

The Hedley Informer



IS GROWING BETTER

Each Christmas Sees Nearer Approach to Ideal.

Humanity Affected by Teachings of Him Whose Birth is Celebrated—Spirit of Helpfulness Prevails Among Men.

Each year brings the world nearer to the ideal of the Prince of Peace, the ideal of universal brotherhood. Wars may occur from time to time and nations continue to arm themselves, but steadily the thought develops in the minds of men throughout the range of civilization that fighting is a wasteful, senseless, inconclusive method of adjusting differences, and that righteousness and justice can be maintained by other means.

Over nineteen hundred years have passed since Christ was born, bringing the message of peace on earth and good will to men. Before his time the world knew no such doctrine. There was the law of might, and might prevailed. There were rights, but rights were dependent upon the strength of arms and often suffered. The strong arm governed in the affairs of men. The doctrine that Christ preached was one of enlightenment, an appeal to the reason, addressed to the higher self of man. That Christianity spread so rapidly after the first struggling start is proof that men were eager for such teaching and that they desired for

the opportunity to live their lives placidly and honestly in a spirit of brotherhood.

Those who are discouraged by the occasional outbreaks of strife between nations should take comfort in the thought that there is a steadily increasing sentiment for pacific adjustments, that the essential spirit of Christianity is at work throughout the world to bring men into more reasonable relations, and that in the international as well as the private conditions of life the doctrines that were first preached in Judea nineteen hundred years ago are becoming steadily more dominant.

Christmas day naturally causes a reflection upon the state of humanity as affected by the teachings of him whose birth is celebrated. Men are unquestionably kinder and more thoughtful toward one another now than ever before. There is more charity in the world, and more justice, and more earnest disposition to bring humanity up to a higher level. There is more widespread education as a result of this spirit of helpfulness, and there is less suffering. Men are devoting themselves and their lives to the study of the needs of the less fortunate and to the amelioration of their condition. In all lands practical Christianity is bringing to the end literally of bringing peace on earth and good will to

men. The observances of Christmas are mere tokens of the essential spirit of the day, which is more than the mere twenty-four hours of this particular calendar time, and extends throughout the year. No matter how elaborate or costly the gifts that are exchanged, how beautiful and impressive the services in the churches, how extensive the decorations, Christmas is no more sincerely commemorated

HEDLEY IS A THRIVING AND ENTERPRISING TOWN AND IS UP-TO-DATE IN BUSINESS

Hedley has two gins that are up-to-date in every particular and are prepared to handle all the cotton raised even during a prosperous year.

Two excellent banks make Hedley strong in a financial way. There are few towns that can boast of better financial institutions.

Two drug stores—than which there are none better equipped outside of the cities—take care of our wants in the drug line.

Three firms handling hardware and implements. There's no reasons why Hedley can not supply the wants of the country in this line—and cheaply too.

Four dry goods and six grocery stores supply the very best to the trade territory. These stores are up-to-date in every particular.

Two jewelers to keep people on time and not miss the trains.

Two good hotels and one restaurant furnish food and shelter to the public in Hedley.

A livery stable and a wagon yard take care of the traveling public of the horse family.

Two big lumber yards furnish the building material for the many nice buildings around Hedley.

Three or four coal dealers are right there when it comes to keeping the public warm.

A meat market furnishes meat for hungry humanity, and ice in the summer time to cool humanity off.

A splendid corps of teachers to teach young ideas to shoot in a \$10,000 brick school building. Hedley is not short on educational facilities.

Four church buildings, some of them not excelled by city churches, furnish places of worship for the community.

Good water works and mill, furnishes water and grinds meal and feed for the many customers.

Two physicians to minister to the physical infirmities of mankind, and some preachers to minister to the moral infirmities.

One of the best equipped saddle and harness stores in the Panhandle is here.

Three blacksmith shops and a carpenter shop do the repair work for man and beast.

Two tonsorial parlors where the amputation of whiskers and hair take place.

Two tailor shops help to clothe people and keep their clothes clean.

A confectionery store to help furnish drinks, fruits, pop corn and peanuts.

Grain dealers in plenty to buy or sell the necessities for horses, cows and hogs.

A splendid exchange to facilitate the talking business of the town and community.

A newspaper to tell the world what all these others are doing and the comings and goings of the public in general.

"MALIHINI" CHRISTMAS TREE

How Americans in Honolulu Introduced Yuletide Festivities Which Are Now Observed Annually.

Several years ago a number of tourists who were spending the winter months in Honolulu wanted to celebrate Christmas in some way. They could hardly realize that it was the winter season, as the trees and grass were green, and crowds of people were on the beaches and swimming in the ocean every day; and so they thought of a novel idea; they would have a Christmas tree out of doors, and in the center of the town, they decorated it lavishly with popcorn, tinsel and all other ornaments that are used for the purpose. Cotton was strewn freely over the branches to imitate snow, which has never been seen by the little folks in Hawaii. The decorations complete, and everything in readiness, the children were all notified of this wonderful tree through the newspapers, and on Christmas morning thousands of little ones of all nationalities represented in these islands made a picturesque sight, dressed in the costumes of their parents' home country. They eagerly watched Santa Claus as he untied the dolls and the jump-ropes and jack-knives from the heavily laden branches and distributed them freely to every one. It was evident by the happy little faces that the day was a huge success, and ever since then this idea has been carried out by the community, and is called the "Malihini" or strangers' Christmas tree.—Dorothy M. Hoogs, in St. Nicholas.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS. 'Tis a beautiful custom—this Christmas Remembering each old friend, With some little tardy memento Which takes with it love without end; 'Tis sweet to be thus held in memory By one you hold close to your heart, But at Yuletide let's not be forgetting That the gifts are but one little part.

There's a far grander, holier lesson To be gleaned from this season of cheer. It isn't just jewels that are craved for By the ones to whom we are near; Give kindness and love and assistance, Not only to body, but soul, And you'll find that you're drawing much closer To the season's significant goal.

Give a word of sweet solacing comfort To those who are laden with woe, Give sympathy where you can meta it— Hold no such thing as a foe; Find some little glimmer of sunshine To the lives that are far from the light, 'Tis then that you'll know the full meaning Of that star that shines in the night.

A CHRISTMAS SONG. Oh, Christmas is a jolly time, When forests hang with snow, And lovely Yule-logs glow! And Christmas is a solemn time Because, beneath the Star, The first great Christmas gift was given To all men, near and far.

But not alone at Christmas time Come holiday and cheer, For one who loves a little child Hath Christmas all the year. —Flora Evelyn Pratt.

Christmas Atmosphere. Christmas! Why the very word kindles thoughts of good will in our hearts, it seems to bring forth our best and natural instincts—the manliness of man—a desire to make the world happier. There's something noble and inspiring in the very atmosphere of "Christmas."

Strong Resemblance. "Say, Billie," said Tommy, "do you believe in Santa Claus?" "You bet I do!" returned Billie. "I've seen him. I peeked while he was filling my stockings last year." "What did he look like?" asked Tommy. "Well, if pa'd had a twin brother I'd ha' thought it was him," said Billie.—Judge.

We will make special prices on all kinds of Nuts, Fruits and Candies, for Santa Claus. Remember we said special prices, very special too. T. C. Lively & Co.

CHRISTMAS OF OLD

It Was a Boisterously Gay and Glad Time.

Animating Spirit of Holiday is Same as One Hundred Years Ago and as Will Be in Future.

The protest of the grandmas and grandpas that Christmas in these days is different from what it was back in 1840 is doubtless true enough in respect to methods and details of ushering in the morn and celebrating the day, but in essentials probably the change is not so great as it seems. What grandma and grandpa have in mind is that the old-time simplicity pertaining to the great festal day has given way to innovations that are more fanciful and elaborate. The gift that comes in a gilt-bordered box, tied in pink ribbons, probably is opened with as much expectant thrill, however, as the exploration of the olden-time stocking occasioned.

We get little glimpses here and there in the colonial chronicles of Maryland of the old-time Maryland Christmas and there are plenty of traditions afloat of the rural before-the-war Christmas. Always the Christmas feast has been a great event in the social life of the state. It has been a day of family reunions from colonial days down to now. A Maryland Christmas feast of the olden time is aptly described in that classic phrase "the table fairly groaned under the burden of the viands." Sumptuous plenty was the first law of the olden Christmas feast. It wasn't so much on the decorative settings; it didn't make a specialty of fancy salads, but there was nothing to be desired in way of substantial.

As was the feast so were the Christmas festivities in general. It was gay and glad, boisterously gay and glad, with romps and games which have gone out of fashion along with two-course, table-groaning dinners. But the animating spirit of Christmas is the same now as it was 100 years ago, and will be the same 100 years hence as now. Which is but to say: Youth is ever the same; the new things are but the old things in altered outward guise.

See our Beautiful Toilet Sets in the window. They speak for themselves. Hedley Drug Co. The Rexall Store.

GIVEN AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE!



We will give a \$25.00 United Talking Machine to the person holding the number that corresponds to a number which has been placed in a sealed envelope and placed in First State Bank, and cashier will care for and deliver same at 3 o'clock p. m. Dec. 25. Tickets are in a box where each cash purchaser of 50c worth of goods can select a number he or she wishes and hold same until the time as given above, when the lucky number will be published; the person holding the corresponding number will be entitled to the Talking Machine FREE. We solicit your trade.

