens worth ten times per value and then lays down her life to appease human hunger.

The poultry industry in Texas has reached mammoth proportions. During the past year the total production, including eggs, approximated \$25,000,000. The egg output alone was worth \$18,000,000. We have approximately 25,000,000 domestic fowls. We have more turkeys and geese than any other state in the Union.

FREE WOOL.

Texas Sheep Herds Rapidly Increasing and Quality Improving.

The sheep has butted more political parties out of power and trampled more politicians under its feet than any other influence in public affairs. Congress has recently ejected him from legislative halls and, as he runs through the market places bleating for protection against the withering winds of Australian competition and seeks in vain, shelter from floods of free wool from foreign countries, he may arouse the sympathy of the American farmer. The sheep is a statesman of proved ability and wide experience in political affairs and he may make his fleece the paramount issue of the coming campaign.

Some of the most prominent sheep of the nation who are leaders of the ruling families will meet at the Ft. Worth Fat Stock Show on November 22-28 and talk over their recent political defeat and lay plans for future campaigns. Every candidate for office, student of political economy and voter as well, should attend the Fat Stock Show and study the issue which the sheep will present.

The sheep provides food and clothing for man and enjoys the distinction of being the only animal that renders a dual service. King Cotton is a strong rival of wool but, notwithstanding the humiliating competition of vegetable fibre, the production of wool in the United States has increased more rapidly than that of cotton during the past half century.

The 1910 federal census report shows 10,257,779 pounds of wool produced in Texas; 289,119,977 in the United States and 2,095,732,000 in the world. We furnish less than one-half of one per cent of the world's supply and 3.2 per cent of the United States production. Wool is produced in 207 counties in Texas. The farm price per pound of wool last season was 28 cents under an eleven cent tariff, which has since been removed. The annual production per capita in Texas is 2.6 pounds and the average consumption per capita is 5.75 pounds. The world's average consumption approximates one pound per capita.

The report of the United States Department of Agriculture shows we had on January 1st, 2,073,000 sheep valued at \$6,012,900. During the past ten years our sheep herds have doubled in number and value per head.

When the farmer comes to town,

His tires loose or his wagon broke down,

Parker, the Blacksmith, will set them tight.

His work guaranteed, he will do it right.

He will shoe your horses, heel and toe,

And you won't have to wait long before you go.

Has a full supply of everything in iron and wood;

Solicits your patronage, will treat you good. (adv)

Still watching Hedley grow.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS

Galveston and Dallas, Tex.

The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains more State, National and foreign news than any similar publication, the latest market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the women and the children.

THE FARMERS' FORUM

The special agricultural feature of The News consists chiefly of contributions of subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and experience of its readers concerning matters of the farm, home and other subjects.

THE CENTURY PAGE

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

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Is published once a week and is filled with letters from the boys and girls who read the paper.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c, payable invariably in advance. Remit by postal or express money order, bank check or registered letter.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

A. H. BELO & CO., Pubs., Galveston or Dallas, Tex.

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ONE YEAR FOR

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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 January and July
County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

On Every Second Thursday night
J. C. Wells, C C
U. J. Boston, Clerk

I. O. O. F. Lodge meets every Saturday 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

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
SUNDAY SCHOOL Every Sunday, J. G. McDougal, Supt

MISSIONARY BAPTIST
Services 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 o'clock. Also services at 7:00 p. m. same night.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.
Regular weekly prayermeeting Thursday 7:00 p. m.

Convention Normal Training Class meets immediately after prayer services. Everybody welcome to all services.

C. W. Horschler, Pastor.
K. W. Howell, Supt.

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

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

PRAYER MEETING
Every Wednesday evening.

Bring Your Clothes to LEWIS, The New Tailor

I am prepared to give you First-Class Work for Less Money.....
Have had over 10 years experience in the Tailoring business.....
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.....

R. A. LEWIS

Locals

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

Watch Lively & Co. ads from to time as we always say something when we buy Printers Ink.

When your watch is sick and refuses to kick take it to Stanley the Jeweler.

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

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

Scholarship in the Bowie Commercial College for sale by the Informer. Who wants to buy it at a bargain?

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

The Informer is requested to announce that Quarterly Conference will be held at Hedley November 1 and 2. Everybody invited to attend these services.

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.)

SUBSCRIBE TO-DAY

READ THIS

SPECIAL OFFER \$1.75

In this day of progress the man who would succeed must be informed about the world's doings. The local paper gives him local information which is needful, but it cannot cover the whole field. Hence the man who keep step with the march of the times will take a general newspaper also.

The Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record has taken front rank among the great publications of the South and West. It is specially prepared for the reader who has not the time or the opportunity to read a daily paper. First of all, it is a newspaper

Just received a fresh stock of Kings Best Candies, prices always right. We sell by the 16 oz to the pound too.
T. C. Lively & Co.

A Striking Feature for Our Readers

Diversification on Southern Farms

By G. H. ALFORD

It is with great satisfaction that we announce the early publication of the first of a series of twelve articles on this very important subject in which every reader is intensely interested.

The fact that the series is written by G. H. Alford is sufficient guarantee to every southern reader of its value. Mr. Alford has devoted a lifetime to the study of agricultural conditions in the South, and his advice and counsel are always appreciated by the southern people.

We urge every reader not to miss the first or any succeeding article of this series.

REXALL REMEDIES are sold by ONLY ONE druggist in a place—the Leading Druggist—Look for the REXALL STORE.
Hedley Drug Co.

ROLFE GOT NELLIE

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"I wish you to encourage young Rolfe in his attentions, Nellie," spoke John Andrews to his daughter. "Nellie did not reply in words, but her face flushed and her head drooped. The word of John Andrews was law within his family circle and even his wife rarely dared to gainsay him. Mrs. Andrews looked very solemn. She did not attempt to express an opinion, however. "Joel Benton dropped in to see me at the office yesterday," pursued Mr. Andrews in his usual precise lawyer-like way. "He indicated his sentiments towards you, Nellie. He was urged on to it, he explained, because a bit of rare good fortune, as he expressed it, had come his way. As you know he and his assistant at his store, Rolfe Wilson, are related to the wealthy Jared Jones of Pitston. The old millionaire has never paid any attention to them. Yesterday Benton received a letter and a draft for \$5,000 from Mr. Jones. It notified him that he might consider this royal gift as an indication that he was figuring on finding an acceptable heir to his enormous fortune."

