

# The Hedley Informer

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NO. 4

## CHRISTMAS

The whole of Christmas is built around the love of a mother for a babe. Centuries have since rolled by; dynasties have risen and fallen; conquerors have waxed and waned; but none of these have stilled that cradle song in the quiet of the Judean starlight. Nor have the two thousand years broken the communicable spirit of sympathy between that mother at Bethlehem and the mother of today. As Heaven lay around that Infancy in the Bethlehem stable, so Heaven lies around the cradle of every infant today.—Ladies Home Journal.

O. H. Britain and E. R. Clark received checks from the insurance companies this week in full settlement of their loss incurred in the cotton yard fire a few weeks ago.

I will chop your kaffir and maize for 7c per 100 lbs. Will be prepared soon to chop or crush kaffir or maize in the head and corn in the shuck.  
N. M. Hornsby.

## A VALUABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Did you know that the most valuable Christmas Present that can be bought for a friend or relative is a Scholarship for the full course of Booking and Short-hand in the Bowie Commercial College? This knowledge is not taxable, nor can it be lost or stolen; and besides, it places young people in a position to protect their own interests, as well as to fit them to earn their own living when necessary.

We have placed many young people in good positions this fall, and have had more than twice as many calls as we could fill. Not one of our graduates has ever failed to do the work of his employer. This is proof that our courses are as thorough and practical as can possibly be made in a Business College.

We secure for our students the best of private board at from \$10 to \$12.50 per calendar month. It will cost you almost twice this amount at other places. Again, our town has brick paved streets, cement sidewalks, and no negroes or saloons. Our school rooms are well heated, lighted, and ventilated.

Don't forget that you will save \$5 on a single scholarship and \$10 on the Combined, by enrolling with us not later than the first Tuesday after Christmas, which is the last day of this year.

We are expecting the largest enrollment of new students the 30th and 31st that the college has ever known before, and we are amply equipped to take care of all of them and many more. Write us.

"THERE IS NO CALAMITY LIKE IGNORANCE."  
Bowie Commercial College,  
Bowie, Texas.

You'll have to hurry to get choice of our Holiday goods.  
Albright Drug Co.

The Sunday School will have a Christmas tree at the church Tuesday night. Santa Claus will be there and will remember all the little children.

## Closing Out!

Yes, we are closing out every thing at the Restaurant & Grocery Store.  
Come to Hedley

## Christmas Presents

She needed pots and a new floor broom, and window shades for the children's room; her sheets were down to a thread-bare three and her table cloths were a sight to see. She wanted scarfs and a towel rack, and a good, plain, useful dressing sack, some kitchen spoons and a box for bread, a pair of scissors and a sewing thread. She hoped some practical would stop and figure out that she needed a mop, or a bathroom rug or a lacquered tray or a few plain plates for every day. She hoped and hoped and she wished a lot, but these, of course, were the things she got:

A cut glass vase and a bonbonniere, a china thing for receiving hair, some oyster forks, a manicure set, a chafing dish and a cellaret, a boudoir and a drawn work mat, a sterling this and a sterling that; a gilt-edged book of a lofty theme, and fancy bags till she longed to scream, some curling tongs and a powder puff and a bunch of other useless stuff. But though she inwardly raved, she wrote to all of her friends the the self-same note, and said to each of the generous host—"Just how did you guess what I needed most?"—Ella Bently Arthur.

Christmas Goods, the kind that will please "Her" or "Him." Come early and see what we have, and make your selection before the rush begins.  
Albright Drug Co.

## WOMEN'S MISSION SOCIETY

The W. M. Society meets with Mrs. Wimberly Dec. 23.

Program  
Opening Hymn "Crown Him Lord of All"  
Prayer, Mrs. Chance.  
Roll call, (all answer with verse of Scripture on Gift.  
Scripture lesson, Psalm 103.  
Open discussion, "Our Many Blessings."  
Special readings, Mesdames Willis, Bryant, Wimberly and Dishman.  
Sentence Prayer.  
Doxology.

The Ladies made something over \$30 from the Bazaar, Lunch, and Tamales. We have several things left over in the Bazaar which we will close out Saturday. Many thanks for the patronage we received. The ladies will give a social and birthday party Friday night Dec. 27. All are cordially invited. Proceeds to go on the pews for the M. E. church.  
PRESS REPORTER.

FOR SALE—Half dozen thoroughbred Buff Orpington young roosters at \$1 each.  
Jack McCants.

## Letter to Santa Claus

Dec. 16, 1912

Dear Santa Claus  
I want you to bring me a small bicycle and lots of candy oranges and nuts, Dont forget to bring Winnie a big doll.

George Day.

Hedley, Tex., Dec. 17, 1912.

Dear Old Santa Claus:  
Please bring me for Christmas a little Train, and Candy, and Oranges. I have been in Missouri all the year. But you will find me now back at my old Home in Texas.

Roy Cash.

Dec 18, 1912.

Dear Santa please bring me a doll and doll bed a table and some chairs, and I would like a piano too. dont forget Graham Jewel and Lena because they are not little like me. All the stockings you will find hanging in a row mine will be the shortest one you will be sure to know. hope you will find all good boys and girls.

Your little friend  
Vera Brinson.

Bob Adamson and wife moved into the telephone exchange this week. Mrs. Adamson is now the operator since the Beaty girls left Tuesday night.

Grandma Johnson accompanied her son, W. A., to Roswell for a few weeks visit.

## OLLER-NEWMAN

Mr. Otis Oller and Miss Clara Newman were united in marriage last night at the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Newman in northeast Hedley, Rev. G. H. Bryant officiating. Both are prominent young people of this community. Mr. Oller is farming on his place near Bray.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended the happy couple

Jack McCants killed his two big hogs last week and they together weighed 870 pounds. Jack says the two hogs never ate a hatful of corn in their lives, but fattened on other feed stuff.

## GRAIN BAGS

For cash we will sell you grain bags as cheap as you can get them anywhere in the Panhandle.  
J. G. McDougal.

Get your Christmas Gifts now. We have what you want for a suitable gift to your loved ones.  
Albright Drug Co.

Miss Jessie Adamson is home from Amarillo to spend her vacation.

## To the Ladies!

Stop grieving about your burnt Bread, and come to the Restaurant & Grocery Store and get Fresh Baker's Bread and Buns. Fresh supply every day.

## Specials At The Saddle Shop!

Genuine Ripon Gloves.

Chase-Lap Robes.

Knee Pads.

Made to order Harness.

Made to order Saddles.

All kinds of Repair Work.

Remember the Place.

**KENDALL & GAMMON**

Gutter your houses, catch the winter rains, gutters cut to fit ready to hang. Rain water filters, well casing, builders tin. My prices are right.  
C. W. Turner, The Tinner.

When you receive sample copies of the Informer it is an invitation to you to read it and, if you like it, subscribe. We haven't time to see each and every one personally, but want you to rest assured that we want your name on our list which is growing all time and we hope soon to reach every family in this trade territory.

A nice line of Christmas goods at Albright Drug Co

**ATTENTION**—By Dec. 10 we will be prepared to chop and crush kaffir, maize and corn in amounts from 100 pounds to car load lots, for 10 cents per hundred, at the Red Gin.  
B. W. Moreman Gin Co.

Ladies, I have a sample book now and can order your coat, coat suits and skirts.  
CLARKE, THE TAILOR.

J. M. Killian moved into his new residence yesterday.

Cotton Insurance—I write it in good strong companies. See me about insuring your cotton.  
J. C. Wells.

## GOODNIGHT ACADEMY

Dear Readers:

We desire to say to our friends and patrons as we come to the holidays, that we are very grateful for the spendid work of the term to date. I do not think that I have ever experienced from macy points of view a term quite so pleasant and profitable. The Board of Trustees in a recent meeting passed finally upon raising the course of study from an Academy to Junior College giving it a curriculum equal to any institution in the Panhandle or Northwest Texas. New and adequate laboratories for teaching the science courses will be installed and every necessary step taken to make Goodnight College, as a college, equal in every respect to the best. We have every natural qualification making it easier to secure all others. The new plan will not go in effect till next session permitting the present senior class to graduate in May but the juniors will be classed as sophomoros next session.

If you are contemplating entering school for the spring term you certainly can make no mistake in considering our school. We invite correspondence with any who may be interested.

With best wishes to all I am  
Yours very truly,  
A. H. Thornton, President.

W. T. White showed the writer some pecans that were grown on a young tree on his place. He thinks he has the record broken in the Panhandle, as he does not know of any other pecans in the country.

## GOOD MILK PROTECTS BABIES

Accounting of Twenty-first Year of the Nathan Straus Depots in New York.

Nathan Straus' work of protecting the babies from milk-borne diseases has completed its twenty-first year with a record of only one death in the last summer among the 2,200 babies that have been supplied with milk modified and pasteurized at the seventeen depots. The one death was caused by pneumonia.

During the year 2,193,684 bottles of milk were supplied and 1,326,100 glasses of milk were served at the summer stations in the parks and on the recreation piers. While the number of infant milk depots in the city has increased to nearly a hundred the Straus stations are the only ones that supply the milk in nursing bottles, first modified, then pasteurized in the bottles. It is to this fact that Mr. Straus attributes the remarkable record of the last summer.

The output by months was as follows: September, 166,649 bottles; October, 154,919; November, 143,886; December, 161,475; January, 164,785; February, 169,611; March, 197,084; April, 197,646; May, 206,875; June, 213,293; July, 214,672; August, 202,789; total, 2,193,684.

In the twenty-one years of this work more than 33,000,000 bottles of pasteurized milk have been supplied for the babies and over 17,000,000 glasses of milk have been served at the depots. In the first year 34,000 bottles were supplied. The records do not include barley water, of which no account is kept.

At all the depots free medical attendance is supplied when desired, with instructions for the mothers.

## HONOR ROLL

Below are the names of the pupils in the respective named grades who have earned, by properly conducting themselves, a place on the honor roll.

We very much regret the absence of some names from the list, but hope theirs may appear next month.

- 10th grade  
Mary Beedy.  
Clyde Morrow.  
Frankie Smith.
- 9th grade  
Ophelia Clance.  
Clyde Grimsley.  
Flora West.  
Orby Adamson.
- 8th grade  
Lavonia Masterson.  
Dot Grimsley.  
Ike Glass.  
Myrtle Reeves.  
Eunice Morrow.  
George Beedy.  
Willie Dyer.  
Golden Masterson.  
Luia Adamson.
- 6th grade  
Leah Dyer.  
Alice Killian.  
Mabel Rains.  
Mary Duston.  
Clara Jones.  
Oma Bozeman.  
Mellie Richey.  
Edna Horne.  
Vera Mathes.  
Luther Amason.  
Howard Britain.  
Walter Smith.  
Murray Wolfe.  
Robert Stroud.  
Charlie West.
- 5th grade  
Maggie Killian.  
Glennie Brooks.  
Jewel Brinson.  
Edith Beedy.  
Fannie Williams.  
Iua Moreman.  
Lena May Brinson.  
David Waldron.  
Louis Boston.  
Graham Brinson.
- 4th grade  
Jesse Bryant.  
Freddie Worsham.  
Lee Smith.  
Lora Grooms.  
Lorena Smith.  
Blanche Adamson.  
Eula Johnson.
- 3rd grade  
Lennie Waldron.  
Nolan Woods.  
Harmon Scades.  
Jim West.  
Zela Woods.  
Eula Grooms.  
Ruth Grimsley.  
Dannie Mae Masterson.
- 2nd grade  
Roy Cornelius.  
Fay Moreman.  
Thelma Duckworth.  
Isaac Rains.  
Velma Newman.  
Reba Allen.  
Teddie Adamson.  
Bernie Tarpieny.  
Gladys Adamson.  
Morris Moore.
- 1st grade  
Shelby Willis.  
Vada Waldron.  
Stella Mae Adamson.  
Mary Britain.  
James Richey.  
Mayme Wood.  
Gertrude Horne.  
Willie Beedy.  
Edith Mann.  
Bedford Gammon.  
Lora Bryant.  
Leone Wimberly.  
Margaret Cooper.  
Clayton Mann.

