

# The Hedley Informer

VOL. III

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1913

NO. 40

## FIRST BALE OF COTTON BROUGHT BY W. P. BAIN

Hedley received her first bale of cotton Thursday. Mr. W. P. Bain brought the bale and had it ginned at the Blue gin. About \$25 was paid to Mr. Bain as a premium. He will not sell the cotton for a few days. The bale weighed 347 pounds. This is probably the earliest in the season of any ever raised in Donley County. Last year the first bale was ginned September 19.

## \$2,500,000 TO HELP HANDLE THE TEXAS CROP

Washington, Aug. 26—Secretary McAdoo announced today the apportionment, as far as it has been completed, of the \$50,000,000 to be deposited by the Government in National Bank of the West and South to facilitate the movement and marketing of crops.

The Southern banks have asked that their share of the funds be deposited in August and September, and those in the west want the money apportioned to them during September, October and November. The money will be allowed to remain on deposit on an average of four or five months. All of it is to be returned not later than next April, and the southern bankers, who get their money first, in December will begin turning it back into the treasury in monthly installments.

In each depositary city the Government has chosen a special representative who will serve in conjunction with the clearing house committee of five to pass on all commercial paper recommended as security for deposits and all paper before being accepted must be unanimously recommended by this committee.

Texas is to get \$2,500,000 to aid in the crop season. Alex Sanger of Dallas has been appointed Special Government Representative to serve with clearing house judges in passing on securities.

## GUARANTY STATE BANK OPENS FOR BUSINESS

The Guaranty State Bank opened its doors for business first of the week. C. D. Akers is doing the clerical work for the bank. T. T. Harrison, the cashier, will move here as soon as he can get a house in which to live. The furniture for the bank has been installed and is certainly nice, making the new quarters loom up metropolitan like.

## ABOUT THE REUNION

The Old Soldiers' Reunion at Hedley last Friday and Saturday was a big success from every

## BAPTIST REVIVAL MEETING STILL IN PROGRESS

A Goodly Number of Conversions, and Nearly Half a Hundred Added to the Church. Baptizing Sunday Afternoon.

The Baptist meeting is still under way and will continue until Sunday night. A goodly number have been converted, and about 47 have joined the church, about 20 will be baptized in the baptistry of the church next Sunday afternoon. Dr. Wright, the Evangelist, has been preaching some deep sermons, and making the plan of salvation

very clear to the hearers.

The singing under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Blankenship has been excellent, and worth going to hear.

The meeting has been instrumental not only in leading souls to Christ, but in lining up those Baptist who have heretofore had their membership elsewhere or in their trunks.

Mrs. F. A. Mannville and little daughter of Ola, Ark., arrived Wednesday night to visit her brother W. E. Brooks.

Isaac Harris of Bryan came in this week to visit T. C. Livey. Mr. Harris was here in June and seems to like Hedley.

## BUILDING SOME BIG SILOS AROUND HEDLEY

Mr. Biggers of Windy Valley is putting up a big silo on his farm.

Frank Clark is building two 250 ton silos on his place. This is a move in the right direction. More and much better feed can be saved by use of silos.

T. T. Harrison this week purchased an acre of land from W. I. Rains, paying therefor the sum of \$150. The land lies just east of Clint Phillips home in south part of town and is an ideal location for a home. We understand that Mr. Harrison will build a residence thereon soon.

## ADAMSON PICNIC AT NAYLOR SPRINGS HIGHLY ENJOYED

Tuesday, August 19th, was a day long to be remembered by the Adamson relatives. As it happened that so many of the relatives were here visiting, it was decided to have a picnic that all might be together for a day of rejoicing and good time in general where the pleasant associations of the past might be recalled and hearts reunited.

Early in the morning all were busy getting ready for the journey to Naylor Spring which place was decided for the family reunion and picnic.

Most everyone was there by the noon hour with well filled baskets, watermelons, etc. A pleasant hour was spent in conversation and shaking hands while waiting for all to be on the ground. Then a sumptuous dinner was spread, consisting of baked chicken and dressing, fried chicken, salmon, pickles, salads, cakes, ice tea, lemonade and other good things too numerous to mention. Everyone did justice to the elegant dinner and was ready for a rest under the fine shade of the beautiful trees; indulging in conversation about the different relatives and other things of a pleasant nature. After a rest the fun commenced, the young folks swinging, having water battles, and every one believing that when in "Rome they must do as Romans do" so the old folks joined in the battle and as speeches were in order Martin Adamson (past 60 years of age) recited the following: "Here I stand all ragged and dirty If you don't come kiss me, I'll run like a turkey."

He ran. It was a day to be remembered, a day of pleasure and still it was a sad day for we do not believe we will ever all meet again here in this world as we have met this time. As it happened one did not know the other would be here until they arrived. It was suggested that we sing "God be With You 'till We Meet Again" but decided it would make the occasion too sad.

There were 54 present whose names are as follows:

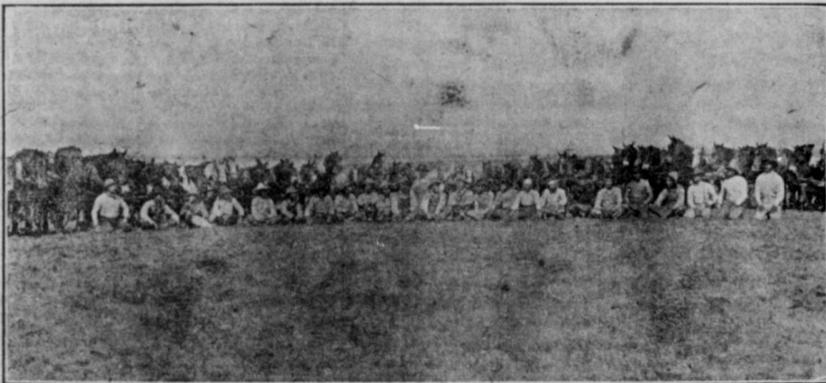
S. S. Adamson and wife, Mrs. Sallie Adamson, Jesse Simon, Teddy and Gladys Adamson; Tego Adamson and wife, Mrs. Matilda Peters sister of Tom Adamson, Simon Adamson's children, Paul Moore and wife, Martin, Larkin and Lura Adamson, who are visiting Mrs. Josie Adamson, Jessie and Wesley Adamson, Bob Adamson, wife and baby, Hodges Adamson and wife, George Tomberlin, wife and children, O. K. Culwell, wife and children, Fannie Adamson, Mrs. Guinn, Dan Crouch, wife and children, Jim Morris, Willie Adamson, John Tomberlin, and Howard A. Nett. There was ten of the relatives here who did not attend and 52 were in attendance.

After a day of pleasure all started for home with sadness in a sense that it might be the last day we would spend together on earth, but trusting it would not.

One who was there.

The W. M. Auxiliaries will meet Monday 4:30 p. m. The same Bible lesson we were to have had last Monday. Sixteen chapters of Leviticus.

## GOOD SAMARIATANS WORKING R. H. BELCHER'S CROP



Tuesday morning June 24 with teams and tools the neighbors of R. H. Belcher of Windy Valley met at his home to work out his crop of about 150 to 200 acres. Mr. Belcher had been sick several weeks and the good people showed their neighborliness by helping him. The following named were the crowd of workers: N. S. Ray, J. X. Miller, D. B. Perdue, O. J. Trout and son, M. H. Trout, J. B. Blank, John Calcoate, J. H. Sansberry, A. B. Cunningham, E. H. Brooks, B. L. Knowles, F. M. Hart, J. E. Branch, W. C. Jones, W. B. Ayers, J. M. Mobley, W. P. Howard, E. L. Kennedy, J. W. Rowland, W. S. Nobles, W. C. Killian, John McCracken, Emmett Christian and Grover Eddings. Mr. Belcher desires to express his heartfelt thanks to his neighbors for their big heartedness in showing their true neighborliness by their Christian act of rendering assistance in a time of need.

standpoint and the little Donley county city did herself proud in the entertainment of her many visitors.

Quite a bunch of Memphis people went up Friday morning, including the Memphis Booster Band, which furnished music for the occasion both days. A nice program was rendered that day at the tabernacle.

Saturday was the big day and

over two hundred Memphians attended, going up in cars and on the train. Some estimated that there were four thousand people there that day. The city was decorated profusely and every courtesy possible was shown those attending. A program, consisting of addresses by prominent Panhandle orators, songs, recitations and war time reminiscences, was rendered in the morning at the tabernacle.

At twelve o'clock dinner was served to the old soldiers and wives at the mess hall, in the basement of the new brick Methodist church, consisting of stewed meat, pickles, potatoes, gravy, pie, cake and coffee. The visitors were served at the barbecue table with the same fare, supplemented with basket dinners. Everyone was pleased with the dinner and after everyone was satisfied there was still lots left. For supper the entire attendance was invited to eat at the mess hall, where an excellent meal was served to all.

—Hall County Herald.

The little city of Hedley, in Donley County, with a population of six or seven hundred people, so royally entertained the old soldiers of the Panhandle last Friday and Saturday that they, the good people of Hedley will never be able to get away with the bouquets of praise handed them both by the old soldiers and the visitors in that city.

There was a large crowd on Friday the first day of the entertainment, and they were

handled easily by the perfect arrangements made by the people of Hedley. The old soldiers and their wives and members of the Memphis Booster Band, which furnished music for the occasion, were fed in the mess hall, which had been arranged in the basement of the new Methodist church. There they given some as fine barbecued meat as we ever tasted. In connection with this was potatoes, pickles, bread, coffee, water and pies and cakes were stacked in front of each plate and there you were invited to eat until you got your fill.

The good citizens opened their homes to the visiting old soldiers and they were comfortably cared for at night and for breakfast in the morning in the home in which they were entertained during the night.

Saturday was the big barbecue day for all and the way that Hedley fed the large crowd of some two or three thousand visitors was a revelation to some of the larger cities of the Panhandle. Hedley can well swell up with pride for having within her territory, citizens with nerve and backbone to entertain such a large crowd, and then to know that it was done according to "Hoyle" and without a hitch. The crowds were well entertained with various games and amusements and also a nice program of readings and recitations each day.

We yell, three cheers for Hedley, the coming Metropolis of

Donley county. All the old officers of the Panhandle Association were re-elected and Childress was selected as the next place of meeting some time in August, 1914—Memphis Democrat.

Major Ed C. Wilson of this city was a welcome visitor at the News office this morning having returned home from a visit at Childress. He leaves with us a copy of the proceedings of the Panhandle Regiment U. C. V. reunion at Hedley during which he served as secretary and chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. He also addressed the veterans an "The Grand Repose of the Confederate Soldier after a Lapse of forty eight years." Much praise is bestowed upon the little town of Hedley for their hospitality. The convention lasted two days. Electra Daily News.

The Herald scribe was in a way prepared to see some growth in Hedley, when he attended the reunion there last Saturday, but was surprised at the growth and enterprise of the little city. It is one of the most enterprising and prosperous towns in Donley county and is steadily forging to the front. The way they handled the crowds last week is an excellent indication of their ability to do things. We take off our hat to Hedley—Hall County Herald.

Mrs. Nat Smith has returned to her home at Fort Worth after a visit here with friends.

## The Successful Man Acts, While Others are Thinking About It.

Come in and get acquainted with us and make our bank your bank. We do a Modern Banking Business based on Modern Principles. Our equipment is Complete, our resources unlimited and our willingness to serve you in any way consistent with sound Banking, makes business a pleasure.

We Want Your Business---

We Know We Can Please You

**FIRST STATE BANK**  
HEDLEY, - - - - TEXAS.

**THE HEDLEY INFORMER**

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Publisher

HEDLEY, TEXAS

**BY FORCE OF PERSONALITY**

Rise of Rachel, Foremost of Tragic Actresses, to Fame, is an Inspiration to Her Sex.

Rachel, one of the foremost actresses in history, represents the fact that personality is one of the most important assets of womanhood. This wonderful woman holds a place in the progress of the drama that is to be envied. With personality, she compelled recognition and forged to the front ranks by dint of hard work and earnestness of purpose.

She is one of the startling examples of the force of individuality over an audience. She held her listeners spellbound, sweeping them with her up to the heights and down to the depths of emotion with her wonderful acting.

In "Bajazet" and "Andromaque," in "Marie Stuart," she electrified the house, and even in the monotonous "Ariane" of Thomas Corneille, and the dull "Tancrède" of Voltaire she worked up her audience, by the force of her impersonations, to a state of frantic admiration. Great, indeed, must have been the power of this young actress to have not only reconciled the English taste to the uncongenial classicalities of French "legitimate" tragedy, but to have produced in her audience a positive enthusiasm.

It is a genuine fact that many ladies fainted from emotion during these representations. One was carried insensible from the theater in spite of all efforts to recover her. On this circumstance being told to a manager, he exclaimed: "Oh, that's nothing! She ought to have died in the theater. The effect would have been tremendous—what a good puff lost!"