"That is news, indeed," murmured the marveling Mrs. Andrews. "So, Nellie," concluded her father, "there must be no more of this foolishness with Rolfe Wilson. The heir to a million is not to be picked up every day. Benton is already a young business man of standing, while Wilson is simply his clerk. Between the two there is no question as to the right choice." "Oh, mother!" cried Nellie, rushing to the side of Mrs. Andrews and burying her tear stained face in her lap. The lady gently stroked the head of her darling and only child. She tried to speak soothing words and finally Nellie became calmer. "There is indeed no question of choice between Rolfe and Mr. Benton," said Nellie forcibly. "Mr. Ben-



"What is the Trouble."

ton inherited the business he owns. Poor Rolfe gave up every dollar of his rightful inheritance to pay the old debts of his father."

"It was a noble sacrifice, dear," spoke Mrs. Andrews.

"He has gone to work like a man and he is all there is to Mr. Benton's business," continued Nellie. "I don't care if Mr. Benton has a dozen millions, Rolfe has told me that he loves me, and I believe him and I will never marry anybody else."

Mrs. Andrews sighed in her patient helpless way. She realized that her husband was a masterful man whose decisions it was hard to defy.

"I hope love will find a way, dear," she said simply and Nellie felt cheered even by her poor sympathy.

There was no fiction to the \$5,000 draft Mr. Andrews had told about, whatever vagueness might appertain to the million. All the town knew that Joel Benton had money very shortly, plenty of it, and was spending it like a royal prince.

Almost simultaneously with the cashing of the draft Benton walked into the store he owned.

"I'm going to take a spell of rest, Wilson," he said. "You can run things here."

"There is that debt to the city supply house," suggested Rolfe. "You know they are pressing for payment."

"Oh, I can't bother—let 'em wait." "But you have plenty of money now."

"Yes, and I'm going to take one good fling and enjoy it," retorted Benton recklessly. "See here, old Jones will probably stake me for all I'll need after this. I've a higher ambition than running a store. You know the business. How would you like to buy me out?"

"I haven't the cash."

"You've got some, I know. I'll be liberal. You assume that city debt and pay me \$100 a month for six months and the store is yours."

"I will do that," assented Rolfe promptly and the bargain was consummated.

Before the end of that week Joel Benton gave the town such a stirring up as the quiet hamlet had never known before. He branched out on an incipient Croesus. The suits of clothes he bought must have come from Paris, his neighbors declared. He purchased

a dining room parlor, some diamonds, and took on a private suite of rooms at the hotel.

Andrews and Rolfe Wilson proceeded to cultivate Benton's heart to call at the Andrews home regularly, much to the discomfort of poor Nellie.

Her father saw his opportunity and proceeded to talk business to Benton. On the assumption that he was a favored heir of old Jared Jones, the young spendthrift secured an option on a residence at the outskirts of the town.

"I'll make it over to Nellie the day she is my wife," pledged Benton.

As to Nellie herself she tried to give her persistent suitor to understand that her heart could never be his. Amid the glamour of his dashing machine, expensive flowers and invitations to all the shows, however, Benton fancied he was irresistible. Nellie insisted that there should be no engagement for the present and Benton was so obtuse that he attributed all this to conventional maidenly modesty.

The months rolled away. Once in awhile Nellie met Rolfe casually. Once a week letters expressing their mutual love passed between them. Rolfe was working hard. It was a great day for his ambitious soul when he found the last debt of the store paid, together with the regular monthly instalments to Benton.

"It's all up with me!" Benton amazed him by saying, bursting into the store one morning early and looking the picture of dejected misery and ruin.

"Why, what is the trouble?" inquired Rolfe.

"That \$5,000. I spent most of it. What I did not invest in a traveling motion picture show. The manager has made off with all the funds. Yesterday I wired Uncle Jared for another instalment on my fortune. He telegraphed me back that such a spendthrift didn't suit him as an heir and I had missed my chance."

"And what about Nellie?" inquired Rolfe.

"Oh, that's all off now, of course," announced Benton. "I think she put me off foreseeing what a fool I'd make of myself. After all my big ideas and boastfulness I'll never dare look her in the face again."

And then Rolfe Wilson felt so sorry for the poor broken up fellow that he offered him a one-half interest in the little business if he would get down to earth again and work as he used to do and Benton felt as grateful as a shipwrecked mariner landed safely in the home nest.

That was not all of it. One day Uncle Jared appeared at the little store and disclosed himself.

"I think you were silly in giving away half your business to a spendthrift," he said to Rolfe, "but it shows you're good all through. From what I hear, I fancy you will know how to take care of a big store I've bought for you at Malden and the rest of my fortune, when I get through with it."

Of course Joel Benton got the little store as a generous gift and of course Rolfe got Nellie, fortune and bride being well worth waiting for. (Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

CULMINATION OF FEUD

By C. E. HARRISON.

Between the Maxwell's and the Boyces there existed a feud as fierce as the historic one between the Montagues and the Capulets. Old man Maxwell hated old man Boyce with a fervor inherited from their fathers before them and Ethel Maxwell hated Carl Boyce with a fierceness reflected from her grandfather, old man Maxwell, while Carl Boyce hated Ethel Maxwell as much as a well-favored young fellow could be expected to hate a pretty girl, albeit not so much as his uncle, Old Boyce, might desire.

These being the somewhat complex conditions and all of the parties in the drama were located for the summer at the same coast resort.

Now it happened that sailing was Ethel Maxwell's enthusiasm.

So in the middle of a glorious afternoon Ethel found herself bounding over the billows of the bay with a taut sheet and a steady tiller.

Carl Boyce had decided also to take a sail that afternoon, and was skimming over the waves alone with his thoughts, when on a tack he came right across the bow of Ethel's boat. In fact, Ethel's quick use of the tiller was all that prevented a collision.

"A very awkward tack, Mr. Boyce," sung out Ethel, pertly.

"Didn't expect to run into ladies on the bay," retorted Carl. "Supposed a man was in the boat and could take care of himself."