**J. H. RICHEY**

**Blacksmithing and Repair Work**

D. C. Moore's Old Stand. I have a competent workman and will thank you for a share of your work.

**J. H. RICHEY**

**Your business solicited**

**First State Bank**  
Hedley, Texas.

**THE HEDLEY INFORMER**

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Publisher

HEDLEY, TEXAS

Women outnumber men in both New York and Philadelphia.

Concerning that Red Sox victory, why not drop it? Snodgrass did.

That restored Venus of Milo proves to be a southpaw with good curves.

They say the new ten-dollar bill is a work of art, but it can't be at that price.

A baby was born in New York on the elevated. Starting life pretty high.

A London swindler sold dried peas for liver pills. Probably just as effective.

"Women's dresses are to become tighter." Roller skates next and a boy behind to push.

London is shocked over the way the British nation is taking to gum chewing. But they stick to it.

Medical science is constantly discovering hundreds of new reasons why people should call in the doctor.

Before ordering your split pea soup you should patriotically inquire if the pea was split in Germany or America.

A London specialist says that modern dress is killing women. Yet most women desire their gowns to be killing.

According to a scientist, all men will be baldheaded in 500 years. It's a cinch they will if they live until then.

Somebody claims to have discovered black snow in the Alps. But any winter he can find a lot of it in Pittsburgh.

Plants and vegetables are to be raised by electricity. As far as fruits are concerned, we already have electric currents.

A New York man was robbed of his pearl necklace, worth \$30,000, on an ocean liner. Where was his chaperon?

Women certainly are obstinate creatures. One in Boston is contesting the dictum of three courts that declared her dead.

Our pupils are found to be weak in the three R's. The old-fashioned spelling bee might profitably be revived, it seems.

Kissing is forbidden in public places in Switzerland. Undoubtedly on the ground that there is more than enough danger there without it.

An eastern man wrote a tragedy and the manager turned it into a comedy. It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, after all.

Chinese women are said to have the most beautiful complexions in the world. Still, it depends on whether it is orientally considered.

Now the German scientists have discovered a means of producing artificial milk. Why not invent a way to grow eggs on the egg plant.

"Resolve to live a hundred years and you can do it," says a St. Louis physician. But the majority of good resolutions are broken in a short time.

There used to be made in this country copper-toed shoes that the small boy could not kick out in one month. Ah, those were happy days for parents!

Infantile paralysis has appeared among the Eskimos in Alaska. The backward races must often sit down and wonder whether civilization really pays.

Physicians are now discussing whether incurables should be killed. Which brings up the question: "How can physicians agree on who are incurables?"

An eighteen-pound lobster has been caught in Long Island Sound. Still, a chorus girl can catch a bigger one than that on Broadway any day in the year.

In Baltimore a police justice has arranged mirrors in his court room so that drunks and disorderlies will have to see themselves. Justice should have a little pity.

To be simple and to be without guile is to triumph over all. Is there not the case of the young woman who when congratulated upon the quality and strength of her perfume said that she was glad he had noticed it?

A London gentleman, opposed to tipping, let his whiskers grow rather than bestow a honorarium upon the tonsorial artist. Wonder if the new style whiskers have anything to do with this latter day crusade against tips?

It is doubtful if Andre de Fouquieres will succeed in his announced purpose to persuade us to dress after the French fashion, since American men have a rooted prejudice against wearing corsets and hoopskirts with their frock coats.

**Modern Flirt**

Now Given Her Own Peculiar Place

By KATHERINE PRESCOTT, Social Secretary, Boston, Mass.

IN OTHER DAYS one of the worst accusations that could be made against a woman was that of flirting. If the charge could be proved, it was sufficient for cold treatment by other women—though the men seldom followed that lead—and if it was not proved, it was slander. Happily, I think, we have relaxed a little on that point. Perhaps we have seen that there is something much worse than flirtation, of which flirtation is a natural enemy, and that is stupidity.

At that age when flirtation most commonly plays its part, there is likely to be a good deal of sentiment of a fatally serious kind. I am convinced that a lack of humor, if not absolute stupidity, is the foundation of much of this ponderous affection, which may or may not terminate happily. The first, if we accept the definition of common parlance—one who practices the gaining of affections for self-gratification—either directly or indirectly wards off some of this danger.

Knowing the existence of the flirt, the young man or young woman will offer a resistance to the usual theft of reason, with a degree of success which could not have come from within their overawed selves. How many men and women there are who fancy themselves in love today who would be better off if they were frankly flirting, we can only conjecture; and how many men and women in the matrimonial condition who wish they had been only flirting we fear even to conjecture.

Of course there is much said of the "heartless flirt," of consequent wasted lives and broken hearts. But seldom we hear of the wasted lives and broken hearts which follow the marriage contracted after the most conventional courtship by two well-meaning and eminently earnest individuals who simply made a mistake when they thought, in this world of 1,500,000,000 souls, it had been arranged by heaven that they should meet and go to housekeeping together. A period of flirtations might have taught them something of life. A flirt might have helped both of them.

I think this is the office of the flirt—the real flirt—to prepare the way for advantageous selection; to destroy foolish theories and to prevent premature disillusionment. That the flirt cannot fulfill even this part completely is not the fault of the flirt—the job is too big. But the *Katherine Prescott* flirt helps a little.

In the prevailing fashion of knocking at low-cut gowns, peek-a-boos and the hobble skirt, it might be well to sound a caution that the reaction be not too great, when it comes, which it most certainly will. I want to speak a word for the low-necks and the tight, not hobble, skirt.

The low-neck dresses are healthy. Now by low-neck I do not mean a dress with the neck cut six or seven inches deep. I mean the sensible cut, say two or three inches, either diamond shaped or round, which would be just enough to expose the neck to the air. This much exposure is healthy, and will both harden the neck and make the person less sensitive to colds. It is decidedly more sensible than the high stocks that some women wear, with points so high that they cannot turn their necks without punching their ears.

Next, the tight skirt. The tight skirt was the forerunner of the hobble skirt. It was tighter than the preceding loose gowns and not so exaggerated as the hobble.

This tight skirt was not only attractive, hanging, as it did, in one smooth piece, but was far healthier than the loose skirts, as it was usually worn the least bit shorter, and did not dabble in the mud.

I would like to see the fashion pendulum swing again to the low neck, as I have outlined it, and to the tight skirt.

A short time ago an inquirer asked why the face and hands wrinkled while other parts of the person remained smooth in skin surface. Having seen no answer from our physician, I will offer my opinion:

Our physical comfort requires that there be a continuous loss of heat from our body. Normal health also requires that there be an outlet for the heat generated by normal animation, as we consume air, water, food. Those parts of the body that are covered with clothes are insulated from the temperature about us, leaving the face and hands alone exposed to the influence of the lower temperature. This causes the heat and moisture of the body to escape through these members, the face and hands, drying their surface and causing wrinkles, which multiply as we grow older and are less able to resist the cold, less able to turn food into heat.

In those climates where the temperature remains near that of the natural temperature of the body it would seem that the extreme dryness of the atmosphere absorbs the moisture of the body through the exposed parts of their flesh.

The temperature and moisture in us and the temperature and moisture of the air about us is always seeking a balance.

Two extra days for every week of vacation is being offered by the German Imperial bank to employees who are willing to postpone their holidays till winter. The reason is that to give everybody a vacation in summer too greatly depletes the office force and puts a long strain on the men who have to carry the work of absentees.

Those who suffer from the heat may need a fortnight or a month of respite in the summer, but those who can get through the heated term in good physical condition could well afford to wait till winter and One day would carry a German across the Alps to the warm sunshine of Italy or the Riviera, a very moderate amount of time will take a New Englander to Bermuda, Florida or the West Indies.

Many a worker who is planning a little excursion would be glad to postpone it till winter for the sake of four extra days.

The plan may be commended to employers who find it difficult to provide for everybody during the recognized vacation season.

**Tight Skirt Favors Good Health**

By C. H. Haviland, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

**Reason Given For Wrinkles on Face**

By C. St. Martin, Bloomington, Minn.

**Germans Take Vacation During Winter**

By M. N. Thomas, Baltimore, Md.

**NOT AFRAID OF THIS MOUSE**



(Photo, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.)

Nobody thinks of jumping on a chair at the sight of this little mouse—in fact, one can sit in perfect calmness while he gambols on one's instep. For the mouse is really embroidered on the silken stocking. The embroidery is done on the thread silk stocking with mouse-colored silk and the effect is very natural and rather startling at first glimpse.

**IN VELVETEEN AND CORDUROY MADE A DAINTY TEA TRAY**

Combination That Deserves the Popularity Which It Has Been Unhesitatingly Accorded.

Not every one can afford frocks of silk velvet, so velveteen was manufactured as a substitute. It is lovely, and gives practically the same effect as silk velvet when made up. Velveteen and corduroy are used to fashion many smart frocks for street wear.

Plain colors are more frequently used for the velveteen models. They are effectively trimmed with fur, metallic laces, Persian or tapestry embroidery.

Velveteen does not adapt itself so successfully to draping as do the softer velvets, so the skirts are usually plain or with pleated insets.

The bodices are jumper effects, with guimpes of lace or chiffon.

Corduroys in the soft-finished qualities are extensively used.

Frocks and coat suits are developed of this material and seem to find a ready sale.

The two-tone corduroys in brown and tan, blue and black and white are especially favored.

In plain colors, dark blue, brown, black and burgundy are the shades more frequently used.

**BLOUSE**



This is a smart little blouse to be worn with a costume skirt. It is in soft chiffon taffetas, with embroidery on the shoulders, center front straps and cuffs. Two deep folds are made from the shoulders to waist each side. Materials required: 1 1/2 yards 42 inches wide.

**Vogue of Moire.**

Moire is being used extensively for suits this fall, as well as for trimmings. There are several classes of moire, including the moire antique, the moire velours and the regence. The latter denotes the ribbed weaves as applied to the moires. The changeable and chameleon effects are shown in the moires quite as often as the plain. The taffeta moire has a beautiful but not too sharply defined wavy effect which makes it very desirable. This fabric has almost ousted the changeable taffeta.

Pretty Thing Evolved by Clever Girl in a Most Economical and Simple Manner.

A novel and most economical way to make a pretty tea-tray was discovered by a girl who is very clever with her wits and her fingers. She first purchased for forty cents a large oval picture frame from a second-hand store, securing a very good bit of natural old woodwork. Then with a bottle of stain, some sand-paper and a little varnish she polished up the wood to look like new, then screwed on two brass handles, one at each end, afterwards cutting a piece of pretty cretonne the same size as the glass, and pasting it smoothly where the picture would ordinarily go. Covering it with the boards that belong to the frame, tacked securely into place, the entire back then being covered with a piece of felt, when she found herself possessed of a most fetching tea-tray, which in the shops would cost from \$5 to \$8.

**Care of the Skin.**

Before going to bed at night, sponge the face, neck and arms in a solution of cold salt water. You will find your self awakening in the morning with that desirable slight pink glow, which you so often see in the face of a child at this time. Another skin stimulator is a small piece of ice, placed in a soft piece of linen and rubbed gently over the entire face and neck, care being taken to reach every part of the surface about the eyes and eyelids. This should not be done to excess; and afterward the face should be gently but thoroughly dried, and a little cold cream applied. All cream that the flesh has not absorbed should be removed, especially from the face that has a tendency toward being hirsute.

**Evening Dresses.**

The Grecian draperies and oriental colorings strongly dominate the very exclusive evening dresses, says the Dry Goods Economist. Embossed velvet patterns on chiffon cloth, on charmeuse, on satin or brought out on cloth of gold and silver are utilized. Metallic brocades, gold and silver tissues, moire and plain cloth of gold and silver, as well as rich embroidered fabrics, are represented in many of the most favored models. Rich laces are also in favor, particularly the finer varieties, such as Chantilly and Bohemian. Venice is used mostly as a finishing touch on velvet models.