ALBRIGHT DRUG CO

rated than by him who on this day pauses to remember what it means, who pays tribute in his soul to the glorious example of Christ's life and resolves to conduct his own as nearly as possible in imitation of it. It is the personal Christmas celebration that counts: the individual effort to apply to everyday life that which unifies the occasion, that which began at Bethlehem over nineteen centuries ago.

A CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY

Skating, Coasting and Sleighting Good Country Pastimes While City Offers Sight-Seeing, Music.

A house party at Christmas affords the young people of the family a chance to be gay and cheery for a week-end or more. The charm of a house party is in the bringing together of congenial guests who spend several days with their hosts. When the girls and boys return from college or boarding school for the holidays they often bring with them as guests classmates whose homes are too remote to make it worth while for them to take a long and expensive journey for the recess. The girl and the boy who hail from the west and attend an eastern school of learning, may be forced to spend a homesick holiday if no comrade tenders an invitation to join a family group.

Outdoor sports, skating, coasting, tobogganing and sleigh riding are the pastimes of the country, while the city offers sight-seeing, music and the other diversions. The long evenings at home, the little parties invited to meet the visitors, and the whole merry and swiftly passing time make a Christmas house-party one of the gala seasons of the year. The housekeeper finds that her provision for the table must be ample. Her pies and cakes disappear like magic, for the people are noted for good ap-

petites. Tableaux, charades and conundrums are among the amusements appropriate to such a party. Story-telling around the fire with the lights turned down, if the tales are of ghosts and spooks, is sure to be a favorite feature of the festivity.

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Dollars Have Wings

It has been aptly said that "Dollars have wings." It must be true. They get away so easily that it is hard to keep them with us long.

The very best cage for the flighty dollars is a good reliable bank like ours, where they may be safely housed and are subject to release only on your personal check.

It's the safe, modern, successful way, if you have not already adopted this plan, we invite you to open an account with us, no matter how small.

We Want Your Business---

We Know We Can Please You

Capital and Surplus \$55,000.00

FIRST STATE BANK

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

Merry Christmas

Watch Hedley grow!

Join the Hedley boosters and try boosting awhile

The Informer can save you money on most any paper and many periodicals. Scan our clubbing offers in this issue.

Main street is now graded from end to end, and plans are under way among the citizens to grade other streets in the town. Let the good work proceed.

Last winter a move was made to put out shade trees around the park, but the start was made too late for the work to materialize. Let's begin at once to do the work, which will add greatly to the beauty of the park.

A row of trees on each side the entire length of Main street would enhance the value and appearance of the street. The Informer will plant trees at the front of the only lot we own if others up and down the street will do the same to their lots.

Hedley is the best market town her size on the Fort Worth & Denver. The buyers pay more for cotton, feed and other farm products, and the merchants sell merchandise as low as the lowest. In fact the rapid growth of the town is due to a great extent to the enterprising business men and buyers.

In reading through the pages of this issue be sure to read the different advertisements. Our merchants are asking for your patronage and offer inducements for you to trade with them. They are making prices that will save you money, and if you are not a regular reader of the Informer, you doubtless will lose more than the subscription price during the year in not knowing about the many bargains offered by the merchants during the year.

A Merry Christmas is our wish extended to you. May you have all the joys of the Yuletide. Do not forget that the day is observed as the anniversary of the Savior's birth. The time the bright star shone over Bethlehem and the voice of an Angel was heard by the shepherds on the hillside, saying: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. It should be a day fittingly set apart in a way to glorify God, and a day you should strive to make everybody happy. Remember those about you who are unfortunate; give them what will make them happy. The best joy comes in giving, not in receiving.

December 20 to January 15

VERY SPECIAL SURE-ENOUGH REMOVAL SALE

Owing to the fact that we are going to move our store into the New Brick now under construction we are going to make some very Extra Low Prices on Groceries for the next

BEGINS
DEC. 20

25 DAYS

ENDS
JAN. 15

We will sell you the following groceries at these low prices for Cash:

Best Granulated Sugar per 100 lbs	\$5.10
Royal Seal Flour, with "money-back guarantee, per 100 lbs for only	2.85
Electric Loaf Flour, guaranteed too	2.65
Pearl White Meal per sack only	.75
Best Pea Berry Coffee per pound	.25
Mexican Speck Beans 20 lbs. for	1.00
Hominy, Corn, Kraut and Salmon 3 cans for only	.25

Now is the time to lay in your supplies while you can save money. Special prices on all kinds of Christmas Goods. Be sure to get our prices before buying elsewhere.

YOURS FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS

T. C. LIVELY & CO.

WHY YOU SHOULD TAKE THE INFORMER

This Christmas Edition is mailed to every family within Hedley's trade territory and country surrounding that. It is mailed to you as an invitation that you subscribe for the Informer, if you are not already one.

There are several reasons why you ought to be taking a dose of the Informer 52 weeks in the year, and herein will be outlined some of the reasons. The Informer is worth the \$1.00 per year and then some. It is working for your best interests when you are sleeping as well as when you are awake. It is an enterprise that in this advanced day and time no man can afford to do without for his family's sake. A newspaper usually saves its readers many times the subscription price through its advertising columns. The business men who sell you supplies and those who buy your farm products use the columns of the home paper to tell you about what they have to sell you and what they want to buy from you; and if you do not read your home paper, then there are three who lose by it. The publisher, the merchant and you. The Informer should be supported because it supports you; not because it is an object of charity. Far from it, but it is rather an enterprise that accommodates you by helping you through the upbuilding of your community; whether you in return give up the subscription price or not. A newspaper is never to be considered an object of charity. It is the

only enterprise in a community that gives away free, more of its commodity than any other in a community. Week after week a country is boosted and no one digs up a penny for that.

The Informer is over three years old and you know, as well as we do, that Hedley has more than doubled during that time, her market is far better for buying or selling than it was then; and that is only a small part of it—your property has advanced in value several dollars per acre; or if you don't own the property, you get far more for your production than you did. Do you believe it would have done so much without the aid of a newspaper? Not boasting, but honestly we believe that you believe that we believe the Informer does some good, and that it is worth, to every individual in the entire community, to be an owner or humble renter, far more than the price of a year's subscription.

Some day newspapers will be given credit for at least half the good they do in a community, and when that time comes, people will not have to be asked and begged to subscribe but will do so without any delay. A newspaper sometimes in a single issue will contain a notice of a birth, a wedding and a death. Meaning that a paper is the first to tell of a soul's entrance into the physical world, the principal events in that individual's life, and when he shuffles off the mortal coil it is the last to tell to the world how good you were, what a blessing your life was to the community. In other words the

paper is your best friend. It covers your shortcomings with the mantle of sweet charity while it extols to the world your excellencies and good deeds. Can you afford to pass the best friend you have by? It's not charity a newspaper wants. In fact if you want to help one along just because you think it is such, then you bark up the wrong tree. We give more than value received for the money and feel that the business of publishing should be treated as a business.

Advertising.

The editor of a certain Texas newspaper called on one of the merchants of his city for the purpose of selling him advertising space. The merchant refused and said that advertising was alright for some people, but it was not adapted to his business. He furthered his argument by saying that either himself or his clerks knew every one in the city and that his store did its advertising through personal conversation. The editor inquired if every one in town traded at his store. The merchant answered in the negative and the conversation soon ended. The editor had won his point and secured a small contract. The merchant soon learned that a little newspaper advertising was alright and that more of it was still better. His newspaper ads now reach thousands of listeners where his conversation publicity formerly had an audience of one or two. Ten customers buy where only one talked before and the merchant is convinced that publicity is the thing.—W. Hoyt Harris.

Rains Mean Prosperity

Copious rains during the last few days have been general and the South-west now has more moisture than for several years. Some of the rivers and creeks in Texas overflowed their banks and the adjacent lowlands in many instances were inundated doing considerable damage to those who lived in overflow districts, but the benefit of these rains can scarcely be imagined.

The financial damage wrought by the floods pale into insignificance when we think of the millions our people lost because of drouth during recent years. The drouth caused great loss, not only to farmers who saw their pastures burn and their crops deteriorate, but to business men, transportation companies, education and public welfare.

We rejoice that the drouth is broken; the streams have once more bathed their banks, refreshed the vegetation in the low lands, removed decaying vegetation and stored up water in ponds, lakes and bayous. Plowed fields are soaked with moisture; small grain crops have been revived and the country is in a hopeful condition. Silos are being built, livestock are in excellent condition, permanent improvements are being made and those who till the soil are preparing for greater things.

The restlessness and complaint indicated in some other sections of the United States is not heard in the Southwest. Our corn crop was the best for years; hay and forage crops produced well in spite of the drouth; our cotton crop will be larger than was at first believed and the prices so far indicate that this year's crop will be more profitable than that of last year. Eggs and poultry are bringing fancy prices; butter is high and the demand increasing. Work for next year's crops is well advanced and the feeling is general that the southwest is beginning the greatest period of prosperity ever experienced.

With an abundance of moisture early and adequate preparation of the soil, hopeful and confident farm managers, efficient keepers of the home, who can estimate our future prosperity?—Farm & Ranch.

A Story A Day

A story a day for the 365 days of 1914—that is part of what you get by subscribing \$2.00 for The Youth's Companion's new volume. The fifty two weeks issues of the Companion will contain at least 365 stories, and all the other kinds of good reading that can be crowded between two covers—the best advice on athletics for boys, articles on dress and recreations for girls, contributions by famous men and women, suggestions for the care of the health, etc.