The humble origin of Mademoiselle Rachel is well known, but few, perhaps, are aware that she had not received in her youth the common rudiments of education, and that she taught herself writing merely by copying the manuscripts of others. On her first introduction into high society she was greatly embarrassed by the conventions of the table; and the question that once arose in her mind at a grand dinner as to the proper use of the knife and fork in the consumption of asparagus was infinitely embarrassing.

Her obscure beginning and her important life hold in them encouragement and hope for all of her sisters.

**Plenty of Time to Repair It.**

One day a well-dressed elderly man called at the shop of the local jeweler in a small Scottish town, and asked:

"Is my watch ready?"

As the watchmaker had at the moment no remembrance of the man, he asked him in turn:

"When did you leave your watch?"

"Oh," replied the man, "I didn't leave it in this shop. We were over by Nelson street when you got it."

"Nelson street?" repeated the jeweler. "We left Nelson street seventeen years ago."

"But I felt it with you, for a' that."

"Can you tell me the name and the number of the watch?"

They were promptly given, as well as a description of the watch, and it was found. Exactly twenty-two years had passed since it was left for repairs, yet at the end of that time its owner had called for it as naturally as if he had only left it the preceding week.

"Why have you not got your property before?" asked the jeweler.

"Well," responded the man, "I went over to America shortly after I left the watch would be safe with ye till I can back, but I stayed a wee thocht langer than I intended."—Youth's Companion.

**Hens Adopt Male Plumage.**

Remarkable developments in poultry would seem to suggest that the masculine tendencies of some women have now spread to the hens: a London letter states:

A well known Sussex breeder of Hatfield possesses a two and one-half-year-old speckled Sussex hen, which at the end of her first year was in appearance a hen, laid a quantity of eggs, set and reared a brood of chickens. Last year she did not lay but molted into a cock's plumage, with the exception of the headgear, which is normally a pullet's.

A partridge Wyandotte hen has been presented to the Natural History museum which presents a specially peculiar case.

The hen was hatched in 1910 and molted normally in the autumn of that season and again in 1911. After the 1912 molt her plumage became in all respects that of a cock. Although she still laid eggs, not one of them has been hatched.

Mr. A. R. Cooper of Knaresborough has had a blue Leghorn female with a male's headgear, but in this case the bird did not lay any eggs.

**Lack of Legislation.**

"I am told that sometimes the Esquimaux chew boots and shoes for nourishment."

"Well," replied the systematic man, "I suppose that's what they get for not having any proper pure food laws."

**Appropriate Greeting.**

"When I passed Lucy's house yesterday, she gave me a salute strictly in keeping with the season."

"What was it?"

"A cool wave."

**Honesty Really Is Always Best Policy**  
By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Competition in business and truthfulness are mutually exclusive things. Where one is the other is not. A man whose bread and butter and whose family's bread and butter—to say

nothing about his motor cars and wines and cigars from Havana—depends upon selling his own brand of this or the other kind of thing, simply cannot tell the truth regarding his competitor's goods—or his competitor's character.

Honesty is the outward and personal manifestation of truth. Unless truth is respected utterly, and dominates all human affairs, there can be no such thing as honesty. And to me it seems clear that while competition is the rule of business real honesty is an unrealizable dream.

And business—so it also seems to me—will remain competitive just so long as business is regarded as primarily and principally as a means of making one's fortune, in greater or less degree. Yes, and I will even go further than this, and say that business will remain competitive—and hence ruthless and dishonest—just so long as business is regarded as a means of making one's livelihood, and a livelihood for our near and dear ones.

Do you ask if there can be a higher ideal than the duty of providing for one's family? I answer, yes, there can, and there is. Ignoble means not only are not sanctified by a good end, but they also make the reaching of the good end impossible. A business man who employs dishonesty as a means of reaching the end of providing for his family—using the argument to himself that he must do as others do, or go down in the fight, but publicly denying that he ever is dishonest—such a man simply does not provide for his family, no matter how well he feeds and clothes and "educates" its members.

We do not live by bread alone; nor are good clothes and a good house and a good "education"—as we misname the kind of schooling we give our children today—the only things that protect us and shelter us and aid us to make our way. Children ought to have more than that from their parents. They ought to be given the nourishment of high ideals, the super-substantial bread of truth, as well as the material things.

There can be no real health, and, therefore, no real prosperity and progress, unless all three sides of human nature are provided for—the physical, the mental and the spiritual. When the time arrives—as it must—that business is regarded primarily and principally as a means of supplying ourselves and one another with the good things of life—good food, good clothes, good houses, good books, good service of all kinds—because so we can best serve life, then will honesty, absolute honesty, the outward manifestation of truth, be recognized as the best policy in all respects.

Applied psychology in advertising is very much like literary art—it may be mighty good after its own manner, while far from good, or bad even to rotteness, from a moral point of view. In other words, dishonest advertising—like dishonesty in all things—is not permanent and creative; it is ephemeral and destructive even of what itself accomplishes. Honesty really is the best policy.

We are on the way to its adoption. *Michael Williams*

**Direct Cause of Pellagra Is Unsound Corn**  
By DR. E. M. HUMMEL, New Orleans

Having seen pellagra in Italy, where it has prevailed for generations, and having studied in Georgia and my home state, I am prepared to assert very positively that the direct cause of the

ailment is in the consumption of moldy and unsound corn, caused by the harvesting of the grain when it was in a soft and immature stage.

The correctness of this theory cannot be successfully disputed, for all the circumstances and facts connected therewith go to corroborate that position.

In certain parts of the south, where the people produce their own corn, and do not take it from the fields until it is thoroughly ripe, there is no record of pellagra. It cannot come from sound and well-matured ears.

In other southern states, like Mississippi and Texas, where the farmers devote all their attention to cotton planting and where they import their breadstuffs from the outside, the corn supply usually comes from the western states.

It is this western corn, I am satisfied, that produces pellagra. It is grown and harvested purely as a commercial proposition, and but scant attention is paid to the hygienic aspect of the matter. Just so it can pass muster in the market as a saleable product is enough for those who grow it only to sell.

The same causes have operated in the same way in those parts of southern Europe where the disease finds many victims. In Italy, for instance, they try to gather too many crops in a single season, and the corn, thus defectively cured, becomes a breeder of disease.

**Quail Are Scavengers of the Fields**  
By Philip A. Brown, Sterling, Ill.

The papers have lately published the season for shooting quail and prairie chickens in Illinois. There should be no season for destroying these friends of the farmer.

Our legislators do not read the agricultural reports of the university at Champaign, which show that our various birds feed largely on the injurious insects so destructive to the crops of grain and fruit everywhere. The birds are the scavengers of the fields and the orchards.

Instead of granting a season of privilege to the reckless hunters, the law should make the shooting of all birds a finable offense.

Farmers should have conspicuous notices on fences and trees, "No Shooting, Under Penalty," and if the rascals persist in intrusion club them off.

Let us have the music and services of the birds, and let hunters who are hungry for that kind of meat raise Plymouth Rocks.

**Men Removing Coats in Woman's Presence**  
By Mrs. J. Carter, Blue Island, Ill.

There seems to be a great deal of discussion about men removing their coats in the presence of women.

Why not be human? Why should a man be expected to wear a coat and vest when women have the privilege of wearing almost transparent waists to keep cool? Let the women vote on the subject. I believe the majority of women would rather see men, including policemen and postmen, in a neat shirt waist or common, ordinary, clean negligee shirt than suffering with the heat in coats this hot weather. It's about time that women quit "straining at gnats and swallowing camels."

**FEEDING THE CANAL ZONE**  
By E.W. PICKARD



SCENE IN ZONE

Colon, C. Z.—In writing or talking about the Panama Canal the superlative degree is very likely to be overworked. The canal itself is the biggest thing of the kind ever undertaken; the locks are unequalled in size; the work of the department of sanitation is the most remarkable ever carried out, and so it goes.

But there is one other feature of the building of the canal that calls loudly for the superlative degree—the commissary department and the way in which it has fed the Zone. Not fed it only, either, but largely clothed it and supplied it with household necessities and even luxuries.

The commissary department is a department of the Panama railroad, which is owned by the United States and of which Chairman Goethals is president. As officially stated:

"The commissary department of the Panama railroad is operated by the subsistence department of the Isthmian Canal commission for the purpose of supplying employees of the Panama railroad and Isthmian Canal commission and their families with foodstuffs, wearing apparel and household necessities, and also supplying food for the hotels, hospitals, messes, and kitchens operated by the Isthmian Canal commission and for the United States soldiers and marines located on the Isthmus of Panama, and ships of the United States navy. It is estimated that the department supplies about 70,000 people daily, computing one dependent for each employee.

"The business of the department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, was \$6,702,355.68, to transact which it is necessary to carry a stock valued at about \$1,000,000."

That sounds decidedly prosaic, but in truth the operations of this great business machine are almost romantic. The vessels of the Panama railroad in unending procession bring to the docks at Cristobal the vast bulk of supplies and as continually these are sent out to the score of stores maintained by the department along the route of the canal and at Porto Bello. Every evening each storekeeper telegraphs to the headquarters in Cristobal the list of supplies of which he is in need, and during the night the cars are loaded. At 3:45 o'clock each morning the long supply train starts out from Colon. It consists of 21 cars, 11 of which are refrigerated, and the food and ice are distributed along the route so that they may be delivered to the quarters of families by 8 o'clock.

In Cristobal is the biggest store of all, and it compares well with the huge department stores of American cities. There may be obtained all kinds of food stuffs, American and European; clothing for men and women, furniture, household wares, supplies for travelers, cigars and cigarettes—indeed almost anything one might call for except intoxicating drinks. Articles from foreign lands, being imported by the government itself, of course pay no duty, and consequently such things as fine English chinaware can be bought there at prices far below those charged in the states. It is said on the Isthmus, and generally believed, that the members of congressional junketing parties which from time to time go down to inspect the canal always carry home with them a lot of this choice porcelain.

At the head of the commissary department is the subsistence officer, Col. Eugene Wilson, whose huge physical bulk is well matched by his great executive ability. It would seem that no better man could possibly have been found for the position, for he has in hand every detail of the immense business and it runs like clockwork. Seldom is a complaint heard from even the most exacting of housewives, and when one is registered it is courteously received and the fault, if one exists, promptly rectified.

"Cleanliness before godliness every time" is Colonel Wilson's motto and though it is not posted on any wall, every employe understands that his job depends primarily on his cleanliness. In Cristobal are the great cold storage plant, bakery, coffee plant, ice plant, ice cream plant, corned beef plant, butter printing plant and laundry, and in every one of them the unwritten rule "be clean" is adhered to with the utmost care. Nowhere, if it can be avoided, is there personal contact with the food, and the numerous and ingenious automatic machines are kept scrupulously clean.

Now let's get back to figures, in order to obtain some idea of the magnitude of the commissary department's operations. Take the cold storage plant first. In its 192,230 cubic feet of refrigerated space are kept constantly on hand meat and vegetable supplies for ten days at least, in some in-

Peas and beans in bulk.....	1,165,000
Sugar.....	4,544,537
Ten.....	106,125
Preserved fruit in sirup in tins and glass.....	87,173
Jams, jellies and preserves in tins and glass.....	209,824
Milk, evaporated and condensed.....	3,025,230
Lard.....	634,373
Pickles and sauces.....	208,691
Flour.....	618,880
Codfish.....	1,092,716
Rice.....	1,945,377
Fat.....	6,929,327
Confectionery.....	116,000
Macaroni, vermicelli and spaghetti.....	428,417
Fish, canned.....	79,442
Fresh meats.....	4,523,128
Cured and pickled meats.....	928,445
Cheese.....	142,778
Butter, fresh.....	427,678
Poultry.....	503,556
Potatoes, white.....	5,543,006
Potatoes, sweet.....	1,019,292
Onions.....	896,820
Turnips.....	128,710
Carrots.....	150,258
Cabbage.....	677,234
Yams.....	390,945
Other vegetables.....	741,627
Apples.....	916,622

As will be readily understood, the commissary is able and willing to sell food at very little above cost. Consequently the housewife on the Isthmus can buy at prices that are never above those in the states, and that nearly always are considerably lower.

An important part of the commissary plant is the industrial and experimental laboratory in Cristobal, where all the foods are tested and many things, such as favoring extracts, are manufactured.

The commissary conducts more than a dozen hotels for white Americans, where good meals are furnished for 30 cents each; a score of mess halls for European laborers, where a day's board costs forty cents, and about twenty-five kitchens for West Indian laborers, where board costs thirty cents a day. Something like a million meals are served each month in these various establishments, for nearly every employe of the commissary eats at a government table. It has been said that no private contractor in the world feeds his employes as well as the Isthmian canal commission.

Very few of the men ever ate better meals than they are getting on the Isthmus, and this is true of the Americans as well as of the Spaniards and West Indians.

No, you cannot avoid the use of the superlative degree in speaking about Colonel Wilson's commissary department.

**Home Town Helps**

**DOES NOT MEAN PRETTINESS**

Term "City Beautiful" Has Been Much Misunderstood—Real Ends to Be Attained.

