

The Hedley Informer

VOL. III

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1913

NO. 22

CLEAN UP DAY NEXT TUESDAY

Next Tuesday, April 29, is clean-up day for Hedley. At a call meeting of the Club last night committees were appointed to secure dumping ground and make arrangements to get the rubbish hauled out. Every citizen of the town is urged to get busy cleaning up, so every thing will be in readiness to haul out.

Burn all trash possible. Sach or box all tin cans, etc., so they may be easily loaded. Use plenty of lime in closets beginning at once. Have everything in readiness to be hauled, and handy for loading.

The Club bears the expense of hauling rubbish, but every citizen could help bear the expense by joining the Club and paying 25 cents dues to the secretary, J. L. Bain. This is not obligatory, but it is your privilege; and every man in town ought to be interested in the welfare of Hedley enough to join the organization that is working for the benefit of the town.

Get busy. Let's clean up, it's necessary to the health and looks of our town.

The M. E. church is at last completed. The concrete steps are finished, and a force of men met Wednesday to grade and clean up around the building. Hedley can boast of as fine church houses as any town her size in the Panhandle.

McKNIGHT

Health of this community is fine at present.

We were surprised by a fine rain Tuesday night and a norther Wednesday.

C. F. Doherty moved his family from Memphis last week where they have been staying this year for the benefit of school until the death of Mrs. Doherty.

Mrs. Holt left last week for her home in Oklahoma. She was called here to the bedside of her husband who had come here some time ago for his health and died at the home of his sister Mrs. John White April 12th.

G. R. Cash and family spent Sunday with Ermine Watkins and wife.

C. W. Williams wife and children visited Oscar Youree and wife Saturday and Sunday.

The young people enjoyed a singing at Mr. Statums Sunday afternoon.

Grandpa Fortenberry is visiting relatives in Clarendon this week.

Mrs. H. F. Fortenberry was in Hedley shopping Friday.

W. J. Hardy left Wednesday morning for Young county to visit his daughter Mrs. Samuel Bain.

BROWN EYES.

DISTRICT COURT AT CLARENDON

Clarendon, Texas, April 21.—The Forty-seventh district court opened here this morning for a three weeks term, Judge J. N. Browning, District Attorney Henry Bishop and Stenographer A. M. Mood in attendance together with a number of attorneys from out of town.

A number of important cases are on the docket, among them the well known Barnes-Williams land case. The Howard murder case transferred from Hardeman county, this case having been tried here a year ago, and a number of other cases with which the time allotted for the holding of the court here will be fully taken up.

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

SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY

To be held with the Baptist Churches in Hall and Donley Counties beginning May 4th and closing June 1st 1913.

DONLEY COUNTY

Clarendon, May 4th, 8:00 p. m.
Lelia Lake, May, 6th 8:00 p. m.
Naylor, May 8th, 8:00 p. m.
McKnight May, 10th, 8:00 p. m.

HALL COUNTY

Lakeview, May, 25th 8:00 p. m.
Newlin, May, 27th, 8:00 p. m.
Hulver, May, 29th, 8:00 p. m.
Memphis, June, 1st, all day.

All Sunday School workers are especially invited, as these rallies are planned for the betterment of our Sunday School work. The meetings will include two night services and one entire day service at each place.

PROGRAM FOR EACH MEETING

8:00 p. m. Opening Sermon, "The Sunday School Normal Training Course, its meaning and importance."—A. L. Duncan.

10:00 a. m. "Relation of the Sunday School to the Church."—W. H. DeBoard

10:30 a. m. "The Church Member's Obligation to the Sunday School."—J. M. Corley.

11:00 a. m. "How to Conduct the Opening and Closing Exercises of the Sunday School."—T. R. Garrott."

11:30 a. m. Sermon, "Missions in the Sunday School."—J. W. Hembree.

2:00 p. m. "The Qualifications of a Sunday School Superintendent."—W. R. Perry

2:30 p. m. "The Teacher the Pivotal Factor in the Sunday School Organization."—Chas. League.

3:00 p. m. "How to Maintain a Men's Class."—T. R. Garrott.

3:30 p. m. The Pastor in the Sunday School."—J. W. Hembree.

4:00 p. m. "What is a Graded Sunday School."—E. D. Reece.

4:30 p. m. "A Yearly Program for the Sunday School."—W. D. Bishop.

8:00 p. m. Round Table.

8:30 p. m. Sermon, Soul Winning in the Sunday School. R. B. Morgan.

SCHOLASTIC POPULATION IN COUNTY

The scholastic population of Donley county is 1562 according to a report just issued by the State Department of Education, and the total apportionment at \$6.81 par capita is \$10,699.70 for the 1912-13 term. 1549 of our school children are whites and 13 are negroes. The total number of school children over seven and under seventeen years of age in Texas is 1,017,133, and 812,896 are white and 204,237 are colored. The male number is 515,603 and the females 501,530. The total apportionments are \$6,967,361 for the State.

It is customary to multiply the scholastic population by five, in order to ascertain the true population of the county, and on this basis Donley county has a population of 7810 and increase of 2526 over the Census of 1910.

The scholastic population of the independent districts of Donley county is shown in the following table:

District	White	Colored	Total
Clarendon	552	13	565.
Bal. of Co.	997	0	997

SPLENDID RAIN TUESDAY NIGHT

A general rain visited Texas Tuesday night, and this vicinity got its share, as usual. Crops that are planted will now get down to business.

Don't forget to come and see J. C. Wooldridge when you need anything in our line.

N. J. Allen, Mgr.

SHEEP AND GOATS IN THE COUNTY

The proposed tariff schedule now under consideration by Congress, putting wool on the free list, is of interest to the sheep growers of Donley county. The present tariff on wool is, approximately, 11 cents per pound. The quantity of wool clipped in this county is not of record, but the clip per sheep per annum amounts to about 5.1 pounds.

There are 727 sheep and goats, valued at \$2708 by the Federal Census Department, on the farms and ranges of Donley county. The annual wool and mohair production is valued at \$140 and 222 sheep and goats are sold and slaughtered each year, and their total value is \$825.

The number of these animals on the farms and ranges of the entire state is 1,808,709, which have a value of \$6,301,364. The production of sheep and goats is 591,676 annually, valued at \$1,361,544 and the state's yearly wool production is valued at \$2,267,308.

CLEAN UP!

WATCH HEDLEY SHE IS GROWING

J. E. Dishman has lumber on the ground with which to build two more residences in Hedley. One on north Main street, and the other east of the school house.

The Honest John Truss, any size, single or double, perfect fit guaranteed.

Albright Drug Co.

CORRESPONDENT WRITES OF HEDLEY

Hedley, Texas, April 16.—Hedley, located on the Fort Worth & Denver railroad in the southeastern portion of Donley county with a population of 600, comes to the front with shipments from last seasons harvests of 300 cars of grain and three thousand bales of cotton.

The grain shipments practically comprised milo maize and kaffir corn except about 25 cars of Indian corn, with 30 to 40 cars of milo maize and kaffir still to go. Over 30 cars of hogs have been marketed, while poultry has been shipped in quantities up to three fourths of a carload.

A 20,000 ACRE JUMP

Last year about 40,000 acres were farmed around Hedley, while this season will see the harvesting of 60,000 acres.

Large tracts of new lands are being broken out for this year's planting, one instance being such plowing of 320 acres by S. H. Smith, a Hedley non-resident whose family home is in Amarillo.

NEW BUILDINGS

Hedley has just completed a \$4,000 Methodist church and a \$8,000 Baptist is under course of construction, several fine residences and is to have this year a new bank, and building of one or more general business structures.

The present Hedley bank is a strong, busy and well administered institution with heavy current deposits; the town has a \$10,000 public school building; is projecting electric lights and waterworks; has two modernly equipped gins; and the popular Hedley hotels.—Amarillo News.

GINNING SEASON IS NOW OVER

The B. W. Moreman Gin Co. closed down the gin Saturday for the 1912 cotton season. The total number of bales ginned here during the season was 3,050. Not a bad cotton crop, was it?

This year the farmers are preparing to increase the cotton acreage considerably in this portion of the county.

All in all this country did remarkably well last year, not only in a good cotton crop, but in lots of kaffir, maize, cane and corn. The threshing business is now about over, having threshed out thousands and thousands of bushels, besides car after car of headed stuff having been shipped out.

The 1912 crop brought good prices, and placed our country in better shape than it has been in years.

The B. W. M. U. Auxiliary of the Panhandle Baptist Association will meet in Hedley Tuesday May 13. Everybody cordially invited.

Windy Valley

The fruit supper at Will Hillmans Friday night was well attended.

Rev. Hembree spent Friday night with J. T. Lane.

The apron party at Mr. Dalphats Saturday night was well attended and everybody reported a nice time. Carl Killian and Miss Marie Ray were awarded the prize for doing the best sewing.

Revs. Bishop and Hembree held a three sermon meeting at the school house this week. They took up a collection for missionary work which amounted to \$3.05.

Elmer Bragg of Memphis and Miss Lillie Doom of Windy Valley were quietly married Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at the home of brides parents. Rev. Kennedy officiating.

Tom Perdue went to Memphis Saturday to spend a few hours with Earl McCurdy.

Misses Eula and Annie Braggs came up from Memphis Saturday to visit their uncle A. B. Cunningham and family and to attend their brothers wedding.

Mrs. N. S. Ray visited in Clarendon last week.

Misses Anna Belle and Mattie Rice entertained one half dozen Valley girls at dinner Sunday.

N. S. Ray and wife attended church at Hedley Sunday and took dinner with A. A. Beedy and family.

George and Joe Killian, Jess Adamson and Osear Webster from Hedley were in the Valley Saturday night.

J. B. Stogner went to Hedley Wednesday on business.

KENTUCKY BILL.