Ethel flushed and sung out: "There's a man enough in this boat to beat you to the island for a silver cup."

"Go ahead," came back the answer.

Now the island was far out at the entrance to the bay, and too near the open sea to make it safe sailing with but one in a boat. So intent were the contestants on making the best of their opportunities that they did not notice the gathering clouds.

"So it was that a catastrophe ensued right at the point of the island. While making a tack on which they ran rather close together, a sudden gust of wind from the open sea lifted Ethel's boat fairly out of the water



Good clothes and a bank account

Good Tailoring helps swell your bank account. Not only because they improve your chances for commercial advancement and recognition but from the standpoint of actual economy. Garments made by

Kahn Bros. Louisville
TAILORS THAT SATISFY

are guaranteed as no other tailoring that we know of, is guaranteed. They must give satisfactory service or Kahn Bros. make you new clothes without cost.

And when you consider that this Guarantee of serviceability is attached to garments unexcelled in style, and at prices no higher than you would expect to pay for honest values in "ready made," you know why we represent them, and why we urge you to come here for your Fall and Winter garments if you are interested in actual clothes economy.

HAVE A FIT WITH
CLARKE The Tailor

and hurled it squarely against that of Boyce. In an instant both were in the water and both boats hopelessly capsized.

Ethel was not a strong swimmer, and with her skirts was in a bad way, but Boyce soon had a strong arm about her and another over a capsized boat.

"Well," he said, with a grin, "here is a situation for a novelist."

"Please remove your arm," replied Ethel. "I can hang on quite well now. What are we going to do about it?"

"I would suggest formal introductions," remarked Carl. "Permit me to present Mr. Carl Boyce, Miss Maxwell." Then growing serious he continued: "It would be a strange fate were we to die together—we who were born to hate each other."

"Do you think it is as bad as that?" she asked, her face blanching.

"It is getting rougher every minute," he replied.

The next hour was a continuous struggle with death. Finally a great wave engulfed them and they were carried with tremendous velocity a great distance and finally crashed down on the very shore of the island.

Boyce happily retained consciousness, and when his feet struck the earth under the receding water he uttered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. He carried his unconscious companion ashore and set about restoring her.

Night was setting in before she was strong enough to set up. They were in a most embarrassing predicament. The island was uninhabited, and the storm had driven all boats from the bay.

"What is to be done?" she asked, after they had sized the situation.

"We will have to remain here all night," he replied gravely.

She turned pale even in the whiteness of her exhaustion. "Oh it is impossible," she cried.

"I fear it is the only thing possible."

"I had better have died in the bay," she said slowly. "I would never dare face my grandfather."

"Miss Maxwell," said Boyce, "there is a better way. We will both land at Fishville and there be married."

"Mr. Boyce!"

"Miss Maxwell."

"It is a poor time to jest."

"I am not jesting. You dare not meet your grandfather alone. Very well, I am not afraid of him. We will meet him together. I dare not meet my uncle alone. You do not fear him. I will meet him with you."

A telegram from Fishville next day announced the safety of the two and when they arrived later in the day all the pleasure seekers were at the train to meet them. And speculation was rife. And there was much whispering. Old Maxwell and Old Boyce glared at each other and looked grim. Both refused to yield the vantage point at the very spot where the passengers must alight.

Carl Boyce alighted from the train, turned and helped Ethel down, then placing his arm about her, said:

"Uncle George and Mr. Maxwell, permit me to present my wife. The ceremony was a little sudden, but we thought it best under the circumstances."

There was a great buzzing and shouting in the crowd. The two old men looked into each other's faces. Then Old Man Maxwell extended his hand, which Old Man Boyce grasped. (Copyright, by Daily News Pub. Co.)

Killian & Son DRAYMEN

We want to do your Dray Work and will give you satisfactory service.

Telephone No. 3, and we will get your order

CLOSING OUT

I will close out my Tin Shop on or before DECEMBER 1. There will probably be no tin shop here another year. So don't wait until the very last to have work done. Place your order early while I have material to do it with, otherwise the stock will be used up.

C. W. TURNER
Hedley, Texas THE TINNER

FORT WORTH SEMI-WEEKLY RECORD
And the HEDLEY INFORMER One Year for \$1.75

ASQUITH'S OLD HOME

Humble Birthplace of the Powerful British Premier.

Morley in Yorkshire, England, Now an Important Manufacturing and Mining Town of 30,000—Croft House Located There.

London.—In a small self-contained house, in a little town of 5,000 inhabitants, was born in September, 1852, the man who now leads the government controlling the biggest and richest empire this world has ever known.

Today the little place, Morley in Yorkshire, England, has grown to be an important manufacturing and mining town of 30,000 inhabitants. The birthplace of Rt. Rev. Hon. Mr. Asquith, Croft House, is still in a good state of preservation, standing now as it has for nearly a century at least in its own grounds. Unassuming, and not at all pretentious, nor remarkable for anything, but real homeliness and comfort, the house forms a by no means unfitting monument to the man born in it, who has arrived at great position.

Yorkshiresmen are not given to belittling the success of their fellows, nor indeed to making little of anything that might add to the glory of the county. In order that the world might not forget that it owed Mr. Asquith to Yorkshire—he left there at seven years of age—and to remind Mr. Asquith that his county was proud of him, a great celebration in his honor was held there recently.

On this occasion the prime minister was made one of the four freemen of the borough, an honor which he deeply appreciated.

Mr. Asquith has never forgotten the little town in the West Riding. Once, when he was referring in a speech to the peace rejoicing that



Mr. Asquith's Birthplace at Morley.

followed the close of the Crimean war, he indulged in an interesting reminiscence.

"I remember well," he said, "carrying a small flag bearing a pacific inscription amongst the Sunday school children of the town."

This shows that Mr. Asquith's memory of Morley must be very tenacious, for he could have been only four years, or less, at the time.

He was then a member of the Sunday school of Rehoboth Congregational chapel, now St. Mary's Congregational church, once a Roman Catholic church.

The town is an important center of the woolen industry. But there are other trades by which Morley thrives, and the clatter of the clogs of girl mill-workers is to be heard in its steep streets morning and evening; grimy-faced colliers, always laughing and joking, as if they did not follow the most perilous of occupations, go to and fro between their homes and the pits, and pale-faced weavers, who work at the cloth mills, look as if each one had stepped out of the pages of "Silas Marner."