**Extreme Effects.**

Some of the extreme panier effects introduced this season suggest an ordinary sack combined with Turkish trousers. The pannier is slightly gathered into the waistband and falls between the knee and the ankle, over a plain narrow skirt; so that the fullness lays over it. This style is usually carried out in the flowered silks or chiffon that suggests the modes of Louis XIV.

**Fur in Neckwear.**

Among the distinctly new ideas in neckwear are the novelties in which tiny bands of fur are utilized on the collar portion and, in some instances, on the jabot, is the statement made in a recent issue of the Dry Goods Economist.

**THE QUIET HOUR**

UPROOT EVIL TO PURIFY THE HEART

WHAT is the significance of this purity which is the condition of the most radiant beatitude? Perhaps if we seek analogies in nature, and see the use of the word in some remote relationships, it may help us to clarify our conception of what a life is like that is pure in the sight of God. Here then is a land that has been purged of monsters. The beast has been driven out. We have a vivid description of the emancipation of one of the earlier "Idylls of the King." The beasts would creep down to the homesteads and steal and destroy. They were a perpetual menace to quiet living. A crusade was appointed for the destruction of the destroyer, and the land was cleared of its foes. Now such an area, rid of the masterful beast, was a purified realm. And surely in the fields of the soul there are beasts of prey. There is the lion of passion, the serpent of envy, the bear of boorishness, the fox of deceit, and many others which find their home and their sustenance in the holy place, writes Dr. J. H. Jowett in The Continent.

And to get rid of these beasts, to "let the ape and tiger die," would be to create a condition in human life which would reflect one characteristic of the purified state.

**Purity's Crystal Transparency.**

Let me take another analogy. Water that is free from all sediment, that is clear and transparent, reflecting every pebble on the river bed, could be described as pure. Everything is acid and lucent. Nothing is shady. Nothing is hiding in a muddy cloud. It is pure. And here, too, I may find suggestion of the purified life. The soul that is clean and clear in the sight of God has nothing dubious about its character, nothing shady and nothing muddy; there is nothing hiding in the folds of duplicity. The character is transparent like the sea of glass which the great seer gazed upon before the throne of God and the Lamb.

Take another usage of the word. When the farmer has gathered out the stones from a field, when dead roots and "fibers have been removed, when all injurious growths that absorb the gracious nutriment have been extirpated, the farmer describes the cleansed area as "clean." The usage is still prevalent in every farmstead of our country.

"Like unto pure gold." Here is another usage of the word. It is descriptive of gold in which there is no alloy, no adulteration. The thing is what it appears to be. It is true gold in its untampered simplicity. So is it with a pure heart. No baser stuff is allowed to mingle with its truth. No cheapening compromise gains an entry. No bits of worldliness are permitted to intrude into piety and devotion. There is no attempt to mix God and man. Life is simple and single, "like unto pure gold."

**Purity's Potent Champion.**

And how is a heart like this to be gained? How can we drive out the beast? How can we make it like the crystal river? How can we cleanse it like a farmstead that is ready for the best seed? How can we transform it into a home of truth that is like unto unadulterated gold? Most certainly no man can effect this change in the power of his own will. I pity any man who sets about to purify his heart without the help of the eternal Christ. There is an old hymn, the last verse of which runs as follows:

"Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out thy enemy and thine, That soul-destroying monster, sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in." But that is just what I cannot do. I cannot turn the monster out and let the Stranger in. And indeed that is not the order of things which I find in the gospel. The gospel is this: let the Stranger in and he will turn the monster out! Our concern is to be with opening the door to the mighty Presence in whose power we shall find the secret of pure and sanctified life. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." That is what we need—to get the Christ in, for him to make his dwelling place there, and for him to do his own exclusive cleansing and purifying work. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." There is nothing in the whole realm of the soul, from a beast of passion to an illicit compromise, that he cannot deal with and expel.

But more than that. The Lord Jesus not only rids us of a tyrant. He also repairs the damage. He not only emancipates, he beautifies. Whatever is the need of the human spirit, whether it be in the tyranny of actual sin or in the grip of guilt, bound to its yesterdays or in servitude to today, the Lord Jesus can give "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

And thus it is that he provides the means by which we may realize the fruits of his own beatitude. In the Lord Jesus is to be found all the dynamic of cleansing. Our hearts are purified by faith. Faith enters into ritual fellowship with the Christ, and the energies of his life and sacrifice are imparted to our souls, and "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

# Rheumatism Neuralgia Sprains

Miss C. Mahoney, of 2708 K. St., W. Washington, D.C., writes: "I suffered with rheumatism for five years and I have just got hold of your Liniment, and it has done me so much good. My knees do not pain and the swelling has gone."

## Quiets the Nerves

Mrs. A. Wildman, of 403 Thompson St., Mayville, Mo., writes: "The nerve in my leg was destroyed five years ago and left me with a jerking at night so that I could not sleep. A friend told me to try your Liniment and now I could not do without it. I had after its use I can sleep."

# SLOAN'S LINIMENT

"Is a good Liniment. I kept it on hand all the time. My daughter sprained her wrist and used your Liniment, and it has not hurt her since."

JOSEPH HATCHER, of Selma, N. C. R.F.D., No. 4. At All Dealers

Price 25c, 50c, \$1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, hogs and poultry sent free. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.



"Is it really easy taking candy from a baby?"  
"Not if the baby takes the place."

If your appetite is not what it should be perhaps Malaria is developing. It affects the whole system. OXIDINE will clear away the germs, rid you of Malaria and generally improve your condition. Adv.

Not the Same.  
"You used to call your wife 'Kitchen'."  
"I know, but she has grown since then."—Judge.

A deaf mute in Ohio recently gave a minister a \$250 marriage fee. A wife ought to be worth that to a deaf man.

Heredity.  
She—Sometimes you appear really manly and sometimes you are effeminate. How do you account for it?  
He—I suppose it is hereditary. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half woman!—Tit-Bits.

Boomerang.  
Mrs. Hiram Offen—I'm afraid you won't do. As nearly as I can find out, you have worked in six or seven places during the last year.  
Miss Brady—Well, an' how many girls has yerself had in the same time? No less, I'm thinkin'.—Boston Transcript.

Marriage.  
The couple were being married by an out-of-town justice of the peace.  
"Until death do you part?" the magistrate asked, in the usual form.  
The man hesitated. "See here, judge, can't you make it an indeterminate sentence?" quoth he, after thinking a moment.—Puck.

Education and Larger Life.  
It seems to me that the woman who cannot cut out a garment better because of her geometry and her drawing lessons, who cannot speak English more distinctly and with fuller vocabulary because of her study of French or German, who cannot find a hundred uses for her chemistry in the little everyday emergencies of her house-keeping, has not succeeded in getting from her studies all that they had to give her.—Home Progress Magazine.

## A FRIEND'S ADVICE Something Worth Listening To.

A young Nebr. man was advised by a friend to eat Grape-Nuts because he was all run down from a spell of fever. He tells the story:

"Last spring I had an attack of fever that left me in a very weak condition. I had to quit work; had no appetite, was nervous and discouraged."

"A friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts, but I paid no attention to him and kept getting worse as time went by."

"I took many kinds of medicine but none of them seemed to help me. My system was completely run down, my blood got out of order from want of proper food, and several very large boils broke out on my neck. I was so weak I could hardly walk."

"One day mother ordered some Grape-Nuts and induced me to eat some. I felt better and that night rested fine. As I continued to use the food every day, I grew stronger steadily and now have regained my former good health. I would not be without Grape-Nuts, as I believe it is the most health-giving food in the world." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a reason."  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

# The YELLOW LETTER

BY  
WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Illustrations  
BY  
V. L. BARNES

## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, auditor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis.

CHAPTER II—Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life.

CHAPTER III—A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Postoffice Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Katharine Speaks.

If I had been alone I would have gone directly to the Farrish home. I was anxious about Louise. I had not seen her since the night before, though I had telephoned her early in the morning—I greatly regretted having to leave her so much by herself in such distressful circumstances. I thought it wiser now to prepare her beforehand for the inspector's coming. I wanted him to see the Farrish home, and realized the luxury and comfort in which the family lived he would better appreciate the mystery and my determination to solve it.

I suggested luncheon at Martin's and Davis assented. As soon as we had obtained a table I excused my self and hastened to the telephone. Louise told me that the condition of both her father and Katharine was practically unchanged. I briefly summarized my morning's work and asked if I might bring the inspector after luncheon.

"By all means," said Louise, "bring him right over. I want to meet him and there may be some things I can tell him which will aid him."

When I returned to the cafe on the Broadway side, where I had left the inspector, I found him abstractedly rolling little pellets of bread and placing them in various positions on the cloth. So absorbed was he in his occupation that he hardly seemed to note my return. His flying fingers would hastily mold three or four pellets in as many seconds. Placing them in a row, he would eye them intently. Occasionally he would swoop down or some unoffending pellet and sweep it to the floor. Two or three times I tried to interrupt him to learn what he wished to eat, but each time he waved me impatiently away. Finally, not desiring to delay too long over luncheon, I gave the waiter the order without consulting him. Mechanically he ate what was put before him, all the while keeping up his game with bread balls.

Knowing him as well as I did, after studying closely his eccentric movements, I felt sure that the array of pellets was closely allied with the mental process by which he was seeking to solve the Farrish mystery. The larger pellets, I decided, must be the various theories about the yellow letter or letters and their origin. The smaller pellets were the different persons connected with the case. One by one he pushed the larger pellets from the table until a single pellet remained. The smaller ones he kept arranging and rearranging until at last he seemed satisfied. The single surviving large pellet stood directly on a crease in the cloth. On one side equally distant from the crease, but close to each other, he had placed two of the smaller pellets. The rest were in three groups on the other side of the line. For perhaps five minutes he carefully studied their position without shifting them, and then with a quick motion of his hand swept them all to the floor.

"There was some purpose distinctly criminal connected with the yellow letters," he said, as if for the first time aware of my presence, and becoming as loquacious as he had before been silent. "When we have run this mystery to earth we will find that there are two of the criminals—only two guilty."

"Guilty of what?" I asked in amazement.  
"I haven't the slightest idea as yet," he replied with such apparent frankness that I suspected he was not telling me all his thought. "Evil ideas are of three kinds—the solitary, the pair, the group. Crimes are merely the physical expression of evil ideas and bear the same classification. The solitary evil idea manifests itself in a variety of crimes. In this class belong defalcations, poisonings, crimes against women and generally the assassination of private individuals. These are the hardest crimes to discover and punish. The evil idea is not communicated. This sort of criminal seldom has confidants. Often, in fact almost always, he masks his villainy behind the cloak of respectability. Most of these offenses are due to mania, to blood-lust, to a desire for revenge for real or imaginary wrongs."

"Evil ideas of the pair are generally attributable to money-lust. In such crimes as burglary, highway robbery, blackmail, you will find two persons equally guilty, always the pair. Sometimes it is the man and the woman, sometimes the strong man and the weak man, sometimes two women, though seldom, for women have little of the inventive or creative faculty, even in crime. Notorious women criminals, just like all other feminine celebrities in literature or art, have much of the masculine in their make-up."

"The third kind of evil idea, that of the group, is responsible for the strike, the mob, the conspiracy. It is the contagion of crime. The Black Hand is a typical example. The members of this notorious organization while they profit financially by their misdeeds, care little about that end of it. Their greatest pleasure is in the torture of their victims, in the agony they suffer from the time the nameless dread of the Black Hand first seizes them until finally they are put to death for refusing the society's exactions. It is this evil spirit that kills kings, burns witches, destroys property and lynches negroes. The

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"Don't, please don't!" she said coldly.

Farrish mystery, however, is of the second class—the crime of the pair. I am certain of it."