BUNKER HILL

We had a sand storm in our community Monday.

Mrs. A. A. Beedy went to Clarendon Friday to visit a day or two.

A few of the young folks went to an apron party in Windy Valley Saturday night.

Misses Mamie Beedy, Jessie Alexander, Flora West and Mr. Otis Alexander spent part of Sunday at W. A. Wylies.

John Perdue and West Lane were welcome visitors in our community Sunday afternoon.

Richard Wylie spent Sunday at Giles.

A number of our young folks attended singing at Rev. Spurlings Sunday night.

W. A. Wylie and son W. J. went to Giles Monday.

Frank Jones was in Hedley Saturday.

Mr. Mann from Windy Valley passed through here Saturday going to Hedley.

Many thanks for the compliment from Kentucky Bill.

DOLLIE DIMPLES.

Harness Shop

Latest Confidential Report. Two Studebaker Buggies to arrive this week.

JUST RECEIVED
Buggy Curtains
Canvas Feed Bags
Flax Water Bags

Guaranteed Crome Halters

The best line of Hand Made Harness and Saddles ever shown in the Panhandle. We Want Your Business.

KENDALL & GAMMON

All Kinds of Shoe and Harness Repairing

Protect Against Misfortune

No one knows when sickness or misfortune may come. We hope it never will---but if it does come be prepared.---Start an account with us today.

First State Bank

"The People's Depository"

START YOUR ACCOUNT

This year with a house that has made a record in Hedley for honest and intelligent treatment of people who deal with it. We have the Goods and the Quality and Price at

THE HEDLEY DRUG COMPANY

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Publisher

HEDLEY, TEXAS

At this time of the year every baseball team is a pennant winner.

How annoying it is when the mercury practices the scale on the thermometer!

In Mongolia, women smoke and ride astride, but leave the husband's trouser pockets unmolested.

Japan's new minister of finance is Baron Korokiyu Takahashi, a very appropriate name indeed.

It has been at least a year since the government has advertised for an xylophonist. Still no response.

A Milwaukeean has failed at four attempts at suicide. He may be endowed with as many lives as a cat.

China now has a full fledged agricultural department where chop suey ingredients are given official attention.

It is not lawful to beat an umpire in Illinois, but baseball fans will give this no thought until the occasion arises.

Over \$173,000,000 worth of property changed hands in Chicago last year, not counting the cash gathered on the highways.

In the name of humanity, why not start a society to provide early worms and hot water bottles for the pre-season robins?

If a woman could have her real wish she would desire nothing more than to visit the 27,000 department stores in the United States.

But for all that, no pampered aristocrat of an effete monarch has anything on the American ball player in his spring training.

Many baseball players would secure prettier photographs if they would lay aside their quids while looking into the camera.

China wants a good-sized air fleet with French officers. The new republic is strictly up to date with all the modern improvements.

London, always noted for curiosities, has a tramp who inflates his throat just like the mumps and spends glorious times in the infirmaries.

Now that it is established that the American eagle is a hen, some of our obstreperous neighbors to the south will begin to complain of being henpecked.

A demonstrating car in Philadelphia cost its owners over \$13,000 in accident damages. After a demonstration like that its value seems to be problematical.

Some Americans are eccentric enough to refuse to pay money at a box office for the sake of seeing an actor who has been divorced ever so many times.

To keep from snoring a specialist declares the best method is to keep one's mouth closed. Incidentally, the same method will keep one from many other afflictions.

Every time the unloaded pistol tragedy is repeated we are convinced afresh that the fool killer needs an able bodied assistant or at least a caddy to carry his tools.

Two Los Angeles chauffeurs stole thirty-one automobiles within seven months. It is sad to contemplate just what would happen if they were turned loose in an auto plant.

A Chicago judge holds that a wife should not ask for money, but that the husband should hand it over without being asked. Usually it is the husband who does the asking.

France is all excited over a device just invented which makes the capturing of an aeroplane practically impossible. We would like to see it in operation—from the ground.

Being a grand opera song bird at \$2,500 a night is one thing; being in the grand opera chorus at \$2.50 is something else. For all singers life is not one grand, sweet song.

A suitor, seeking to impress a girl by "boldness," lost her when he claimed to be a train robber. He might have experimented progressively, beginning with petty larceny.

A movement is to be started to make the war on flies world-wide. Up to date the flies have very much the better of the exterminating crusade, so the movement evidently needs more concentration than expansion just at this stage.

The minister of education of Wurtemberg inveighs against the changing of spelling of German names in American schools, but then the educator has never been inside a Yankee learning institution in his life.

A Chicago court bailiff has a scheme to attire himself in a bright green uniform, figuring that the advertisement of the victim's delinquency obtained by the public spectacle of the bailiff's squatting on the doorstep will encourage prompt payment. Or a huffy call for an ambulance.

Shabby Clothes Cause of Many Divorce Suits

By MARIE C. TEMPLETON

While the American courts are piling up an amazing volume of divorce statistics, how interesting it would be if there were some records to show the pressure which broke the first strand of the marriage tie in each instance. Unquestionably, in most cases, respect disappeared before love's reign was endangered. The average love will not stand unless supported by respect. If this be true, it follows that each of the women who lost love first lost respect, even though it may have seemed to every one except the husband that she was entitled to his complete respect.

What side of the woman does the husband see that is hidden from the world? I can tell you. He sees the side that does not care about appearances. He sees the side that is not expecting company and is not trying to make an impression. He sees the negligee side, and it is a strong love that will survive some women's negligee.

No matter how sweet her character and disposition, what woman can command her husband's respect when she appears before him in "lazy" attire. Helen in a soiled kimono would have silenced forever the muses that sang her praise; Cleopatra in a bathrobe and disheveled hair would have excited no admiration. Venus might have been presentable without corsets, but there are very few present-day women who can take that chance.

So the first assault upon love by the woman is, many times, just this: She dresses for outsiders and counts her husband an insider. Instead of her husband being preferred company, he is common company. Husband, in turn, awakens to the fact that his wife is not the dainty, lovely creature he had pictures in his mind. He is obliged to make a new mental picture, and that new one is not nearly so favorable or flattering as the old. When he thinks of her it is quite possible that the kimono-bathrobe-frowsy-shambling-slipper picture will be photographed in his mind, and he is not to be blamed if he tries to forget her picture.

No matter what her character may be, she has earned loss of respect, and the seriousness of that loss only depends upon her husband's sensitiveness. If he has an eye for the beautiful and harmonious she has pained him irreparably. If he is not offended by the sight of a negligent woman, particularly when that woman is his wife, then he did not have a great deal of respect for women to begin with.

Women who think that home appearances do not count are walking in the direction of the divorce court, and it is not for me to say that the man is always to blame.



Etiquette of Street Cars in Big City

By C. W. NORTON, New York

This thing of men's getting up in a street car to give a woman a seat, taking their hats off to them and talking to them bare headed and according their other courtesies and little honors not extended to members of their own sex is a matter of grace, pure and simple, and should be so understood. These graces are commended. They it is evident that they are not properly appreciated.

This writer works hard all day and very often half the night for his living. Some nights it would take a pretty sorry looking specimen to get my seat if I am fortunate enough to get one myself. Usually when I get seated in a street car in which some people must stand I look about to see if I can see any one whom I think would be worthier or who needs the seat more than I do myself. If, in my estimation, I see such a person, man or woman, then and only then is he or she given my seat, but not because she may be a woman.

If all were on an equal footing it would be fine indeed never to see a woman stand in a street car or train, and no doubt that would be made a rigid rule as a mark of respect to the mothers of the race, but as long as the present order of things endures the following of such a rule depends entirely on circumstances.

To illustrate: I am not a man supporting a wife and ten children, barely able to provide for them all by working all my waking hours, as I know some men are, but if I were and found myself seated in a street car, tired and perspiring, and a haughty little stenographer came in, hinting that I should give her my seat, would I do it? Not so you could notice it.

Game of Checkers Not Child's Play

By P. J. EVERINGHAM

I wonder how our checker enthusiasts—those who know a little about the scientific side of the game and who realize its sterling qualities—feel when they see their favorite game placed next to some building blocks or a toy doll in a shop window, or in some premium book or catalogue see the game classed among "children's toys."

In other ways checkers has become confounded with children's amusements and has caused so many people to think that it is a child's game and to treat it with contempt.

Of all things, checkers is not a child's game. Many contend that no one should attempt to learn the game until he is over fourteen, as it requires great skill and is not won by luck, as most card games are.

Checkers is believed to be the predecessor of chess, and so is the intellectual equal if not the superior of chess.

There are dozens of books on checkers, besides several magazines devoted exclusively to it. Every newspaper has a column for checkers.

Blame for the Unclean Song and Story

By Katherine A. Driscoll, Chicago

Who is to blame for the erotic novel and the suggestive song? No one in the world is so much to blame as the reading public. We create the demand for this kind of reading and the writer and publisher supply the demand. As soon as the public refuses to pay money for vicious stories and songs with an unclean suggestion, just so soon shall we force such works off the market.

The publisher who brings forth a book that can find no resting place in any public library or within the confines of any decent home is a criminal at heart. He cares nothing at all for the great harm he does. With him it is a commercial matter. What is true of him is true of the writer. And we, the readers, encourage them.

We need moral uplift in our reading matter. We need men and women of clean thought and clean expression to write our songs and stories.

We, as readers, need to turn our backs on the filthy and vile when here is so much that is fine on the market.

Gown of Exquisite Design Product of American Talent



To demonstrate their ability at designing gowns excelling the importations from France, American dressmakers have given their best effort and talent to the most beautiful gowns shown in this country. The photograph demonstrates more ably than words the result of their efforts. The gown is a Grecian gown of white chiffon with rhinestone trimmings, with a Grecian key design and rhinestone girdle.