That term "the City Beautiful" sounds like tying pink ribbons around lamp posts. Even as applied to civic art, as distinct from city planning, the name is sufficiently misleading. It is the idea indicated by that unfortunate, falsifying phrase that Raymond Unwin, in his admirable "Town Planning in Practice," lampoons.

"Civic art is too often understood to consist of filling our streets with marble fountains, dotting our squares with groups of statuary, twining our lampposts with wriggling acanthus leaves or dolphins' tails, and our buildings with meaningless bunches of fruit and flowers tied up with impossible stone ribbons."

It is not the prettifying of cities that is the object of city planners. The building of intraurban, intercity and interstate transit facilities, the construction of sewers, of gutters, of garbage disposal plants, the destruction of insanitary areas to be replaced by decent housing, the development of port facilities, the upbuilding of the health of the city through the creation of playgrounds and parks—parks primarily as health agents, not prettification measures—all of these and others are the chief aims of city planning. There will, of course, be a necessary improvement in the appearance of the city as the natural result of skill in city building, and that improvement is an entirely proper object, but it ought not to be permitted to paralyze the whole movement through the creation of an entirely incorrect understanding of the ends to be attained.

Other phrases have been suggested, which are useful as antidotes to that "City Beautiful" phrase, but they generally accent some one phase of city planning at the expense of the others. "The City Practical," "The City Useful," "The City Scientific" are examples. One of the best is negative. It was coined by Robert W. De Forest and represents the movement as aiming to exterminate the "Unregulated City Hideous."

But no phrase yet suggested epitomizes the wide range of city planning, and least of all can it be said that the "City Beautiful" is the central thought of its exponents.

**HAS NO PLACE IN STREETS**

Authorities Give Warning as to the Noxious Character of the Ornamental Plane Tree.

Residents of towns where the plane tree has been planted in the streets in large numbers will feel considerable interest in some remarks made concerning that tree by an Australian paper, from which the following is an extract: "If you are planting ornamental trees beware of the planes. In the height of the summer's heat many people will be found coughing and sneezing, and, incidentally, blaspheming the weather and the season generally. What has been the cause of the epidemic? The victims have inhaled the emanations or ejections of the insidious plane tree. An English authority on forestry, Dr. Henry, takes the popular view to be correct, and another authority adds that as far back as 1873 the newly installed German authorities in Alsace were warned against the danger. Nurserymen complain of ailments brought on them by contact with the mild looking Upas tree. A London paper brings classic lore to the theme of abuse. The ancient Greeks, we are told, were proud of their plane tree, which Xerxes much admired; but their great physicians were well aware of the noxious nature of the planes."—London Globe.

**Traffic and the City Plan.**

There was a time when the city planning movement touched the problem of transportation very gingerly. About the railroad company hung an awful air of "touch me not." The most that the timid city planner could hope to do with the railroad company was to persuade it to plant a few shrubs about the depot and to hire a one-legged switchman to keep the grass cut. But now, praise be, the city planning movement is growing to be what its name implies. It is not afraid to move a railroad around when it needs to. Indeed, the very first problem which it attacks, in a given locality, is the problem of transportation. How do travelers get into the city? How do the workers get to their work? How do the commuters arrive and depart?

**Bad Feature of Pavements.**

That of the wood block pavement with which many streets of Manhattan are relaid exude creosote on hot days and causes the tracking of much oil into hotels and business places in the uptown section, became known through a number of complaints received by William H. Edwards, street cleaning commissioner, urging that the department desist from "rolling the streets." The streets have never been soiled. Edwards will take the matter up with the commissioners of public works. They hope to persuade the contractors who laid the pavement to sand the streets.—New York

# 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. BARNES**

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### SYNOPSIS.

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

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### The Dead Body.

That both McDonald and his daughter were involved in this strange puzzle was already clear. The disappearance of the one was as mysterious as that of the other. Whether the original conspiracy had centered about the Major, and Miss Molly had merely been drawn into the net through accident, or whether both were destined as victims from the first, could not be determined by theory. Indeed the Sergeant could evolve no theory, could discover no purpose in the outrage. Convinced that Dupont and his wife were the moving spirits, he yet possessed no satisfactory reason for charging them with the crime, for which there was no apparent object.

Nothing remained to be done but search the town, a blind search in the hope of uncovering some trail. That crime had been committed—either murder or abduction—was evident; the two had not dropped thus suddenly out of sight without cause. Nor did it seem possible they could have been whisked away without leaving some trace behind. The town was accustomed to murder and sudden death; the echo of revolver shots would create no panic, awaken no alarm, and yet the place was small, and there was little likelihood that any deed of violence would pass long unnoticed. With a few words of instruction, and hasty descriptions of both Dupont and Connors, Hamlin sent his men down the straggling street to drag out the occupants of shack and tent, riding himself to the blazing front of the "Poodle Dog."

Late as the hour was, the saloon and the gambling rooms above were all crowded. Hamlin plunged into the mass of men, pressing passage back and forth, his eyes searching the faces, while he eagerly questioned those with whom he had acquaintance. Few among these could recall to mind either "Reb" or his boon companion, and even those who did retained no recollection of having seen the two lately. The bartenders asserted that neither man had been there that night, and the dealers above were equally positive. The city marshal, encountered outside, remembered Dupont, and had seen him at the hotel three hours before, but was positive the fellow had not been on the streets since. Connors he did not know, but if the man was Major McDonald's driver, then he was missing all right, for Captain Barrett had to employ a liveryman to drive Mrs. Dupont back to the fort. No, there was no lady with her; he was sure, for he had watched them get into the carriage.

The troopers were no more fortunate in their results, but had succeeded in stirring up greater excitement during their exploration, several irate individuals, roughly aroused from sleep, exhibiting fighting propensities, which had cost one a blackened eye, and the other the loss of a tooth. Both, however, had enjoyed the occasion, and appeared anxious for more. Having exhausted the possibilities of the town, the soldiers procured lanterns, and, leaving the horses behind, began exploring the prairie. In this labor they were assisted by the marshal, and a few aroused citizens hastily impressed into a posse. The search was a thorough one, but the ground near

by was so cut up by hoofs and wheels as to yield no definite results. Hamlin, obsessed with the belief that whatever had occurred had been engineered by Dupont, and recalling the fact that the man was once a ranchman somewhere to the southward, jumped to the conclusion that the fellow would naturally head in that direction, seeking familiar country in which to hide.

The gray of dawn was in the sky as the three troopers, soaked to the waist, crept up the south bank and studied the trail. Behind them the yellow lanterns still bobbed about between the river and town, but there was already sufficient light to make visible the signs underfoot. Horsemen had climbed the bank, the hoof marks yet damp where water had drained from dripping fetlocks, and had instantly broken into a lope. A moment's glance proved this to Hamlin as he crept back and forth, scrutinizing each hoof mark intently.

"Five in the party," he said soberly. "Three mustangs and two American horses, cavalry shod. About three hours ahead of us." He straightened up, his glance peering into the gray mists. "I reckon it's likely our outfit, but we'll never catch them on foot. They'll be behind the sand-dunes before this. Before we go back, boys, we'll see if they left the trail where it turns west."

The three ran forward, paying little heed until they reached the edge of the ravine. Here the beaten trail swerved sharply to the right. Fifty feet beyond, the marks of horses' hoofs appeared on the sloping bank. Hamlin sprang down to where the marks disappeared around the edge of a large boulder. His hand on the stone, he stopped suddenly with quick drawing of breath, staring down at a motionless figure lying almost at his feet. The man, roughly dressed, lay on his face, a bullet wound showing above one ear, the back of his neck caked with blood. The Sergeant, mastering his first sense of horror, turned him over and gazed upon the ghastly face of Major McDonald.

"My God, they've murdered him here!" he exclaimed. "Shot him down from behind. Look, men. No; stand back, and don't muss up the tracks.



The Man Roughly Dressed Lay on His Face.

There are foot-prints here—Indians, by heaven! Three of them Indians!" "Some plainmen wear moccasins." "They don't walk that way—foes in; and see this hair in McDonald's finger's—that's Indian, sure. Here is where a horse fell, and slid down the bank. Isn't that a bit of broken feather caught in the bush, Carroll? Bring it over here."

The three bent over the object. "Well, what do you say? You men are both plainmen." "Cheyenne," returned Carroll promptly. "But what the hell are they doing here?"

Hamlin shook his head. "It will require more than guessing to determine that," he said sternly. "And there is only one way to find out. That fellow was a Cheyenne all right, and there were three of them and two whites in the party—see here; the prints of five horses ridden, and one animal led. That will be the one McDonald had. They went straight up the opposite bank of the ravine. If they leave a trail like that we can ride after them full speed."

Carroll had been bending over the dead officer and now glanced up. "There's sand just below, Sergeant," he said. "That's why they are so darn reckless here." "Of course; they'll hide in the dunes, and the sooner we're after them the better. Wade, you remain with the body; Carroll and I will return to the fort and report. We'll have to have more men—Wasson if I can get him—and equipment for a hard ride. Come on, Jack."

They waded the river, and ran through the town, shouting their disapproval to the marshal and his posse as they passed. Twenty minutes later Hamlin stood before the Colonel, hastily telling the story. The latter listened intently, gripping the arms of his chair.

"Shot from behind, hey?" he ejaculated, "and his clothing stolen. Looks like a carefully planned affair, Sergeant; sending that fellow through to Ripley was expected to throw us off the track. That's why they were so careless covering their trail; expected to have several days' start. It is my notion they never intended to kill him; had a row of some kind, or else Mac tried to get away. Any trace of the girl?"

"No; but she must have been there." "So I think; got mixed up in the affair some way, and they have been compelled to carry her off to save themselves. Do you know why they were after Mac?"

"No, sir." "Well, I do; he carried thirty thousand dollars."

"What?" "He was acting paymaster. The money came in from Wallace last evening, and he was ordered to take it to Ripley at once."

Hamlin drew in his breath quickly in surprise.

"Who knew about that, sir?" "No one but the Adjutant, and Major McDonald—not even the orderly." The eyes of officer and soldier met. "Do you suppose he could have told her?" the former asked in sudden suspicion.

"That would be my theory, sir. But it is useless to speculate. We have no proof, no means of forcing her to confess. The only thing for us to do is to trail those fugitives. I need another man—a scout—Wasson, if he can be spared—and rations for three days." "I'll do it for Miss McDonald, but not for the money," he said slowly. "I expect orders every hour for your troop, and Wasson is detailed for special service. But damn it, I'll take the responsibility—go on, and run those devils down."

"You know this man Dupont, Colonel?" "Only by sight." "Any idea where he used to run cattle?"

"Wait a minute until I think I heard McDonald telling about him one night at the club, something Mrs. Dupont had let slip, but I didn't pay much attention at the time. Seems to me, though, it was down on the Canadian Creek; runs into the Canadian. Know such a stream?"

"You think it was Dupont, then?" "I've heard of it; in west of the North Fork somewhere."

"I haven't a doubt that he is in the affair, and that the outfit is headed for that section. I don't know, sir, where those Indians came from, or how they happened to be up here, but I believe they belong to Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes. His bunch is down below the Canadian, is it not, sir?"

"Yes." "Dupont must be friendly with them, and this coup has been planned for some time. Last night was the chance they have been waiting for. The only mistake in their plans has been the early discovery because of Miss Molly's disappearance. They have gone away careless, expecting two or three days' start, and they will only have a few hours. We'll run them down, with good luck, before they cross the Cimarron. You have no further instructions, sir?"

"No, nothing, Sergeant. You're an old hand, and know your business, and there is no better scout on the plains than Sam Wasson. Good-bye, and good luck."

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### In Pursuit.

The four men, heavily armed, and equipped for winter service, rode up the bank of the ravine to the irregularity of plain beyond. The trail, leading directly south into the solitudes, was easily followed, and Wasson, slightly in advance of the others, made no attempt to check his horse, content to lean forward, his keen eyes marking every sign. Scarcely a word was exchanged, since Hamlin had explained what had occurred as they crossed the river. Hardly less interested than the Sergeant, the sober-faced scout concentrated every energy on the pursuit, both men realizing the necessity of haste. Not only would the trail be difficult after they attained the sand belt, but, if snow fell, would be utterly blotted out. And the dull, murky sky threatened snow, the sharp wind having already veered to the northwest. All about stretched a dull, dead pic-

ture of desolation, a dun-colored plain, unrelieved by vegetation, matching the skies above, extending in every direction through weary leagues of dismal loneliness. The searching eye caught no relief from desolate sameness, drear monotony. Nowhere was there movement, or any semblance of life. Behind, the land was broken by ravines, but in every other direction it stretched level to the horizon, except that far off southward arose irregular ridges of sand, barren, ugly blotches, colorless, and forever changing formation under the beating of a ceaseless wind. It was desert, across which not even a snake crawled, and no wing of migrating bird beat the leaden sky above.