"The important thing then for us to do," said I, trying to bring him from the abstract to the concrete, "is to find Hugh Crandall and also to discover who was his closest associate—man or woman."

"Do you think so?" he asked enigmatically, adding a second later, "Can't you take me to see Miss Farrish?"

Hardly another word passed between us as the taxicab whirled us up Madison avenue to the general's home. I was thinking about Davis' strange theories of crime and his opinion that there was a crime of the pair. I felt sure that he, as well as I, must be convinced of Crandall's connection with the matter and surely his flight did not argue innocence. But if this was a crime of the pair, who was the other guilty person? Whom did Davis suspect? He had said that it might be either two men or a man and a woman. A woman? Could it be that he suspected Katharine Farrish of sharing Crandall's guilt?

No, no it was impossible, too absurd. Yet certainly the yellow letter seemed a link between her and Elser. It was she who for a long time had been Crandall's closest associate. That association apparently had been recently renewed in secret. Was it possible that back of the mystery there was some crime and that Katharine was guilty?

For a moment I was tempted to order the chauffeur to stop. It seemed almost desecration to take this heartless analyzer of crime into the home where death stalked so close. Suppose Katharine was—No, I had pledged my word to Louise that I would solve the mystery and I would keep my promise, no matter where it led me. After all, the important thing was my beloved one's peace of mind. As long as the shadow hung over her father and sister, her happiness must be marred. Better the knowledge of evil than the terror of mystery.

Davis wasted little time in ceremony. As soon as I had introduced him to Louise, he said abruptly:

"I'd like to see the room where it happened—alone."

As Louise called one of the servants to escort him upstairs I was rejoicing at the opportunity to be alone

length on the fact that one husband owned both his health and his business prosperity to the fact that 365 days in the year his wife prepared him a delicious piping hot breakfast and sat at the opposite end of the table each morning prettily dressed, with her hair becomingly arranged. A Cherryvale woman was deeply impressed with the article and thought remorsefully of her appearance in the bright revealing morning light at the breakfast table. "I'm sure she always served a good, wholesome breakfast, but her time had

with her. The cold formality of her greeting would have troubled me had I not attributed it to the inspector's presence. As soon as he had left us, with the memories of the evening before glowing in my mind, I turned to embrace her.

"Don't, please don't!" she said coldly.

"Why, dearest!" I stammered in amazement.

She offered no explanation but said in the most matter-of-fact tones—too matter-of-fact to be natural, I thought—"Tell me, Mr. Kent, what you learned at the place where Mr. Elser lived."

I was dumfounded. What had come over her? What could have happened to make this sudden change in her attitude toward me? Could this cool, distant young woman be the same girl who only a few hours before had clung so desperately to me and had wept out her sorrows in my arms? Had she overnight forgotten the kiss with which we pledged our joint efforts to solve the mystery?

"Tell me, Mr. Kent," she persisted quietly, "is there a yellow letter in that case, too? Do you believe there can be any connection between Mr. Elser and—what Katharine did?"

Greatly perturbed, yet trying to convince myself that her attitude was only a girl's natural reaction as she recollected the events of the evening before, I was just beginning to rehearse what little we had learned in the boarding-house when Davis came running down the stairs.

"Tell me," he said abruptly to Louise, "what color are Mr. Crandall's eyes?"

"Blue," said Louise, "gray-blue."  
"Humph!"

I could see she was as much puzzled at his question as I had been, but he offered no explanation and made no comment.

"Was Crandall left-handed?" he asked.

"I don't think so," said Louise after a minute's thought. "I never noticed that he was."

"Humph!" he repeated, his eyes roving about the room. "Take me in to see General Farrish."

The young doctor whom Doctor Wilcox had left in charge happened to be passing through the hall, and stopped as he heard the request.

"It can do no harm," he said, in reply to Louise's look of inquiry.

The four of us—the doctor, Davis, Louise and myself, in the order named, tiptoed into the general's room. I was prepared for a great change in him, but his appearance was really terrifying. Perceptibly thinner, aged as by many years, all shriveled and shrunken, he lay chained to his bed by his affliction, unable to lift leg or arm, his lips fallen nervelessly apart, his tongue loling uncontrollably—dead, dead, dead, save his eyes.

As Louise and I approached the bedside it appeared to me that he recognized us both and I could detect the same pleading look I had noted the night before. He seemed to me struggling with his deadened senses to ask us something. While I did not know whether or not his hearing had been impaired I thought he might be worrying about Katharine's condition, and carefully and slowly I began to enunciate something about her, hoping that I had guessed what it was he wished to ask. But even as I spoke I saw that his eyes had left my face. Into them returned the same acute terror he had exhibited at the sight of the yellow letter. If those eyes could have spoken, their shrieks would have filled the room. I followed the direction of their glance. He was staring in terror at the one strange face in the room—the inspector's.

Seeing how much his presence disturbed the invalid, Davis turned quickly and left the room. Louise and I followed, leaving only the doctor and nurse.

"I wonder what made him look so?" breathed Louise.

"He's afraid of something—for some one!" I said, hurrying to overtake Davis, hoping to learn from his opinion as to what caused the patient's fears.

"I was right. It's just as I thought," I heard him mutter as he hastened to the hall and reached for his hat and coat. I saw that he was making preparation for instant departure and I was in a quandary what to do. I felt it my duty to accompany my friend, for from his manner I was convinced that he was on the track of the mystery. Yet I did not wish to leave Louise until I had gained some explanation of the barrier that she seemed to have raised between us. I was conscious of no way in which I could have offended her, yet there was a marked difference in her attitude toward me overnight. While I was still debating the question and Davis had all but reached the door, seemingly indifferent to whether or not I accompanied him, a nurse came running to Louise.

"Miss Farrish," she said, "I think your sister is recovering consciousness. I thought you would like to know it and to be at her side in case she speaks."

Though Davis was some distance away his acute ear must have caught her words. He turned and was up the stairs in a flash. Louise convulsively

caught my hand. The barrier between us was swept away. I knew then it was only fear that she had been forward in showing her affection. Hand in hand we raced up the stairs after the inspector, and ranged ourselves on the other side of the bed from him.

Between us, her long hair in braids, only the white bandage around her



"Come Along, Harding," He Said In Authoritative Tones.

forehead to suggest her wound, lay the silent figure of Katharine Farrish. The pallor of her face seemed only to enhance her beauty, and though her eyes were closed, her long dark lashes still gave expression. As we watched, she began stirring restlessly and her hands twitched nervously. Suddenly her eyes opened wide, not with the light of intelligence, but with the brilliancy of hysteria or the excitement of fever. She made an ineffectual attempt to rise in bed, but she was too weak. Sinking back on the pillow she shrieked: "Promise me, Hugh, promise me, you'll do it at once."

After that one sentence she relapsed into unconsciousness. I feared for a moment that she was dead. The doctor hastened to her side and began to feel her pulse and listen to her heart. It seemed many minutes before he turned to us with a reassuring whisper:

"It is nothing serious—a relapse to be expected after that outburst. Her heart is stronger than I expected. She will not likely regain consciousness for many hours, but there is no immediate danger."

His manner, rather than his words, invited us to go, so Louise and I followed Davis from the room.

The inspector seemed to have forgotten his haste to depart. He sat down abruptly on a divan in the upper hall, with his face resting in his hands, and gave himself up to intent thought.

Louise and I stood a little apart, discussing in whispers Katharine's strange outcry. What could she have meant?

"She meant Crandall, of course," said Louise. "She mentioned Hugh—did you hear it?"

I nodded assent.

"Probably she was repeating a conversation she had with him just before she shot herself," I suggested. "What do you suppose she wanted him to promise her?"

Louise shook her head. I racked my brain in vain for some theory to fit her words to her own desperate act, to Crandall's flight, to her father's terror. I judged from Davis' abstracted manner that he, too, was similarly engaged.

"Everything," I said to Louise, "every single thing we have learned points to Crandall's connection with the mystery that has hung over your father and Katharine. When we have found him we shall learn what it was. I am more and more convinced that he is guilty of some crime, something terrible, something that your father and sister knew."

The inspector laughed aloud.

We turned toward him, I in indignation, Louise in astonishment, to find him looking at us with an amused smile.

"Don't be too sure," he said quizzically. "Crandall doesn't seem to have been left-handed."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

He Didn't Like Either.

"John, we must go back home instantly."

"There you go. Can't we start for a couple of days in the country without you worrying?"

"But we have come off and left the cat and the parrot with nothing to eat."

"Don't let that bother you. Maybe the cat will eat the parrot."

Argument from the Bleachers.

"What do you think of this idea of the recall?"

"It won't work," replied the baseball fan. "If you undertook to put an umpire out every time the crowd hissed him the game couldn't go on."

# There's full weight Guaranteed in every package of LIPTON'S TEA

Sold in airtight tins only

Before marrying a poet a girl should have her appetite amputated.

Not According to Rule.  
"Her emotions are ungrammatical."  
"What do you mean by that?"  
"All her moods are tense."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA  
AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM  
Take the Old Standard GHOVER'S FANTASIES  
CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking.  
The formula is plainly printed on every bottle,  
showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless  
form and the most effective form. For grown  
people and children, 50 cents. Adv.

New One.  
"When I saw Speedem today he was on the qui vive."  
"What make is that?"

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Drugists. Adv.

Unlucky.  
"Pa, what is the Bridge of Sighs?"  
"That's the bridge your mother plays, my son."

Suitor Himself.  
The modern small boy is painfully cautious.  
"Would you like to come to our bonfire on the 5th of November?" one was asked.

Back came an answer worthy of a cabinet minister: "Well, if I haven't a bonfire of my own and if my father doesn't take me to Belle Vue, and if I'm not asked to a better bonfire, I'll be awfully glad to come."—Manchester Guardian.

Why He Wept.  
At a reception one night, says the Woman's Home Companion, a loud voiced young man was invited to sing. Desultory applause followed, and he responded with a vociferous rendering of "My Old Kentucky Home." The hostess was passing among her guests, beaming at the success of her entertainment and sure that everybody was having a good time, when suddenly, to her surprise, she came upon a middle-aged man but slightly known to her, who was weeping silently but bitterly in a secluded corner. Thinking that his heart had been touched by the old song, she asked sympathetically:

"Why do you weep? Are you a Kentuckian?"

"No, madam," he replied. "I am a musician."

A DIFFERENCE.



Mr. Hall Roome—Billboards are very annoying.

Landlady—They don't worry some people I know, half as much as board bills.

# A Treat Anytime

Crisp, delicately  
browned

# Post Toasties

Ready to serve without  
further cooking by adding  
cream or milk.

Often used with fresh or  
canned fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.  
Battle Creek, Mich.

# A CHRISTMAS STORE

## What is Santa Claus Going to Bring You?

**THIS STORE** offers the quickest and most satisfactory solution to the perplexities of what to buy. You find here a bountiful stock to select from. Surely one of the gifts mentioned in this ad would make a pleasing and acceptable Christmas remembrance.

### WHEN IN DOUBT GIVE NECKTIES

Is a good rule, because a man never has too many neckties. Ties at 25c and 50c. Men's Hose and Ties to match at \$1.00 per set.

### How Would a Nice Shirt Do?

We have a good stock of nice shirts that we can sell you at reasonable prices, nothing would be any better as a gift.

### NICE LOT OF MEN'S HATS

From which to select one that will be appreciated, and give service. Never before have we had such a large stock of the very newest stock and latest styles of dressy hats.

Handkerchiefs, Hose, Suspenders, and other like articles would make splendid gifts. We have a nice assortment.

### A PAIR OF STAR BRAND SHOES

Made by makers that keep the quality up, made to wear and give comfort, and bring you back to the store, would be a good choice as a gift. New lasts in gray and white buck, tan, gun metal and vici button and lace, best made to sell at \$2.25, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. Stock of men, women and children's shoes complete, from latest in dress shoes down to work shoes.