BLOUSE CUT IN ONE PIECE BLACK SATIN HAT RETAINED

One of Tulle Valenciennes is Made With Neither Trimming Nor Fullness.

The newest cream white blouses are more plain than ever. The prettiest are tulle valenciennes, or a kind of soft point d'esprit with figures like those in the valenciennes design. One blouse of this material has not the slightest trimming or fullness except in the back, where there is a tiny bit to cover the opening and make it look like a narrow plait. The entire thing is made in one piece, the sole garnish being little button studs of black velvet in two rows at the throat, both back and front, and on the wrists. The neck is cut low and round, with cording of the lace in three rows.

A noticeable feature of this blouse, which was designed in a house in the Place Vendome and intended for the Riviera, is the sleeves made all in one piece, with no extensions whatever. It is as though the entire thing had been molded together. No doubt the styles for the coming season will adopt ideas seen in this blouse. We have arrived at a period when cuts and finishes are at their crescendo of plainness. Nothing further is possible because effects could not possibly be any more rigid or simple.

STYLISH SPRING DRESS



Spring dress of Royal blue broadcloth with draped skirt and yoke of accordion pleated silk. The waist is made almost entirely of silk with lapels and accordion pleated short sleeves.

Though White Seems to Be Coming Favorite Color, Yet This Style is Always Smart.

While colors are to be rampant this year and spread themselves over the world like a gorgeous sunset or a rainbow, yet the tiny black satin hat is to be very smart indeed. The woman who is in doubt what to choose when she is bewildered by the sulphur, purple, bronze and red shades offered would do well to rapidly retreat toward conservatism and choose a hat of black satin that has little trimming and owes its beauty to its shape.

Such hats are not what they used to be. They are distinctly of this season. The shape is rather stiff, with a low crown and a two-inch brim which rolls slightly back at the edges; over this the satin is stretched and finished at the seams with a cord or a piping. There are no folds or bows or full crown bands; all is as smooth and demure as a man's silk hat. The trimming is placed flat on the brim and is made up of any kind of feather that has spirals and looks straggling and careless.

The best known choice is a feather called numidie and which is more or less expensive and very fashionable. The peacock feathers are on this order and that is one of the reasons why they have returned to favor. Straw and wheat are also used, and whatever does not lie flat on the brim stands insolently erect in the middle of the front or back.

Beaded Bags.

Beaded bags refuse to be ousted. The smartest are of jet oblongs, pierced and applied to the net alternately with beads of silver or gold, or set solidly together and bordered with silver, gold or white disks. Equally alluring are the bags made of steel mingling with colored beads and those which show the same curious shaded effects that distinguish shot silks. Some of these latter are made in the fashionable pannier shape first brought out in walrus or seal bags, and all contain a change purse and card case of satin matching the lining of the chief receptacle.

To Wash Cretonne Draperies.

Boil one pound of rice in one gallon of water until rice is soft, then strain off one quart of the milky water and add a piece of gum arabic the size of an egg. Set this aside for starching. Take the remainder of the water and rice, add enough warm water to wash the curtains. Rub on a handful of the boiled rice and souse up and down many times, then rinse in clear water.

Starch in the water as prepared above. Iron with a medium hot iron when partly dry. The cretonne will look like new.

Add Ammonia.

White frocks and blouses or underclothing that have a bad color should be first soaked in cold water to which a little ammonia has been added and then given a lemon bleach; that is, a large lemon should be cut into slices, and rind and all boiled up in the boiling pan or small copper. When at full boiling point put in the linens and muslins and boil for twenty minutes.

Garments in Turn.

A useful thing to remember in putting clean clothes away is to place the freshly laundered pieces at the bottom of their respective piles. Then, by using the topmost, you always take the garments in rotation and each garment thus has less frequent wear and its life is lengthened.

Loss of Power

and vital force follow loss of flesh or emaciation. These come from impoverished blood.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

enlivens a torpid liver—enriches the blood—stops the waste of strength and tissue and builds up healthy flesh—the proper body weight. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets to work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength.

Can anything else be "just as good" to take?

DISFIGURED BY SKIN ERUPTION

If That Is Your Plight, Let Resinol Clear It Away!

Pimples, blackheads, rashes, ringworm and, worst of all, that red, itching, scaly torment, eczema, vanish when you use Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. There is no doubt about it. Even though your skin is so unsightly with eruption that you shun your friends and your friends shun you, Resinol makes it clear and healthy, quickly, easily and at trifling cost. When you are sick of wasting time and money on tedious, expensive treatments, get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from the nearest druggist and you will quickly see why it has been prescribed for eighteen years for just such troubles as yours.

The Resinol treatment works so gently, and is so absolutely free from anything that could injure even the tenderest skin, that it is perfect for healing the skin troubles of infants and children. You can test Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap at our expense. Write to Dept. 5-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md., and we will send you a generous trial. Resinol Ointment (50c and \$1) and Resinol Soap (25c), by parcel post on receipt of price.

ONE-SIDED.



"And how did the visitors treat you?"

"Treat me? Why, I've been doing all the treating."

Reasonable Favor.

"So you have determined to sue me for breach of promise?"

"Yes."

"With damages?"

"Of course."

"Well, say, I've got just one favor to ask of you. Don't sue me for less than \$100,000. I haven't got a dollar in the world that I can call my own and it might help my credit."

In Private.

As he started out with a bushel of ashes he walked into a clothesline that he didn't see.

When he had poked himself out of the ash pile and recovered his hat he stood in the back yard and relieved his feelings.

"Henry," called his wife.

"Well?" he snapped.

"Don't stand out there and do it. Come straight into the house and tell me that it's all my fault."

True happiness leaves no reactions. The mind is at rest with itself, and the consciousness is filled with the joy of living.—David Starr Jordan.

A Jolly Good Day

Follows A Good Breakfast Try a dish of

Post Toasties

tomorrow morning.

These sweet, thin bits made from Indian Corn are cooked, toasted and sealed in tight packages without the touch of human hand.

They reach you fresh and crisp—ready to eat from the package by adding cream or milk and a sprinkling of sugar, if desired.

Toasties are a jolly good dish—

Nourishing Satisfying Delicious

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By **RANDALL PARRISH**
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.
Illustrations by **V. L. Barrows**

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CHAPTER I.

An Unpleasant Situation.

When, late in May, 1868, Major Daniel McDonald, Sixth Infantry, was first assigned to command the new three company post established southwest of Fort Dodge, designed to protect the newly discovered Cimarron trail leading to Santa Fe across the desert, and purely by courtesy, officially termed Fort Devere, he naturally considered it perfectly safe to invite his only daughter to join him there for her summer vacation. Indeed, at that time, there was apparently no valid reason why he should deny himself this pleasure. Except for certain vague rumors regarding uneasiness among the Sioux warriors north of the Platte, the various tribes of the plains were causing no unusual trouble to military authorities, although, of course, there was no time in the history of that country utterly devoid of peril from young raiders, usually aided and abetted by outcast whites. However, the Santa Fe route, by this date, had become a well-traveled trail, protected by scattered posts along its entire route, frequently patrolled by troops, and merely considered dangerous for small parties, south of the Cimarron, where roving Comanches in bad humor might be encountered.

Fully assured as to this by officers met at Fort Ripley, McDonald, who had never before served west of the Mississippi, wrote his daughter a long letter, describing in careful detail the route, set an exact date for her departure, and then, satisfied all was well arranged, set forth with his small command on the long march overland. He had not seen his daughter for over two years, as during her vacation time (she was attending Sunnycrest school, on the Hudson), she made her home with an aunt in Connecticut. This year the aunt was in Europe, not expecting to return until fall, and the father had hopefully counted on having the girl with him once again in Kentucky. Then came his sudden, unexpected transfer west, and the final decision to have her join him there. Why not? If she remained the same high-spirited army girl, she would thoroughly enjoy the unusual experience of a few months of real frontier life, and the only hardship involved would be the long stage ride from Ripley. This, however, was altogether prairie travel, monotonous enough surely, but without special danger, and he could doubtless arrange to meet her himself at Kansas City, or send one of his officers for that purpose.

This was the situation in May, but by the middle of June conditions had greatly changed throughout all the broad plains country. The spirit of savage war had spread rapidly from the Platte to the Rio Pecos, and scarcely a wild tribe remained unaffected. Arapahoe, Cheyenne, Pawnee, Comanche, and Apache alike espoused the cause of the Sioux, and their young warriors, breaking away from the control of older chiefs, became ugly and warlike. Devere, isolated as it was from the main route of travel (the Santa Fe stages still following the more northern trail), heard merely rumors of the prevailing condition through tarrying hunters, and possibly an occasional army courier, yet soon realized the gravity of the situation because of the almost total cessation of travel by way of the Cimarron and the growing insolvency of the surrounding Comanches. Details from the small garrison were, under urgent orders from headquarters at Fort Wallace, kept constantly scouting as far south as the fork of the Red river, and then west to the mountains. Squads from the single cavalry company guarded the few caravans venturing still to cross the Cimarron desert, or bore dispatches to Fort Dodge. Thus the few soldiers remaining on duty at the home station became slowly aware that this outpost of savagery was no longer a mere tribal affair. Outrages were reported from the Solomon, the Republican, the Arkansas valleys. A settlement was raided on Smoky Fork; stages were attacked near the Caches, and one burned; a wagon train was ambushed in the Raton pass, and only escaped after desperate fighting. Altogether the situation appeared extremely serious and summer promised war in earnest.