For the year's subscription of \$2.00 there is included a copy of The Companion Practical Home Calendar for 1914, and all the issues for the remaining weeks of this year, dating from the time the subscription is received.

If you want to know more about The Companion before subscribing, send for sample copies containing the opening chapters of Arthur Stanwood Pier's fine serial of life in a boys' school—"His Father's Son." With them we will send the full Announcement for 1914.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions received at this office.

TAXPAYERS, NOTICE!

I will be in Hedley Friday and Saturday, December 19 and 20, to collect taxes. See me while I am in Hedley and save a trip later. J. T. Patman, Sheriff and Tax Collector.

GOOD ROADS

BUILDING ROADS IN FRANCE

National Thoroughfares, Maintained Entirely by Government, Are Constructed 42 Feet Wide.

France admittedly has the best roads system so far devised, and its national roads constitute about 6 1/2 per cent of the 255,000 miles in the whole country.

The national roads, maintained entirely by the government, are constructed 42 feet wide between ditches, and lead from the capital to the principal cities, ports and commercial centers, and between the principal cities. With the departmental or state roads, and commercial roads of different classes, the national government has nothing to do except to determine their width, which is fixed by general laws according to their classification.

The United States has two and a half times the population of France, and about six times the road mileage. To balance this difference, a series of national roads which would connect our capitals and principal cities would only amount to about 2 1/2 per cent of the 2,200,000 miles of roads in this country as compared with the 6 1/2 per cent in France, bringing the mileage of national roads per person in the United States about the same as in France.

With our enormous resources awaiting development by the extension of our road systems, there seems no reason why we should not proceed with the work of building national roads. Lewis R. Spence in the Illinois Farmer, National roads building did not ruin France; it made France great.

The idea of building up a political machine out of a road construction bureau does not deserve consideration. In all of the important governmental work being carried on, it seems the policy of all parties to see that it is conducted economically and honestly whatever party chances to be in power. A fair instance of that is the valuation of the railroads of the country which is just about to begin, in which civil service examinations will soon be held for the selection of several thousand civil and mechanical engineers.

M. Fernand Bordes, a leading French engineer, writing for the third international road congress, now in session in London, says: "The national roads, which connect the capital to the frontiers and to the large towns, or else form a connecting link between the more densely populated centers, are of the greatest interest to the country as a whole, not only from an economic point of view but also from a strategic one, as assuring communications between points at long distances apart. It is therefore essential that their general trend, general plan and width, should be settled unshaken by local influences."

This is the idea that the A. A. A. National Good Roads board have been and are endeavoring to impress upon the lawmakers of this country. It seems as though plans which have been so eminently successful in other countries, and productive of such excellent results, are worthy of a trial here.

FEW VALUES IN GOOD ROADS

Added Freedom and Pleasures Are Among Some of the Real Benefits of Lower Cost of Hauling.

Five miles to the picnic ground—does that mean for you an hour's hard work guiding your team over "chugers" and ruts and around and through mudholes, with tired horses and soiled clothes when you get there, or does it mean a pleasant drive of thirty minutes or less with no exertion on your part and little on the part of your team?

In the winter when the plays and lectures come to your town, can you drive in and arrive as neat and calm as any townman, or do you think of all the long stretches of bad roads between you and the town hall, and decide to stay at home rather than face them?

Good roads are needed not only because they save the farmer money and increase land values, but because in a very real sense they bring him nearer to all the rest of the world, and enable him and his family to share in pleasures and privileges often out of his reach when roads are bad, says the Progressive Farmer.

When you go to farm on the east and the value of improved highways do not forget that they have a real and a great value in the added enjoyment and the added freedom they bring; and that this is a benefit not less real than a reduction in the cost of the hauling you do.

We have just installed the best wagon scales made and tested them, and now have a big lot of coal coming, so come and buy coal from us.

J. C. Wooldridge.

Subscribe for the Informer.



HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS SURPRISE



**Headquarters
FOR
SANTA CLAUS**

This store has a bountiful supply of Christmas Gifts--and the Christmas Shoppers should by all means see the stock before buying, for we have presents suitable for all, from the baby to the grandparents. We mention just a few items:

Dolls, Mechanical Toys galore, for the Children. Nice Toilet Cases, Brushes, Pictures, Bibles, Post Card Albums, Kodak Albums--the latest thing out Jewelry and Stationery for the Grown-ups. Fireworks for the Funny.

Come and look through and you are sure to find something you like.

ALBRIGHT DRUG CO.



Locals

Plant shade trees.
Will Harris was in Amarillo Tuesday.
Rufus Meeks returned Tuesday from Illinois
W. W. Gammon and little son spent Sunday in Amarillo.
Watch T. C. Lively & Co's., Xmas. prices on Groceries.
O. R. Culwell and wife made a trip to Clarendon Monday.
Let me do your cleaning and pressing. Lewis, The Tailor.
L. A. Stroud made a business trip to Dallas first of the week.
M. Davis of Memphis was in the city Saturday, prospecting.
Mrs. E. G. Dishman was quite ill first of the week.
Mr. Condon of Canyon City is here visiting his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Hicks.
Mrs. C. A. Hicks brother, Mr. Condon of Arizona, came Wednesday to visit a few days.

F. C. Burnett of Dallas visited his friend, Ed Kinslow, last of last week.
Everything for Christmas Gifts at Stockings Store, Clarendon, Texas.
Dr. Wilson was up from Memphis Saturday transacting business.
Sed Stone of Memphis passed through here Monday on his way to Alenreed.
Panhandle Steam Laundry is where I send laundry.
E. L. Yelton.
Miss Vida Tarpley has been helping in the composition room the past two weeks.
Remember when you want Coal McDougal will make you a close price for Cash. adv.
A. O. Hefner's father and mother came Monday to visit him at his home near Naylor.
Every pupil in Hedley School is invited to be at T. C. Lively & Co. store Xmas. Eve at 2 o'clock sharp. Don't fail to come--a treat for you all.

The latest in Jewelry, Cut Glass and Silver Ware at Stockings Store, Clarendon, Texas.
L. B. Madden of Amarillo was here a few days this week visiting his brother, W. H. Madden.
While there's time, take time to get trees to put out around your home.
The Star Telegram Bargain Day offer has been continued until Jan. 1st.
The Odd Fellows are planning a big time here Saturday night in the way of a luncheon.
The family of J. L. Tims came in Tuesday to join him in making Hedley their future home.
Have you ordered that suit yet? If not let me show you my line. Lewis, The Tailor.
Mules For Sale
Have a pair of good young mules to sell for cash or on time. C. D. Akers.
R. L. Madden and family were up from Memphis Sunday visiting his brother, W. H., and Mrs. Madden's brother, J. C. Wells.

When you read this consider it an invitation to subscribe. Either come or send in your subscription.

Invalids and lonely people desiring good reading may address Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe St., Quincy, Mass. adv

The graded street sure did get muddy this week, but when the dirt gets packed it will be dandy.

Dr. R. L. Vinyard, house surgeon of the Santa Fe hospital at Temple, stopped off Thursday to visit his sister Mrs. J. C. Wells.

Brick, lime, cement, post, wire, lumber and builders material can be bought worth the money. J. C. Wooldridge

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and little sister, Ollie Ruth Ewen, of Memphis visited their aunt, Mrs. J. G. McDougal, Sunday.

We take your measure for C. H. Hyer & Son famous hand mad made boots and shoes. Kendall & Gammon.

The Methodist Sunday School Rally last Sunday was well attended. New officers and teachers were elected. A business men's class was organized also.

C. E. Johnson, the telephone manager, returned Wednesday from a trip to Trent, Texas. Lake Dishman acted as lineman during his absence.

FOR SALE--\$20.15 bill of fruit trees for \$17.00 Mostly peaches, few apples, pears, and mulberries. N. J. Allen, J. C. Wooldridge yard.

We have the most complete stock of Jewelry in Hedley. Everything guaranteed as represented. Hedley Drug Co. The Rexall Store.

Tuesday morning the people witnessed something a little out of the ordinary--snow from the South for several minutes. We are told that it snowed heavily all that day on the Plains.

COW FEED

If it is cow feed you want we have all kinds--cotton seed, cotton seed meal, cotton seed cake, and alfalfa hay.

Hicks & Kinsey.

"Live and Let Live" may be all right, but don't let the other fellow get all the living while you do all the letting.

Clarke, The Tailor.

Hedley leads as a cotton and grain market--having a number of cotton buyers and grain dealers who do not hesitate to pay the very highest price for products.

When you go to build a house, or barn or any out houses we want to figure your lumber and builders hardware bill. J. C. Wooldridge.

If your subscription to the Informer has expired, come in and renew. We can save you money on many other papers and periodicals.

E. P. Ford received a message last Friday that his mother, who is 77 years of age, was very ill at her home in Gainesville. He left on number 8 that night for her bed side.

Try just one sack of "Royal Seal" Flour--the BEST at any price. We only ask comparison in this Flour and other brands sold in Hedley. T. C. Lively & Co.

Hedley has for the last three years been short on rent houses and is still in need of a number. Someone with a little capital might relieve the situation some by building a dozen rent dwellings.

Solid gold rings and necklaces and genuine cameos in solid gold settings, a beautiful present, one you will not be a shamed of if so come and get your money back. Hedley Drug Co. THE REXALL STORE.

We have just installed the best wagon scales made and tested them, and now have a big lot of coal coming, so come and buy coal from us. J. C. Wooldridge.