### Sweaters and Sweater Coats

Now wouldn't something in this line suit? We have a large assortment of these in the different colors. Come in and see them now.

### A Pair of Gloves would be a Nice Gift.

We have a splendid assortment of Gloves--Tuff-Nut brand, from the work glove up to the dress glove. A pair would be very acceptable.

There are many suitable articles in our store that would be splendid Christmas Gifts.

## SOME BARGAIN OFFERINGS FOR YOU

We are Making Special Prices on LADIES COAT SUITS.

\$22.50 Coat Suits for - - \$17.50	\$17.50 Coat Suits for - - \$13.00
\$20.00 Coat Suits for - - \$16.50	\$15.00 Coat Suits for - - \$12.00
\$18.00 Coat Suits for - - \$14.00	\$12.50 Coat Suits for - - \$10.00

LADIES HATS, These are the latest makes, shapes and styles, and at prices we are offering them, they are exceptional values. We offer the \$10 Hats at \$7, \$9.50 at 6.75, \$9 at \$6, \$8.50 at \$5.50, 7.50 at 4.95, 6.50 at 4.40, \$6 at 3.85, 4.50 at 2.75, \$3 at 1.95, \$2 at 1.00

THE CORNER  
BRICK

# M & M CO.

THE STORE WHERE YOU WILL  
FINALLY TRADE

Candy that is Candy. Hughes and Kings Candies—not handled elsewhere in town.  
Hedley Drug Co.

The Informer extends greetings of the season to its readers, wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy Prosperous New Year.

WANTED—100 hens  
4tp E. L. Hinson.

Let me send your clothes to Clarendon Steam Laundry—prices very low.  
E. L. Yelton, Agent.

S. A. McCarroll and wife went to Electra last Saturday to see that prosperous oil town.

"Get the habit" of buying your GROCERIES from Lively & Watts and save money.

### THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. Claude Wells || Editors and  
Pearle E. Wells || Publishers

Published Every Friday

This should be a joyful Christmas for the people of this part of the Panhandle. Fine crops and extra good prices ought to imbue the citizenship with an overflow of the Yule-tide spirit. Take the day off from all forms of work and give yourself up to the enjoyment of helping your families, neighbors and friends have a good time

Congratulations to our sister town, Memphis. She won the \$200 prize offered by Hollands Magazine for the cleanest town of her class in Texas. It is said that it takes the city marshal and a lot of deputies to find any kind of old tin can or other rubbish in that town now.

Its now time to begin thinking about putting trees out around your town and farm houses.

**TANKS! TANKS! TANKS**  
Stock tanks, storage tanks, water barrels and everything in the sheet metal and tin line at Turner's Tin Shop.

I have bought out Mr. Ready's interest in the Meat Market, and will continue the business at the same old stand, but not the same old meat—Fresh meats at all times.  
L. F. Stewart.

We have received a big lot of Jewelry from which you may select most anything you want. It is strictly first-class and we sell it very reasonable. Look at it.  
Hedley Drug Co.

Big line of Jewelry received this week. The kind you want and at prices you can afford to pay.  
Albright Drug Co.

Mrs. Hufstедler is having a Christmas tree for her pupils today.

STRAYED from my farm 2 miles north of Hedley one red white face steer calf 10 months old; branded  $\mathcal{L}$  on right hip and  $\infty$  on jaw. Liberal reward for any information.  
S. L. Adamson

### The ONE PRICE DRAYMAN

\*\*\*

I will appreciate any hauling you may give to me, and I promise most prompt attention.

My prices are right, and have but one price to all.

Telephone 24 and I'll get your order.

\*\*\*

J. E. CATES

### O. B. Stanley WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

\*\*\*

All work  
Guaranteed

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Give me a trial

\*\*\*

AT ALBRIGHT DRUG CO.

## Lumber :

### Are You going to build A House?

If so we can make it worth while for you to come in and figure with us as we have the lumber, builders hardware, paints, oils and varnishes, needful to the making of a first class house.

## J. C. Wooldridge

HEDLEY, TEXAS

## To The Farmers of Hedley Territory!

We now have our gin in first-class repair, having installed new machinery to take place of old worn-out and have the Murray Cotton Cleaner that makes you from one to two grades better sample on dirty and trashy cotton. Our motto is: "Close Ginning, Quick Service, and Good Turnout. We will pay the highest market price for your seed and cotton. Promising you as good service as you can get elsewhere.

We are respectfully yours for business,

## B. W. Moreman Gin Co

**Locals**

\*\*\*  
Come and have a Fit with Clark, the Tailor; \$15 line.

Commissioner Fryar of Lella Lake was here first of the week.

Boys, don't forget the \$15 line at Clark's Tailor Shop.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Lokey of Memphis visited G. E. Davis and family Sunday.

"MONEY MONEY" saved when you buy from Lively & Watts.

Johnnie Killian, who was so seriously ill last week, is convalescing nicely.

FOR TRADE—Light buggy for heavy buggy. A. N. Wood.

Durrett of Memphis, representing the Panhandle Mutual Life, was in our city Wednesday.

Try a sack of "Ole Reliable" Flour: only \$1.50. Lively & Watts.

Rev. Bryant attended the meeting of District Stewarts at Clarendon Tuesday.

Everybody is doing it at Clark's Tailor Shop. Doing what? Having a Fit with the \$15 line.

W. A. Johnson of Roswell, N. M., has been visiting his brothers B. W. and P. C. here this week.

Miss Ina Reeves is home from school at Clarendon to visit during the holidays.

Good and cheap work at Clarendon Steam Laundry.  
E. L. Yelton, Agent.

It is our pleasure to serve you with the best of drugs. Hedley Drug Co.

**TO THE TELEPHONE USERS**  
You will confer a favor both rail road agent and the telephone company besides making it advantageous to yourself to ask central for train reports and not the agent. We would be pleased to explain why.  
Hedley Telephone Exchange

**Will You Be One?**  
Our customers are our best advertisements. Every pair of Glasses fitted by us sells others.  
Every day some one says: "Mrs. So and So is so well pleased with her glasses that I thought I would come to you."  
We are human—never satisfied. We want to add YOU to our chain. To fit you is to fit your friends in the future.  
**We correct All Defects of the Human Eye that Glasses will Remedy.**  
**CHAS. OREN**  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN  
MEMPHIS, TEXAS

**Xmas TOYS**



**Christmas Toys**



**The Biggest Showing Ever**

The Cash Store is aglow with all kinds of Christmas Goods. The store is crowded with buyers from early morn 'til late at night.

People are getting their Xmas goods early which is the wise thing to do as we can serve you well. We have a big corps of clerks and can wait on you.

Our stock is very complete, tho the avalanche of buyers have stormed our store for nearly a week, yet we have reinforced our stock and can supply your wants.

**COME EARLY! ! COME EARLY! !**

**The Cash Store**

C. H. BRITAIN, PROP.

P. S. Another car of LIGHT CRUST FLOUR, BRAN and MEAL has arrived this week. Nine cars this year.

Miss Vera Lee Moreman came down from Clarendon Wednesday night to spend the holidays with homefolks.

FOR SALE—7 full blood Plymouth Rock Roosters, \$1 each.  
21f W. J. Luttrell.

C. M. Reed and family moved to Memphis last week. Cy is working in the shop there for J. Walker Lane.

We have Mill run Bran at \$1.50 Cotton Seed Meal \$1.65 per hundred. Free delivery.  
Lively & Watts.

J. G. McDougal sold his interest in the threshing business to Tom Latimer. He says he is taking life easy for awhile.

FOR SALE at right price, span of mules, one mare, farm wagon, harness, lister and go-devil.  
C. A. Wood.

Albright Drug Co. has a sure-enough live alligator direct from the swamps of Louisiana which is quite a curiosity to many.

LOST—Day book that we use for our accounts each day. Finder return to us and receive liberal reward.  
Killian & Son.

Rev. Atticus Webb of Ft Worth, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for this district, was here Tuesday night.

Ladies, can you afford to launder your sheets when you can get it done for 4c at Clarendon Steam Laundry.  
E. L. Yelton, Agent.

Take a look at our big assortment of pipes and smoking tobacco.  
Hedley Drug 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

**A. M. Sarvis, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office at Albright Drug Co.  
Phones: Office 27, Res. 28  
Hedley, Texas

**J. B. Ozier, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office at Hedley Drug Co.  
Office Phone No. 3  
Residence Phone No. 45  
Hedley, Texas

**M. C. Glass, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN  
Offers his professional services to the public  
Office Hedley Drug Co.  
Res. Phone No. 16  
Hedley, Texas

**Nicholas F. Williams, D. V. S.**  
Veterinarian  
Rates to hospital patients \$1.00 per day.  
Clarendon, Texas  
Home Phone 121 Office 279



**The Hedley Hdwe. & Imp. Co.**  
Will Give Absolutely FREE  
WITHOUT ANY STRINGS TO IT

**A Standard Talking Machine**  
To Each and Every Customer Who Buys, at One Time, Goods to the Amount of \$35.00, Cash at the Time of Purchase.

.... ONLY ONE MACHINE TO A CUSTOMER ....

Heating Stoves, Cook Stoves, Enterprise Buggies  
Buggy Harness, Bowsher Feed Crushers  
Wash Kettles and Furnaces

Hedley, Texas

Hedley Hdw. & Imp. Co.

L. A. STROUD  
Manager

**COAL TO BURN!**  
We have a good supply at right prices  
**GET IT NOW**

Phone No. 8

**Cicero Smith L'b'r Co.**

S. A. McCARROLL, Manager

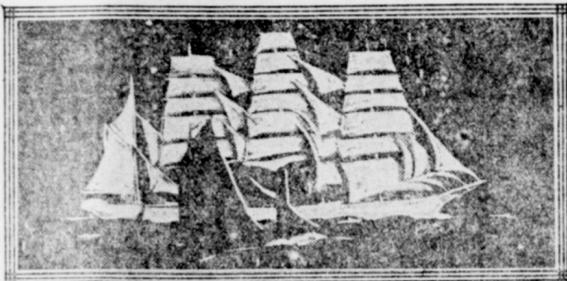
# GHOSTS of the SEA

Has the reader ever heard the voice of the night-shrouded sea? Has he heard the wild wail of the raging hurricane and the weird whispers of the ambrosial calm? Has he seen ships creep out of the night when they blot out the stars with their darkling silhouettes, or when the sea and sky are one save for the gray patches of froth left trailing in the wake of breaking seas; has he seen great gray sails ooze out of the fog, or ships stealing across the "moon glade" athwart the glitter of silver cast upon the waters by the imperial votaries, when the rays pierce the sails so that they become gauzy films?

If he knows these things, who shall blame him for not scoffing at the superstitions of those who go



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN



upon the deck and cursed the Deity, swearing that he would round the cape if it took him till the day of judgment. Thereupon came a fair wind, he squared his yards and set off, but although his ship plowed through the seas he made no headway, for the Deity had taken him at his word and doomed him to sail the seas for ever.

partition was significant—the ship was never heard of again.

The rocky coasts of New England are haunted by many ghost ships. The Palatine is the best-known specter. The coasters and fishermen of Long Island Sound will tell you that when a sight of her is gotten, disastrous and long-lasting storms will follow. The Palatine, a Dutch trader, misled by false lights shown by wreckers, ran ashore upon Block Island in the year 1752. The wreckers, when they had stripped the vessel, set her on fire in order to conceal their crime. As the tide lifted her and carried her flaming out to sea, agonizing shrieks came from the blaze, and the figure of a woman who had hidden herself in the hold in fear of the wreckers stood out black amid the roaring blaze. Then the deck fell in and ship and woman vanished.

The whaling in Nantucket, as you will remember, was in its palmy days carried on almost entirely by Quakers. One Sunday evening a meeting was in progress; the simple service seemed as though it might pass, and the spirit moved none of the company. The elder Friend was just about to offer his hand to his neighbor in the closing of the meeting, when a stranger rose and declared that the Lord's wrath was upon a certain whaling ship, and that he had seen her in a vision descending a huge wave from the hollow of which she never rose. The meeting closed hurriedly, but the speaker could not be found, and the ship was never heard of.