McDonald was rather slow to appreciate the real facts. His knowledge of Indian tactics was exceeding-

ly small, and the utter isolation of his post kept him ignorant. At first he was convinced that it was merely a local disturbance and would end as suddenly as begun. Then, when realization finally came, it was already too late to stop the girl. She would be already on her long journey. What could he do? What immediate steps could he hope to take for her protection? Ordinarily he would not have hesitated, but now a decision was not so easily made. Of his command scarcely thirty men remained at Devere, a mere infantry guard, together with a small squad of cavalrymen, retained for courier service. His only remaining commissioned officer at the post was the partially disabled cavalry captain, acting temporarily as adjutant, because incapacitated for taking the field. He had waited until the last possible moment, trusting that a shift in conditions might bring back some available officer. Now he had to choose between his duty as commander and as father. Further delay was impossible.

Devere was a fort merely by courtesy. In reality it consisted only of a small stockade hastily built of cottonwood timber, surrounding in partial protection a half dozen shacks, and one fairly decent log house. The situation was upon a slight elevation overlooking the ford, some low bluffs, bare of timber but green with Junegrass to the northward, while in every other direction extended an interminable sand-desert, ever shifting beneath wind blasts, presenting as desolate a scene as eye could witness. The yellow flood of the river, still swollen by melting mountain snow, was a hundred feet from the stockade gate, and on its bank stood the log cavalry stables. Below, a scant half mile away, were the only trees visible, a scraggly grove of cottonwoods, while down the face of the bluff and across the flat ran the slender ribbon of trail. Monotonous, unchanging, it was a desolate picture to watch day after day in the hot summer.

In the gloom following an early supper the two officers sat together in the single room of the cabin, a candle sputtering on the table behind them, smoking silently or moodily discussing the situation. McDonald was florid and heavily built, his gray mustache hanging heavily over a firm mouth, while the Captain was of another type, tall, with dark eyes and hair. The latter by chance opened the important topic.

"By the way, major," he said carelessly, "I guess it is just as well you stopped your daughter from coming out to this hole. Lord, but it would be an awful place for a woman."

"But I didn't," returned the other moodily. "I put it off too long."

"Put it off! Good heavens, man,



"Damme, I haven't thought of anything else for a week."

"Didn't you write when you spoke about doing so? Do you actually mean the girl is coming—here?"

McDonald groaned.

"That is exactly what I mean, Travers. Damme, I haven't thought of anything else for a week. Oh, I know now I was an old fool even to conceive of such a trip, but when I wrote her I had no conception of what it was going to be like out here. There was not a rumor of Indian trouble a month ago, and when the tribes did break out it was too late for me to get word back east. The fact is, I am in the devil of a fix—

without even an officer whom I can send to meet her, or turn her back. If I should go myself it would mean a court-martial."

Travers stared into the darkness through the open door, sucking at his pipe.

"By George, you are in a pickle," he acknowledged slowly. "I supposed she had been headed off long ago. Haven't heard you mention the matter since we first got here. Where do you suppose the lass is by now?"

"Near as I can tell she would leave Ripley the 18th."

"Humph! Then starting tonight, a good rider might intercept her at Fort Dodge. She would be in no danger traveling alone for that distance. The regular stages are running yet, I suppose?"

"Yes; so far as I know."

"Under guard?"

"Only from the Caches to Fort Union; there has been no trouble along the lower Arkansas yet. The troops from Dodge are scouting the country north, and we are supposed to keep things clear of hostiles down this way."

"Supposed to—yes; but we can't patrol five hundred miles of desert with a hundred men, most of them dough-boys. The devils can break through any time they get ready—you know that. At this minute there isn't a mile of safe country between Dodge and Union. If she was my daughter—"

"You'd do what?" broke in McDonald, jumping to his feet. "I'd give my life to know what to do!"

"Why, I'd sent somebody to meet her—to turn her back if that was possible. Peyton would look after her there at Ripley until you could arrange."

"That's easy enough to say, Travers, but tell me who is there to send? Do you chance to know an enlisted man out yonder who would do—whom you would trust to take care of a young girl alone?"

The captain bent his head on one hand, silent for some minutes.

"They are a tough lot, major; that's a fact, when you stop to call the roll. Those recruits we got at Leavenworth were mostly rough-necks—even of them in the guard-house tonight. Our best men are all out," with a wave of his hand to the south. "It's only the riff-raff we've got left, at Devere."

"You can't go?"

The captain rubbed his lame leg regretfully.

"No; I'd risk it if I could only ride, but I couldn't sit a saddle."

"And my duty is here; it would cost me my commission."

There was a long thoughtful silence, both men moodily staring out through the door. Away in the darkness unseen sentinels called the hour. Then Travers dropped one hand on the other's knee.

"Dan," he said swiftly, "how about that fellow who came in with dispatches from Union just before dark? He looked like a real man."

"I didn't see him. I was down river with the wood-cutters all day."

Travers got up and paced the floor.

"I remember now. What do you say? Let's have him in, anyhow. They never would have trusted him for that ride if he hadn't been the right sort."

He strode over to the door, without waiting an answer. "Here, Carter," he called, "do you know where that cavalryman is who rode in from Fort Union this afternoon?"

A face appeared in the glow of light, and a gloved hand rose to salute.

"He's asleep in 'B's' shack, sir," the orderly replied. "Said he'd been on the trail two nights and a day."

"Reckon he had, and some riding at that. Rout him out, will you? Tell him the major wants to see him here at once."

The man wheeled as if on a pivot, and disappeared.

"If Carter could only ride," began McDonald, but Travers interrupted impatiently.

"If! But we all know he can't. Worst I ever saw, must have originally been a sailor." He slowly refilled his pipe. "Now, see here, Dan, it's your daughter that's to be looked after, and therefore I want you to size this man up for yourself. I don't pretend to know anything about him, only he looks like a soldier, and they must think well of him at Union."

McDonald nodded, but without enthusiasm; then dropped his head into his hands. In the silence a coyote howled mournfully not far away; then a shadow appeared on the log step, the light of the candle flashing on a row of buttons.

"This is the man, sir," said the orderly, and stood aside to permit the other to enter.

CHAPTER II.

"Brick" Hamlin.

The two officers looked up with some eagerness, McDonald straightening in his chair, and returning the cavalryman's salute instinctively, his eyes expressing surprise. He was a straight-limbed fellow, slenderly built, and appearing taller than he really was by reason of his erect, soldierly carriage; thin of waist, broad of

chest, dressed in rough service uniform, without jacket, just as he had rolled out of the saddle, rough shirt open at the throat, patched, discolored trousers, with broad yellow stripes down the seam, stuck into service riding boots, and a soft hat, faded sadly, crushed in one hand.

The major saw all this, yet it was at the man's uncovered face he gazed most intently. He looked upon a countenance browned by sun and alkali, intelligent, sober, heavily browsed, with eyes of dark gray rather deeply set; firm lips, a chin somewhat prominent, and a broad forehead, the light colored hair above closely trimmed; the cheeks were darkened by two days' growth of beard. McDonald unclosed, then clenched his hand.

"You are from Fort Union, Captain Travers tells me?"

"Yes, sir," the reply slow, deliberate, as though the speaker had no desire to waste words. "I brought dispatches; they were delivered to Captain Travers."

"Yes, I know; but I may require you for other service. What were your orders?"

"To return at convenience."

"Good. I know Hawley, and do not think he would object. What is your regiment?"

"Seventh cavalry."

"Oh, yes, just organized; before that?"

"The Third."

"I see you are a non-com-mo-dor?"

"Sergeant, sir, since my transfer."

"Second enlistment?"

"No, first in the regulars—the

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HOME TOWN HELPS

AMERICAN TOWN AS A STUDY

Subject Well Worth the Little Time and Consideration That It Calls For.

A young writer in the Atlantic Monthly, Randolph S. Bourne, starts a line of inquiry that ought to be followed up. He chooses a suburban town, striving to retain its "soul" against the adjacent city's onslaughts, and in that, we think, he follows opportunity rather than judgment. Suburbs are not very representative. He also, we think, neglects some of the most vital features of the life of American towns. He has probably worked in some seminary subject to German influence. But his idea is a good one. Millions of Americans live in "towns" of one sort or another, and a competent account of the life of the various sorts of American towns, done with sympathy and imagination, would show us a lot about ourselves. It would have economic values. It would make many of us understand better what we care about, and how we are daily occupied, and how much better we and our neighbors might be doing. It would give definiteness to latent public spirit. It would help quite appreciably in the present vigorous but ungladly endeavor of Americans to make their own lives interesting otherwise than by the mere mimetic study of the lives of other peoples.—Harper's Weekly.

HIGH IDEALS NOT REACHED

Municipal Reforms Have Yet Much to Do Before They Can Demonstrate Real Value.

For the past few years municipal government has seemed to undergo a general and thorough improvement, but in reality creating a spirit of unrest and a feeling of uncertainty quite destructive of the high ideals ostensibly striven for. Never in the history of this country have we had so many so-called municipal reforms in vogue all over the country as at the present time. In many instances the effect has been beneficial and doubtless will eventually prove valuable to all cities, for such campaigns have been educational and have awakened great interest in civic affairs on the part of even the humblest citizen. In the end when all is simmered down, the people will insist on keeping their affairs where they may be quickly and easily reached when changes are found desirable. While consolidation of city and county governments will doubtless prove economical by reason of reducing the number of officials necessary to do the work as now performed, municipal governments must give the people more and closer representation before the so-called reform wave will settle down to an enjoyable calm.—Los Angeles Times.

Devitalizing Air in Cities.

City air has amazing properties. The smoke and soot that are always in the atmosphere (there are 6,000 tons of soot hanging over London every day) contain lots of sulphur, and this sulphur when it meets certain substances forms sulphuric acid, or vitrol.