There is said to be no one in Morley now who remembers Mr. Asquith as a boy, and it is very probable.

2 VEGETABLES ON ONE VINE

Old Virginia Man Grows Potatoes and Tomatoes From the Same Plant.

Martinsburg, W. Va.—George Snively, seventy-two years old, a horticulturist of Shady Grove, has duplicated a feat he accomplished when he was a boy of fourteen, considerably before the time of Luther Burbank, the "plant wizard."

Snively has been successful in grafting a tomato stalk on a potato vine and having the plant reproduce itself. This feat, according to horticulturists, never before has been accomplished.

When fourteen years old, Snively, in making experiments with the tomato grafting them together and having the plant produce both tomatoes and potatoes. He, however, was never able to perfect his method. For fifty-eight years he has toiled patiently in an effort to create a new plant that would produce tomatoes on the vine above ground and potatoes on the roots below the soil.

But the old horticulturist at last has achieved success. On his big farm in Shady Grove can be seen several of the hybrid tomato-potato plants.

Snively said there is no question as to the success of his experiments. He says that he has so far perfected his system of grafting the two plants as to make it certain both vegetables ultimately will be raised on one plant.

CHRISTIAN ESKIMO LOSES ALL

Refused to Go Through Rites of His People and is Promptly Disowned.

New York.—The whole life of the primitive Eskimo is governed by precedent. Although outwardly the freest and most irresponsible being in the world, he is in reality the slave of public opinion and the numberless customs and superstitions of his ancestors. The ways of his fathers are good enough for him, and the world of the old men and witch-doctors, who



Primitive Eskimo.

treasure up ancient precedent like the Pharisees of old, is the standard he lives and dies by.

For an Eskimo to break one of these unwritten laws is to render himself a social outcast. Although treated with kindness, he is no longer reckoned as a member of the tribe. I will remember such a case on the Diomedea. A brother-in-law of the chief had early embraced Christianity, being converted on a trip to Nome by one of the first missionaries. Being a very conscientious man, he soon recognized the incompatibility of retaining his faith and conforming to the worship of his people. The spirit of the Scotch Covenanters was in his veins. He refused to go through the usual rites of his people, and prayed to the God of the white stranger at home. As a result he was forbidden his place in the village kos-ga (or meeting place), where every man has his recognized station, carefully graded according to merit. His son was not allowed to dance with the young men or witness any of the councils or witch-doctorings reserved for the men; his daughters could not take part in the annual dance of the women, nor was any member of the tribe bold enough to ask them in marriage. They all married Siberian strangers and left the old man's house desolate, but he stuck to his faith to the last. In my humble opinion, he was the best Christian I ever met. Always cheerful, always ready to help, living daily the faith that was in him, he was the only Eskimo I ever saw who was brave enough to withstand the witch-doctor.

DE MAUPASSANT AS CANNIBAL

Famous French Novelist Said to Have Had Human Flesh on His Table.

Paris.—"Guy de Maupassant as a Cannibal" is the subject of a remarkable reminiscence just published for the first time by a well-known medical man, Maurice Pillot, in the Scientific Review. Pillot recounts that one day the great writer was coming out of his club when a carman suddenly fell from the top of a tall derrick at his feet. De Maupassant picked him up and took him to a hospital, but the man died on the way. Asking to see the house surgeon, who was a friend of his, De Maupassant begged him, as soon as the autopsy was over, to let him have a piece of the dead man's flesh. The next day the doctor sent a small quantity of this unusual meat to De Maupassant, who at once sent it down to his kitchen, with instructions to grill it for luncheon. After finishing the grim dish De Maupassant decided that anthropophagy need have no attractions for the European gourmet, as the human meat was very insipid and tasted like overdone veal.

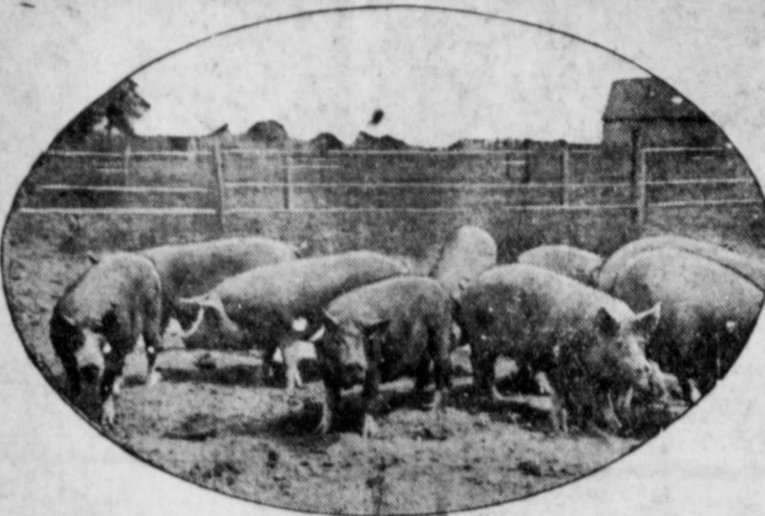
Another "Dot and Dash" Romance.

Hartford, Conn.—Another "dot and dash" romance has reached a happy culmination. Miss Georgianna Southworth, a telegraph operator employed in the Postal telegraph office here, "met" Edward A. Conroy of the New York office over the wire some years ago. In dull moments they flashed Morse messages to each other. A short time ago they had a formal, face-to-face meeting and their marriage followed.

Colonel Cody Laments Horse's Loss.

Denver, Colo.—Col. W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," wept when his famous horse, Isham which he has ridden for nearly 25 years, was put on the auction block. The proceeds of the sale will be applied on liens against the Buffalo Bill Wild West show and Pawnee Bill's Far East show, which went into bankruptcy recently.

FEEDING OF SOWS AT FARROWING TIME



Duroc Jersey pigs. The mother of these pigs raised 32 in three litters.

(By A. O. CHOAT.)

When an animal presents an abnormal condition of health there must exist a cause, but too often the energies of the keeper are bent so much on finding a cure that the disturbing cause is entirely neglected.