Some of the best ghost stories are those which the writer has heard from the simple folk of the salt marshes. It is hardly possible to describe these dreary districts, for when one has said they are flat, stretching for miles, and rather subject to mists, one has said pretty well all that is to be said—the rest must be felt. However, just as there is a call of the sea, so there is a call of the marshland. You shall go into the salters and feel its moist breath upon your cheek and the breath of its salty winds and the ozone of its calms. You shall be lost in its vastness, and, threading its innumerable twisted narrow waterways, which lead to nowhere, ye shall tread its carpet of scentless flowers. You shall go to its very edge where the sea comes oftenest, and where the flowers decaying leave their rust-colored remains. There you shall meet mud and the cry of the curlew shall mock as you flounder in its filth. The moon shall come up refracted by the mist into unrecognizable shapes, which shall be blood color. You shall be a gray shape, differing little from the common things that are there, for you shall be enshrouded by fog; nay, it shall sink into your very soul, until you are not flesh and bones, but a particle of fog yourself. You shall listen to its silences; you shall be told things by them, and, strong man that you are, you shall be afraid.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that these simple Essex marsh-dwellers remember such tales as that of the young skipper, home from a long voyage, whose haste to embrace his wife, and the babe he had not yet seen, bid him to go the nearer way of the marshes? The tale has it that in crossing a narrow gully, near Pitsea, he sank in the mud. So deeply did he sink that he could not extricate himself; the more he struggled the deeper he sank, and with the horror of knowing that the tide was rising and would come stealing up the creek, he shouted. As the tide rose higher the louder were his screams. The salters near Pitsea are lonely; the cries were heard only by a half-witted peat-cutter, who often in his less sane moments heard such screams and thought no more of the matter. So the shrieks became gurgles, and by the time the tide had lifted the peat-cutter's punt they had ceased.

The older folk at this stage of the story assume a mysterious air, and, with large-eyed glances athwart their shoulders, will tell you that the skipper's shrieks are heard on starry nights as the tide glides up that creek.

So here are my ghost stories, and if I some times believe in them when I sail all alone of the midnight deep, you will not laugh at me.



THE GHOSTLY SHIP OF EDWARD FOLGER

down to the sea in ships? Will he not rather give an ear to the tales of strange things seen and believed by sailor-folk?

It is the writer's pleasure to waste time sailing the sea in a small craft, usually alone. Upon one of these voyages, having anchored upon the edge of the Nore Sands, he awoke in the middle of the night to find himself enshrouded by a thick fog—eerie enough, the uninitiated reader will doubtless think. Upon looking out at the black woolly wall of fog that surrounded him, he distinctly heard his own name hailed across the water. No other craft was near. This struck him as being so peculiar that he mentioned it to a friend when he arrived at one of the little anchorages, and the skipper of a barge, chancing to overhear, said: "That's the ol' gentleman of the Nore! Often of foggy nights ye may 'ear 'im avelling aht in a kind o' 'elpless way, but sometimes 'is language is something horful. They say as 'e was a first mate wot dropped overboard and swam to the sands, where 'e walked about until the tide rose an' drowned 'im."

Upon another occasion I was sailing along the coast of France, under the cliffs upon which stands Gris Nez lighthouse, which is about the most powerful light in the world. It was a very dark night, and the revolving rays of the lighthouse kept flashing upon the sails of my boat, lighting them like a powerful searchlight, until proceeding along the course I got out of their range. The strange effect had been forgotten, only to be remembered in time to prevent me from becoming a firm believer in ghosts. There out at sea a ghostly ship was sailing; she was rather too modern, perhaps, to be a real ghost, for every sail set like a glove—ghost ships were never particular in this respect—indeed, she was one of those fine ships out of Glasgow which are the last words in sailing craft.

From apparently nowhere a ship had come—a ship uncannily glowing with an unnatural light. Her sails were surely cobwebs and her ropes were spider strinzes!

Strange sights and sounds frequently come the way of seafarers.

The grovelling hissing sea, breaking through the night. Its appearance is ghastly gray; it comes from nowhere, it fades away soon after. What could not the imagination weave it into? Shape or sound of spirits chased by the Evil One, the dying wife with arms outstretched, or sound of mother's voice. Moreover, such messages as sea sounds give have frequently come from the dead; the howl of the raging gale, or the murmur of the gentle breeze through the halcyons, have borne the departing message in words that were exactly those the lost one whispered last.

To the mind of one who knows the sea, it would seem strange that sailors are not more superstitious than they are, and there are certainly many reasonable excuses for their belief in such stories as that of the Flying Dutchman. A patch of swirling vapor through the rigging of his ship upon a dark night. Imagination does the rest; he has seen the Flying Dutchman.

Cornelius Vanderdecken, a Dutch navigator of long ago, was making a passage from Batavia. For days and days he encountered heavy gales and baffling head winds while trying to round the Cape of Good Hope. Struggle against the winds as he would, he lost as much on one tack as he gained upon the other. Struggling vainly for nine hopeless weeks, he ultimately found himself in the same position as he was in at first, the ship having made no progress. Vanderdecken, in a fit of wrath, threw himself on his knees

Superstition is that the appearance of the phantom ship leads to certain and swift misfortune.

Old sailors will tell of the ship of the Flying Dutchman bowling along in the very teeth of the wind, and of her overtaking their own ship which was beating to windward. Some of them say they have seen her sail clean through their ship, the swirling films of her sails and rigging leaving a cold clammy feeling like the touch of death.

Cornwall in the old days was remarkable for its wreckers, and its rock-bound coast was the scene of many evil deeds. The Priest's Cove wrecker during his evil life lured many vessels to their doom upon the cruel shore by means of a false light hung round the neck of a hobbled horse. To this day the good Cornish folk will tell you of the phantom of the wrecker seen when the winds howl and the seas rage high, carried clinging to a log of wood upon the crests of the breaking seas, and how it is sent crashing upon the rocks, where in the seething foam it disappears from sight.

The wide stretching sand-choked estuary of the Solway has many a ghost story and more than one phantom ship.

The "Spectral Shallop" is the ghost of a ferry-boat which was wrecked by a rival ferryman while carrying a bridal party across the bay. The ghostly boat is rowed by the skeleton of the cruel ferryman, and such ships as are so unlucky as to encounter this ghastly pilot are usually doomed to be wrecked upon the sands.

No money would tempt the Solway fishermen to go out to meet the two Danish sea-rovers whose ships, upon clear nights, are seen gliding up one of the narrow channels which thread the dried-out sands, the high-curved prows and rows of shields along the gunwale glittering in the moonlight. These two piratical ships, it seems, ran into the Solway and dropped anchor there, when a sudden furious storm came up and the ships, which were heavily laden with plunder, sank at their moorings with all the villains which composed their crews.

Among the rocks upon the rugged coast of Kerry was found one winter morning, early in the eighteenth century, a large galleon, mastless and deserted. The Kerry wreckers crowded aboard, and wild was their joy, for the ship was laden with ingots of silver from the Spanish Main. They gradually filled their boats until the gunwales were almost down to the water's edge, and hastily they pulled to the shore in order that they might return for further ingots before the tide rose and floated the ship away. Nearing the shore a huge tidal wave broke over boats and ship, and when the wave had passed, the horrified women watching on shore saw no sign remaining of boats, men or ship.

Wild horses would not get a Kerry fisherman to visit the scene of this disaster upon the anniversary of the day the grim tragedy took place, for only bad luck has come to those who have seen the re-erectment of the affair, which Kerry folk believe takes place upon that day.

The Newhaven ghost ship signified her own doom. A ship built at Newhaven in January, 1647, having sailed away upon her maiden voyage, was thought to have been lost at sea, when one evening in June, during a furious thunder-storm, the well-known ship was sighted sailing into the river mouth—but straight into the eye of the wind—until she neared the town, when slowly she faded from the sight of the people who crowded on shore to watch her. The ad-

## BOSTON CHILD KEPT DIGNITY

Matron Meant to Be Kindly, But Youngster Was Not Conversationally Inclined.

This story has been going the rounds of Boston about the ten-year-old son of Director Russell of the Boston opera house.

One evening during an entr'acte at the opera house Master Russell was promenading alone in the foyer, in faultless evening dress—a very glass of fashion. A Boston matron, seeing that he was lonely, began to make herself "agreeable."

"You are Director Russell's little boy, aren't you?" she asked, with patronizing sweetness.

Master Russell resented this intrusion on his dignity, but his courtly manners were unruffled. "Yes, madam," he replied, with an elaborate bow.

"Where were you born?" "In France, madam"—slightly more frigid.

"What part?" continued the lady, feeling the conversation well started.

"All of me, madam." And he bowed and walked away—frigid.

Good Reason.

"Why do you call the popular game poker?" "Because it stirs things up."

Their Class.

"How would you describe these letters of a chiropodist?" "I'd class them as foot notes."

A girl of ten hates to be kissed almost as much as a girl of twenty doesn't.

Limit.  
"Here's your portrait, sir."  
"That my portrait? Well, I may have sat for it, but I won't stand for it."

## OH! "You Mealtime"

Do you look forward to mealtime with real pleasure or do you have that "don't care" sort of feeling? Then, by all means, try a bottle of

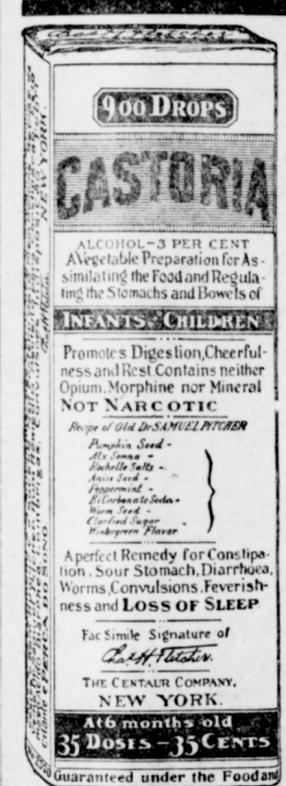
## Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

It coaxes the Appetite, aids Digestion, prevents Constipation, Biliousness, Colds, Grippe and Malarial Disorders.

ADVICE TO THE AGED  
Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and torpid liver.

## Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, gives natural action, and imparts vigor to the whole system.



## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
of  
In Use For Over Thirty Years

## CASTORIA



## Shipping Fever

Influenza, pink eye, epizootic, distemper and all nose and throat diseases cured, and all others, no matter how "expensive," kept from having any of these diseases with SPOHN'S LIQUID DIARRHOEA CURE. Three to six doses often cure a case. One 50-cent bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing for brood mares. Acts on the blood. 50c and \$1 a bottle. \$5 and \$11 a dozen bottles. Druggists and harness shops. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

## INCREASE YOUR CROPS 400%

**FIDELITY BRANDS**

**Fertilizer Will do it**

It's a well known fact that a fertilized acre will often yield four times as much as an unfertilized acre.

And the crop will be earlier—the quality superior. We make Fertilizers for every crop and to suit Texas soil and climatic conditions.

If you want to learn how to double the value of your land, write for our valuable

**Book on Fertilizers and How to Use Them Free**

**FIDELITY CHEMICAL CORPORATION**  
P. O. BOX 1793  
HOUSTON, TEXAS

**PISO'S REMEDY**

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

**LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES**

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by WESTERN ELECTROTYPING CO., 2217 Adams St., Chicago

# SMILES

## ONE HE DIDN'T CONVERT.

A candidate for congress had been making a speech in one of the towns of his district where he was not well known personally, and in the evening while waiting for a train he strayed into a butcher's shop, and, without saying who he was, began to pump the butcher to find out how he stood.

"Did you hear that speech this afternoon?" he inquired, after some general talk.

"Yes," replied the butcher, "I was there."