It was the vitrol in the atmosphere that brought the great roof of Charing Cross station down with a crash a few years ago. The engine smoke had eaten away the iron, which was insufficiently painted. And some years ago, before the London underground was electrified, it was a great joke at one of the stations for passengers to go and poke umbrellas into a certain iron girder, which at one point was nearly as soft as putty.

Paint is in such cases the engineer's great standby. In some ways paint is more powerful than iron.

Many city buildings might be said to be practically held together by paint, particularly railway stations.—Pearson's Weekly.

Ornamental Yards.

We still have too many people who seem to love bare ground or, slightly better, rows of corn or cabbages, rather than stretches of grass or flowering border plants. "Order is heaven's first law" and the first attempt at improvement should consist of making the yard orderly. Then plant in an orderly, dignified yet simple manner, and on a similar plan and you will not go far astray. No objection should be urged against fruit trees in the front yard, more especially if they be citrus or other evergreens. Locusts and avocados both are handsome trees and shrubs of guava, carissa and feijoa are as ornate as any non-fruit bearing plants. Any or all of them will make a decided and welcome change in any yard now a stretch of bare soil.

Four Vital City Problems.

1. How to interest children in the cult of the beautiful.
2. How town-dwellers may make their homes, small garden plots and backyards beautiful.
3. What local authorities and other public bodies may do to apply the garden city ideal to industrial centers.
4. How our towns may be made brighter and cleaner by the abatement of smoke, dust, etc.

"Perfectly Clean." "I wonder why no more trains are late?" said young Mrs. Torkins as she watched the man chalk up the figures on the blackboard.

"Well," replied her husband, "for one thing, traffic is much heavier than it used to be.

"Of course! And the heavier a load is, the harder work a locomotive has to pull it!"

In Desperation.

"Has your order been taken, sir?" inquired the head waiter.

"Yes," replied the patient diner, "fifteen minutes ago. If it isn't too late, though, I'd like to change it."

"To change your order, sir?"

"Yes; if you don't mind, I'll change it to an entree."

Not Quite.

"Is he what you might call a police captain at large?"

"No; he's only out on bail."—Town Topics.

No wonder some children never amount to anything; just look at their parents.

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Most of your downheartedness and "blue feeling" can be traced to a lazy liver. Biliousness is a sure destroyer of health and happiness.

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will make the liver active, assist the digestion, help the bowels to become regular and make life a pleasure. Get a bottle today.

Texas Directory

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Before buying any kind of a baby, at any price, from a baby body, get my 100 offer on the market. Let me break the record for low price on efficient, dependable incubator. This year I'm going still further. I'm going to pay the freight—give you an unqualified guarantee—include everything FREE. When writing, tell me what size incubator you need, and I'll send you my 100 GUARANTEED POULTRY BOOK FREE. Describe Standard Feed Poultry, tell how to become successful and other valuable information. Early orders, please. Because it contains advertising, you get it FREE. Ask copy. A. W. MILLER CO., DALLAS, TEXAS

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AWAY WITH CLASS HATRED

Distinction of Condition Should Be Forgotten if the Ideal Ever is to Be Attained.

Perhaps there is no feeling more subtle, more elusive, and more difficult to eradicate from human nature than the sense of "superiority."

In a hundred different ways it manifests itself, and no class of society seems free from it.

The professional man's wife "con-

descends" to the grocer's wife, the clerk's wife patronizes the mechanic's wife, the "charlady" looks down on the "step-lady," and so it goes on.

Is it any matter for wonder, then, that those who clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, who fare sumptuously every day, who are surrounded by all the culture, all the beauty, and all the luxury which modern civilization can provide find it hard to believe that a common humanity binds them to people who dwell in hovels, whose

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W. H. ATKINSON

HUNTING FOR NAME

Story of Novel That Was Never Written, and Author's Search for Character.

By CLAUDINE SIBSON.
Mr. Paxton Bell, who had a poem and a story accepted by a magazine, had concluded to write a novel.
He was dining by himself at a restaurant as the lobster was brought on that Mr. Bell slapped his leg and exclaimed:
"By George, I'll do it!"
"Beg pardon, sir," replied the waiter.
"I said I would do it."
"But I won't, sir."
"I mean that I am going to write a novel."
"Then I would, sir."
A good part of that night was devoted to settling on a name. Wilkie Collins wrote a "No Name." The title: "My Novel" also played out long ago.
It was sure that Mr. Bell must have a name for his novel, but when daylight came he had found nothing to suit. A man can crawl through a barbed wire fence if he takes his time and is good at dodging and twisting, but to find a name for a first novel is almost a hopeless undertaking.
"Get the character, and the name will come," decided Mr. Bell with great wisdom.
He had a sister Elinore. She was young and frivolous, and not at all literary inclined, but for those very reasons she might suggest a corker of a character. She was appealed to, and after thinking her very hardest for three seconds she cried out:
"Name it 'What?'"
"Humph! What sort of a title is that?"
"Get everybody to asking 'What?' and your novel is a go. Now for your principal character. Name her 'Which?'"
"That's no name," growled the brother.
"Best in the world. Get the public to asking 'Which is What and vice versa, and you'll make a million dollars. Now run out and get me a two-pound box of chocolates."
Mr. Bell began to realize how Bertha Clay and Old Sleuth must have sat up nights with bags of ice at their feet, but he was not entirely discouraged. He would hunt for a living character, instead of taking an imaginary one. The very next day saw

him on the hunt. A novelist can get a character on every street corner, but not always gilt-edged, as Mr. Bell's must be, and there must be a romantic meeting to start with. He decided to try a parlor car on the railroad.

The coming novelist boarded a train and rode away for 40 miles. No romance! Mostly old women! Only one young lady, and she had toothache and a rag around her jaw!

He got off and started back to the city. Behold! Next to him in the chair was "What?" "Which?" Yes, he knew her at glance, and he heaved a sigh of relief that his greatest trouble was over. Handsome—aristocratic—charming, she seemed born for a heroine—for a "What?" "Which?" heroine.

There are men that stare at women in a way to arouse indignation. There are others that take further glances that are construed into compliments. He would not have perturbed that young lady for another boiled lobster.

Although Mr. Bell's glances were furtive, he must get to know his heroine. How else could he get to write of her many glorious attributes? The arrival in the city would furnish him opportunity and excuse. She was all alone and—

"Can I see you to the taxi, miss?"
"Thanks: I wish you would be so kind."

When they had reached the door of the waiting vehicle she turned to say:

"I am ashamed to admit that I am a bit nervous."
"Stranger in the city?" he queried.

"Y-yes, almost."
"And you think the driver may be a wicked man?"

"He looks it to me."
"I might accompany you."
"How dare I ask you?"

"Oh, that's all right. Only too happy to be of service. Get right in. What shall I tell the man?"

"He may drive to 2355 Amsterdam avenue, to my sister's. If she had known of my coming she'd surely have been here to meet me."

"Well, you can surprise her."
During the six-mile drive the young woman admitted that her name was Betsy Jones and Mr. Bell admitted he was planning a novel and proposed to make her the heroine. By the time they reached the address given they were quite well acquainted, and the novelist felt that he was in great luck.

It was an empty house that stared them in the face.

"Mercy on me!" gasped Miss Betsy. "Your sister must have moved!"

"She must, and she never wrote me about it!"

"And where will you go now?"

"Why—why—"

"I shall not leave you till you are safe with your friends," was the declaration.

"But it is so far."
"Never mind the distance."
"Then it's over in Brooklyn—897 Greenwood avenue."

This was a ten-mile ride, but the time passed pleasantly and another surprise awaited them. Mr. Bell waited while the girl ran up the steps and rang the bell.

"No such party lives here," was the reply from the woman who came to the door.

"But—but—"
"Nor ever did live here!"
"Mercy!"
"Nor ever will!"

There seemed to be tears in Miss Betsy's eyes as she came down the steps and said:

"My friends are not here. I must have misunderstood the address."

"Put have you no other friends?" asked Mr. Bell.

"I have, but it's so far, and you are so weary, and—"

"Nonsense! Where to now?"
"It's the first house on Clinker avenue, Staten Island."

"That's all right. I am glad I happened to be on the train."

"What should I have done without you?"

When the ferry was reached the taxi was taken aboard and on reaching the island it went wandering about and making inquiries for Clinker avenue. No one took these inquiries seriously until they had been riding for an hour and they met an old man. He took the matter under advisement for a long five minutes and then replied:

"Sir and Miss, Clinker avenue is all in your eye!"

Back to New York to seek out a second cousin, and it was near midnight when Mr. Bell rang the bell of a house to seek if Mr. Josh lived there. He was assisted down the steps by a kick, and returned to the taxi to find that he had been pushed some more. Miss Betsy had disappeared.

"Thirty-four dollars!" said the driver.

"What for?" was the astonished reply.

"For riding around with a girl!"
"Put—"

"Thirty-four plunks or you go to a police station!"

Mr. Bell hid the cash and he paid. Then a fortnight passed and the doctor pronounced him out of danger and advised a walk in the sunshine. The first corner the convalescent turned he collided with a young lady.

"You!" she exclaimed.

"And you!"

"I live only a block away—won't you call?" she asked.

Mr. Bell called. He was handed \$34 and then conversation began and hasn't ended yet. And it developed that Sister Elinore had planned it all to save the public from her brother's

novel. Her plan carried well for not a line of the "What?" "Which?" has been written or ever will be.
(Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

OF SUCH STUFF ARE DREAMS

Nothing Comes Into the Mind of the Sleeper That Is Not a Past Experience.

The dream as it unrolls itself before the sleeper's consciousness is an allegorical or symbolical expression of the ideas which belong to his thought world. Why should dreams take on an allegorical dress? Why are they not, as a rule, a literal transference of events and experiences from a waking state to a sleeping state?