The new brick is slowly assuming brick proportions. The walls are nearly completed and some carpenter work been done. The bad weather and failure to get brick as needed has kept the work retarded.

Please look at our window. It speaks for its self. We have on display the nicest stock of cut glass we have ever handled in Hedley. Buy your Holiday goods of us and get something useful. Hedley Drug Co. The Rexall Store.

If you don't know what to buy and where to buy it, an investigation of the advertisements in this issue will perhaps aid you. They are brimful of suggestions and one can get most anything wanted at these places.

The Clarendon College basketball team defeated the Hedley High School team on the Clarendon grounds by a score of 37 to 23. The game was clean, hard-fought and interesting throughout. Clarendon did most of her scoring in the first half. The visitors seemed to get together more in the last half than in the first.

Military Sets with silver backs is a nice present. We have them--also ladies hand bags, leather and mesh. The best manicure and traveling sets, in fact our line is complete. We invite you to come and see. Courteous treatment and prompt service. Hedley Drug Co. The Rexall Store.

The Hedley Basket Ball teams are rejoicing over their first victory. The Lelia Lake teams of boys and girls came Saturday and played Hedley boys and girls. Both games were won by Hedley. This is the first time they've won any games, and naturally are feeling good over the result.

Over 1200 bales have been ginned at Hedley this fall and more to come. This is much better than people expected at the beginning of the fall season, besides several hundred bales have been ginned at McKnight. Cotton has been bringing a good price and the shortage in crop has been greatly overcome by the good prices.

Warning Against Holiday Fires

Austin, Tex., Dec. 16.--The Texas Fire Insurance Commission, has sent a letter headed "Look out for Holiday Fires Dangers," and warns against them. Stores, churches and bazaars are cautioned especially against defective wiring and using inflammable decorations near open gas jets and other possible ignition. The same warning is given with reference to using and lighting cigars, cigarettes and pipes. Heads of homes are urged to watch the Christmas decorations and not permit the children to take chances with fireworks and Christmas tree decorations.

Please note our four piece Tea Set in the window. Guaranteed to be as represented. Hedley Drug Co. The Rexall Store.

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

The feed crop this year was about as good as the average crops. Kafir and maize both produced splendidly and have been bringing from \$17.00 up per ton headed. The entire crop this year averaged up in quantity and price until we can truthfully say that there was not so very much shortage for a dry year.

We have a splendid line of watches in fact they are the best we can buy. The Celebrated Elgin and Waltham Works 17 jewels with gold filled case we are selling those watches on small margin besides we guarantee them to be as represented if not return them and get your money back. We will not deceive you as we expect to stay in Hedley. Hedley Drug Co. THE REXALL STORE.

Everybody is invited to the W. M. Auxiliary meeting Monday 2:30 p. m. A Christmas lesson. Leader, Mrs. Bryant; Hostess, Mrs. Masterson. Each one is requested to bring something of their own selection, suitable for a Christmas program. The Christ child, Mrs. Willis; The coming of Christ, Mrs. Masterson; The wisdom and duty of Humility, Mrs. Sarvis; A real Christmas experience, Mrs. Yelton; Christmas and Bethlehem's babe, Mrs. Wimberly.



Christmas greetings

Until January 1st we are offering a discount of 10 per cent on all leather goods. Our stock of Belts, Hat bands, Gloves, Saddle blankets and riding bridles are complete. Also a complete line of hand made Harnes and the famous Jumbo Collars.

Harness and Shoe repairing a specialty.

Kendall & Gammon

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.
Published Every Friday
\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

The Children

This is the age of girder, beam and rail. We have forgot some things that once we knew. Some books are closed: we read a different tale. Brown smoke curls where the virgin wind once blew. But year by year when Winter, from his cave, Sweeps out and sets his chill upon the air, We still bethink us what the Christ-month gave. And what it brought to us, we tender fair.

The children are as new as rail or beam— More new than last night's snow upon the street. And they, and not the rails, are all our dream: The rails are but the passage for their feet. Our Christmas shall live again in them, With all the added Christmas of this time. The day of steel, the day of Bethlehem, Linked, joyous, bridging far from clime to clime.

Let us fare out into the eager throng, And find renewal in the shining eyes, And catch the treble ecstasy of song, And drench ourselves in laughter and surprise. This is the breath—this is the soul—of things. It shall go on when iron husks are shed. The roe, the dove, the biplane, all have wings. Let us the children feed, and so be fed!

—FRANCIS HILL.

Quite Original.

"What are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas?" the Sunday school superintendent asked Eddie on the Sunday before Christmas.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Eddie, thrusting his hands in his first pockets. "Last year I gave him the measles."

CHRISTMAS MORNING.



Miss Passaye—I don't get as much in my stocking as I used to. Is it because I am older?

Miss Pertly—No; I think it's because you are thinner. Age has nothing to do with it.

SWEET CHRISTMAS DREAMS



The New Store

Having opened up a business in your town I want to ask the people of Hedley and surrounding territory for a reasonable portion of their business, and in order to meet the people and get acquainted with them, I have decided to make some Special Prices for a few days BEGINNING SATURDAY DEC. 20 and ENDING JANUARY 1. Will be pleased to have you call in and see me whether you wish to buy anything or not.

<p>Dry Goods</p> <p>12 1/2c gingham special price.....11c 10c gingham.....9c Best grade outing.....9c</p> <p>Wool Dress Goods</p> <p>\$1.50 grade special price.....\$1.25 \$1.00 grade.....80c 50c grade.....35c</p> <p>Domestic</p> <p>12 1/2c bleaching special price.....11c 10c bleaching.....9c 10c grade domestic for.....8 1/2c</p> <p>Embroidery</p> <p>20c grade, special price.....15c 15c grade.....12 1/2c 12 1/2c grade.....10c Other trimmings in proportion</p> <p>Children's Sweaters</p> <p>\$1.50 grade.....\$1.00 \$1.00 grade.....65c 50c grade.....35c</p> <p>Comforts</p> <p>\$1.50 grade, special price.....\$1.00</p> <p>Men's Dress Shirts</p> <p>\$1.25 grade, special price.....\$1.00 \$1.00 grade.....85c 75c grade.....60c Men's work shirts, 50c grade for.....40c</p> <p>Work Pants</p> <p>\$2.00 grade for.....\$1.25</p> <p>Ribbon</p> <p>35c grade, special price.....25c 25c grade.....20c 20c grade.....15c 15c grade.....12 1/2c 12 1/2c grade.....10c 10c grade.....8c</p>	<p>Best grade Calico 5c Overalls</p> <p>Good grade.....85c</p> <p>Mens Dress Shoes</p> <p>\$4.50 grade, special price.....\$3.75 \$4.00 grade.....\$3.50 \$3.75 grade.....\$3.25 \$3.00 grade.....\$2.50 \$2.50 grade.....\$2.15</p> <p>Men's Work Shoes</p> <p>\$3.50 grade, special price.....\$2.75 \$3.00 grade.....\$2.60 \$2.50 grade.....\$2.15</p> <p>Boys' Shoes</p> <p>\$2.75 grade, special price.....\$2.35 \$2.50 grade.....\$2.15</p> <p>Ladies' Shoes</p> <p>\$3.50 grade, special price.....\$3.00 \$3.00 grade.....\$2.35 \$2.50 grade.....\$2.25 \$2.00 grade.....\$1.50 \$1.75 grade.....\$1.40</p> <p>Children's Shoes</p> <p>\$2.25 grade, special price.....\$1.85 2.00 grade.....1.65 1.75 grade.....1.35 1.50 grade.....1.15 1.00 grade.....85c 75c grade.....60c</p> <p>Groceries</p> <p>Best grade flour every sack guaranteed per 100 lbs.....\$2.85 Sugar 25 lbs.....1.35 New South Syrup.....60c Meal.....75c Compound Lard.....\$1.15 3 lb bucket axle grease 20c 2 for 35c</p>
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I will give FREE of charge to the First Two Families trading \$25 or more their choice of the Nicest Skirt Pattern in the store. The First Five Ladies trading \$10 or more will receive a Gingham Dress Free. I will deliver goods anywhere in town at 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m.

J. L. TIMS

Our Silver Ware is of the best brands and they include the celebrated brand Rodgers Knives and Forks, Silver Cake plates, Silver Bread plates, Silver table and tea spoons, Silver soup spoons in plush covered, silk lined cases. Childrens Silver knife, fork and spoon in satin lined cases. Hedley Drug Co. The Rexall Store.

JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT
by Harold Carter

(Copyright by W. G. Chamman.)
TWO bats, six Teddy bears, three balloons six boxes of lead soldiers, the head nurse counted. "And a football. Who wants the football?" "Johnny Ward," answered Nurse Blair, half crying and half laughing. "Isn't it pitiful, Miss Gough?" Nurse Gough set down her pencil and the memorandum and looked at the other wonderingly. "A football!" she reiterated. "Then he doesn't realize?" "No, poor little fellow. Would you give it to him, Miss Gough?" "What would the mother think?" the head nurse asked, and then Nurse Blair ceased all pretense and dabbed her handkerchief against her eyes openly. "Let's ask Dr. Keith," she answered, and that solved the difficulty for the time being. Johnny Ward was eight years old and had been in the hospital for nearly five weeks, ever since he was knocked down by the baker's wagon while playing upon the street almost in front of the hospital entrance. He

was quite helpless below the waist, and would always be so, said Dr.