"What did you think of it?"

"Pshaw!" said the honest butcher. "I've made a better speech than that a hundred times, trying to sell 15 cents' worth of soup bones."

The candidate concealed his identity.

## GAVE POP AWAY.



New Preacher—Well, Tommy, we had a fine dinner; it must have cost your papa a great deal.

Tommy—I guess it did. I heard him tell maw that he'd have to eat free lunch for two weeks to catch up even.

## Nothing to Brag About.

There was a man in our town who would not advertise. But since he many pockets picked. Perhaps his course was wise.

## On Pelham Road.

They were motoring indolently through the Bronx. Twilight had sat down upon the land. The sudden roaring of wild beasts from the distant zoo caused the fair one to start.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, nestling closer, "where would you go if you saw a dozen lions bounding along after us?"

"If I saw a dozen lions bounding along after me," grinned the heartless wretch, "I'd go to a Sanatorium!"—Judge.

## Bobby's Bad Break.

Klosetman (out eating)—Why do you look at me so intently, little man?

Bobby—I was looking to see if you was black.

K.—Black! Why should you think I was black?

B.—'Cause I heard pa say you was awfully niggardly.

## A Real Treat.

"Did you enjoy the opera?"

"Extremely. The girl who was with me knew the domestic history of every society leader who was there."

## HE KNEW.



Willie—Father is the captain of our ship at home and mother's the first mate.

Sunday School Teacher—What are you?

Willie—I guess I'm the compass—they're always boxing me.

## A Football Subject.

"Well, young man, ready for college?"

"Y. p."

"What important subjects will you take up this fall?"

"The first thing is the matter of the forward pass."

## Obvious.

"I suppose, Mrs. Comeup, as you aspire to our set, you have a good family line?"

"Of course, we have. How else do you suppose we could hang out our washing?"

## Retort Courteous.

He—I never saw such a woman! You're always looking out for something cheap.

She—Yes, unfortunately. That's how I came to marry you.

## The Material Difference.

"My friend is a strong man. He has a hand of iron in a velvet glove."

"That's nothing. I've got a friend with brass knuckles in a handy pocket."

## Prepared.

He says about the universe, "Whoopie! Just let her roll! His lot in life might be far worse—He's bought his winter coal."

## Too Cruel.

"I find my butler has been helping himself to my cigars."

"Want to give him a lesson?"

"I certainly would like to."

"I'll give you a box of cigars my wife gave me. Put those where you usually keep your cigars—"

"I merely want to give him a lesson, not asphyxiate him."

## ENVY.



Tommy—My brother Will has got scarlet fever.

Visitor—You have my sympathy. I suppose you're sorry for him.

Tommy—Sorry for him nothing! Why, he won't be able to go to school for two months.

## Market Glutted.

Talk is rather cheap; and why? Because, you understand, There's nearly always a supply Exceeding the demand.

## Man With the Motor.

"Women do not especially admire handsome men."

"That is true," replied Miss Cayenne. "As I sat on the piazza I saw a number of good-looking, well-dressed youths cut out by a man whom automobile goggles rendered entirely unprepossessing."

## Coming Out.

"New gown, eh?"

"Yes, I got this to wear at Mabel's coming out party; what do you think of it?"

"Mabel's coming out party?"

"Yes."

"I think if Mabel comes out any farther than you come out of that gown someone will telephone for the police."

## The Birthday Present.

Big Tim Sullivan was being congratulated by a New York reporter on the superb charity of this annual dinner to 7,000 Bowery men.

"Well," said Mr. Sullivan, modestly, "I confess it's at least a charity that pleases its recipients. It's not like the young woman's birthday present to her beau."

"A young woman, having landed a young man at last, thought she'd give him a birthday present. So she went into a cigar store and said: 'Give me five cents' worth of your very best cigars, please.'"

## High Finance.

"What do you charge for a glass of milk?"

"Ten pfennigs."

"Can I go with you into the shed and have it straight from the cow?"

"Yes, but that will be 16 pfennigs."

## Quite the Reverse.

Mrs. Goodsole—How did you happen to go to the dogs?

Everett West—I didn't lady? De dogs always come to me if I'm not careful.

## Truly Dressing.

"Charley Sappington is bewailing his hard luck."

"What's the matter now?"

"He spent months learning how to become an expert turkey trotter and just about the time he became proficient the dance was pronounced passe."

## The Situation.

"Do you think your father would object if I called you Mabel?"

"He might think it a trifle odd. You see, my first name is Maud."

## Texas Directory

### Gohlman, Lester & Co.

## EXCLUSIVE COTTON FACTORS

We are the oldest and largest exclusive Cotton Factors in Texas and have every known facility for the proper handling of Cotton, including the best warehouses in the entire south. Inquiries solicited and all letters answered promptly.

**HOUSTON, TEXAS**

### PIANOS and ORGANS

## AT FACTORY PRICES 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL EASY TERMS

On such well-known makes as KIMBALL, WEBBER, IVERS & POND, BUSH & LANE, SMITH & BARNES, JESSE FRENCH, KOHLER & CAMPBELL, PACKARD, LEYHE and SCHAEFFER Pianos, KIMBALL ORGANS, and the famous STEINWAY WEBBER, STUYVESANT WHEELLOCK, STROUD and STECK PIANOLA PIANOS. Terms \$2.50 and up, monthly. Write us today.

### LEYHE PIANO CO. 1201 Elm St. Dallas, Texas

The Largest Piano Concern in Texas.

## A MOLLYCODDLE.



He—Why, darling, I'd be your slave.

She—I'd want a stronger one.

## ECZEMA ON CHILD'S FACE

R. F. D. No. 5, Lexington, Tenn.—"My little boy broke out on the face with that terrible disease, eczema, when he was just one month old, and I just thought sure it would kill him, as it killed our other baby at five months old. It would break out in pimples and scab over, and he cried day and night. I thought that there was no cure for him at all. His face would itch and burn so bad that I had to tie his little hands down so he could not scratch his face."

"We began at once to have him treated until he was seven months old, and he got worse all the time. I sent and got a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap. I had not used them a week until I could see a great change, and they cured him sound and well and never left a single scar." (Signed) Mrs. Lillie Sikes, Feb. 17, 1912.

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

## Smeiled a Grafter.

A Boston clubman recently returned from a visit to New York city. In discussing his trip one of his friends asked him whether he had a policeman in his pocket. The clubman hesitated for a moment, seriously questioning his friend's sanity, when the latter added:

"I didn't know whether you could be there a week without some grafter or other getting into your pocket."

## Too Great Expectations.

First Angler—Look, this fish was almost caught before; see the broken hook in its mouth.

Second Angler—It should have had sense enough to steer clear of hooks after that.

First Angler—Oh, come, you can't expect a fish to exhibit more sense than a human being.—Boston Transcript.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

To love a woman is human; to keep on telling her so is superhuman.—Houston Post.

You can't convince a school boy that history repeats itself.

Regular practicing physicians recommend and prescribe OXIDINE for Malaria, because it is a proven remedy by years of experience. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest and administer at first sign of Chills and Fever. Adv.

## Ominous.

"I like affectionate animals. Does this dog attach himself to people easily?"

"Not if they can run faster than he can."

## NOT FIT FOR LADIES

Public sentiment should be against it, and we believe it is, there can be no reason why ladies should have to suffer with headaches and neuritis, especially when Hunt's Lightning Oil gives such prompt relief. It is simply a question of getting the ladies to try it. All druggists sell Hunt's Lightning Oil in 5c and 10c bottles. Adv.

## Society.

Mrs. Wayupp—No wonder I look worried, my dear. My husband has just gone out, and if he is discovered it will probably cost us our social position.

Mrs. Blase—Goodness! Where is he?

Mrs. Wayupp—He has gone out in cog, to pay a bill—Puck.

## That is Unkind.

Tommy—Pop, what is a free thinker?

Pop—A free thinker, my son, is any man who isn't married.—Philadelphia Record.

## A Bit Candid.

First Tripper (after lengthy survey of second ditto)—You 'as got a ugly face, 'asnt you, mate?

Second Tripper—Corn't do nuffin' abahit it.

First Tripper—You might 'ave stopped at 'ome.—Punch (London).

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 5c a bottle. Adv.

## Exceptional Child.

First School Teacher—Does Edith's little girl ever make any bright answer?

Second School Teacher—No; she always knows her lessons.—Judge.

ITCH Relieved in 30 Minutes. Woolford's Sundry Lotion for all kinds of contagious itch. At Druggists. Adv.

## Removed.

Crawford—I hear he was operated on. What did he have?

Crabshaw—Money.—New York Times.

A man sometimes sees things from a different point of view after his wife makes up her mind.

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

Of course, we all feel sorry for people who don't like us.

Usual Kind of Office Seekers.

"Well, how's every little thing, now that election is over?" asked the recently arrived washing machine agent.

"But as they are every place else, I reckon," a bit pessimistically replied the landlord of the Sturgistown tavern.

"The banker, the storekeeper, the lumber yard man, the doctor, the stock buyer, the blacksmith and all the rest of the business men who have always 'peared to be capable of managing their various sized affairs successfully, are going on calmly and carefully attending to 'em, while all the triflin', one-gallused incompetents that have never had any affairs of their own to attend to and wouldn't be capable of conducting 'em properly if they had any, are out hotfoot and hell-bent to get and manage the post office for the rest of us!"

Curious Russian Law.

Russia has a law which to outside observers seems almost to put a premium on theft by which stolen goods become the property of the thief if he can prove that he has had possession of them for over five years.

In the thieves' market—which is, of course, licensed by the police—goods that admittedly have been stolen (more than five years before) are openly offered for sale, and the place is a veritable mecca for the light-fingered gentry and their enterprising friends, as also for the more honest members of society, who secure many a tempting bargain.

Always full quality value in LEWIS' Single Binder. That is why the smoker wants it. Adv.

The first time a young man is in love he honestly believes he means what he says.

To prevent Malaria is far better than to cure it. In malarial countries take a dose of OXIDINE regularly one each week and save yourself from Chills and Fever and other malarial troubles. Adv.

Overheard in a Laundry.

"He musta gotta raise, Bella. Here's two shirts in the wash the same week."

The first thing the average hired girl does is look in the closet and size up the family skeleton.

A girl's idea of a tiresome man is one who has good sense.



## "Thank Duke's Mixture for Them"

Every member of your family will appreciate the many handsome, useful presents you can get free with the coupons now packed in

## Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture

Duke's Mixture is one of the big favorite brands for both pipe and cigarettes. Men everywhere prefer it because of its true natural tobacco taste. Duke's Mixture is simply the choice leaves of fine Virginia and North Carolina bright leaf—thoroughly aged, stemmed and crumbled. It's impossible to get a purer smoke or a more likeable one than this mild, rich, fragrant Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture.

One and a half ounces of this choice granulated tobacco cost only 5c—and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

## The Presents are FREE

They do not cost you one penny. In each 5c sack of Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture we now pack a free present coupon. With these coupons you can get any article described in our new illustrated catalogue of presents. As a special offer, good during December and January only, we will give you this catalogue absolutely FREE. Simply send us your name and address.



Coupons from DUKE'S MIXTURE are to be applied with Tarets from HORSE SHOE, J. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST and coupons from FOUR ROSES. (Before sending coupon, PICK PLUG CUT, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags and coupons issued by us.)

Premium Dept. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. ST. LOUIS, MO.

## FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder. BECAUSE THEY ARE RICHEST IN CURATIVE QUALITIES. CONTAIN NO HABIT FORMING DRUGS. ARE SAFE, SURE, AND SAVE YOU MONEY.

Senator Borah was talking about a disgruntled political opponent. "His attitude," said the eloquent senator, "reminds me of a young lady at the seashore."

"Discussing this young lady and a Chicago millionaire, a girl remarked: 'She says he's not a very good catch, after all.'"

"Another girl, tossing her head, then made the comment: 'She says that, does she? Then he must have dropped her.'"