The marks of their horses' hoofs cutting sharply into the soil, told accurately the fugitives' rate of progress, and the pursuers swept forward with caution, anxious to spare their mounts and to keep out of vision themselves until nightfall. Their success depended largely on surprise, and the confidence of those ahead that they were unpursued. Wasson expressed the situation exactly, as the four halted a moment at an unexpectedly-discovered water-hole.

"I'd think this yere plain trail was some Injun trick, boys, if I didn't know the reason for it. 'T ain't Injun nature, an' he's cock-sure that nobody's chasin' him yet. He's figurin' on two



"Thar's Nothin' Goin' to Happen to Her While This Bunch is on the Move."

or three days' get-away, and so don't care a tinker's dam 'bout these yere marks. Once in the sand, an' thar won't be no trail anyhow. It's some kintny out thar, an' it would be like huntin' a needle in a haystack to try an' find them fellars after ter-night. This is my idea—we'll just mosey along slow, savin' the hosses an' keepin' back out o' sight till dark. Them fellars ain't many hours ahead, an' are likely ter camp fust part of their night anyhow. They'll feel safe onct hid in them sand-hills, an' if they don't git no sight of us, most likely they won't even post no guard. Them's when we want ter dig in the spurs. Ain't that about the right program, Sergeant?"

Burning with impatience as Hamlin was, fearful that every additional moment of delay might increase the girl's danger, he was yet soldier and plainman enough to realize the wisdom of the old scout. There were at least four men in the party pursued, two of them Indian warriors, the two whites desperate characters. Without doubt they would put up a fierce fight, or, if warned in time, could easily scatter and disappear.

"Of course you are right, Sam," he replied promptly. "Only I am so afraid of what may happen to Miss Molly." "Forget it. Thar's nothin' goin' ter happen to her while the bunch is on the move. If that outfit was all Injun, or all white, maybe thar might. But the way it is they'll never agree on nuthin', 'cept how to git away. 'T ain't likely they ever meant ter kill the Major, 'er take the girl erlong. Them things just naturally happened, an' now they're scared stiff. It'll take a day or two for 'em to make up their minds what to do."

"What do you imagine they will decide, Sam?"

"Wall, that's all guesswork. But I reckon I know what I'd do if I was in the sort o' fix an' 'bein' chased fer murder an' robbery. I'd take the easy way; make for the nearest Injun vil- lage, an' leave the girl thar."

"You mean Black Kettle's camp?" "I reckon; he's down thar on the Canadian somewhat. You kin bet those fellars know whar, an' the'y what they're aimin' for, unless this yere Dupont has some hidden out-scheme of his own. Whar did you say he ranched?"

"Buffalo Creek." "That's the same neighborhood; must've been in cahoots with those red devils to have ever run cattle in thar. We've got to head 'em off afore they git down into that kintny, or we won't have no scalps to go back home with. Let's mosey erlong, boys." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Different Kinds. "I'm going to the office now to pound my typewriter." "I can't pound mine." "Why not?" "Belongs to an athletic club."

seen as much in my time as one me ought to see.—Kansas City Journal

Lightning Lengthens Man's Body. George D. Pittman, a ranchman, who was struck by lightning near Wilcox, Ariz., measured five feet eight inches in height before death and six feet afterward. His vertebrae was un-coupled by the shock. Pittman's hair was singed at the back of his neck, where the bolt entered. His neck was broken and shoulders crushed.—Omaha Bee.

## Advertising Talks

### PUBLIC OBJECTS TO ADS IN CIRCULARS

#### Wide Feeling Against Handbills Which Litter Up Streets and Porches.

There is not wanting evidence that there is a growing public feeling against the abuse of advertising by circulars, whether these are sent by mail or are delivered by hand, locally. Recently a correspondent of the New York Herald wrote that paper:

"For years I have been steadily refusing to deal with anybody who puts advertising in my letter box. If every tradesman pursued this absurd method advertising my trousers would always be baggy, my carpets would remain forever uncleaned and I would do my marketing in New Jersey."

Doubtless there are many other men who feel as this correspondent does, for advertising of this sort is an unmitigated nuisance. When the advertising circular is sent by mail, with the proper postage prepaid, it is bad enough, and in so far as it helps to swell the postal revenue and so helps to bear the burden of carrying the regular and important mails is not altogether to be condemned. But there is no excuse for the tradesmen who employ agents to fill private letter boxes, intended for the reception of the regular mail, with their useless literature.

And on one other ground we believe that the private citizen has a right to protest against the advertising circular. One of the chief trades that often offends in this regard is the patent medicine vender. His circulars are thrust into letter boxes, scattered over lawns that, in any case, are hard enough to keep clean and neat, and even jammed under the front door.

Many of these circulars are atrocious in their frank discussion of the numerous ills "to which flesh is heir," and to add to the horror of the letterpress they are often eked out with gaudy colored pictures of various parts of the human anatomy. It is more than a little task to keep this grewsome and unwholesome literature out of the hands of children, for when the advertiser gets busy such circulars are on every hand.

So much of this sort of circular advertising is to be seen cluttering up the streets and alleys, filling the garbage cans and littering the front porches that it should seem that advertisers must realize what a wasteful and useless form of advertising this is. Probably there is no form of printed literature in so low repute as the circular. It has nothing back of it; it is an unwelcome visitor; usually its objectionable features are recognized at a glance as it goes into the waste paper basket unopened.

The public that purchases looks to the reputable newspaper for the advertisements of the goods it wants, for behind such advertising there is character. Against the characterless advertising circular, that is a public and a private nuisance, there should be an ordinance enacted that would check the industry and which would certainly go a long way toward helping keep the city clean.

### Dead!

Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said: "My trade of late is getting bad; I'll try another eight-inch ad." If such there be, go mark him well, For him no bank account shall swell, No angels watch the golden stair, To welcome home the millionaire, The man who never asks for trade, By local line or ad. displayed, Cares more for rest than worldly gain, And patronage but gives him pain, Tread lightly, fiends; let no rude sound Disturb his solitude profound; Here let him live in calm repose Unmolested except by men he owes, And when he dies, go, plant him deep, That naught may break his dreamless sleep—

Where no rude clamor may dispel The quiet that he loved so well, And when the world may know its loss, Place on his grave a wreath of moss. And on the stone above, "Here lies A chump who wouldn't advertise."

Advertising an Asset. "Advertising as an Indestructible Asset" was the subject of the address given by Robert Frothingham before the members of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Ad. club the other day. Human demands are created by some form of publicity, he said, and the one and only way to secure this publicity is through advertising. Another fact that the captains of industry have just discovered is that advertising forms a bond of sympathy between the advertiser and the public, according to Mr. Frothingham, and this bond of sympathy is becoming more and more essential in the business of the present day. Where there is ample and friendly advertising, there will never be an awakening of public distrust, concluded Mr. Frothingham.

Advertising. The man who has advertised unsuccessfully and says advertising doesn't pay is like the man who believes all doctors are fakes because one failed to cure him. Modern business is war—war where quality, price and service coupled with boldness, bigness and sureness of vision, win power and wealth. Don't let your copy hit below the belt. Time is your referee—and he will get you if you don't play fair. The successful fisherman is he who uses tempting bait, then casts it skillfully in the pool where the fish live. There is a great advertising moral in this—but remember, the ultimate consumer is not a fish; it is essential that the bait be more than tempting—it must also be truthful.

### Behold—An Advertisement!

I came into being as the unspoken language came; slowly, gradually, and to meet an urgent need. I have been worked for evil, but mostly I have worked for good. I can still be worked for evil, but each day it grows more difficult to do. I am at once a tool and a living force. If you use me wisely, I am a tool in your employ. If you misuse me, my double edge will injure or destroy you. If you do not use me I am a force that works ever against your accomplishment of the aims and purposes that animate your business.

I speak a thousand tongues and have a million voices. I am the ambassador of civilization, the handmaiden of science, and the father of invention. I have peopled the prairie, and with my aid commerce has laid twin trails of gleaming steel in a gridiron across the continent, and stretched a network of copper into the far corners of the globe.

I am the friend of humanity—for I have filled the commoner's life with a hundred comforts denied the king of yesterday. I have brought clean food, healthful warmth, music, convenience and comfort into a hundred million homes.

I laugh at tariffs and remake laws. I have scaled the walls of the farmers' isolation and linked him to the world of outer interests. I build great factories and people them with happy men and women who love the labor I create. I have made merchant princes out of corner shopkeepers, and piled the wealth of a Monte Cristo into the laps of those who know my power.

I am a bridge that cancels distance and brings the whole world to your doors, ready and eager to buy your wares. I find new markets and gather the goods of the world into a handful of printed pages.

I am either the friend or the foe of Competition—so he who finds me first is both lucky and wise.

Where it cost cents to hire me yesterday, it costs quarters today and will cost dollars tomorrow. But whosoever uses me had best have sense, for I repay ignorance with loss and wisdom with the wealth of a Croesus.

I spell service, economy, abundance and opportunity, for I am the one and only universal alphabet. I live in every spoken word and printed line—in every thought that moves man to action and every deed that displays character.

I am Advertising!

### SUCCESS OF H. G. SELFRIDGE

Increase in London Business Due to Liberal Advertising Policy of Former Chicagoan.

The career of Harry G. Selfridge in London has been watched with a great deal of interest by American business men on account of his activities in Chicago, a well as his popularity with all classes. Recently a report was issued by Selfridge & Co., covering their operations for the year 1912. It shows that the profits of that firm for that year were \$502,000, as compared with \$250,000 for the year 1911. After charging off nearly \$100,000 to debenture interest and \$120,000 dividend on preferred stock, Selfridge & Co. had a profit balance for the year 1912 of more than \$300,000, as compared with \$32,000 for the year 1911.

Closing their books for the year the firm has charged off practically \$190,000 for preliminary expenses, \$100,000 for commission to underwriters and about \$18,000 for fixtures. After disposing of interest, dividend and other expenses mentioned, the company shows a net balance of \$40,000.

On the basis of the figures for 1912 and having disposed of all charges relating to preliminary organization, Selfridge & Co. should have more than \$500,000 for dividends in 1913.

Chicago business men regard this as a remarkable showing considering the energetic competition Mr. Selfridge encountered soon after opening his store. London papers agree that the phenomenal success of the store is due to the liberal advertising policy Mr. Selfridge has maintained since opening his store.

## HEDLEY PUBLIC SCHOOL WILL BEGIN SEPTEMBER 8

NEW BOOKS TO BE USED--EXCHANGE  
WILL BE MADE--READ THE LIST BELOW

The Hedley High School will open Monday September 8, 1913. We would like to urge upon every one the necessity of making preparation for the work of the school.

In answer to inquiries from numbers of patrons with reference to the new scholastic age limit, I will say that all pupils not 21 years of age before Sept. 1, 1913 will be allowed to attend school free of tuition charges.

In accordance with our State school laws, we change books the coming term. This set of books lasts six years. We in-

vide the attention of the patrons to the importance of buying these books before the opening day it will be almost impossible to do any work the first day of school unless pupils buy their books before then, and besides, it will not work such hardships on the local book dealers. There is a law which permits the exchange of old books for new ones of the same kind at something near half price, that is if old books are in fairly good condition. Bring your old books along when you come to buy new ones and this will be made clear to you.

### LIST OF BOOKS TO BE USED.

PRIMER CLASS	Playmates Primer
FIRST GRADE	Low First: Reading...Hill's Reader, book one Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book One
	High First: Reading...Ar. Literature, book one Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book One
SECOND GRADE	Low Second: Reading...Hill's Reader, book two Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book Two
	High Second: Reading...Art-Literature, Book Two Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book Two
THIRD GRADE	Low Third: Reading...Hill's Reader, Book Three Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book Three Language...Our Language, Book One Numbers...Sutton & Bruce's Arith. Lwr Geography...World Geography, book 1
	High Third: Reading...Art-Literature, Book Three Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book Three Language...Our Language, Book One Numbers...Sutton & Bruce Arith. Lower Geography...World Geography, Book 1
FOURTH GRADE	Low Fourth: Reading...Hill's Reader, Book Four Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book Four Language...Our Language, Book Two Numbers...Sutton & Bruce Arith. Lower Geography...World Geography, Book 1
	High Fourth: Reading...Elson's Fourth Grade Reader Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book Four Language...Our Language, Book Two Numbers...Sutton & Bruce Arith. Lower Geography...World Geography, Book 1
FIFTH GRADE	Reading...Hill's Reader, Book Five Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book Five Language...Our Language, book Two Arithmetic...Sutton & Bruce's, Lower Geography...World Geography, book 2 Physiology...The Human Body and Its Enemies
	History...A School History of Texas Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book Six
SIXTH GRADE	Grammar...Our Language Grammar Arithmetic...Sutton & Bruce's Higher Book Geography...World Geography, book two Physiology...The Human Body and Its Enemies
	History...The Students History of Our Country Spelling...New Century Spelling Book Writing...Book Seven
SEVENTH GRADE	Grammar...Our Language Grammar Arithmetic...Sutton & Bruce's, Higher Agriculture...Elementary Principles of Agricult'le Geography...World Geography, book two
	History...Myers General History English...Merkley & Ferguson's Composition Algebra...Hopkins & Underwood Arithmetic...Sutton & Bruce's, Higher Physiology...Ritchies Human Physiology Spelling...New Century Spelling Book
EIGHTH GRADE	History...Myers General History English...Merkley & Ferguson's Composition Algebra...Hopkins & Underwood Geometry...Wentworth-Smith Arithmetic...Sutton & Bruce's, Higher Spelling...New Century Spelling book
	History...To be supplied English...American Literature--Painter Algebra...Hopkins & Underwood Geometry...Wentworth Smith Physics...Mann & Twiss Civics...State & Federal Arithmetic...Sutton & Bruce's, Higher
TENTH GRADE	Respectfully, C. L. HUFSTEDLER, SUPT.

## THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

### BUNKER HILL

Health of our community is splendid at this writing.

Dayton Shelton, wife and children of Giles were visiting in our community Saturday.

Miss Alta Oliver of Windy Valley is spending the week with Miss Mamie Beedy.

N. S. Ray and wife of Windy Valley visited Mr. Wylies Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Perdue and family left Saturday for Claude for a few days visit with friends.

Misses Mamie Beedy and Alta Oliver spent Saturday evening with Miss Montie Jones.

Several of our young people attended church in Windy Valley Sunday night.

DOLLIE DIMPLES.

### McKNIGHT

Farmers are busy gathering their maize and feed stuff in this community.

Think Hedley and Bray are a little selfish that they don't send some of them refreshing showers down this way that they have been getting.

Mrs. J. Martin returned Monday from an extended visit with relatives in Hall county.

Mrs. Will Seright left Wednesday morning for a two weeks visit with relatives at Hollis.

Joe Jamar and family left Wednesday for their home in Oklahoma. They had been visiting his sisters, Mesdames W. H. Debord and Miller, several days.

G. G. Dunn of Clarendon visited his brother-in-law H. C. Darrell Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

H. F. Fortenberry had the misfortune of losing one of his best work horses Sunday. While on their way to town it dropped dead in the road.

Several of the McKnight people attended church at Hedley Sunday night and report a good sermon.

Will Miller and wife visited C. W. Williams and wife Sunday.

What has become of Kentucky Bill? We never hear from you any more. Come again with your newsy items.

BROWN EYES.

### GILES

A light shower of rain fell here last Thursday night but scarcely enough to settle the dust.

Miss Maine Banta returned home Sunday night after two months visit with relatives at Electra and Iowa Park.

Earl Davis and family have returned home after a two weeks prospecting trip on the plains. They were accompanied home by their cousin, Miss Treva Norman of Amarillo.

Richard Wylie of the Bunker Hill community is visiting friends in Giles and wears a very broad smile from some cause or other.

Bow Coursey who has been away on a visit to relatives in Wise county came in home Friday.

The bridge across Buck creek in south part of town has been completed and the people now

say it is a pleasure instead of a dread to cross the creek. This crossing was one of the worst places in Donley county if not in the Panhandle.

The young people enjoyed a social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Davis' Thursday night. All report a very nice time.

Clay Akers left Sunday night for Hedley where he has accepted a position with the new bank at that place.

Grandma Coursey spent Sunday with her son and family at Childress.

Jno. Lemons returned home Sunday from Clarendon where he has been attending the bedside of a very sick brother. He reports his brother as greatly improved.

S. M. Bush and little daughter Myrtle made a business trip to Hedley Tuesday.

Our friends W. D. Shelton and family happened to a very serious accident while on their way to Hedley Saturday night, when driving down a hill the tongue of the buggy dropped down frightening the horses and all occupants were thrown to the ground. Miss Mayme received a dislocated shoulder, Mrs. Shelton a sprained ankle and Mr. Shelton received several cuts and bruises about the face and head, the two smaller children escaped without any injury, but the whole family had a very narrow escape of being killed. They were carried on to Hedley by an auto that came along immediately after the accident, and medical attention was given them.

Gee, we wish the Informer would inform us where we could find a cool place these hot days.

SUZANNA.

[The coolest place we have been able to find in Hedley is in Whittington's ice house.--Informer.]

2-room house and 2 acres of land in north part of town for sale by owner at a bargain. P. O. Box No. 151, Hedley.

### How about your income?

Is your pocket full of money all the time? With the cost of living going up and the wages of the untrained man going down, with competition getting keener every day, and with the time coming when there will be nothing coming in--with all these conditions staring you in the face, hadn't you better be deciding whether you intend being a success or a failure?

We have placed more graduates in good paying positions this year than any other school in the south in proportion to the age of our school. Not one was ever "turned down" on account of incompetency. Some firms have from five to eight of our graduates in their employ. Would a business man employ five of our graduates if the first one was not satisfactory?

Some schools base their advertising upon POSITIONS. We maintain that the first thing a school should do, is to equip its students to HOLD POSITIONS. There isn't any trouble about getting positions for pupils who are qualified, and every school proprietor knows this.

It was a graduate of the Bowie Commercial College who took a competitive examination with fifty other graduates of other colleges in Texas and Oklahoma for a fine position in Oklahoma, and he came out "on top." Write us for literature, and state if you would like to read this young man's letter. We will send you a copy of it. We want our college and equipment investigated from every standpoint--you owe it to yourself to do this if you are going to a business college.

## SPECIAL OFFER \$12.50

THIS BEAUTIFUL \$25 HORNLESS SYMPHONY MACHINES TO CUSTOMERS OF

## ALBRIGHT DRUG COMPANY



The Instruments are now on display in our window--call and see them--you don't realize what a rare offer this is until you actually see the machine and hear it played. Truly it is wonderful, this instrument is of the very latest modern improved type; the records are marvelously clear. They reproduce the human voice to such perfection, that one not seeing the machine, would scarcely believe it was a talking machine and not a person singing or talking. The records of this make are declared by musical experts the most perfect reproduction ever rendered. An instrument of this high quality could not be bought anywhere for less than \$25 00, and yet we sell it for the astoundingly low price of \$12 50, in order to advertise it.

### ALBRIGHT DRUG CO.

If you find that we are not the best don't enroll with us, for the best is none too good for America's sons and daughters. Your expenses here are just about one-half what they would be elsewhere.

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

I have a telephone at my house now. So when you want me early or late, telephone me at home.  
A. J. Newman.

### NOTICE

240 acres of land in North West Ark. to trade for land in the Panhandle. This is the last call. What have you?

N. E. Burk,  
Carey, Texas.

### FOUND BEYOND A DOUBT

For a long time there has been a doubt in the minds of the people whether or not the north pole had really been discovered, but it is no longer the case for the truth is known. Just lately one of the great explorers found it, but to his great surprise found that some one had preceded him there; for was wrapped with something that read like this:

"If you want cold drinks and something good to eat go to the Restaurant & Grocery store at Hedley, Texas."

### 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



LOOK INTO IT

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

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

CICERO SMITH LBR CO

## 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

GO TO  
The Informer  
FOR  
JOB Printing



J.L. TAYLOR & CO. NEW YORK CHICAGO

Have a Fit With Clarke, The Tailor



J.L. Taylor & Co. NEW YORK CHICAGO

GO TO

The Informer

FOR

JOB Printing

**BABE FOUND ON PORCH AT MEMPHIS**

At an early hour today (Wednesday) a pretty blue eyed baby boy weighing nine and half pounds was found on a davenport on the front porch at the home of W. A. Bennett in this city. The little fellow appeared to be only a few hours old and was wrapped in some flour sacks. The little gentleman seems to be healthy, and Mrs. Bennett states that if a good home cannot be secured for it, she will adopt the young man herself. At this time there is no clue as to the identity of the parents and probably never will be. This is the first occurrence of this kind that ever happened in Memphis so far as we know. Officers are investigating the case. While it is entirely right that such helpless creatures should be well taken care of, yet the inhuman and heartless parents, if apprehended, should receive the severest penalty our law prescribe. -Memphis Democrat

**NOTICE**

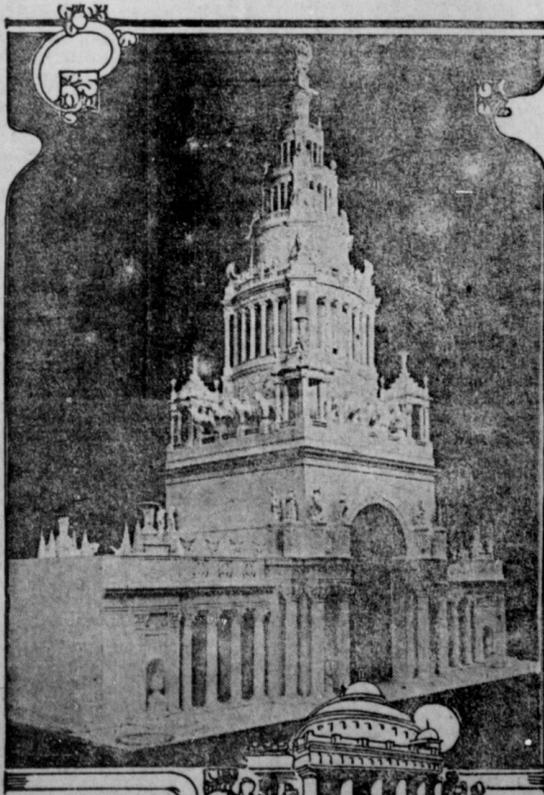
240 acres of land in North West Ark. to trade for land in the Panhandle. This is the last call. What have you? N. E. Burk, Carey, Texas.

**WATCH HEDLEY GROW!**

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

**STATES ARE HUSTLING--EXHIBIT SPACE FREE.**

Exhibit space is absolutely free to all exhibitors at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. All the capital that is being put into the great Exposition and all the benefits to be derived from the millions of visitors who will view the exhibits are at the disposal of the exhibitor without any cost whatever to him, except the cost of transportation, installation and maintenance. Every state in the United States will be represented at the Exposition. In most of the states the legislatures have made direct appropriations for participation. In the few that have not done so commercial interests are co-operating to raise large sums in order to have their states represented. This is being done in Iowa, Oklahoma and other commonwealths which feel that as they bore a part of the expense of building the Panama canal their citizens should participate in the Exposition that is to celebrate the canal's completion.



Copyright, 1913, by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co. THE HUGE TOWER OF JEWELS, 430 FEET HIGH.

**FOR SALE**  
1912 Model, Motor Cycles and Motor cars at bargain prices, all makes, brand new machines, on easy monthly payment plan. Get our proposition before buying or you will regret it, also bargains in used Motor Cycles. Write us today. Enclose stamp for reply. Address Lock Box 11 Trenton, Mich.

**THE HEDLEY INFORMER**

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

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEWING MACHINE**

LIGHT RUNNING  
**NEWHOME**



If you want either a Vibrating Blade Sewing Machine or a Single Thread Sewing Machine, the NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Orange, Mass. Many sewing machines are on the market of quality, but the New Home is made better. Our guarantee never runs out. Sold by authorized dealers only.



**LOOK INTO IT**

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

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

GIGERO SMITH LBR CO

**Killian & Son DRYMEN**

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

Telephone No. 3, and we will get your order

**City Directory**

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

I. O. O. F. Lodge meets every Friday night.

J. X. Miller, N. G. O. B. Stanley, Secretary

A. F. & A. M. Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon.

G. A. Wimberly, W. M. J. W. Bond, Secretary

**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  
**PRAYER MEETING** Every Wednesday evening  
**CHURCH OF CHRIST** meets at Presbyterian church for Bible class and communion at 2:30 every Sunday afternoon.

**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, Pet. No. 1  
P. O. Longon, " " 2  
N. L. Fryar, Pet. No. 3  
J. T. Bain, " " 4  
Justice of the Peace Precinct 3, J. A. Morrow  
Constable Pet. No. 3, W. H. Atkinson  
District Court meets third week in April and October.  
County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

**TIME TABLE**

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

**FT. WORTH & DENVER CITY RAILWAY**  
In a comparative sense **COOL COLORADO** with its numerous incomparable attractions and refuges for vacationists and those needing health-renewing influences, is but a few steps away and the Fast Double-Daily Through Trains of the Ft. Worth & Denver City Railway (including through-sleepers between Denver and points on the T. & B. V., the T. & P., and M. K. & T. Rys., as indicated herewith) insure travel-harshness and inconveniences and assure suburban comfort and pleasure in both directions. If in doubt, let me send you some Concession, in booklet form, free!  
**A. A. GLISSON, G. P. A.**  
FT. WORTH, TEXAS

**THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS**

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

**THE FARMER'S FORUM**  
The special agricultural feature of The News is a valuable study of contributions of subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and experiences of its readers - concerning matters of the farm, home and child subjects.

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

**THE CHILDREN'S PAGE**  
Is published once a week and is filled with letters from the boys and girls who read the paper.

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

**SAMPLE COPIES FREE.**  
A. A. GLISSON & CO., Pubs., Galveston or Dallas, Tex.

**THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS AND THE HEDLEY INFORMER**

**ONE YEAR FOR \$1.75**

2 room house and 2 acres of land in north part of town for sale by owner at a bargain. P. O. Box No 151, Hedley.