For scours in pigs there must be a cause. Scours being merely a symptom. The condition exists inside the digestive tract. It is doubtless a condition of putrefaction resulting in the generation of poisons destructive to the food before it can be assimilated.

To find a cure potent enough to kill and expel the germs of putrefaction from the digestive tract, and still not injure the animal, is necessary, but by all means the keeper should endeavor to discover what caused the presence of the germs in the first place.

Everyone has heard of cases of ptomaine poisoning and doubtless all have experienced cases of sour stomach; between these extremes there are many types of fermentation that may infest the digestive tract.

Ptomaine poisoning implies, and demonstrates a nitrogenous article upon which to work. What is called sour stomach is simply common fermentation of the sugar.

It is well recognized among physicians and chemists that when organic nitrogenous compounds break up the simpler compounds are much more noxious as a rule than those given off by the disintegration of a carbohydrate.

From what has been said it may be easily deduced that when oil meal middlings or tankage putrify in the digestive tract of an animal the result would be more serious than if the material decomposed were corn.

Our experience with seven litters of pigs during the last two weeks is as follows:

On February 24 two of our young sows farrowed 23 pigs. All were saved but one. Previous to farrowing, in fact all winter, my brood sows were all fed alike.

In the morning I gave a bunch of ten sows about a bushel of clover chaff from the barn floors, scalded and stirred into a thick mush with five quarts of oil meal and one quart of tankage.

At night they ate somewhat less than a half bushel of corn. They had the run of 20 acres of stalk land and 30 acres of grass land.

Inspired by the appearance of such litters of strong pigs I immediately began increasing the feed, although previously having determined not to.

Within three days the sows were getting three pints of mixture composed of oil meal middlings and tankage twice a day, and given a good feed of corn beside.

At this time the manure of the sows began to give off an odor overlooked by me entirely. Two more sows farrowed eight pigs each and saved them all. I increased them rapidly in feed, but about that time the trouble began. Scours appeared.

I cut the slop content at once to less than a pint of well salted meal mixture and to three ears of corn. The pens were thoroughly cleaned, scraped and freshly bedded.

Scour soon began in the other litters, but showed no serious symptoms, as these sows had been on heavy feed only a day or two.

From the first two litters five pigs died between the ages of ten and twenty days, and others were badly damaged.

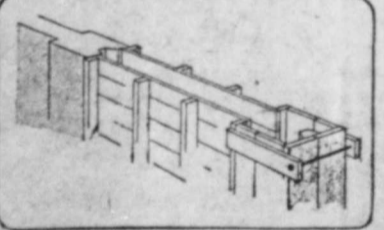
I will say here that I pulled them all through, giving no medicine of any kind to sows or pigs except plenty of salt in the slop.

BUILDING A CONCRETE WALL

Convenient Method of Constructing Windbreak for Stock is Given in Detail and Illustrated.

A very convenient way to build a wall for a back-yard fence, or for a windbreak for stock, is described by Cement Age. The wall is built up in panel sections, about 12 feet long, with a foundation extending three feet in the earth. Supporting one end of this panel, and built up at the same time, is a large concrete post. The other end of the panel is keyed into the mortise in a similar large post molded at the previous operation, as shown in the sketch.

The forms for the panel are simply two independent walls of one-inch siding fastened on uprights of two by four inch material, spaced about two feet apart. The mold for the post is a box open on one face and at both ends. The open side butts against the end supports of the panel forms.



A Concrete Wall Built Up in Panels, the Joint Being Reinforced With Rods.

To the inside of the board opposite the open face is nailed a wedge-shaped timber, which forms the lengthwise mortise of the post, into which the next panel is keyed. Two two-foot lengths of three-eighths-inch rod are inserted through holes bored in the face of the wedge, one three inches from the top and the other three inches from the bottom, allowing one foot of the rods to enter each panel.

In starting the wall, use the post form only and carefully plumb it, using the rods as reinforcing for the first panel.

Pays to Save Manure.

Nitrogen is worth at least eight cents a pound. A horse will produce 15 tons of manure and litter a year, containing 130 pounds of nitrogen. At eight cents a pound, the value of that manure is \$10.40. It pays to save it. Experiments have shown that liquid and solid manures when kept together deteriorate much more rapidly. Also the more compact the manure is stored away from the weather, the least loss will result. Here is a hint for progressive farmers. Our farmers need this nitrogen and when it represents at least \$10 a horse, one can afford to take a little better care of manure.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Keep all weeds from going to seed.

There are 54,000,000 sheep in the United States.

Try the plan of slow marketing of cotton this year.

Sweet corn may be dried in the same way as beans.

If the churn is likely to remain idle for some time, keep it filled with lime water.

The horse that is always ready for his meals is the one that earns his board.

Rhubarb should not be allowed to go to seed if the best root growth is wanted.

If the garden is fall plowed it means you can plant at least a week earlier next spring.

If the weeds are allowed to flourish they increase the labor and eat up the profits.

Tools that are in the best of condition always make the work move more rapidly.

Don't let your supply of insect powder run short. Use it regularly and liberally.

A pullet that does not begin to lay before cold weather sets in, too often waits until spring.

Remember that early fall plowing is a preventive measure against cut worms next spring.

Recent public sales indicate that the pure-bred cattle industry is on a very healthy basis.

Productiveness may be easily and surely bred in sheep by the rule of heredity and selection.

Style and finish count in the market value of draft horses as well as in coach or driving horses.

The time the lambs should be dropped depends upon the equipment one has for raising them.

A hog that leaves feed in the trough or pen is not using his feed to the best advantage. Everything should be eaten up clean.

Soiling crops if not needed for tidying over the dry season will be made into hay so that there is no loss one way or the other.

The KITCHEN CABINET



WELL arranged time is the surest mark of a well arranged mind.—E. Ham.

A FEW COMPANY DISHES.

Arrange a few white grapes (after carefully making a slit in the side of each and removing the seeds) on a bed of blanched lettuce, put cream cheeses through a ricer and sprinkle over them. Serve with French dressing well chilled.

Bake an angel food in a round tin and when cold, carefully cut out the center and fill with vanilla ice cream. Serve with a chocolate sauce.

Cherry-ice cream is both pretty and tastes good. Use a cup of rich cherry juice and a pint of cream, flavor with almond and sweeten, if necessary. Freeze and garnish each sherbet cup of the cream with a spoonful of chopped cherries.