The answer is, because the normal waking consciousness which acts as a kind of check upon painful or disagreeable thoughts and feelings, relaxes its activities during sleep and allows these thoughts and feelings to pass into consciousness, only, however, when their motives have been disguised under a hidden mass of symbolism. If it were not so, if dreams literally reflected the conflicts and yearnings of the workaday world, they would set up such emotional excitement as would arouse the waking consciousness and so make an end of sleep. Hence the valuable reflection is forced upon us that dreams fulfill the important function of preserving sleep. They are thus seen to bear vitally upon our health and happiness.

Another interesting question which modern investigation has been able to answer is, out of what materials are dreams constructed? Nothing can come into our dreams that has not entered into our past experiences. The thoughts of the mental state immediately preceding sleep are hard to recover afterward, but when they are recovered they are found to persist in our dreams. But we may go further than this. There is nothing incredible in the supposition that, written, as it were, with invisible ink on our nervous systems are characters inherited from our most distant ancestors.—Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D., in the Century Magazine.

How Names Are Changed.

There was a curious transformation of names among the refugees who flocked to England after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. In order to shake off all associations with the country where they had been so badly treated, many of the Huguenots translated their names into English, sometimes with a slight alteration of the sense. Bolleau became Drinkwater; Delamere, Bythesea; Joliffemne, Pretymas; Loiseau, Bird; Lefevre, Smith; Dubois, Wood, and Sauvage, Savage or Wild.

Some names became so corrupted as to be unrecognizable. Chapuis became Shoppee; Beaufoy, Boffin, and Conde, Cundy. Similar havoc, though on a less extensive scale, has been played with English names in France. Mazarin's successor, Colbert, descended from an Englishman named Cuthbert; and the real name of the famous artist who decorated Versailles was not Le Brun, but Brower.—London Daily Chronicle.

City Directory

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

I. O. O. F. Lodge meets every Friday night.
J. H. Richey, N. G.
N. J. Allen, Secretary

A. F. & A. M. Meets Saturday night on or after the full moon.
J. W. Bond, W. M.
J. B. Masterson, Secretary

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

PRESBYTERIAN every Third Sunday.
Rev. Charlton, Pastor

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

METHODIST, G. H. Bryant, pastor. Every Second and Fourth Sunday

SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday morning, T. R. Moreman, Superintendent.

BAPTIST, Rev. Reece, pastor. Every First Sunday

CHURCH OF CHRIST meets at school house for Bible class and communion at 10:30 every Sunday morning.

PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening

TIME TABLE

North bound
No. 1.....7:15 p. m.
" 7.....9:35 a. m.
South bound
No. 2.....9:05 a. m.
" 3.....11:30 a. m.

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

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

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

TO THE TELEPHONE USERS

The new management of the Exchange wishes to state to the public that every effort is being made to improve its service, and give the subscribers the best attention possible for us to give. We thank one and all for their courtesy and patronage.
Hedley Telephone Exchange

RESTAURANT AND MEAT MARKET

If you want something to eat come to my restaurant and grocery store.
If it is good meat you want come to my meat market
I expect to handle ice this year and deliver to your homes
J. M. WHITTINGTON

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

O. B. Stanley

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

All work Guaranteed

Give me a trial

AT ALBRIGHT DRUG CO.

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

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

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

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

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

SEND ONE HOME

Send the Informer to your friends back east. Spend 25c at least in telling them the kind of country in which you live, move and have your being

Call at my Wagon Yard for baled Alfalfa, Millet and Sorghum Hay, Corn Chops and Seed Oats. I will gladly supply your wants. Yours for business,
L. L. Cornelius, Hedley, Tx.

INOCULATION OF SOIL

Medium Red Clover Will Develop Nodules in Abundance.

After Lands Have Been Brought Into Fairly Good Condition of Fertility Rotation Will Maintain Humus and Nitrogen.

(By J. F. SEEVERS.)

Since the ability of leguminous plants to supply themselves with nitrogen depends on the action of certain bacteria, it is necessary that the proper bacteria exist in the soil in order that they may attack the roots of the developed seedlings and produce nodules. Ordinarily, medium red or alsike clover will develop nodules in abundance, on soils containing much sand. Alfalfa and many other legumes, however, often fail to develop the proper nodules or develop them only to a certain limited extent until they have been grown on the same piece of ground for three or four years.

It is frequently desirable, therefore, to inoculate the soil with the proper bacteria. Ordinarily this is best done by the distribution over the ground of soil on which the corresponding legumes have been grown for some time and on which they have shown a good development of nodules. The rate of development of nodules on the land so treated will, of course, depend on the amount of inoculating soil and the thoroughness of its mixture through the ground. Where such inoculating soil is readily accessible with only the cost of a short haul, it is best to use 1,000 to 2,000 pounds



The advantages of plowing under a crop of red clover on sandy soils is shown by this corn, the yield being increased nearly 50 per cent, where a clover sod was turned under the previous year for green manure.

per acre. Where, however, it must be shipped in, half of these quantities will produce a fair development when the soil is kept in a moist condition. When other legumes, such as cow peas and soy beans are to be grown, it may often be better to use the quantity of soil which can be secured on a small plot on which the corresponding crop can be grown for two or three years until this soil has become thoroughly inoculated and can be used for inoculating other land adjoining or in the neighborhood.

The use of a small amount of alfalfa seed mixed with clover seed will pave the way for alfalfa later by giving a few plants on the field a start so that the alfalfa bacteria can develop.

It is possible to develop the bacteria in question in other substances than soil and distribute them either by mixing with the seed or by sowing on the land separately. Attempts to do this have been made and firms are advertising such material. So far, however, the best results have been secured by the use of soil as above described.

It must be distinctly remembered that while the leguminous plants are able to gather their nitrogen from the air that they require other elements such as magnesium for their growth as well as do all other plants. Indeed, these leguminous plants are among the most active feeders on phosphorus, potassium, and calcium, and to secure a good growth, it is necessary to supply these elements in some form.



The effect of inoculation with nitrogen forming bacteria on white clover, grown in poor sand. This pot to the right was inoculated, that to the left uninoculated.

Partially rotted manure which by its decomposition gradually sets free these elements in available form, is usually the best fertilizer for such use and the application of even a very small amount of properly composed barn yard manure is the best assurance of a good growth of clover, alfalfa or other legume. When, however, stable manure is entirely out of the questions, artificial fertilizers containing the necessary elements may be used. An application of a mixture containing 75 to 100 pounds of muriate of potash and 200 to 300 pounds of ground steamed bone meal, applied per acre on land which has been limed the fall before, as described above, in preparing the ground for seeding to clover or other legumes, will aid greatly in the growth of this crop.

Ordinarily the roots of clover or alfalfa contain only about one-quarter or one-third as much vegetable matter and nitrogen as is contained in the plant above ground. When, therefore, it is desired that a considerable increase in the fertility of the soil and especially of humus be made, it is necessary to turn under the whole

crop. In improving extremely sandy soils that have been exhausted by a considerable period of cropping, it should be recognized that if any rapid improvement is to be made, it will be necessary to turn under practically the entire crop of legumes even if by so doing the use of the land for one or two years seems to be lost. The cost of such improvement should, of course, be added to the initial cost of the land in estimating its value. Nearly three times as much humus will be added by turning under a crop of clover as from the manure which would result from feeding it since about two-thirds of the organic matter in feed is decomposed in the animal.

After such lands have been brought to a fairly good condition of fertility, it will be practicable to maintain their nitrogen and humus supply by the growth of legumes in short rotation, even when the clover or other legume is cut for feed, provided the manure coming from such feeding is returned without loss to the soil.

FRIEND OF COTTON GROWERS

Immense Loss Sustained in Texas Because Quail and Prairie Chicken Are Almost Extirpated.

The cotton growers of Texas are losing \$10,000,000 to \$50,000,000 a year by reason of the ravages of the boll weevil; and all because the quail and the prairie chicken, the natural enemies of that bug, have been practically exterminated in that great state.

The cotton boll weevil is moving like a great army to the eastward and to the northward, and scientists sent to study the situation tell us it will go to the Atlantic ocean before it stops, and as far north as cotton is grown, unless all killing of birds is prohibited.

The wheat growers of the United States are losing over \$100,000,000 a year by reason of the ravages of the chinch bug.

Why? Because the quail, the natural enemy of that bug, has been almost exterminated.

The farmers of the middle and eastern states are paying out \$15,000,000 a year for paris green to put on their potato vines.

Why? Because the quail, the natural enemy of that bug, has been killed off.

Each of the great apple producing states are paying \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year for spraying apple trees, to keep down the codling moth.

Why? Because the woodpeckers, the sap-suckers, the robins, the bluejays, the bluebirds, the orioles, the tanagers and other birds that formerly preyed on that insect have been killed off.

Here are a few records as to the value of certain bug eaters:

A quail killed in a cotton field in Texas had in his crop the remains of 127 cotton boll weevils.

Another killed in a potato field in Pennsylvania had in his crop the remains of 101 potato bugs.

Another killed in a Kansas wheat field had in its crop the remains of over 1,200 chinch bugs.

STOP LEAKS IN FARM WORK

System of Coordinated Effort Should Be Worked Out and See Where Savings Can Be Made.

One of the great things on the farm is to see that the leaks are looked after, not only stopping one leak, but also the taking of a general survey of all the departments of farm work, endeavoring to make a saving wherever there is a loss. Most of us are familiar with the story of the Holland boy who discovered a leak in the dyke and stuck his thumb in it to keep the sea from breaking through and flooding the land below. The story goes that the leak grew in size and the lad was forced to put in his flat, then his arm, then his body. As we recall it now, at that point the story ends and nothing was told us regarding the later repairs or about the funeral of the boy.