The Tender Spot.

"What have you done toward punishing lawbreakers?"

"Well," replied the shady police officer, "I have done a great deal toward hurting their feelings by taking their money away from them."

A great majority of summer ills are due to Malaria in suppressed form. Lassitude and headaches are but two symptoms. OXIDINE eradicates the Malaria germ and tones up the entire system. Adv.

A Civil Answer.

"Do many strangers settle here, landlord?"

"They all settle, an' them without no more baggage than you got settles in advance."

## DEFIANCE STARCH

15 ounces in the package. Other starches only 12 ounces—same price and DEFICIENCY IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

## PATENTS

Wanted—Hunters to sell Fenny Vacuum Cleaners. The kind that made the big hit at the Texas State Fair. Excellent opportunity. Big profits. Write for particulars. FENNY MFG. CO., Dept. 163, Muncie, Ind.

## MONEY IN TRAPPING FURS

We tell you how and pay best market prices. Write for references and weekly price list. H. SALES & SONS, 107 INDIAN AVENUE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

## SECOND HAND BAGS

We pay cash for all kinds of second hand bags. Make us a shipment.

## W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 48-1912.

## The Cheerful Life

It is the right of everyone to live and enjoy the cheerful life. We owe it to ourselves and those who live with us to live the cheerful life. We cannot do so if ill health takes hold of us.

The wife, mother and daughter suffering from hot flashes, nervousness, headache, backache, dragging-down feeling, or any other weakness due to disorders or irregularities of the delicate female organs—is not only a burden to herself, but to her loved ones.

There is a remedy. Forty years experience has proven unmistakably that

## DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

will restore health to weakened womanhood. For 40 years it has survived prejudice, envy and malice. Sold by druggists in medicine in liquid or tablet form. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets can be had of druggist or mailed on receipt of one-cent stamps—for \$1.00 or 50c size. Address Dr. P. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

## GALL-STONES

Cramer's Calculus Corrective is an unequalled remedy for Gall Stones, Stones in Kidneys, Stones in Urinary Bladder, Gravel, Biliousness, Spleen Complexion, Jaundice and all Stomach Troubles resulting from Bilelessness. Write for testimonials and terms. WM. CRAEMER MEDICINE COMPANY, 3218 Hubert Street, St. Louis, Mo.

# You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

# The Cash Store

In the Far North, with spoon and can,  
There roamed a man, lone and weary,  
With a heart of oak and steadfast plan  
This man was Robert Peary.  
He went beyond the bounds of civilization  
And traveled over mountain and plain  
With dogs and tent, clothes torn and rent,  
He braved ice, snow and rain  
He climbed Earth's top, he could go no higher,  
Where the sun had no dawn nor eve,  
Found the Pole, which was his goal, and,  
Slipped it up his sleeve.  
To locate his claim on Earth's high crest,  
And ad to his country's glory,  
He flung out a flag, the grand Starry rag,  
And returned to tell his story.  
Coming from the Pole he fell in a hole,  
Blinded by the Midnight Sun,  
His trusty dogs and faithful guides,  
Saved him with the loss of his gun.

As they rested by the brink of the abysmal rift,  
To warm and dry out the damp,  
A moving mass, rolling swift and fast,  
Rushed straight down on their camp.  
This frightful vision with the wings of wind,  
Whelmed their souls with unknown dread,  
Was it Typhoon, Tempest or Polar Cyclone?  
Was reason gone, and a brainstorm in his head?  
Like a bird in its flight, free and easy,  
The Circling Cycle rolled and dropped,  
Steered by a hand in strong command,  
It swerved, slowed down and stopped.  
Light flashed and blazed in one central eye,  
All else was ice and snow,  
Blinded and dazed, Peary blinked and gazed,  
As Santa Claus opened the door.  
Quickly the Hero of childhood's dreams,  
Welcomed Peary as a new found friend,  
Showed his car full of presents and toys,  
He was bringing to the children of men.  
Away from the crowd, vicious and proud,  
Ignited by the Aurora Borealis,  
Free from the squirm of any microbic germ,  
He had worked in his ice clad palace,  
The world was in such haste, he said,  
And everybody wanted everything now,  
So, he contrived an invention to help his intention,  
To "get there Eli" somehow.  
His car was a Tri Mona Cycle Mobile,  
Something new to a city man's sight,  
With electric power in a new fangled wheel,  
Shielded by the sun's strong light,  
It could travel on land or roll on the sea,  
It was a Hydrographic Hybrid with planes,  
With a mighty motor, nothing could stop her,  
He roamed Earth's wildest domains.

### SUGGESTION

Now children be good and remember,  
Study your lessons thoroughly,  
Christmas is coming, school will be out,  
And old Santa Claus loves you, surely.

### CHRISTMAS GOODS

A splendid assortment of Christmas Goods are now offered for your choice at prevailing low prices. Come before the best are all gone

### PECANS

Fancy large, rich meaty, unusual size, carefully selected nuts. The best quality we have ever had. See them in our window. These are just what you want to put in the candy, salad or Christmas cake. Don't wait till they are all gone. The supply is limited. Per pound only .....25c

### PREMIUM TICKETS

Bring in your tickets before Christmas week. We will have no time to count tickets when the rush is on. The list will be out and we ask you to bring in your tickets NOW.

This request is published in four new papers. Don't blame us if you wait too long. We thank you in advance.

## T. R. Garrett Company

Memphis, Texas

SELLING AGENT FOR  
**Kahn Bros.,**  
Louisville  
TAILORS THAT SATISFY

WE MAKE CLOTHES  
TO FIT. GET THEM  
AT CLARKE'S  
TAILOR SHOP

J. M. CLARKE

Watch Kahn Bros. Style HEDLEY, TEXAS

## COLLECTION OF CURIOS

By BARBARA BOYD.

They had just returned from Europe; and like all returning tourists, they had a lot of what their friends gratefully called, "junk," but which they gratefully referred to as a valuable collection of rare curios.

"Aren't those the quaintest things?" said Anne, exhibiting some brass hooks picked up in Holland.

"The world have brought a whole hardware store of them. If I hadn't stopped here," laughed her husband.

"But just imagine how interesting they'll look on the hall in the flats on the ground floor of the new town."

"I don't believe the flat owner will let you put up hooks," objected a friend.

"Indeed! I never thought of that," replied Anne. She put the hooks away thoughtfully. Then she dived into another box.

"Did you ever see anything so horribly absurd as those?" she restlessly exclaimed, producing several specimens of leering gargoyles. "They are so ugly they are fascinating."

"What are you going to do with them?" asked a friend.

"Well, of course, they aren't intended so much for houses. That is, I don't think so. Are they?" she asked her husband.

"Oh, I don't know. They'll look all-fired queer, no matter where you put them."

"Tom really hasn't much taste for quaint things," explained Anne. "But I thought they would look delightful sort of peeping over the eaves of the house, like they do at the tops of churches; or maybe—sort of sitting up alongside the water spout."

"But there aren't any eaves to a flat," objected the practical friend.

"No water spouts, either," chimed in another.

"I never thought of that," replied Anne still more thoughtfully. "But I just couldn't resist getting them."

"If you only had a chicken house," said a cynical friend, "you might set them up there. I think they would be right on the job of keeping thieves away."

Anne ignored such irrelevancy, and very carefully brought out a huge box which she opened and tenderly drew forth therefrom one by one some door hinges, knockers, latches, locks and bolts, nail heads and a bunch of enormous keys.

"Aren't they just dear?" she said, looking at them with kindly eyes.

"But what in the world will you do with a lot of scrap iron like that?" objected the practical friend.

"Fix up the doors and make them look old-timey. Just imagine how distinguished a door will look with a latch like that," she said, picking up a piece of bent and rusty iron. "Most of these are Spanish. Some are German. But aren't they delicious?"

"But if you are taking the hardware off the doors of your apartment," chortled her friends, "you'll get a call-down from the janitor."

"I suppose I would," admitted Anne. "I guess the only thing for us to do is to build."

So now, she and her husband are hunting a location that will be a proper setting for a house sufficiently medieval in design to bear up under French gargoyles, Spanish locks, German latches, Florentine nail heads and Dutch hooks. They feel there must be a deep, dark ravine, and embattled crags, and some melancholy trees such as artists put in Italian landscapes, and a church with chimneys. And snuggled out of sight, so as not to interfere with this artistic harmony, they would like a well-olled stone road, a good trolley and a town with a good show or two.

And while they are hunting this location an architect is having brainstorms trying to design a house that will be harmoniously French, Spanish, German, Florentine and Dutch, all at one and the same time.

### Analysis of Hallstones.

The infrequency of their occurrence and the difficulty of keeping them for examination, have stood in the way of any careful investigation of the character of hallstones, but Prof. Boris Welsberg of Tomsk, Siberia, has just perfected an apparatus which is expected to obviate these difficulties. He will gather the hallstones as opportunity offers and preserve them by plunging them in a liquid of about the same density contained in a double-walled receptacle like a superior ice cream freezer, but "packed" with a mixture of ice and sulphate of copper. As needed for study the stones can be removed, sliced in extremely thin sections and photographed by a polarizing microscope or autochromatic plates, as is done with anatomical preparations.

### For Working Mothers.

In order to enable the creches of Paris to carry out their work more effectively the municipal council proposes to subsidize them in a more generous manner than heretofore. The creches—numbering 60—have done a great deal toward lessening infant mortality. They now propose to help medical consultations, increase the supply of milk to mothers and babies, and also to establish special "nannies," where working mothers can look after their own infants.—Frederick Morris, Secretary of the Marylebone Branch of the Charity Organization Society.

# CHRISTMAS .. GIFTS

We have the kind that will please, and are sensible and servicable. Make a present of

ART SQUARES  
RUGS  
LINOLEUMS  
ROCKERS  
DINING CHAIRS  
DINING TABLES  
DRESSERS  
KITCHEN CABINETS  
CHINA CLOSET  
WASHING MACHINE  
SEWING MACHINE

BEDS  
BED ROOM SUITES  
SIDE BOARDS  
SILVER WARE  
RANGES  
LAP ROBES  
QUEENS WARE  
SHAVING SETS  
LACE CURTAINS  
MATTING  
SHOT GUNS

Numerous other things that would make a Valued Christmas Gift.

## Moreman Hardware Co.

You Don't Have to Say:  
"I DON'T KNOW!"

When you pull out your Watch to tell the time when you have had it repaired by

A. SPURGEON BISHOP  
At Hedley Drug Co. Hedley, Tx  
This is the place to buy WATCHES

A nice line of Christmas goods at Albright Drug Co.

### Books of Ancient Rome.

It has been pointed out that in old Rome books were actually produced and sold more easily and quickly than they are in modern times. With his trained staff of readers and transcribers, it is contended, an ancient Roman publisher could turn out an edition of any work at very cheap rates, and almost a moment's notice. There was, of course, no initial expense of typesetting before a single copy could be produced, no costly extras in the form of printer's corrections. The manuscript came from the author; the publisher handed it to his slaves, and if the book were of ordinary dimensions the complete edition could, it is said, be ready, if necessary, within 24 hours.

The old Roman libraries were immense as well as splendid. Plutarch says that the library of Lucullus, who expended much of his money on books, "had walks, galleries, and cabinets open to all visitors." It was proposed by Julius Caesar to open this library to the public.—Harper's Weekly.

### High Prices in London.

Paris is well enough in its way, in its admiration for rare artistic fabrics, but to get the money out of them they must needs be sold in London. At a sale in that city in the month of July a bit of tapestry brought £210 a square foot—that's about \$1,050—and more recently a Persian rug eight feet by five feet five inches was sold for £5,250 or \$26,250. This was a silk rug with a quarterfoil green panel in the center, on a pink ground with a green border and pink edge.

## Photos

Make splendid Gifts

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NEATLY DONE  
AT

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### The Lady

who wants something good for table use generally calls at the Restaurant & Grocery Store to get it.

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