"I've Brought Him This—and These." Keith, after the operation, unless—well, miracles had happened and such cases had got well before. So he said nothing to the pretty young mother who came day after day, wistful and patient and always hopeful. Of late she had begun to suspect that her only boy, her stay that was to be in her later widowhood, would never leave the building save in a wheeled chair. But she kept her fears to herself, and nobody had had the heart to tell her. And Johnny wanted a football for his Christmas present! "Why shouldn't he have one if he wants it? Isn't there enough money to buy a football? Why not give him one my-

self. What sort should he have? What are they made of? It's a long time since I was a boy myself," he added, in self-excuse. "Why, they're made of pigskin, aren't they, doctor?" answered the nurse. "But you don't understand. How can we let him have a football and let his mother see him with it, and him lying there so helpless? It would be inhuman, doctor." "Hur! I'll take the matter under consideration," the doctor answered. But a few minutes later he was asking the head interne, "Where would you go to buy a football?" He put down the address in his memorandum book, and the interne looked at him in wonder, for football and Dr. Keith seemed somehow unassociable. "Well, here's the football, nurse," he said that evening, coming into the ward. It was Christmas eve. All the children were supposed to be asleep. Here and there an eye drowsily unclosed to see if Santa Claus had really come, but sleep was stronger than expectation, and Nurse Blair would see to it that no gifts went to the sleepless. Dr. Keith held out the paper-wrapped globe. The clerk had blown it up for him, and, not thinking of having it deflated again, he had carried it thus for half a dozen blocks. "If you think it best for him not to have it, give it to someone else. Give him a Teddy bear," he said. "Why, a boy that age doesn't want Teddy bears," answered Nurse Blair scornfully. She thought for a long while after the doctor had gone. At last she went softly to Johnny's bed and hung the football from the head. The little boy's eyes were closed and he was sleeping soundly. The little helpless feet made tiny movements under the bedclothes. Nurse Blair turned away quickly. Morning came, the ward awoke, and cries of delight were heard. The day nurses went from bed to bed, unwrapping packages. Nurse Blair had gone to her room, but she did not lie down. She came back, tired but resolute, a half hour before visiting time, and went to Johnny's side. He was playing with the ball, bouncing it upon the sheets. It had fallen down six times, and each time the nurse nearest had picked it up again and returned it. "Johnny," said Nurse Blair, "your mamma will be here in a few minutes now." "Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny. "Johnny, what are you going to do with that football?" asked Nurse Blair. Johnny knew immediately. "I'm going to look at it and look at it and wish hard to be well," he answered. "Johnny, when your mamma comes she will see it and it will make her cry to think of the time when her little boy was strong and well. You don't want to make her cry, do you, dear?" "No, ma'am," answered Johnny. "Then, Johnny," said Nurse Blair, the diplomat, "suppose we put it away when she comes and don't show it to her." "Yes, ma'am," said Johnny. A tear stole into his eye, and overflowed. He handed her the football. "Yes, m-m-ma'am," said Johnny, gulping. And just then the visitors came in. Nurse Blair had taken the ball, but

she had no time to conceal it before the little woman in black had come hurrying to the bedside, and she stood holding it rather foolishly and self-consciously and could not face those searching eyes. "I've brought him this—and these," said Mrs. Ward, holding out the box of bricks and the mechanical toy. "But you—you've given him that?" Nurse Blair stammered something, but she could never remember what it was, for the young widow had taken both her hands in hers and was looking at her in such a way as to make falsehood impossible. "Nurse," she said, "I want to ask you something. Will he ever walk again?" Nurse Blair was silent. They might have been alone in the ward, so closely did the hum of conversation hedge them in. Each was with her own that Christmas morning and had no thought but for hers. "Will he ever walk? Will he ever stand?" The widow grasped the nurse's hands tightly as though clinging to her as her last hope in life. "Tell me," she pleaded. "Never—unless a miracle happens," answered Nurse Blair, and the woman's hands fell and she turned to the child and smiled. Then Nurse Blair understood why some of the Madonnas were painted smiling. "Mamma!" said the voice from the bed. "I want to whisper something." The widow knelt down, but the childish whisper was loud enough to reach the nurse's ears. "I mustn't tell you what my Christmas present is, because it will make you cry." The widow placed her arms round his neck and pressed his face to hers. "Mamma, I want to show you something I've kept for a Christmas present for you. Sit up, mamma, and look! Look!" Nurse Blair screamed. Dr. Keith, passing by, stopped, looked, and assumed an attitude of professional pride. His rather tired face broke into a smile. "Do that again, Johnny," cried Nurse Blair. "Look, doctor, look! He's wiggling his toes!" "Yes, ma'am," said Johnny proudly. "That's w-w-w I wanted a football. There, mamma, you're crying after all!"

Something He Wouldn't Break.

Willie is a boy who is very much blessed with aunts and uncles. These use every opportunity to give him presents. Last Christmas he received so many toys that his parents, instead of giving him toys, told him he could carry out one of his cherished plans. "Actually," said his papa, "you have more things now than you can break in a year." "Oh, no, papa," said Willie with an injured air; "there's one present I won't break." "Well, Willie, I'm glad there's one. Which is it?—the cast-iron train from Uncle Jack?" "Oh, no!" cried Willie. "I can manage to break that. I mean I won't break your promise to buy me a season ticket for the baseball matches."

PRIDE of the FARM

HEALTH and peace join hands to bring happiness to the farmer while prosperity shines brightly 'round his poultry quarters when fenced with

"Pittsburgh Perfect" Poultry and Garden Fence

In quality of material, method of construction, durability with real service as well as in distinctive appearance, "Pittsburgh Perfect" Fence stands pre-eminently first.

Electrically Welded

at the joints, these are the fence's strongest parts. "One solid piece of metal" aptly phrases it. Through the hardest usage, "Pittsburgh Perfect" Fence stands erect, even and firm.

Open Hearth Wire, made from our own formula and perfectly galvanized with pure zinc (the only galvanizing metal absolutely rust-proof), is the strongest, toughest and most lasting fence wire possible to manufacture, and is used exclusively in "PITTSBURGH PERFECT" Fence.

For FIELD, FARM, RANCH, LAWN, POULTRY PURPOSES

"Pittsburgh Perfect" Fence perfectly meets the most exacting requirements.

THE WELD THAT HELD

J. C. WOOLDRIDGE

Here's the best Subscription Combination The Informer has to Offer Subscribers

Collier's

The National Weekly

First Time

in Clubs

Until this year Collier's has been sold at \$5.50. Now the price is \$2.50 and we have secured a concession whereby we can offer it at a still further reduction in connection with this publication.

Special Offer to Our Readers

Responding to the great demand for Collier's at the low price, we have made arrangements to offer our own publication each year for the price of Collier's. This is a limited offer and must be taken advantage of promptly.

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Collier's is the one tie, independent, fearless weekly of the whole country. Not only is it the good citizen's handbook, but it is also a magazine for the whole family. Among the things that a year's subscription gives are:

1000 Editorials
600 News Photos
250 Short Articles
129 Short Stories
100 Illustrated Features
2 Complete Novels

Collier's . . . \$2.50 (But for only Informer.... \$1.00) \$2.50

SUBSCRIBE AT THIS OFFICE

The Soldier Boy

By Willard Thaxton, Co. K, 1st Infantry, Honolulu.

Worn, weary and wounded,
A Soldier sat by a rill;
A draught of its cooling waters,
A song from its merry trill.

He sat in the evening twilight,
His thoughts far over the land,
To a lone farm house on the hillside—
To a cheerful household band.

When the twilight makes way for the evening,
And even has fled into night,
By the rill the Soldier was dreaming
Of days that were happy and bright.

Of days when a boy he had rambled
Over the hill and the lea,
Gathering the flowers of the meadow
And list to the birds in their glee.

Again in the hay fields he sported,
And tumbled amid the new hay;
Again o'er the mill pond he floated,
Oh! happy, but short was the day.

The clear gray light of the morning
Rose slowly over the hill,
And found the Soldier still sleeping
By the cool and crystal rill.

But his cheeks were pallid and wan;
His locks were tossed by the breeze;
Yet he slept with his head on his hand,
While the wood-thrush sang from the trees.

His cheering and noble thrill,
The Soldier lay dead by the brook-side
The Soldier lay dead by the rill.

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

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

The American Boy



The SAFE boys' magazine
5 the month of
Only \$1 a year

Altogether for all boys, not a child's paper. Clean as a whistle. Full of pictures, 25 to 32 pages every month. Real, lively, up-to-date news, adventures, sports, stories, history, school life, written by boys for boys' articles. Instructional special lists. Five articles on football and other sports. Treatments of mechanics, electricity, chemistry, popular science, how to make things, history, geography, children's facts, gardening, inventions and nature, wonders.

The American Boy
and Informer \$1.65

Read by 500,000 boys

AER CHRISTMAS GIFT

By DOROTHY DIX

(Copyright by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was Christmas eve, and Alice Maitland sat alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, putting the finishing touches on the gifts she was to bestow on the morrow. She tied the last bit of scarlet ribbon about a jewel box with mathematical precision, tucked a bit of holly under the bow, and pushed it away from her with impatient weariness.

"There," she exclaimed, surveying the heap of packages that littered the table and the couch; "there, thank goodness, that's done! I've done my duty by my family and remembered every one that is likely to remember me, and I have worn myself to a frazzle, and brought on neuralgia trying to find things for people who already have everything there is. Let me see," she continued, taking up the packages one by one and checking them off with a smile that was half sad, and half cynical.