From this fable we gather an idea regarding the farmers who are in the habit of discovering leaks in farm work, and for awhile the farmer endeavors to stop up the leak, then he may discover that there is another leak and forget about the first and what may be buried therein. It is better to not look at one of the leaks, but to investigate the entire system of farm practice to see if there is not an opportunity to stop more than one leak if they may be found. Some system of coordinated effort should be worked out. Such actions save a great deal of energy that is now expended in useless and ineffective spurts. The point is, endeavor to stop not only the main leak and then get lost in that effort, but look over the entire field of work and see where savings can be made in all lines.

Starting With Poultry.

If not accustomed to poultry, begin with a small number. Learn to make a success with a few, then go on with a larger number. In a majority of cases those who have made the biggest success in the poultry world and are yet in the business worked up from a small beginning.

A World's Record.

There are forty insect enemies of the boll weevil and the government has introduced six of these parasites on the cotton lands of the south and will in a few months turn loose six more species. The government authorities have hope that weevils may in time be entirely eliminated.

NAVAJOS are Self-Supporting



NAVAJO VILLAGE

THE Navajo Indian reservation, lying partly in New Mexico and partly in Arizona, overlaps the Continental divide like a gigantic saddle blanket, and may be briefly described further as a great broken plateau of some 25,000 square miles in area, semi-arid in its climatic features and overgrown quite generally with a hardy growth of vegetation, including many valuable forage plants unsurpassed for grazing purposes—a resource long since turned to account by its interesting inhabitants, the Navajos, the owners of 2,000,000 sheep, the income from which renders them practically independent of the whites and the benevolent paternalism of the federal government.

At the time of the American occupation of New Mexico in 1848, the Navajos had become quite generally a pastoral people, subsisting upon their flocks, which were added to, according to accounts of the times, by others stolen from the Pueblos and the Mexican settlers with whom they were not infrequently at enmity. During the '60's when the tribe was at war with the United States their herds and property were ruthlessly killed and destroyed and the men, women and children carried off in captivity to Fort Sumner.

Children Belong to Mother.

Following their release and return to the reservation, the United States government, in 1869, gave them 30,000 sheep and 2,000 goats, which by careful husbanding they have increased to the present extensive dimensions, becoming the principal possession of each family and its chief means of support, the flocks of the more thrifty. In many instances, numbering several thousand head, thus enabling the possessors to live in comparative ease or affluence even. It is, indeed, the exception rather than the rule to find a family without a herd of sheep. They, in fact, are the royal road to power and influence in the tribe, one's rank being automatically regulated by the size of his flock, the greater one's possessions the more exalted his position.

As among other primitive peoples, woman's standing in the Navajo tribe is high, descent and inheritance being in her line, the children belonging to the mother and her clan. By tribal prerogative she is the principal property owner, the lands, houses, crops and sheep being hers exclusively, and it is on her that their care and management largely devolve.

The scarcity of water and grass at certain seasons, the difference in altitude of the various sections, the consequent attendant climatic variations and the peculiar character of the plant life of the reservation make it necessary to move the flocks during certain seasons. For these reasons, to which must be coupled the itinerant proclivities of the tribe, the Navajo has no permanent abode, his movements being regulated to a very great extent by the waxing and waning of the pastures, a state of affairs that fits in well with Navajo disposition to wander, inherited from his forebears, who lived by hunting and plundering, the change from a roving hunter to a nomadic herdsman being an easy and perhaps a natural one.

Ranges Divided.

In the summer months the family repair with their flocks to the high mountainous areas, where thrive magnificent belts of timber consisting of yellow pine, fir, spruce, scrub oak, pinon, juniper and cedar. Flourishing within these timbered tracts are numerous grassy stretches that furnish excellent pasturage for the herds. Then, too, the climate is more congenial and water more abundant than on the lower semi-arid sections elsewhere.

As a rule, whether on the summer or winter pasture lands, the family occupy the same locality, in each case, year after year, the range being divided in some manner among the various clans that constitute the Navajo tribe, and again subdivided among the families, where it is handed down through some system of entail from one generation to another. In a secluded place remote from springs, watering sites and trails near a small arable tract, the summer hogan is situated, near which are the corrals for the sheep and ponies.

The size of the flocks owned by the individual families vary considerably in some cases. The number possessed by the smallest holders is rarely less than 250 head. While the more wealthy have as many as 2,000 or more. Some of the wealthiest hold at their disposal from 6,000 to 10,000 head, but instances of this kind are few and are not known to exist in but ten or twelve cases. Of seventy-seven herds counted near Keams canyon, Arizona, the average sized flock was found to be very nearly 700 head, which is probably a fair estimate for other sections of the reservation. If there is any difference elsewhere it will exceed these figures rather than fall below them. A herd of this size will easily support an average Navajo family of two adults and three children. The wool sold direct to the traders as it is taken from the sheep should bring \$300. If made into blankets it will exceed this amount by two or three times. Adding to this the returns from the sale of a few lambs or of the matured animals, it is obvious that the ordinary Navajo family can live easily off the income from their flocks, considering that they are at no cash outlay, except for their clothing, flour, coffee and a few other domestic necessities exclusive of meat, which is supplied from the herd. While no definite figures are obtainable, it seems very probable that the Navajos have on an average 100 sheep per capita for every man, woman and child on the reservation, which is amply sufficient to solve the bread-and-butter problem for them for generations to come, granting, of course, that they do not lose their herds from epidemics or from unfavorable range conditions.

TO NATURE FOR REAL REST

Excellent Advice Couched in Language That Savors of the Fancy of the True Poet.

Tired, are you? Want a recipe for real rest? Well, here's one, recommended by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay—he's a poet, but don't hold that against him—in *Farm and Fireside*: "You to whom the universe has become a blast furnace, a coke oven, a cinder-strewn freight yard, to whom the history of all ages is a tragedy with the climax now to whom our democracy and our flag are but playthings of the hypocrite, turn to the soil, turn to the earth, your mother, and she will comfort you. Rest, be it ever so little, from your black broodings. Think with the farmer once more, as your fathers did. Reverse with the farmer our centuries-old rural civilization, however little it meets the city's trouble. Reverse the rural customs that have their roots in the immemorial benefits of nature. "There is perpetual balm in Gilead, and many city workmen shall turn to it and be healed. This by faith, and a study of the signs, we proclaim!"—Detroit Free Press.

Fox Made the Cat Dizzy.

Augustus Johnson, a machinist employed by the Seth Thomas Clock company in Thomaston, tells this story: "I went fox-hunting by moonlight. Near Henry Pickett's house a large cat came along pursued by a fox. The feline climbed a tree whereupon the fox began to circle about the trunk. The cat watched the fox until it became dizzy and fell to the ground. As the fox started away with the cat I shot and got both fox and cat."—Winsted (Conn.) Dispatch to New York American.

Optimistic.

"Well, Bill," said the temporarily retired burglar to his pal, "there's one thing we oughter be thankful for here in the pen."

"Wot's that?" said Bill.

"We ain't bothered much dodgin' ortermobiles, or worryin' over the high cost o' livin'," said the T. R. B.—Harper's Weekly.

Brotherly Love.

"Ah!" said a conceited young person, "I have this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses."

"Then that was the reason why you always called them beloved brethren," replied a strong-minded lady.—Life.

Healthy Baby is Precious Blessing

To Make It Healthy and Keep it Healthy Use a Reliable Baby Laxative



Dorothy Johnson.

In spite of the greatest personal care and the most intelligent attention to diet, babies and children will become constipated, and it is a fact that constipation and indigestion have wrecked many a young life. To start with a good digestive apparatus is to start life without handicap. But as we cannot all have perfect working bowels we must do the next best thing and acquire them, or train them to become healthy. This can be done by the use of a laxative-remedy very highly recommended by a great many mothers. The remedy is called Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and has been on the market for two generations. It can be bought conveniently at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar a bottle, and those who are already convinced of its merits buy the dollar size.

Thousands can testify to its merits in constipation, indigestion, biliousness, sick headaches, etc., among them reliable people like Mrs. M. Johnson, 752 Dayton St., Kenosha, Wis. She is the mother of little Dorothy Johnson who was always in delicate health until her mother gave her Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Mrs. Johnson says:

"I never saw such rapid improvement in the health of anyone. Syrup Pepsin is a wonderful remedy and I shall never be without it again." Thousands keep Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin constantly in the house, for every member of the family can use it from infancy to old age. The users of Syrup Pepsin have learned to avoid cathartics, salts, mineral waters, pills and other harsh remedies for they do but temporary good and are a shock to any delicate system.

If no member of your family has ever used Syrup Pepsin, and you would like to make a personal trial of it before buying it in the regular way of a druggist, send your address—a postal will do—to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washington Street, Monticello, Ill., and a free sample bottle will be mailed you.

Make the Horse Glad and Eager for Work

Clip him before you put him at the spring. Take off his winter coat that holds the wet sweat and dirt. He'll get more good from his feed, look better, rest better and give you better service in every way. You'll buy any tool the Stewart Ball Bearing Clipping Machine.

The machine that turns easier, clips faster and closer and stays sharper longer than any other. Ours are all the hand and cut from solid steel. They are accurate, protected and run in oil. They are all of new style, easy to run, give the exact and clearest single length clipping.

HIGH SPEED Little friction, little wear. Has six feet of new style, easy running flexible shaft and clearest single length clipping tool.

EASY ACTION LIGHTSIBLE SHAFT CO., Writs & Date Co., Chicago, Ill.

PRICE \$7.50

Get one from your dealer and remember every machine is fully guaranteed.

Untold agony is what a woman suffers from tight shoes.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Cures Grip in Two Days. 2c.

When an actress dies or is sued for divorce her real name comes out.

VERY TRUE.



"What kind of a season are we going to have, Uncle Abner?"