A sweet of which children are very fond is prepared by making an ordinary biscuit dough rolled out and spread with butter, then sprinkled with maple sugar grated and a few chopped nuts. Roll up and cut in rounds, bake in a hot oven. For cut in dessert, one might use them hot with a maple sirup sauce.

Almond Cake.—Cream a third of a cup of butter, add a cup of sugar, a cup of flour, a teaspoon of baking powder, a bit of salt and a fourth of a cup of milk, the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, and the grated rind of one lemon. Put the mixture into a good sized pan and cover the dough with the whites well beaten and mixed with a cup of sugar and a cup of unblanched almonds chopped. Bake in a slow oven.

Nut Loaf.—To a cupful of nut meats, add two cups of bread crumbs, half a cup of hot water, half a cup of melted butter, one egg, well beaten, a teaspoonful of onion juice and a teaspoonful of tomato catsup, one teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper, more salt may be needed, mix well and put into a buttered mold, and bake for an hour, covering the first half hour. During the cooking, baste with melted butter three times. Turn out on a hot dish, sprinkle with chopped nuts and serve with a brown sauce.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed. Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close knit strands of unbroken thread. Where love ennobles all. The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells; The book of life the shining record tale.—Mrs. Browning.

COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

The acids of fruits and the mineral matter as well as food in many of the drinks make them particularly good. Some drinks are of themselves a food.

Reception Coffee.—Make a quart or two of strong coffee, according to the number served. Strain cool and add sugar to taste, serve in tall glasses with a spoonful of ice cream on top of each. Keep on ice until ready to serve, then the cream is added and served at once.

Chocolate Sirup.—Melt two squares of chocolate with two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and a cupful of sugar, a speck of salt, and two cups of boiling water; cook five minutes, strain and bottle. Keep in a cool place until needed.

Orangeade.—To each glass, add the strained juice of one orange, two tablespoonfuls of prepared sirup and three-fourths of a cup of plain or charged water.

Pineapple Drink.—Add a pint of grated pineapple to a pint of prepared sirup and a quart of water. Set on ice for three hours, strain and serve. Prepared sirup is sugar and water boiled together until thick. Lemon juice is sometimes added.

Grape Nectar.—To a quart of grape juice, add a pint of sirup and the juice of four oranges. Serve with a quart of charged water.

Ginger Lemonade.—Cook a half pound of Canton ginger, and one and a half cups of sugar, the rind and juice of three lemons and three pints of water for twenty minutes. Add the juice of six lemons to the sirup, strain and cool. Serve with ice.

MARKETING FOR THE HOME.

In a large number of homes the marketing problem is left to chance, not much thought or planning given to it. Most housewives have a certain amount to spend and often it is

Farm Diplomat.

"Do you want a job as a farmhand?" "No," replied Flooding Fete. "You have been kind to me in the past, and I think too much of you to make you an object of jealous hatred among all your neighbors."

Putting it Clearly.

"Rastus, what's a alibi?" "Dat's provin' dat yoh was at a prayernmeetin' whar yoh wasn't, in order to show dat yoh wasn't at de crapp-game whar yoh was."—Life.

either a feast or famine in such an unorganized arrangement.

Experience is indeed a dear teacher, and she is wise who learns early how to use the household money wisely.

Haphazard buying is most extravagant and a few lessons in useless buying is usually enough. Marketing is a household science and the buying of meats is one of extreme importance. We are passing the time when it is considered parsimonious to be called economical and to take pride in being unpractical.

One of the first things for a woman to learn in buying is to regulate her wants to fit her purse. It takes real self denial to deny ones self the attractive delicacies, and confine herself to the urgent needs of the family, even shopping and marketing will develop self-control and character.

The woman who pays her bills promptly will get better service every time from her merchant, for if he has to wait indefinitely for bills to be paid he is apt to charge interest by adding a cent here or there which in a month or two swells the bills considerably.

The ready money to the merchant means a great deal, for his accounts must be settled promptly if he gets good and prompt returns from the big markets.

A prepared list made out before going out to market will help one to keep within limit as some women want to buy every thing they see and memory fails them of the necessities if a list is not at hand.

Another way market men even with a slow paying customer, is to send second rate articles and charge first prices. So it pays to be prompt with the paying of bills.

When buying meats see that it is of good bright color and well marbled with fat. The weight is a good test for fruits like oranges, lemons and grape fruit. Perishable foods should never be bought in large quantities.

They who wish to sing, always find a song.—Swedenborg.

Why do we worry about the nest? We only stay for a day. Or a month, or a year, at the Lord's behest.

In this habit of clay.

The best will come in the great "to be." It is ours to serve and wait.

And the wonderful future we soon shall see.

For death is but the gate.—Sarah A. Bolton.

NUTS INSTEAD OF MEAT.

Nuts have such a high place in the food and with many take the place of meats that a few recipes will be suggestive in planning menus.

A handful of nuts added to a cup of chopped cabbage and celery with a simple dressing makes a most wholesome salad.

Apples, which may be peeled, cored and stewed until nearly tender without losing their shape may then be decorated with quartered blanched almonds, put in like porcupine quills, sprinkle with powdered sugar and bake long enough to brown the almonds and finish the cooking of the apple. A little sirup poured around them while baking will be an addition and may be served with whipped cream around the fruit after it is well chilled.

Potato balls decorated with almonds and brushed with butter, then baked, are another most attractive looking dish.

Nut Fruit Cheese.—Add to a cupful of chopped hickory nut meats, a cup of dates, a half dozen figs, put through a meat chopper, six bananas, mashed, a cup of blanched and chopped almonds, salt, turn the mixture into a buttered mold, cover with buttered paper and steam for three hours. Turn out and when cold, cover with a meringue, brown and garnish the dish when serving, with stuffed dates.

Nut stuffing for baked onions is delicious. Chop a cup of pecans, mix with a tablespoonful of butter and two of bread crumbs, add salt and stuff large par-boiled onions whose centers have been removed with the nuts, and bake until the onions are perfectly tender, basting with butter and water.

Nellie Maxwell.

Beauty.

Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself, and is complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse nor the better for being praised.—Marcus Antoninus.