"Let me see—here is a silk smoking jacket for Uncle Joseph, that he will never wear, and the Sevres cups that Aunt Maud coyly hinted would be an



"I Don't Believe I Have Forgotten Anybody I Love."

acceptable reminder of the blessed season to her; the string of pearls that Adele has been openly admiring for months, and a check for Jack for his college larks—one's relatives aren't bashful about letting one know what they want, and that is a comfort, at any rate, at Christmas.

"Then, um-um-um, a gold bangle for Mayme Winslow that she will take right down to the jeweler's to appraise, and a tortoise shell and ostrich feather fan for Sally Stinton; she'll be sure to send me something, though she hates me, the little cat, and a couple of bronzes for dear old Mrs. Bullion, though where she'll put them in that overcrowded house of hers I'm sure I don't know, and—oh, things for the servants, and stens and etchings for the men who have been nice to me—and—er—I don't believe I have forgotten anybody I love, or who holds a kindly thought for me."

She paused abruptly, pushed the gay litter of costly trinkets away from her with disdainful hands, and with a sudden rush of tears, buried her face in her arms on the table.

"Yes," she murmured brokenly to herself, "there is one that I have forgotten, and he is the one in all the world that I have remembered most, and to whom I would give all if I dared," and then she sat still.

"Why do you not send him some little trifle, just a token that you have not forgotten the old days?" suggested her heart.

"Never," said Pride.

"Even casual acquaintances may exchange gifts at Christmas," urged her heart, speculatively.

"He would cast my gift back at my feet," said Pride.

"Christmas," said her heart, "is the time of peace on earth and good will towards men. It is a time when old wrongs should be forgotten, when old wounds should be healed, when broken ties should be mended, and hearts estranged should be reunited. Why do you not kiss and make up, as children do?"

"What?" cried Pride, "and be scouted

once more?"

"You were very tired of the old, empty life, with its monotonous rounds of insipid gaiety," went on her heart. "You were that loneliest and most forlorn of human beings, a great heiress and an orphan. All your life you had had everything you wanted, except the thing you wanted most of all—sincere and disinterested love. Your father and mother had died before you could remember them, and you had been left to the care of a cold uncle and aunt, who thought that they had done their entire duty towards you by seeing that you were properly reared, clothed and educated, and implanting in you a distrust of every human being who came about you.

"You never knew the joy that other girls had of being liked for themselves. When suitors came you were told they were fortune hunters. People, in speaking of you, never praised you for any charm of your own, or any grace, or accomplishment. They always said that you were rich, and you wondered sometimes if they knew how their words hurt, or how it must seem to a girl to come to believe that there was nothing about her that could win love—that she must buy it with the money she hated.

"Finally you began to realize that your whole nature was being warped by your environment, that your soul was being atrophied, and so you ran away from it all. You persuaded dear old Mrs. Bullion to take you away as her hired companion to a little quiet place, where no one would recognize you. You wore plain little cotton gowns, and snobs who would have flunkied before the rich Miss Maitland snubbed and ignored you, but there was a man who saw the woman's heart under the shabby gown, and the woman's brain under the common hat, and he loved you, and asked you to be his wife. "We shall be very poor," he said, "for I have my way yet to make in the world, but, please God, we shall fight the battle out shoulder to shoulder."

"You remember," went on her heart, "how, with your head upon his breast, and his arms around you, you planned out the future—the little house, with the rose above the door, the dear little economies, the struggles, and the final success, and you drank deep of the cup of joy, for you knew life had made you rich at last, for you were loved for yourself alone—loved as a woman would be when a strong man trembles at her touch, and his smile grows soft and tender only for you. Then, at last, came the time when you had to tell him that you were none other than the rich Miss Maitland—"

"And he went white as death while he listened, and said that had he known it he would never have asked you to be his wife," interrupted Pride.

"But it was then too late," triumphantly cried her heart; "he loved you, and nothing—not money, nor position, nor anything, could change that. You came home," continued her heart, "and your worldly wise uncle and aunt called him a fortune hunter, and said that he was going to marry you for your money. You did not believe them, but, by and by, as you plunged into the old life, with its sordid strivings, and selfishness, and disbelief in all that is high and true, the old distrust began to creep up and poison life again."

"He should have trusted your love," said Pride; "he should have known that you were merely playing."

"His life," said her heart, sadly, "had not taught him how to play. It had all been hard, bitter seriousness, and so when he saw you smiling into this other man's eyes with the counterfeited look you had worn when your head lay upon his breast, he thought that you were faithless and loveless, and that you—you who had so much—had come down out of your high estate to rob him of the little he had, and to make life worthless."

"Then," said Pride, desperately, "he came and flung back your promise in your face and told you that he was ashamed to have loved so poor a thing."

"Love does not go at any man's bidding," sighed her heart; "you saw him the other day. He looked ill, and worn, and poor. Tomorrow will be Christmas day—"

"Think," began Pride; but Miss Maitland had risen up with a look on her face of great and exceeding joy.

"Think, I can think of nothing but my love!" she cried.

The next morning Miss Maitland arose early, and spent much time at her desk printing a large placard in bold and unmistakable letters. This done, she donned a simple little gray gown, much affected by her the summer before, and over this she threw a long cloak. An hour later she directed her astonished coachman to drive her to a certain building on one of whose upper floors a struggling young lawyer was, at the moment, engaged in devouring with his eye the photograph of a comely young woman. As she reached his office door Miss Maitland's courage wavered and sank, but, taking a death grip upon it, she hurriedly passed the office boy, and before she knew it was in his presence.

"Alice!" he cried, starting to his feet; but she did not wait for him to speak.

"Tom," she said, hurriedly, "I—I have come to bring you a little Christmas present," and with that she dropped the enveloping cloak aside, and placed upon her breast was a large placard with the inscription:

FOR TOM
WITH ALICE'S



Good clothes and a bank account

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

Kahn Bros. Louisville
TAILORS THAT SATISFY

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

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

HAVE A FIT WITH
CLARKE The Tailor

"You darling," he murmured, folding her in his hungry arms.

"It's so hard to know what to get for a man, so I just thought I'd bring myself," she said, hypocritically, "but oh, Tom, please don't send this present back, and change it." But he stopped for mouth with kisses.

HER TOKEN OF LOVE

By S. E. KISER.

"WELL," said Julie Allison, when her husband had gone upstairs, after tossing a package upon the library table, "I wonder what this is?"

She did not permit her curiosity to remain long unsatisfied.

"For goodness sake," she ejaculated to herself, with the package undone, "if he hasn't gone and bought a whole year's supply of neckties! And I was going to get him neckties for Christmas. That's just the man of it. I don't see why he couldn't have waited a little while. Let me see, I suppose I'll have to get him a fob or something like that, now."

It was on the following evening that Frederick Allison suddenly turned to his wife, after dinner, saying:

"Oh, Julie, I want to show you a job that I bought for myself today. It's just the thing I've been wanting for a long time."

Juliet's enthusiasm over it was much forced, as her husband might easily have seen, and perhaps did see. After they had dropped the subject she happened to glance at his scarfpin and a new joy sprang up within her. She would get him a scarfpin for Christmas, for his old one was rather out of style and never had been an expensive one, anyway.

"By the way, dear," said Allison the next evening, "I bought something today that I'd like to have you look at."

Of course, it was a scarfpin. Juliet knew it would be the moment she saw the tissue paper package which he fished out of his vest pocket. She pretended, with a brave heart, to think it was very pretty, but she fancied that she could have made a better selection if he had only permitted her to have the chance.

At the office Allison had told the boys of the splendid plan he had hit upon for the purpose of keeping his wife from buying impossible things in the shape of Christmas presents for him, and it was with great satisfaction that he reported day after day how he was progressing.

Christmas was only a week away and Juliet lay awake a long time that night trying to think what present she could get for her husband. There were the new books, but he had informed her that he didn't want books

They had all the standard works in the library, and he never read any of the modern novels. Ah, a happy thought came to her. Some-

where she had seen a metal box in which cigars could be kept fresh and moist. She would get a box of that kind for Frederick, dear old fellow. It happened, however, that Frederick came home the next evening with a metal cigar box and enough cigars, as he cheerfully informed her, to last him all winter. Then it was that the iron entered Juliet Allison's soul. She decided to give up the idea of making her husband a Christmas present that would be in any wise distinctive. She would merely get him a pair of gloves and perhaps a few handkerchiefs. Hardly had she adopted this resolution, however, before he turned to her saying:

"I happened to be in Witherspoon's this afternoon to get some shirts, and I thought I might as well lay in a supply of gloves, handkerchiefs and suspenders. They'll probably be sent out tomorrow."

"I'm so glad," replied Juliet. "You need gloves and handkerchiefs, too. Of course, I don't know so much about your suspenders, and I suppose you bought all the half-hose you'll—"

"Yes, I forgot to mention that. I got a dozen pair."

"And you have all the cuff buttons and studs and such things that you need, haven't you?"

"Enough to last me a lifetime."

She went back to her chair and sat for a long time gazing at the flames which flickered around the gas log. The daily paper was lying on the table at her elbow, and her glance at length fell upon some large black letters which presently resolved themselves into words. Then she read this advertisement:

UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS
OUR TEETH AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Get Your Dear One a Set Now. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
MOLAR & CURPID,
Up-to-date Dentists.