**A. M. Sarvis, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon

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

**J. B. Ozier, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon

Office at Hedley Drug Co. Office Phone No. 3  
Residence Phone No. 45  
Hedley, Texas

**Nicholas F. Williams, D. V. S.**  
Veterinarian

Rates to hospital patients \$1.00 per day.  
Clarendon, Texas  
Home Phone 121 Office 273

# IDEAS for HOME BUILDERS

By WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 175 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

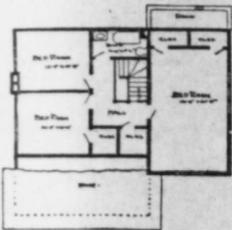
It often seems that the style or appearance of the house doesn't make so much difference as the site on which it is built. In every town and village there are examples that prove this. There are delightful little places set back among shade trees and flowers, which give one a restful, home-like feeling just by walking past; yet the house is really very plain and ordinary in design.

Then for every one of this kind there is one of the other sort to keep the balance, probably. Every town has them—the house is large and pompous, quite an architectural creation in fact, but it is set down onto a small lot, crowded in, with all the trees and shrubbery cut down to make room for it. In spite of its size and cost a residence of this kind is very far from attractive. The home builder would not knowingly take such a model; yet, many times he does because he does not understand the real elements of success in planning an attractive home, and a barren uninviting place is the result.

The experienced home builder will always, if possible, select a rough and wooded site; if it is slightly hilly so much the better. The labor and expense, it is true, for grading and preparing the site for the building, and for smoothing up the ground afterwards are greater; but the satisfac-

especially in connection with cobble stone work. There are various pleasing ways in which shingles may be laid to suit those who consider the ordinary method of laying the shingles in uniform rows, five inches to the weather, too monotonous. A pleasing variation is to place the shingles in alternate rows of two and eight inches to the weather. This requires no more material or labor and gives a very attractive appearance. The shingles on the roof, however, should always be laid in the regular way.

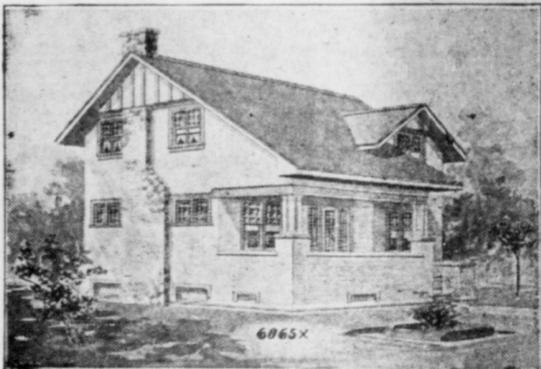
A glance at the floor plans will show a very convenient and comfortable arrangement of space in this house.



Second Floor Plan.

There is a large central hall, with a living room occupying the entire space at the left, while the dining room with the kitchen back of it is at the right. On the second floor there are three bedrooms and a bath room, also four closets.

It is a design and arrangement that would be hard to improve upon for any one desiring a comfortable residence of artistic appearance. The cost



6065X

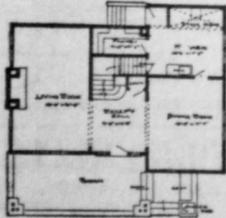
tion and success of the project is also greater and the attractiveness of the place increases as the years go by, while the extra labor at the beginning is very soon forgotten.

Almost any style of house harmonizes well with such surroundings and is improved in appearance by the natural beauties of the building site. Some materials and some styles of domestic architecture seem especially well suited, however, for such use. The accompanying design is one of these.

It is planned something on the bungalow order, with prominent roof, broad on the ground and not overly high.

A distinctive feature of this design is the use of cobble stones in the large chimney and fire place. These could also be employed very effectively for the foundation of the building.

A cobble stone wall can be made very attractive if the man laying it properly understands the work. In any kind of stone work the mason must use his head as well as his hands. The more variety of color, shape and size can be obtained the more attractive appearance will a cobble stone wall present. The stone



First Floor Plan.

should be rather large and laid at random, not in rows, and should fit together closely, so that few of the mortar joints are more than one-half inch thick. The stones should stand out prominently and should not be plastered to a smooth surface with mortar, neither should any broken edges be visible. A good workman, by the proper use of cobble stones, as shown in this design, can secure a very ornamental effect and one exactly in keeping with the general atmosphere of the rustic site on which the house is built.

For the walls of this house either clap-boards or shingles may be used. Shingles are always appropriate for the walls of a house of simple design,

is estimated at \$4,000 including a good grade of plumbing and lighting and first class basement heating plant.

## EATABLES MANY AND VARIED

What One Race Looks Upon With Loathing May Be Considered a Delicacy by Others.

It is a fact that grasshoppers from an early time were regarded as a favorite food by the Israelites. They were called under the more familiar name locust, which resembles the grasshopper so closely that in modern times they would have passed for one.

The favorite way of preparing them was to crush them with wine or boil them in hot water and dry them in the sun. They formed a salad course of many a famous dinner in the old world days.

In Africa, even in modern times, ants are considered the most delicious form of food. One prominent English historian quotes having received as a present 20 baskets of ants pounded into a paste. He says himself that it was quite an eatable dish, tasting like the livers of chicken.

The old Romans ate beetles and considered them a delicacy. Even in the present day Brazilians eat bugs, and it is not an uncommon thing, if you are invited to a festive dinner in a Brazilian home, to have served you in your first course some 20 varieties of bugs, powdered and cooked in different ways.

In fact, many of the black tribes in Africa eat flies and their larvae. In the Andama island a man must eat a live rodent before he can marry. If he is not willing to go through this ordeal he is not permitted the pleasure of a wife.

Chinese eat roasted dogs, as do many Russians and our Sioux Indians. A century ago dogs were favorite meat with our Louisiana darkies.

**Bed Divided Against Itself.**  
Tom—Mother, Jack's got half the bed!  
Mother—Well, you take the other half.

Tom—I can't; he's got his half in the middle.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Seeking Light.**  
Fader—Fader, 'at is dis socialism?  
Fader—It's robbery, dot's vot it is—robbery!  
Fader—Is it vere a man's greditory vants him to divide mit dem?—Puck

# GRAY PALACE OF ATONEMENT



EXTERIOR OF SING SING AND INTERIOR SHOWING CELLS

YOU can see it from the river, or you can see it from the road; either way it looks very much the same. If you brought to look at it an Eskimo from the northern seas or a native of the Tonga Isles and asked him what he thought it was he would say:

"A prison!"  
Every stone in the long, low, dark building spells prison. Every narrow slit of a window, every grill of iron bars, every foot of thick wall, every glint of a sentry's gun—they all spell prison.

Sing Sing is its name, and when it passes and is succeeded by a new prison the new one's name will be Sing Sing, too. So long as New York endures and men are wicked, there will be, somewhere, a Sing Sing.

Some buildings grow old gracefully. But Sing Sing, at the end of a hundred years, grows musty in every stone and at every angle. It is grim, repelling, suggesting all the horrors of its mediaeval prototypes—if, indeed, it is not actually mediaeval itself.

**Has Special Function.**  
Yet, to the city of New York, which has most to do with it, Sing Sing is not only a prison. It is the cold gray palace of atonement. It has a special function for the metropolis. It plays the city's slayers.

New York furnishes the stage setting for any crime. It provides the principal and his victim. Its labyrinths serve as a place for the criminal in his flight. Its police make the pursuit and, usually, the capture. Its lawyers make the pleas, for and against. Its juries find the verdict. Its judges pass the sentence. But when the sentence is death, the city turns to the old gray dungeon in Westchester county and says: "Take him; he is yours—to kill."

And so the last man sees of the city is at the moment when he steps from the carriage to take the train. His lawyers have told him they will appeal his case. He knows that he will not die the next day, nor the next week, nor the next month. He still has money and the lawyers are sanguine. Surely they will win for him.

On the train he sits, with his lawyer, in the smoking car, and the two guards sit behind them, very placid and pleasant, but with very serious revolvers in their pockets. They get out at Ossining station. It used to be Sing Sing station, but the people of the village got it changed because they did not like to say, when visiting in other towns, that they came from Sing Sing. People laughed, and Ossining is a serious town.

At the Ossining station, whenever a train arrives, there is always a line of old-fashioned, two-seated carriages. The town is a hilly one, and it is a steep walk either to the business section or the prison.

**Breaks No Delay.**  
Then he sees the cold gray palace of atonement that squats square and flat, its western edge touching the Hudson river. A door is open and the carriage stops in front of it. The prisoner goes in.  
Sing Sing begins to grind its machinery.

It breaks no delays and stands on no formalities. The guards from the city surrender their man to the guards of the prison. He is led into the office at the left. A clerk takes his name, age, place of birth, occupation and what else is needed for

the record. Opposite this record is put down his number. His pockets are emptied and a careful inventory made of everything in them. If he leaves Sing Sing his watch and keys and money will be given back to him—or to his heirs and assigns. No more does the property of the felon revert to the state.

He is shaved by the prison barber, and if his hair is too long to be considered sanitary, from a prison point of view, it is cut, but not shaved. He is photographed from both sides and in front and his measurements are taken for the Bertillon system.

Stripes went out of use at Sing Sing years ago. The prison garment is of dark gray. If the cloth were fashionably cut any man could wear a suit of it. The prisoner dons a suit of this, shakes hands with his lawyer, who has been fidgeting about, and is led away.

One rainy afternoon, as he lies on his cot, a keeper with no stomach for his errand comes to the door of his cell. He has his little speech ready and fires it quickly.

"Sorry," he says, "but the court of appeals sustains the finding of the lower court."

When his last morning comes he is ready, and the clergyman is at his side, talking so earnestly that he does not notice it when the keeper slits his trouser leg from bottom to knee. He pays little attention as the prison barber quickly cuts the hair from the crown of his head. He is ready when the cell door swings open, and he follows the priest and his flaring candle.

From the curtained cells come the last goodbyes of the rest of the condemned company, some of them to follow him that very morning. He walks bravely through the black door.

And now he is out of the gray walls and in a little brick house of one room. It is about twenty-five feet square. Its woodwork is oak, brightly varnished. Even the back of the black door is yellow. The walls and ceiling are as brightly blue as the bluest sky of spring.

No furniture is in this room except the chair, the chair of atonement, made of yellow oak and leather straps. He sees it and knows its purpose, but the priest is still talking and he listens. The talk is carrying him far away from the room of blue and oak. It is little to him, now that they are fastening the wet electrodes to his head and to his leg where the trousers were slit. It is even less that the pipelike fixture above him is lowered so that its wires fasten to the electrode.

From the lethal stores of energy's most mysterious realm, liberated by a hand unseen, 1,800 volts of lightning leap down the pipelike fixture. Sing Sing has done what the law bade it do.

**Great Poet Not Methodical.**  
Tennyson, like Mrs. Browning, was careless regarding his manuscripts. Some weeks after leaving his lodgings in Mornington place, Hampstead, he wrote from Bouchurch, telling Coventry Patmore that he could not find his "book of elegies—a long, butcher-ledger-like book," and asked him to make inquiries. Patmore went to Mornington place and, being allowed to search the poet's old rooms, found the book in a closet where Tennyson had kept his tea and bread and butter. It was the unpublished manuscript of "In Memoriam."

# Libby's Pork and Beans

Delicious - Nutritious

Plump and nut-like in flavor, thoroughly cooked with choice pork. Prepared the Libby way, nothing can be more appetizing and satisfying, nor of greater food value. Put up with or without tomato sauce. An excellent dish served either hot or cold.

Insist on Libby's

Libby, McNeill & Libby  
Chicago



## TIRED OF HIS PEEVISHNESS

Millionaire Gently Reminded That He Was Not Alone in Quest of the Missing Link.

A western millionaire of the "newly rich" variety recently came to New York and one of his first extravagant purchases was a pair of diamond-encrusted cuff-links, for which he paid \$250.

But the pride of possession lasted only two days, for one of the links became lost. High and low the millionaire hunted for it, turning the whole hotel upside down in the search, but it was not recovered. But he would not give up the search.

One evening a week later, while giving a dinner party to a few friends and business associates, he recounted the circumstances of his loss and concluded by saying:

"Confound it; I don't understand it. Here I've spent a whole week hunting for that there missing link, and still, by cracky, I can't find it!"

"Oh, cheer up," advised one of the men who was bored by the recital. "Charles Darwin spent a whole lifetime in the same quest, but he wasn't half as peevish as you are!"

## LIVER ALL RIGHT and Bowels Regular

Don't take Calomel, Salts, Oils or harsh cathartics when you can go to any real drug store in town and get a box of sure, safe, blissful HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS for only 15 cents. They never fail.

One to-night means satisfaction in the morning. They are the product of the greatest medical minds at the world's great Sanitarium and are now offered to you as a perfect remedy for constipation, torpid liver, sick headache, coated tongue and dizziness. Free Sample from Hot Springs Chemical Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

**His First Thought.**  
Mrs. Justwed—I think, dear, you really ought to get your life insured.  
Hubby—You don't mean that you are going to do the cooking.