"Well, it's awful hard to say as to that. You know it depends a hull lot on the weather."

Practical Maid. She—Of course, I'm much honored by your proposal, but I must have a few days to think it over.

He—Well, when may I come for my answer. She—Let's see. Monday, there's the washing; Tuesday I must put up clean curtains and Wednesday I must make some jam. Come on Thursday.

THE KNOW HOW

To Feed Children and Get Good Results.

There are more nervous persons made so by undigested food lying in the stomach than the average individual would suppose.

If food remains undigested in the stomach, it begins to ferment, set up gas and a large portion is thus converted into poison.

That's why imperfectly digested food may, and often does, cause irritation of the nerves and stupor of the mind—brain and nerves are really poisoned.

"My daughter had complained for some time of a distressed feeling in the stomach, after eating, which set me thinking that her diet was not right," writes an anxious and intelligent mother.

"She had been fond of cereals, but had never tried Grape-Nuts. From reading the account of this predigested food, it seemed reasonable to try Grape-Nuts for her case.

"The results were really wonderful. The little brain that seemed at times unable to do its work, took on new life and vigor. Every morning, now, before going to school, she eats the crisp little morsels and is now completely and entirely well, she seems to have a new lease on life—no more distress in the stomach, nor headache, but sound and well every way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"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.

Stiff Joints Sprains, Bruises

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busiest time of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand. WILTON WHEELER, Morris, Ala.

Good for Broken Sinews. G. G. Jones, Baldwin, L. I., writes:—"I used Sloan's Liniment for broken sinews above the knee cap caused by a fall and to my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Fine for Sprain. MR. HENRY A. VOELK, 64 Samarset St., Plainfield, N. J., writes:—"A friend sprained his ankle so badly that it went black. He laughed when I told him that I would have him out in a week. I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good liniment after the accident."

Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Sloan's Book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan.



Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compelled a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Don't flag the busy little bee when he is going straight ahead.

GRANULATED EYELIDS CURED. The worst case, no matter of how long standing are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. Relieves pain and heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

When some men get interested in politics they forget 'all about labor.

BUY FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND

STOPS COUGHS - CURES COLDS

Contains No Opium and is Safe for Children

CLEAN-UP SALE

On Ladies, Misses and Children's

HATS

Our policy is not to carry over until next season. We mean to make it go. Come in and get the lowest prices ever heard of on our Millinery stock. Remember it must go. We mean to sell every hat in the house. We need the room and must have it. The Hats are going fast better come at once.

Our Spring and Summer Lines in Dress Goods, Shoes and Clothing, etc. are in the house and we mean to close our Millinery season AT ONCE.

With this issue we thank you for your liberal patronage and solicit a continuance of the same. Don't forget that we carry a complete line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware and Implements. Our motto: "The Best Goods That Money Can Buy." We are The House of Quality

Bain & McCarroll

Locals

S. L. Guinn and wife spent Sunday in Estelline.

See Mrs. J. B. Masterson for dress making.

Little Greta Lee Willis has been quite sick this week.

A fine line of watches at Albright Drug Co.

Miss Ina Reeves visited home folks Sunday.

See McDougal, if you want the best Smithing Coal.

Zela and Mamie Wood visited an aunt near Lelia Lake a few days this week.

Full line of Elgin, Hampden, and other high grade watches at Albright Drug Co.

R. W. Scales has returned from Amarillo where he went for treatment.

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

M. L. Lively was up from Eli Tuesday buying goods and visiting his son T. C. Lively.

Dr. N. F. Williams of Clarendon was down to see some sick animals Saturday.

Good 50 pound Refrigerator for sale at a bargain. Mrs. A. M. Sarvis.

B. L. Kinsey has been in Estelline this week transacting business.

Mrs. K. W. Howell has been real sick this week. Last report she was improving.

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

D. B. Abright is spending the week in Fort Worth transacting business.

Rev. G. H. Bryant requests the announcement made that the Methodist meeting here will begin the 4th Sunday in July.

Mrs. A. O. Sarvis returned Wednesday night from Cleburne, where she visited her folks several weeks.

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

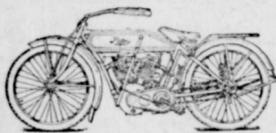
Mrs. Holman was right sick first of the week. Her husband who was working on the Reed ranch in Armstrong county is now with her.

I am running an auto line from Hedley to Memphis daily. Leave Hedley at 1 p. m. and Memphis at 3 p. m. A. L. Miller.

Editor Warren was down from Clarendon Saturday mixing with the citizens and watching Hedley grow.

Whoever borrowed my buggy tongue please bring it home and pay for this notice. A. N. Wood.

When you want something nice in Millinery, be sure to see my stock. Mrs. M. E. Carmack, at T. R. Garrott & Cos store, Memphis, Texas.



POPE MOTORCYCLES
S. L. GUINN, General Agent
Hedley, Texas

A full supply of Rugby lump coal at a price that will surprise you. I keep the slack. See me before you buy. Also plenty of Nut coal on hand. J. G. McDougal.

Mrs. J. W. Callahan and children of Estelline visited her brother T. C. Lively and family, several days last week.

Mrs. J. H. Myers left Saturday for San Antonio for the benefit of her health and to visit relatives for a few weeks.

Mrs. Joe J. Mickle and children and Mrs. Gibbs of Memphis and her mother, Mrs. Horton of California, visited Mrs. A. M. Sarvis Saturday.

See J. C. Wooldridge for Hog and Chicken Fence, the electric weld—the best on earth. N. J. Allen, Mgr.

Call at my Wagon Yard for baled Alfalfa, Millet and Sorghum Hay, Corn Chops and Seed Oats. I will gladly supply your wants. Yours for business, L. L. Cornelius, Hedley, Tx.

A singing class was organized last Sunday afternoon with D. C. Moore as president, and will meet each Sunday afternoon. Every lover of music is requested to join the class.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our many friends who were so kind and helpful during the illness and death of our wife and mother. Your kind acts and consoling words will never be forgotten. C. F. Doherty and children.

When the farmer comes to town, His tires loose or his wagon broke down,

Parker, the Blacksmith, will set them tight. His work guaranteed, he will do it right.

He will shoe your horses, heel and toe, And you won't have to wait long before you go.

Has a full supply of everything in iron and wood; Solicits your patronage, will treat you good. (adv)

To The Farmers of Hedley territory: I am a Farm Blacksmith and have the experience. All work guaranteed. Yours for trade. J. M. Bozeman at the old Jones stand.

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

T. C. Lively has bought J. W. Watts' interest in the grocery business and the firm is now T. C. Lively & Co.

CLEAN UP THE TOWN!!!!

Watches from the men's large size to the ladies' smallest size. Albright Drug Co.

See Mrs. J. B. Masterson for dress making.

Their Parting.

All too short had been their association. All too soon had come a parting of the ways. This being the case, Mary Jane and her mistress considered it an apt moment for the throwing off of a few remarks.

"I hope you will leave in a respectable manner," said the mistress tartly. "You came with your box in a low-down, plebeian wheelbarrow."

"And I'm going away in a motorcar," snapped the domestic. "My new missus is sending one."

"Then," cavilled the mistress of the past, "why doesn't it drive up in a respectable manner to the front gate?"

"Well," replied Mary Jane, "perhaps they don't want people to think they're in visiting terms here."

JACK—4 years old, will make the season at the Cornelius wagon yard. \$10 to insure living colt. P. W. Cash.

KALIDOR

will make the season at my yard. He is an Imported Percheron. Several of his colts will bring \$200 now. Terms made known on application. L. L. Cornelius.

HATED BY ALL AUSTRALIA
Man Who Introduced Rabbits into the Country is Cured by the Nation.

In the early days of Australian settlement—just when, nobody can say—some well-meaning emigrant sailed from old England, taking with him, among his most cherished possessions, a couple of pairs of rabbits, probably the pets of his children. The name of that pioneer is not chronicled in Australia's history. He may have been a most worthy man—a man whose life and works in the country of his adoption might very well have earned for his memory the greatest respect and regard, but nothing he did or could have done would be sufficient to wipe out his terrible blunder. His name, whatever it may have been, is anathema; his memory is vile; his folly unforgivable.

This pioneer may have had the best intentions in the world. When Australians speak of him they admit that possibility, but in their anger they refuse to accept it as an extenuation of his heinous conduct. They are ready to believe that in England the rabbit is harmless. They know that in England "bunny" is carefully protected in game preserves, and is regarded as a delicacy for the table of the rich. They know that it is a serious offense for unauthorized persons to kill or steal rabbits from an English game preserve, and that not so very many years ago poachers were transported to the convict settlements of the colonies for life for no greater offense than this; but when they see their Australian farms or grazing lands denuded of every vestige of herbage by hordes of hungry rabbits, the progeny of those first two pairs, they curse loud and long. They then go out and slay millions of the pest by poison and suffocating fumes.—Wide World Magazine.

Clothing an Insulator.

In dealing with persons suffering from electrical shock, if the victim remains in contact with the circuit his body must not be touched by the rescuer, but the latter may pull him out of contact by hauling on the clothing, or he may take off his own coat, insert his hands in the sleeves and then handle the victim with little or no risk.

Almost any article of clothing or material may be used, provided it is dry and of moderate thickness. Dr. Morton points out that death from electrical shock is only an apparent death at first, and that there is practically always a time during which it is possible to resuscitate the victim by artificial respiration.

CLEAN UP!

Windmills!

Windmill Supplies all kinds, Pipe and Pipe Fittings, Well Casing, and everything needed about the well.

Let us dig you a well, or fit your well up with a mill. We want to figure with you.

KERLEY & LATIMER

COAL TO BURN! GET IT NOW

Phone No. 8
Cicero Smith L'b'r Co.

S. A. McCARROLL, Manager