On Christmas morning Frederick Allison was somewhat surprised when his wife handed him a small plush case, saying:

"There, dear, is a set of things that you probably didn't think of when you were buying everything you thought I might possibly want to give you for a present. You don't need them yet, but you probably will some day, and I thought it would be nice to get them now, seeing that they were offered at a bargain."

He opened the case, looked at the set of teeth it contained and said:

"Let's go to breakfast. I want to bite into something."

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

Go SEARCH MT. SINAI for ORIGINAL GOSPEL

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Monastery of St. Catherine



View in the Valley

NEXT to the Holy Land the most interesting region in the world to Biblical scholars is the Sinaitic peninsula. In one respect it is even more interesting than the Holy Land, for the wealth of relics and manuscripts which it contains has hardly been touched by modern investigators.

An important movement has now been started by the universities, scholars and religious leaders of England to conduct a thorough search of the Monastery of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, where it is believed that the oldest existing Bible manuscripts are to be found.

Discoveries already made indicate with practical certainty that these manuscripts must be there, but for peculiar reasons very little progress has been made in searching for them. During the years 1844, 1853 and 1859 the German scholar Tischendorf spent much time exploring the monastery library.

The monks were then very simple and hospitable and quite unfamiliar with the ways of the outside world. They allowed Tischendorf to do as he pleased in the library. He used this liberty with stupendously profitable results to himself. He discovered the oldest known Greek manuscript of the Bible, now known as the "Codex Sinaiticus." By some scholars it is dated as early as the fourth century, and in that case it is the oldest practically complete manuscript of the Bible. It consists of most of the Old Testament, all the New Testament and "the Epistle of Barnabas."

This wonderful collection of manuscripts Tischendorf carried away without saying a word to the monks. There are doubtless collectors today who would give \$1,000,000 for these manuscripts. When the monks slowly realized that they had been robbed of one of the most precious possessions in the religious world, they became very angry, and their anger lasted a long time.

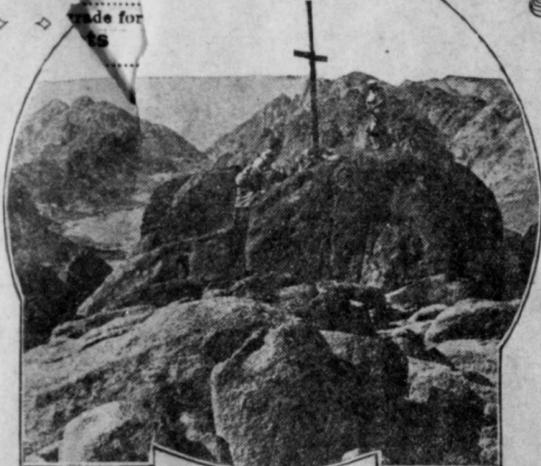
For years travelers who visited the out-of-the-world monastery reported that the monks were surly and inhospitable, and would not afford a reasonable opportunity for an examination of their treasures. Many of these visitors reported that the monks were ill-using their manuscripts in a deplorable manner, using them as stands for cooking utensils and flower pots.

Finally, in 1894, two brilliant Englishwomen—Mrs. Smith Lewis and Mrs. Gibson—succeeded in winning the confidence of the monks and secured permission to make an examination of the library. Their search was richly rewarded, for they discovered a fourth century palimpsest manuscript of St. Paul's Gospel in Syriac. This is probably the oldest known Bible manuscript, for the Tischendorf Codex, even allowing it the oldest date mentioned, would barely equal it.

Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson found that in order to put the library in thorough order and reveal even superficially all that it contained would require the labors of a considerable staff of trained workers. Although the monks gave facilities to the two women, they were not willing to admit any considerable body of investigators to the monastery, in view of their bitter experience of earlier years.

The present movement aims to overcome the objections of the monks in a friendly manner. The Sinaitic Peninsula is now in Egyptian territory. When the necessary funds have been collected the assistance of the Egyptian authorities will be sought in carrying on negotiations with the monks.

Among the most precious manuscripts believed to be in the monastery is the original of the Gospel of St. Luke in the handwriting of the apostle himself. This would be incomparably the most important Bible manuscript ever discovered. The Syriac copy of St. Luke's gospel found by the two English women and at present constituting the oldest known Bible manuscript contains evidence that it was translated from a Greek original in the library.



Spot on Which Moses Read Ten Commandments

Scholars hold that the original Gospel of St. Luke was in Greek. The apostle was a physician of Greek descent, and his gospel gives evidence of scholarly attainments. Early chronicles state that the manuscripts of St. Luke's gospel was one of the treasures given to the monastery by the Emperor Justinian in 527 A. D. The building contains numerous representations of the apostle writing his gospel, and these appear to have a close association with the foundation of the establishment.

The library is known to contain about 500 ancient volumes filled with manuscripts in Greek, Arabic, Syriac and other languages. As one of these great volumes may contain hundreds of manuscripts, the wealth of the library can only be guessed at. Among its curiosities is a very ancient complete manuscript of the Psalms, written on its leaves in microscopic writing.

This monastery is the oldest continuously inhabited building in the world. It was founded by Justinian in about 527 A. D., and has been occupied ever since. It is surrounded by walls 30 feet high, and defended by cannon, for it was cut off from the civilized world for centuries. Until recently everybody who entered was hoisted by a rope over these walls.

The earth on which the vegetables of the monastery are grown was brought from the Holy Land, for there is no soil in the vicinity. In the first few centuries of the Christian church the Sinaitic Peninsula was the refuge of many Christians fleeing from the Roman persecution. Then the church triumphed and for centuries after the founding of the monastery it was honored by gifts from emperors and kings.

Then came the Mohammedan outbreak. During the centuries when the followers of the Prophet overran the eastern world this little spot held out for Christianity.

The convent stands at the foot of the mountain called Jabal Musa, which, according to many authorities, is the actual mountain where the Ten Commandments were committed to Moses by the Lord. The site of the monastery, according to this theory, is the spot where Moses delivered the Commandments to the children of Israel. This is a disputed question, but there is little doubt that it is an important site, for the natives in all ages have revered it.

Here passed the children of Israel during their 40 years' wandering on their way from Egypt to the Holy Land. Here occurred the many miracles and wonderful events of the Exodus—the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, the feeding of the people with manna, the miraculous production of water by Moses, the battle with the Amalekites, the appearance of the Lord on the mount, the building of the Ark, the worshipping of the golden calf, the budding of Aaron's rod,

the raising of the brazen serpent by Moses and finally the death of Moses. The Sinaitic Peninsula covers about 10,000 square miles, and there was plenty of room for the 40 years' wandering. The traveler who sees the land today can easily understand why miracles were necessary to keep the children of Israel alive. It is an exceedingly barren wilderness, largely composed of rocks. It only maintains a handful of natives, and it is believed that the number has hardly changed since prehistoric times. Though barren, the land is very picturesque, and the red mountains rising abruptly into the clear sky are wonderful.

Nearly all the sites mentioned in Exodus and the other books of the Old Testament are identified by the monks and by local traditions. There is a peak called Jabal Ras-es-Safsaf, which is said to be the exact spot from which Moses witnessed the worshipping of the golden calf by the children of Israel. It is a small peak, giving an excellent view of a large plain, which might very well have been the place where the Israelites indulged in their idolatrous festivities, as described in Exodus:

"And it came to pass as soon as he came nigh unto the camp that he saw the calf and the dancing; and Moses's anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands and brake them beneath the mount. And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."

The peak where Moses is reputed to have witnessed this scene is part of the same group where the leader of the chosen people received the Ten Commandments from heaven. The local traditions assigning sites for all these ancient occurrences seem very reasonable.

DOUBLE VISION.

Police Magistrate—Hov'n't Oi seen yez here twict before?

Prisoner—Only onct, yer ahner, an' that was last Patrick's day.

Police Magistrate—St. Patrick's day, was it? Well, that explains ut. Oi must av seen two of yez.—Puck.

UNPROFESSIONAL.

Powers—I'm sorry you lost your lawsuit.

Bowers—Well, I ought to have known that my attorney was no good.

Powers—Why?

Bowers—The very first time the case was called he told the judge he was ready to go on.—Puck.

ALL AT WORK.

"All of a sudden you don't seem to hear anything more about futurists. I wonder what has happened?"

"Wait till the whitewashing season is over. Take 't from me, they'll bob up into prominence again."

A LADIES' MAN.

"A bomb."

"Put it in water," said the chief of police.

"A suffragette bomb."

"Put it in Florida water. Ah, the dear girl."

Great For Your Liver and Bowels

Young and Old, Male and Female, All Sing the Praises of Hot Springs Liver Buttons—
Make You Feel Fine in a Day.

Don't fool with Calomel or Salts or harsh purgatives that act violently, many times injuring the lining of the bowels, and causing serious illness.

HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS are mild, gentle, yet absolutely certain. They always act blissfully on the bowels and never fail to unclasp the stubborn liver, and compel it to do its work properly.

Physicians in Hot Springs, Arkansas, prescribe them because they know that there is nothing better they can prescribe. Take **HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS** as directed and get rid of constipation, dizziness, biliousness, sick headache, salivary, pimply skin. They are a fine tonic, for they drive impure matter from the blood, make the bowels and stomach anti-septic, and give one a hearty appetite. All druggists 25 cents, and money back if they are not just what you have been looking for. Sample free and 100 of 17,000 testimonials from Hot Springs Chemical Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

Poet's License.

Robert W. Chambers, the popular novelist, was talking about a New York poet.