**Modern Life.**  
"John, you'll kill yourself smoking."  
"Never mind, my dear. For 15,000 coupons the tobacco company will provide you with a new husband."

**Unlucky.**  
Chollie—Do you believe the number thirteen is unlucky?  
Mollie—Indeed, I do. You were the thirteenth man who proposed to me.

**Ever Think of This?**  
"Why don't women dress sensibly?"  
"If they did, half the industries of the world would go to smash."

**Must Be Away.**  
"I haven't quarreled with my wife for a week."  
"When do you expect her home?"

**Enthusiast.**  
"An up-to-date preacher, you say?"  
"Yes. His sermons are bristling with motor car metaphors."

**Case in Point.**  
"Pa, what is dollar diplomacy?"  
"Borrowing a dollar, son, from a man who doesn't want to lend it."

**Perfectly Clear.**  
"Peters has a clear head."  
"Yes, there's nothing in it."

**Real Thing.**  
"Let's have a corking good time."  
"No, let's have an uncorking one."

Some folks never learn to let bad enough alone.

The earth's fertile area is estimated at 28,269,200 square miles.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. 25¢ a bottle.

Late hours and a spicy breath are sure to tell on a man.

**Trained.**  
"How did you guess at once that Mr. Jones was a married man?"  
"Because he is such a good listener."

**Never Again.**  
"Going to get out here and stretch your legs?" asked one passenger of another.  
"What place is it?" asked his companion.  
"Chicago."  
"No, I had one stretched here once."

## Dropsy Treated 10 Days Free

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

**His Mind on Insects.**  
She (hearing her father coming)—Fly!  
He (a bit moony)—Where? I'll swat it!  
She—No, no! I mean flee!  
He—Oh! Where did it nip you?

**So Far.**  
Bill—I hear he is preparing for one of those trips to the north or south pole.

Jill—How far has he got?  
Bill—Oh, he's written all the press-agent stuff.

**Don't Reach That Far.**  
Bacon—The United States makes enough paper money each year to reach twice around the world.  
Egbert—That's queer. Very little of it reaches me.

**Their Style.**  
"The gems of literature are in this library."  
"I see most of them are uncut gems."

**Bonehead.**  
Mollie—What were you and that fellow arguing about?  
Chollie—The size of my head.  
Mollie—Oh, that was the bone of contention, was it?

**Lets It Shine.**  
Baker—Puffer doesn't believe in hiding his light under a bushel.  
Hamilton—I should say he doesn't. He puts it in front of a reflector.

**Its Location.**  
"How that house of Plunger's stands out."  
"Yes; you see, he built it on a bluff."

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,**  
The Antiseptic powder shaketh into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. The Man who put the E's in F. E. E.

**LEWIS'S SINGLE BINDER**  
THE BEST QUALITY STRAIGHT CIGAR ALWAYS RELIABLE.

**HAHN MUSIC SCHOOL**  
THE SCHOOL FOR YOUR DAUGHTER  
One Catalogue FREE. DALLAS, TEXAS.  
Tells Why.

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

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

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

It is a combination of QUININE and IRON in a tasteless form that wonderfully strengthens and fortifies the system to withstand the depressing effect of the hot summer. GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A sure tonic and sure appetizer. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50¢

# D. A. R.'S NEW HOME

Franklin's Old Print Shop Made Permanent Quarters.

Annis Stockton Chapter Dedicated Burlington, N. J., Headquarters With Most Elaborate Ceremonies—First in State.

Burlington, N. J.—Benjamin Franklin's old print shop, in which he turned out paper currency for the Colonial government of New Jersey was opened here with elaborate ceremonies as the home of the Annis Stockton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. The exercises centered about the presentation of a high American flag by the New Jersey Society, Sons of the American Revolution, to the patriotic women, who from their headquarters here will open a campaign to appropriately mark the various spots of Revolutionary interest in this section.

Mrs. Harriet N. M. Pancoast of Palmyra, regent of the Annis Stockton Chapter, presided at the opening of the home. Following the address of welcome by Mayor E. E. Mount, John S. Merrill of Trenton, president of the New Jersey society, Sons of the American Revolution, with his staff and color bearers and escorted by troops of local Boy Scouts, presented the big flag to Mrs. Pancoast. The history of the old house, as it appears on the county records, and the traditions attached to it, were related by Henry S. Haines, state surveyor general. The principal address was made by Mrs. Charles Yardley, East Orange, state regent of the D. A. R.

The Annis Stockton Chapter, by these exercises, becomes the first society of the D. A. R. in New Jersey to purchase and own its own historic headquarters. The officers of the chapter are: Regent, Mrs. Harriet N. M. Pancoast, Palmyra; vice-regent, Mrs. Richard Holeman, Mount Holly; secretary, Mrs. Frank Blackburn, Palmyra; treasurer, Miss Bessie Warnick, Woodbury; chaplain, Miss Sara E. Batchelor, Riverton. The trustees are: Mrs. R. W. Rice, Riverton; Mrs. David G. Baird, Beverly; Mrs. Joseph Roberts, Riverton; Mrs. Lawrence D. Fixary, Palmyra.

Because of the significance of Burlington as the early home of Annis Stockton, the chapter selected this city as the site of their permanent home. As Annis Boudinot, the famous woman after whom the chapter is named, spent her youth here with her brother, Elias Boudinot, and later married Richard Stockton, one of the five Jerseymen who signed the Declaration of Independence.

The Franklin cabin is one of the oldest buildings in South Jersey, having been erected more than two centuries ago. It is near what was the



Franklin's Old Print Shop.

end of the New York post road in colonial days, where the Philadelphia boats tied up at the old Burlington wharf.

In the history of his own life Franklin tells how he stopped in Burlington as a poor boy while en route from New York to Philadelphia. He missed the Philadelphia boat and, awaiting the next passage, stayed at the home of an old woman, who "was very kind and with utmost good will" gave him a dinner of beefsteak. When his aged hostess learned he was a printer, she advised that he open up a shop in this town; but with only a few copper coins in his pockets he could not finance the project and went on to Philadelphia, where he had already procured a position.

His employer later received an order from the government of New Jersey for a big issue of paper money, and Franklin, as a trusted and expert foreman, was sent to Burlington to set up the print shop and print the currency. He made Burlington his home for many months before completing the work and then returned to Philadelphia, later to establish there a publishing business still in existence. During his employment here the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac" won the close friendship of many prominent Burlingtonians and in later years frequently visited this city.

Curious Woman Loses Fingers. Philadelphia, Pa.—Curious to know what was in a "tin box" which her husband had brought home, Mrs. Frederick Thrie tried to pry it open with a knife. It exploded and removed three of her fingers. It was a railroad torpedo.

Baby Drowns in Milk Can. Fon du Lac, Wis.—Norman Schumacher, aged four, fell into a milk can, containing only four inches of water, and was drowned, at his home in Calumetville, near here.

## BLOOD FOR HEAD VODOOIST

Four-Year-Old Cuban Boy Offered as Sacrifice to Superstitious Island Rite.

Pedro Betancourt, Cuba.—That little four-year-old Onelio Garcia, who on June 20 disappeared while on his way home at the farm Sardinias, was murdered by negro voodooists to obtain his blood for witchery practices, the same that happened with little Zolla at Guira de Melena and with little Luisa at Alacranes, there is little doubt. The rural guard have arrested the men and women who are held responsible for the savage practice.

The arrested persons in the case up to the present time are Severo Jimenez, Faustino Baro, Benito Armas and Ramon Martinez, the three last mentioned being accused by Jimenez, whose statement to Judge Merconchi-



Pedro Betancourt.

ni shows that the practice of voodooism in the country districts among the negroes continues in its pristine savage state. The fact that Bocout and Molina, the murderers of little Zolla at Guira de Melena in 1905, were executed in the garrote has apparently served no purpose.

From the investigations and the charges made by Jimenez against Baro, Martinez and Armas, it appears that in the present case a woman, who is held as the "head voodooist," was sick at Torriente and that under their practices she was to be touched with a stone called the "santo," which must be "fed" with the blood of a white child to obtain her cure. Accordingly Baro, Martinez and Armas started to seek a victim, and to that end went to the home of Jimenez at the Maravilla farm and requested his aid.

Jimenez says that he refused to join them, returning to his house, where he told his mother. This happened on June 19, he says that on June 21, a day after little Onelio disappeared, he was told by Baro that his services were no longer needed, that they already had the child.

The rural guard, acting under orders of Judge Merconchini, are making a search about the district at places pointed out by Jimenez in order to find the remains of the missing boy, but up to the present all search has proved fruitless.

## JOKER IS MAROONED ON ROOF

Riverhead Sees Tables Turned on Fire Bell Ringer—Indignant at Treatment.

Riverhead, L. I.—Attempting to spring a joke on the staid residents here by ringing the bells on the fire house out of their houses in alarm, Sandy Adams, a young politician, found himself marooned on the roof of the fire house and a target for the jibes of the villagers for an hour and a half.

It has long been a practice of young men here to ring the bells on the fire house on the Fourth of July and send out false alarms. The town board decided to put a stop to the practice and special officers were appointed for the purpose. Adams climbed to the roof of the fire house by means of a ladder which he pulled up after him. When the bell began ringing people rushed to the street to find where the fire was. Adams lowered the ladder to the ground, but before he could descend, Ruland, one of the special officers, pulled it away. Adams remained perched on the roof of the building for an hour and a half, and the villagers' jeers added to his mortification.

When he was taken from the roof he was highly indignant. He said he heard the fire bell and climbed to the roof to see who was ringing it.

Ten One-Legged Men in Court. Edwardsville, Ill.—Ten one-legged men appeared in court here when the case of Walter Taylor against the Commonwealth Steel company was called. Taylor seeks damages for the loss of a leg. The witnesses were in court to testify that a man crippled as Taylor is can find employment.

Not Too Hot. The kindly district nurse had sent to Mary's cheerless home fuel and food and clothing. Several days later she visited the house to find Mary and the family warm, comfortable and happy.

"You're such a good woman," said the little mother earnestly. "And I've been praying to the dear Lord every night that he will bless you, and when you die send you to a nice, warm place."

### Don't Be "Crouchy"

just because your Stomach has "gone back" on you. There's a splendid chance for it to "come back" with the aid of

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It soothes and tones the tired nerves, promotes bowel regularity, aids digestion and will help you back to health. Try it.

### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to make hair abundant. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 in Bottles.

How to Stop Pen Leaking. "That reminds me of the story of the advertisement which said that for the small sum of 25 cents, anyone could receive the information on how to keep a fountain pen from dripping ink," said City Attorney Daniel W. Hoan in illustrating a point.

"A young man whose pen bothered the life out of him, sent a quarter for the desired information. The reply was: 'Don't put any ink in it.'—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

## HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

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

Brute! "My husband is one of the most stubborn men in the world."

"He can't be any more stubborn than mine."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure he must be. Yesterday I had an engagement to meet him at three o'clock."

"Yes?"

"Well, it was nearly 4:30 when I got there, and he won't admit yet that the rest he got while he was waiting did him good."

WILL RELIEVE NERVOUS DEPRESSION AND LOW SPIRITS. The Old Standard Genuine Serravallo's Tonic. GIVES TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, arouses the liver to action, drives out malaria and builds up the system. A sure appetizer and aid to digestion. For adults and children. 50 cents.

Serious Obstacle. Customer—When that gentleman offered to buy goods and have you take the bill out in trade, why did you refuse?

Grocer—Because he's an undertaker.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Sizing It Up. Bacon—What did you give for that cigar you're smoking?

Egbert—Nothing.

"Is it good?"

"Well, it's good for nothing."

Honk! Honk! "Did she come to the door when you serenaded her with your mandolin?"

"No; but another fellow came along and brought her out with an auto horn."

Perhaps They Do. Mr. Flatbush—This paper says that in Italy 600,000 persons find employment in rearing silkworms.

Summer Bargain. "Grace is always good at bargains."

"How, now?"

"My coat of tan cost \$150. She got me just like it for \$10."

## LED HOST IN PATH OF DUTY

Abernathy "Kids," on Trip to Washington, Said to Have Induced Paper Man to Go to Church.

The two Abernathy kids, who came through Indianapolis on motorcycles on their way to New York, made a newspaper man go to church, though they probably did not know it.

The N. M. had the boys as guests at his house while they were in town. The first night when it came time to go to bed the boys handed him a surprise when they both said their prayers. Sunday morning the boys intimated that they always went to church. When one of them naively asked the host: "Do you go to church?" he said that he did, though he admitted inwardly that he had been neglecting the church going of late.

"Well, let's go to church," said Temple, who is nine years old.

"Would you like to go with me or would you boys just as soon go with the boy across the street?" asked the newspaper man, eyeing the porch swing which swayed gently in the breeze.

"We'd rather go with you," said Louis, the elder. And they all went. The newspaper man admitted afterward that he had not attended church for six months.—Indianapolis News.