Provoking.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Podgeron, "I do wish you'd quit botherin' me when I'm writin' letters. You've gone and made me leave the o out of Sylvester."

Papa Was to Economize.

Small Boy (handing druggist a half dollar).—"Five five-cent cigars, and give me the change." Druggist—"But, Bob, your father always smokes ten-cent cigars." Small Boy—"Well, he isn't going to this time."—Life.

Companionship.

After all, for companionship and general utility, it would be a good deal better to be cast away on a desert island with an expert burglar than with a dull preacher.—Puck.

Locals

W. E. Brooks left Monday night for the Dallas Fair.

The Imperial Barber Shop for barbering good and fine.

2 16 oz. cans Red Salmon for 25c at T. C. Lively & Co.

C. A. Gatlin is in Mobeetie on business this week.

New crop Velva Syrup at per bucket 60c. T. C. Lively & Co.

Lark Cash was over from the RO ranch yesterday.

Good Corn Syrup per bucket 45c. T. C. Lively & Co.

J. L. Bain went to the Fair at Dallas Saturday, returning Tuesday.

R. W. Scales shipped out the second car of cotton seed this week.

Our motto is "Not how cheap, but, oh, how good." Clarke the Tailor who knows how

B. L. Kinsey returned last night from a business trip to Kansas City.

The moving picture show will run every Friday and Saturday night, provided the weather is fit.

Ladies work a specialty. R. A. Lewis the new tailor, at City Cafe. (adv)

Mrs. O.H. Britain and children left Friday night for Dallas to visit Mrs. Britain's parents.

LOST—An overcoat Monday night between town and A. A. Beedy's farm. Finder please return to E. C. Kerley, Hedley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wells of Memphis were up Sunday to visit their sons, J. C. and Percy Wells.

A ticket with each \$1.00 purchase or paid on account; which means two premiums to some one FREE. T. C. Lively & Co.

Mrs. M. E. Bird went to Memphis Tuesday where she will spend the winter with her son, Judge J. D. Bird.

Bring your laundry to the Imperial Barber Shop, where it will be sent to the Panhandle Steam Laundry.

Mrs. Winifred Wilson and children of Memphis came Friday to visit her sister Mrs. G.A. Wimberly over Sunday.

Paul Pyle and sister Miss Ruth came up from Memphis Sunday to spend the day with their sister, Mrs. J. G. McDougal.

Carl Dishman of Mexico, Mo., came Sunday to visit relatives. Carl evidently likes Hedley, for this is two trips he has made this year.

Mrs. W. H. Madden came in Tuesday night from Chico to accept a position with Bain & McCarroll where her husband has been working several months.

When you see a sign on a Drug gists shop reading: THE REX-ALL STORE it indicates that the proprietor of that store is the leading, most progressive and dependable druggist in his community.

Hedley Drug Co.

3 16 oz. cans Salmon for only 25c at T. C. Lively & Co.

Mesdames Walker and Mullen of Clarendon visited Mrs. L. L. Cornelius Monday.

Panhandle Steam Laundry is where I send laundry. E. L. Yelton.

Mrs. Reeves of Panhandle visited her friend Mrs. L. L. Cornelius from Monday until Wednesday.

You can buy the best Flour at Lively's for \$2 85 per 100 lbs.

Little Gorden Wilson was operated upon last Sunday at Memphis and is doing nicely. His sister Mrs. Wimberly has been with him all week.

Magazines delivered anywhere within the city limits. Make your arrangements to have any magazine delivered regular. Spurgeon Bishop.

Local news is rather scarce this week. Everybody seems to be too busy gathering their crops to go visiting, or pull off some kind of stunt to amuse the public.

FOUND—A lap robe and buggy whip east of the churches. Owner can get them by calling at the Informer Office and paying for this notice.

Another cotton buyer has entered the field at Hedley. T. T. Harrison is now buying on the streets. He is a live buyer and with the other good buyers, makes Hedley the best market on the Denver.

We wish to emphasize that Rexall Remedies are not designed nor intended to supersede the services of a physician. If you are sick and do not know what is wrong then we advise you to consult a physician. But if you know what ails you and do not desire the services of a physician we then urge you to select one of the Rexall Remedies indicated as being prepared to treat your malady. Satisfaction or money refunded. Sold only by the Hedley Drug Co.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST PROTRACTED MEETING

To the public, we will begin our meeting Saturday night before the 3rd Sunday in November. It will be conducted by Elder. Tice Elkins of Childress, and will be held in the Presbyterian church. Everybody is cordially invited to attend. Church of Christ.

ALWAYS OTHER FISHES

By F. H. LANCASTER.

WINNING A WELCOME

By BLANCHE HARPER.

LITTLE FOLKS SOCIETY

Programs for children's Missionary Society Sunday Oct. 26 4 p. m.

Subject, The Light of the World.

Opening Song, The Kingdom is coming.

Prayer.

Reading, Just a Smile, Grace Bryant.

Reading, Send Me Forth, Harmon Scales.

Reading, A Swarm of Bees, Cleo Moreman.

Recitation, Upside Down Children, Mary Helen Bain.

Song, The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

Missionary chalk talk.

Recitation, The Task is Yours and Mine, Ima Moreman.

Missionary Points.

Close with Lord's Prayer.

PRESS REPORTER.

sleeping most of the time till the bottle was empty.

It was the suck of the oars in their locks that woke him. Then voices came, and he listened:

"Dey say Pierre ain't going win race this year."

"Pourquoi?"

"Dey say 'turpentine man' going run his fast boat; dey say Amanda going sail wit' him."

"Ha!"

The suck of the oars died away. Pierre plunged into the bayou and swam until sober. "Pardieu, dere's more dan one girl in de world!"

Alors quoi? As soon as he was sober he went down to the store and bought two yards of very narrow, very pink ribbon, and he must have wanted it for a fishing line, because as he strode away from the store he was saying under his breath: "Il y a les autres poissons dans la mer, touders. Ah, ou! toujours."

And so thinking of the other fishes always by the sea, Pierre made his way through the woods to old man Aloysius' front gate. He surprised Cecelia on the front steps, Pierre sat down beside her. And presently Pierre's thoughts came to the front with:

"I been t'ink, me das maybe you'll sail in 'Lis des Eaux wit' me on Fourth of July. Das make me proud, yes."