Just Wanted to Be Sure. For four entire hours had the lady remained in the shop. She had visited every department and worried the majority of the salesmen without spending a penny.

Toward the close of the afternoon one of the salesmen, feeling somewhat exasperated, ventured to make a mild protest.

"Madam," he asked sweetly, "are you shopping here?"

The lady looked surprised, but not by any means annoyed.

"Certainly," she replied. "But what else should I be doing?"

For a moment the salesman hesitated, then blurted out:

"Well, madam, I thought perhaps you might be taking an inventory."

The lady melted away among the shadows by the door.

Taking It Out of Clients. A well known Milwaukee attorney had just returned from a northern Wisconsin city where he tried a case. His partner was just closing a minor legal affair as the attorney entered the office.

There had been a long night ride to Milwaukee and the attorney was greatly exercised over the poor railroad accommodations on the train.

"Well, I just cleaned this little matter up today," said the partner.

"How long did it take you?"

"About two hours. What shall we charge our client?"

"—these railroads, anyway. Charge him \$1,000."

Why She Was Timid. They stood upon the crest of the mountain and gazed off through the purple distances.

"Honey plum," he whispered, bending closer, "give me a kiss—just one!"

"No, Harold," she answered timidly, "some one will hear me. There may be other ears around."

"Other ears? Why should you think so, fairest flower?"

"Oh, because I have so often heard of mountain ears. I thought perhaps there might be some around and—"

"But just then there was a mighty crash."

A mountain goat had heard the awful pun and jumped over the cliff.

True Business Instinct. Topham's was the smartest emporium for miles around. You had to be the last word in "go" before a situation was obtained in that establishment. Keen business men filled every post.

One afternoon when trade was in full swing an unfortunate customer fell down the first floor stairs.

"Help!" he groaned in agony. "I do believe I've broken my leg!"

A shopwalker immediately flew to his side.

"Broken your leg, sir?" he inquired, sympathetically. And then, in sharp, clear tones: "Cork legs! Third counter to the right, sir! Forward, Miss Davis!"

Compliment. "The English are a heavy-handed race," said a suffragette in the smoking room of the Colony club.

She lighted a fresh cigarette and sipped her coffee.

"The English are heavy-handed," she repeated. "I went to hear Mrs. Pankhurst lecture in Woodstock on my last visit to England, and do you know how the jolly old farmer chairman introduced her? Well, this is what he said, intending it for a compliment, mind you:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the grand old man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman."

Do They Eat Them? Yeast—I see exports of American horses are increasing. Last year the value of our horse-flesh sent to foreign countries was nearly \$5,000,000.

Crimsonbeak—Mercy! What eaters those foreigners are, to be sure!

Cheap people are always looking for something cheaper than themselves.

## WOE BROUGHT MOTHER FOX

Tragic Moments for Vixen After She Had Carried Poisoned Food to Her Litter.

On one of the large estates in Hingham, a few weeks ago, a fox was found to be destroying poultry. The time of the raids, and their boldness, were proof enough that the fox must be a female with young. Poisoned meat was prepared for her, and at once the raids ceased. A few days later one of the workmen of the estate came upon the den of a fox, at the mouth of which lay dead a whole litter of young ones. They had been poisoned. The mother had not eaten the doctored food herself, but had carried it home to her family. They must have died in the burrow, for it was evident from the signs that she had dragged them out, into the fresh air, to revive them, and deposited them gently on the sand by the hole. Then in her perplexity she had brought various tidbits of mouse and bird and rabbit and placed at their noses to tempt them to wake up out of their strange sleep and eat as hungry children ought to eat. Who knows how long she watched beside the still forms, and what her emotions were? She must have left the neighborhood soon after, however, for no one has seen her since about the estate.—Dallas Lore Sharp, in the Atlantic.

Long-Lost Mine Found. The long-lost Cinnabar mine in Nevada has been found after a search lasting more than thirty years. The discovery was made some weeks ago by George Keough while searching for stray stock, seven miles from Mina. The discovery was kept secret until claims were staked and assays made of the ore, showing it to run high in quicksilver.

Following the announcement of the finding of the mine a rush was started for the district in which it is located.

Hawthorne, after finding the Cinnabar deposit, became confused and lost his way on the desert. He wandered about for several days and finally landed at New Boston, formerly a thriving camp, but now extinct.

He conducted expedition after expedition in search of the deposit, but his efforts were fruitless. He described the location, stating that two petrified trees stood near the mound.

The stone trees are to be noticed today as described by the old prospector, who dies 13 years ago.

Gravelled Eyelids Cured. The worst case on record 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. 50c, 50c, \$1.00.

No Wonder He Was Angry. The previously accepted lover was infuriated when one evening he called on "the only girl" and was informed by her that their engagement was at an end.

"If you insist, Grace Cheever, on breaking off our engagement, I will publish in the Oakland Times the letters you have written me."

"As you please," she replied, indifferently, toying with her bracelet. There is nothing about those letters I need be ashamed of—except the address!—Lippincott's.

Poor John. "John," said Mrs. Newlywed, "I've got to have some money and some new clothes and some new shoes and a hat and a new coat."

"Gracious!" replied John, "you don't have to have all that, do you?"

"Well, I really do, but I'll compromise on the money."

Something to Remember. "Now is the time to pitch in and achieve, now, now!" said Norman Haggood in an eloquent political address in New York.

"Remember, my friends," said Mr. Haggood, "the present is the future from which you hoped so much."

## BLUE AND DISCOURAGED

Mrs. Hamilton Tells How She Finally Found Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Warren, Ind.—"I was bothered terribly with female weakness. I had pains and was not regular, my head ached all the time, I had bearing down pains and my back hurt me the biggest part of the time, I was thin and had weak feelings when I would stoop over, it hurt me to walk any distance and I felt blue and discouraged."

"I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now in good health. If it had not been for that medicine I would have been in my grave a long time ago."—Mrs. ANNA HAMILTON, R. F. D. No. 6, Warren, Ind.

Another Case. Esmond, R. I.—"I write to tell you how much good your medicine has done me and to let other women know that there is help for them. I suffered with bearing down pains, headache, was irregular and felt blue and depressed all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and commenced to gain in a short time and I am a well woman today. I am on my feet from early morning until late at night running a boarding house and do all my own work. I hope that many suffering women will try your medicine. It makes happier wives and mothers."—Mrs. ANNA HAMILTON, Esmond, Rhode Island.

## 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 compel 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.

Asentwood

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, bees, wasps, mosquitoes, house flies, etc. Kills all insects, and is safe for all animals, man, and vegetation. Will not set off traps or destroy anything. All dealers return unused boxes for 25c. H. B. ROBERTSON, 120 DeSales Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DROPSY TREATED. Give each result, usually requiring only a few days and entire relief in 10-15 days, trial treatment FREE. DR. CHAS. H. FLETCHER, 201 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Texas Directory

MOTORCYCLES, BICYCLES, SAFES. Experts in opening Burglar and Fire Proof Safes. Repair and Service of all kinds for Motorcycles, Bicycles, and all Lock Work. Special in Finding Keys for Copying. Packing Trunks, Boxes and Bags. CHAS. OTT, 1008 Elm St., Dallas, Tex.

COTTON BOOKS and stationery for printers, yards, of mills, compresses and merchants. Special forms ruled and printed to order. Security marking ink is the best. Write for samples and prices.

A. D. ALDRIDGE COMPANY 409 SOUTH ERVAY DALLAS, TEXAS W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 31-1918.

## Don't Poison Baby.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

## ELECTRIC LIGHTS FOR COUNTRY HOMES

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

## WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC FOR MALARIA and as a general TONIC

If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by Parcel Post on receipt of price. Arthur Wintersmith & Co., Louisville, Ky.

# Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

8 Years In Suffering or Weak, use "RENOVINE." Made by Val. Wood-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$3.00

**"Rexall Remedies"**

AT

**The Rexall Store**

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

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

**The Rexall Store**  
**Hedley Drug Company**

### Locals

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

E. H. Willis is at Goodnight doing carpenter work.

Sam Bond went to Wellington this week to visit relatives.

Mrs. F. C. Gotcher of Dallas is visiting her brother Mr. J. A. Morrow.

Mrs. N. M. Hensby left Tuesday for Ford county to visit relatives.

L. L. Cornelius and family spent Sunday in Clarendon visiting friends.

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

E. D. Conard of Canyon visited his sister, Mrs. C. A. Hicks first of the week.

Mrs. T. R. Key was up from Memphis Sunday to visit Mrs. T. Moreman.

Read Bain & McCarroll's ad in this issue. This firm is striving hard to merit patronage.

M. W. Waldron was here this week from Canadian visiting his parents, A. F. Waldron and wife.

Misses Beula and Adelia Routhwell of Estelline visited their friend, Miss Ina Reeves Sunday.

An expert optician will be with Stanley the last Wednesday in each month see him about it.

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

Miss Ethel Bond has been quite sick this week. Mrs. Watkins, her aunt is helping to care for her.

W. H. Melton and wife were here first of the week visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Waldron.

Dave Hamblen and wife were down from the plains last week visiting his parents, S. P. Hamblen and wife.

G. A. Wimberly attended the meeting of the Colorado-to-the-Gulf Highway Association at Clayton Thursday.

W. A. Lisby of Rhome, and J. N. McKee of Dido, father and uncle respectively of Mrs. R. A. Bayne, have been visiting her.

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

The latest enterprise to come to Hedley is a peanut and popcorn machine. L. A. Dunn advised that to his confectionery store.

Misses Evvie and Artie Henderson of Gainesville, returned home Tuesday after a two weeks visit here with their sister Mrs. Martin Bell.

Tom Parker of Wellington was here last week to see his family who have been visiting Mrs. Parker's parents, H. R. Davis and wife several weeks.

O. H. Britain left Monday for the eastern market to buy his fall and winter stock of goods. He was accompanied by his wife and little girls, Mary and Totsie.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bond went to Wellington Sunday in response to a message that Grandma Bond was seriously ill. At last report she was improving but not out of danger.

Earl Reeves returned Sunday from Fort Worth where he visited an uncle several days. Margaret and Martha Edwards, his little cousins, returned home with him.

Little J. N. Kendall has been very sick this week.

Mrs. Frank Clark has been seriously ill this week, but is reported better today.

George Tomberlin sold out his entire crop this week and he and his family leave today for New Mexico.

J. L. Glover and wife of Clyde Texas are here visiting Mrs. Glover's brothers, Ellery and Ira Lynn.

The Informer has been crowded to its capacity this week getting out directories in book form for the Hedley Telephone Exchange.

J. G. McDougal went to Miami Monday in his auto after Mrs. Ed Dishman and her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Alexander of Pottsboro, and E. T. Judd and children of Pottsboro, who visited relatives at Miami two weeks.

E. L. Yelton visited friends at Claude Sunday.

Miss Annie Cantelou of Clarendon is spending the week with her friend Miss Frankie Smith.

Grafton Dishman returned home first of the week from Buffalo, Wyoming, where he has been several months. He is going about on crutches as the result of the accidental shooting of a rifle bullet into his foot.

### COUNTY FARMERS UNION MEETING

The Donley County Farmers Union met in Hedley last Saturday. Members from all over the county were present. The principal feature of the meeting was the report from the delegates who attended the State Convention.

# To Our Customers and Friends

WE wish to say that we are appreciative of your patronage thus far and we hope that a continuation of our business relations will bring to each of us a better understanding of each other. Our time is wholly given to OUR business--we have no time to knock on our competitors; neither have we any 'junk' to offer at a slaughter price. We carry nothing but the very best grade of goods that money will buy and if you are hunting something shoddy, old and out of date don't call on us. We have one of the largest and most complete lines of general merchandise ever shown in Hedley. We are able to take care of our customers even in a drouth. We try to do business in keeping with the most conservative banking system in the country: we deliver the goods, we expect you to pay. Is not that a square deal? We do not figure a loss on the other man that you are expected to help pay; we sell for a reasonable profit, turn our goods quickly, thereby keeping our stock fresh, clean and snappy.

**Come and see our New Lot of Goods**

We invite you to call on us and examine our Large and Complete line of Dishes, Crockery, Glassware, Enamelware, Tinware, etc. The price and the quality are both right.

We have bought conservatively in the Dry Goods line, yet our stock is very complete in all lines of staples--the best that money can buy. We will this season show some of the Newest and Snappiest lines of Men and Boys and Ladies Suits ever shown in a town of this size. We did not buy these lines from jobbers in St. Louis, but went directly to the factories in New York. We got the Newest and Best. Our goods are arriving daily and our clerks take pleasure in showing you through the stock.

Our MILLINERY Line will be complete--will have the newest and latest styles of the season. Remember that our GROCERY stock is the largest and best; and our SHELF HARDWARE and AMMUNITION lines are always complete.

We have just received a car of BUGGIES and WAGONS which we offer at attractive prices. Also a line of HARNESSES, COLLARS, LINES, LAP ROBES, ETC.

We pay the highest market price for country produce.

Yours for business,

# BAIN & McCARROLL