Cecelia was swept into silence by the rushing sweetness of this surprise. There was only the tremble of strong fingers pressing a tiny packet into her hand, only the pleading of that pleasant—very pleasant voice:

"Das my color, pink. You going wear it?"

"Yes," she murmured, "I wear it."

It was a hot day, that Fourth of July, with a boat race on the bay. The regatta was to be run in three classes. Schooners, sloops and cat-boats. Some there were in that sweltering crowd who followed the flight of the schooners, but upon wharf and beach and bank every 'Cajan's eye was upon the cat-boat race, and every sou of 'Cajan's money was upon one of the two racers. The "turpentine man's" cat, the Kitten, that flew the blue pennant, and Pierre's 'Lis des Eaux, that flew the pink. They were well matched boats, and beauties, gleaming white with their broad belts of brilliant blue or pink; each with a big new sail, each with a lovely girl in the bows flying the colors she favored. They crossed the line at the judges' stand. Hearty cheering started them on their second course, and after the cheer one single voice like a dropping shot: "Watch out he don't get your wind."

For whom was that warning meant? What was it worth? Perhaps one of the young sailors knew. Tense, with ever an eye to the girl in his bows, the "turpentine man" gave his boat every advantage his skill could compass.

Already the Lily under her reef was footing it after the Kitten, and already, but too late, the "turpentine man" had seen the white puff now beginning to turn black. It was too late to shorten sail now if he meant to leave himself a chance to win.

On they came, the Kitten and the Lily, and the squall, half a mile, quarter, eight; while the sky darkened and the Lily, like one struck by a strong hand, lay over. But there was a sure grip upon her tiller and no flutters of hope or fear shook the hand that held the halyards. She righted gallantly under her reef, and with the foam curling along her rail, flew away before the rising wind. And then the watchers had eyes for the Kitten, and as they turned their eyes upon her the squall struck her. They saw her go over in the shivering water. Boats shot out, children lifted up their voices and wept.

Cecilia, looking back at the rescuers and their rescued, watched merrily.

"Dey most made some more fish," she laughed, and Pierre laughed also—with tenderness.

"You bring me good luck," he said, gallantly. He had fairly forgotten that Cecelia was herself "the other fish."

(Copyright, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)

What! Pierre had never been drunk before. Had never done anything that a straight young man should not do until the "turpentine man" came out of the bayou and said to old man Etienne that he would give him three dollars a hundred for the turpentine rights in his strip of 10,000 pine trees. And that very same day Pierre came to ask old man Etienne for his daughter.

Hein! But the old man was rough on Pierre, and refused.

But it was not because of what the old man said; it was because he saw Amanda walking to church with the "turpentine man" and could not make Amanda see him that made Pierre take a bottle of whiskey down into the bend of the bayou and get drunk. Yes, and stay drunk,

Thursday, Cage to be covered at 8:30 each evening. Small lettuce leaf Mondays and Wednesdays. Sliced apple on Tuesdays. Fresh seed and water daily. Cage cleaned daily. And 1,000 other directions.

"It's an imposition!" declared Mrs. Morton. "It's not necessary for Dorothy to promenade the boardwalk at Atlantic City while we sit at home and worry over her pet."

After Morton had worked an hour that evening adjusting a bracket for the cage he said peevishly: "One does impose on one's friends abominably. Here we have a rank outsider simply thrust upon us through no fault of our own. Some people have—well, what you might call nerve."

At eight o'clock the next morning Marjory's brother Bert came to breakfast with a scowling face.

"Where did that blooming bird hall from?" he demanded. "He has kept me awake since five o'clock with his everlasting singing."

Marjory's married sister soon ran in with her pet kitten, as was her cus-

tom. She was greeted with a scream from Marjory. "Mildred, don't you dare to step into this house with that cat! Can't you see Dorothy's bird? Please, please go home—quick!"

"Very well," answered Mildred in icy tones. "If you care more for Dorothy's silly bird than for me and my darling Mopsy we shall not trouble you any more with our unwelcome presence." Then the irate sister marched out of the room.

"I wish I had never seen that horrid bird or Dorothy, either!" lamented Marjory.

After two months' absence Dorothy returned and claimed her canary. The first evening after the bird's departure Marjory noticed that both her father and her mother kept gazing at the empty bracket where the bird had swung and sung.

Presently Bert exclaimed: "It beats all how empty this house seems without that bird!"

Marjory wiped away a tear. "I've had the blues all day," she said. "I've missed Dickie so. If Dorothy had been the least bit appreciative she would have let me keep him a few weeks longer, anyhow."

The next morning Morton on his way to his office stopped at a bird store and purchased a canary.

Mrs. Morton, before keeping her appointment at the dressmaker's, went to a bird dealer's and purchased a canary.

Bert, recollecting the empty bracket, on his return from business dropped in at a department store and purchased a canary.

Marjory, by this time firmly believing that no family is complete without a bird, took her savings and purchased a canary.

That evening each member of the family entered the dining room carrying a bird cage. Then they all beheld a canary in a cage that was hanging on the bracket. There was a card attached to the hook. On it Dorothy had written: "I hope this bird will partly take the place of the one you so lovingly cared for."

"Let's keep them all!" exclaimed Marjory.

"All but one," amended Mrs. Morton. "Mildred confided to me this morning that she has given Mopsy away, as she thinks she would rather have a bird than a kitten for a pet."—Chicago Daily News.



"What Have You There?"

NOTICE TO THE BUYING PUBLIC

We were too busy last week to write an Ad, and thought sure we would get to make you a long 'spiel' this week but we have the same excuse this week; however we wish to tell you that our store is filled to overflowing with the very latest and most seasonable merchandise it has ever been your pleasure to see in Hedley. And we want you to come in and take a look whether you buy or not. We have clerks who will take pleasure in showing you thru. We are putting goods at short crop prices, and know it will be to your advantage to trade with us.

We are in the market for your cotton and cotton seed.

Bring in your produce and we will pay you 25c for Eggs, 20c for Butter, and 9c to 11c for Chix.

Our Grocery department is complete; we can fill any size bill in this line

Bain & McCarroll