"His poetry is always awkward," Mr. Chambers said. "He drags in words that you can see are there solely for the sake of rhyme. In fact, he reminds me of a Lake Sunapee epitaph.

"In a little churchyard overlooking Lake Sunapee a gray, mossy stone bears this inscription:

"As sinks the sun with lengthened shadows,
So sank and died the good George Meadows."

"N. B.—Deceased's name was Fields, but Meadows is substituted for the sake of the rhyme."

BLOTCHES COVERED LIMBS

19 Roach St., Atlanta, Ga.—"A few months ago I had some kind of skin eruption that spread until my limbs and feet were covered with blotches and watery blisters. It looked like eczema. When the trouble reached my neck and face I was almost driven frantic. It itched and stung so intensely that I could not sleep or wear any clothing on the affected parts. After two months I commenced to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after two days I noticed improvement and in six days the trouble left. My skin was fair and smooth again and the eruption never returned.

"My cousin was a sufferer from pimples, known as acne, on his face and seemed to grow worse all the time. I recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment to him and now his face is smooth for the first time in three years and he owes it all to Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Walter Battle, Oct. 7, 1912.

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

Some Good Advice.

The restaurant manager stood behind the cashier's desk, wearing his stock-in-trade smile for each customer.

An old gentleman came up. "I notice," said he, fumbling for his wallet, "that you advertise to make your own pies."

"Yes, sir," answered the manager proudly, "we do."

"Will you permit me to offer a suggestion?"

"Certainly, sir; certainly. We should be most happy to have you."

"Well, then, let some one else make 'em."

HER TROUBLES BEGAN EARLY

Young Lady Relates Her Experience, and Tells How She Overcame Troubles Which Started at Fifteen.

Paulina, La.—"When I was only fifteen years old," says Miss Lizzie St. Pierre, of this town, "I began suffering from womanly troubles. I had all kinds of pains, felt nervous, dizzy and weak, had headache, backache, and with all that I had fever.

I commenced taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and it made me perfectly well. Am only seventeen years old now, but feel a whole lot younger. Mama got so she couldn't sleep, and always felt dizzy. She took Cardui treatment, and now she is in perfect health.

If you think the publication of this letter will encourage other suffering ladies to try Cardui, you may print it. I certainly feel thankful for what Cardui has done for my mother and me."

Thousands of women have written, like Miss St. Pierre, to tell of the beneficial results they obtained by taking this well-known woman's remedy. You may believe that Cardui will help you, because it has helped so many others.

Composed of purely vegetable, medicinal ingredients, having a gentle, strengthening action on the system, Cardui is a reliable remedy for young and old, with absolutely no bad after-effects. Try it, and you will find it of benefit, whenever you need a tonic.

At the nearest drug store.

N. B.—Write for: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Home Treatment for Women, sent in plain wrapper. Adv.

The people who fish for compliments usually fish in shallow water.



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Sloan's Liniment is a speedy, reliable remedy for lameness in horses and farm stock. Here's proof.

Lameness Gone
"I had a horse sprain his shoulder by pulling, and he was so lame he could not carry foot at all. I got a bottle of your Liniment and put it on four times, and in three days he showed no lameness at all, and made a thirty mile trip besides."—Walter H. Alorford, La Salle, Cal.

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"I have used Sloan's Liniment on a fine mare for splint and cured her. This makes the third horse I've cured. Have recommended it to my neighbors for thrush and they say it is fine. I find it the best Liniment I ever used. I keep on hand your Sure Colic Cure for myself and neighbors, and I can certainly recommend it for Colic."—S. E. Smith, Michigan, Cal.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is a quick, safe remedy for poultry roup, canker and bumble-foot. Try it.

For Roup and Canker
"Sloan's Liniment is the speediest and surest remedy for poultry roup and canker in all its forms, especially for canker in the windpipe."—J. P. Spaulding, Jeffrey, N. J.

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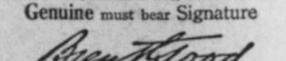
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Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature



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We need a man—farmer's son preferred—to handle household necessities always in use, territory is free—work profitable, steady and healthful.

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Teach you **FREE** If you are ambitious for a business all your own, write for one plan—we will explain everything in detail, many are making big money every week under our direction and plans of Modern Merchandising. You can do the same—this is your opportunity—take advantage of it—write today.

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Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Come! Come! Santa Claus

TO OUR STORE FOR YOUR

Old Santa came to see us and our dogs got after his deer and they ran away, turned his wagons over and he lost the most of his toys in our store, and we told him if he would leave them here we would invite all the children to come to our store and bring their mamma and papa and get their Christmas goods at our place. So don't forget the place children, at J. M. RHODES & Co's., Store.

DOLLS--DOLLS--DOLLS--You never saw the like of nice pretty dolls that old SANTA lost in our store, so you had better come early and make your selections while our stock is complete. Toys of every kind and description. Doll trunks, Doll buggies, Tea sets, Story books, A B C sets, Pictures, Tops, Drums, Work baskets, small Cook Stoves, horns, drawing sets, Pistols and caps Air guns, tool sets, doll beds, doll swings, small sewing machines, Shaving sets, Collar bags, Music rolls, Tie holders, Fine neck wear, Mesh bags, Toilet sets, fine boxes writing paper, Vases, Water sets, lots of fine Chinaware, Ladies and gents dress gloves, manicure sets, hair Ornaments, Jewelry, in fact every thing that goes to make a Merry Christmas for both young and old.

Please keep in mind that we handle everything in Staple and Fancy Groceries and can fill your orders quickly and satisfactorily. Mr. Newman does our delivering.

Don't forget about a pair of Shoes for yourself and family. We are equipped in everything in Dry Goods and Notions. We especially invite all the country people to make our store headquarters and feel at home in our store. Wishing you a happy Christmas, one and all, we are, Yours Resp't.

HEDLEY,
TEXAS

J. M. Rhodes & Co.

When the farmer comes to town,
His tires loose or his wagon broke down,
Parker, the Blacksmith, will set them tight,
His work guaranteed, he will do it right.
He will shoe your horses, heel and toe,
And you won't have to wait long before you go.
Has a full supply of everything in iron and wood;
Solicits your patronage, will treat you good. (adv)

At the Lewis Tailor Shop "The price fits the pocket, and the suit fits the man."

Texas is something of a land agent. For the fiscal year ending August 31, receipts from sales and leases totaled \$2,629,056.55, or just about what the state of Rhode Island would fetch, if cut up into corner lots and sold to the exclusive big rich for summer homes. Shove also to Texas.

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Physician and Surgeon

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Office Phone No. 45-3 r
Residence Phone No. 45-2 r

Hedley, Texas

DR. B. YOUNGER

DENTIST

Clarendon, Texas

A MEMORABLE TREAT

THE colonel sat comfortably in his chair and gazed dreamily through a hazy cloud of Havana at the Christmas crowd.
"Ha-ha! colonel. At last I've found you looking sad!" And a friend who had come up from behind and slapped him affectionately on the shoulder pulled a big chair alongside and sat down. The colonel leaned farther back in the enveloping leather and a volley of expanding rings poured from beneath the carefully trimmed white mustache.

"That," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the throngs, "set me thinking of how in my country school-days we big, bad boys sometimes locked the teacher out to make him give us a Christmas treat. At the precise moment you soaked me on the shoulder I was thinking of the time we locked out our teacher. We notified him a week beforehand that we expected him to give us a nice, substantial treat when school 'let out,' as we said, on Christmas eve. He had been a good-natured fellow and had succeeded in keeping on good terms with us scamps in spite of us, so as we wanted, for the reason, to let him off as easily as possible we specified only a box of oranges and a box of candy.

"I'll think about it," he said, laughing, and we supposed it was as good as agreed to.

"So when on the morning of Christmas Eve day Mr. Teacher arrived without anything that possibly could contain a treat, we were hurt—doubly hurt to think that a supposed friend would treat us so. We silently waited till the noon hour, and when luncie-sons had been hurriedly gulped, two of us were detailed to get him away from the school house on some pretext or other. They succeeded, but he didn't stay long, as it was a cold day and there was snow. When he found the door locked he rattled the knob and called:

"Open the door, please! It is I, Mr. G—"

"Sorry," one of the boys replied through the keyhole, "but you'll have to give us a Christmas treat before

HAPPY CHRISTMAS MORNING



we let you in."

"Come, boys, come," he said sternly. "It is too cold for joking. Let me in at once!"

"We're not joking; we yelled back. 'We want a treat. Go to the store and get a big box of oranges and a big box of candy and have them here for us this afternoon, and we'll open the door. Or, if you'll promise on your word of honor, we'll let you in.'"

"For answer he pounded on the door and chattered:

"Boys, I order you to get this door! Will you obey me?"

"That," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the throngs, "set me thinking of how in my country school-days we big, bad boys sometimes locked the teacher out to make him give us a Christmas treat. At the precise moment you soaked me on the shoulder I was thinking of the time we locked out our teacher. We notified him a week beforehand that we expected him to give us a nice, substantial treat when school 'let out,' as we said, on Christmas eve. He had been a good-natured fellow and had succeeded in keeping on good terms with us scamps in spite of us, so as we wanted, for the reason, to let him off as easily as possible we specified only a box of oranges and a box of candy.

"I'll think about it," he said, laughing, and we supposed it was as good as agreed to.

distrustful, but he was milling.

"It is all right, boys," he assured us. "I have promised. We might as well close now till after the New Year's holiday. While I am going for the treat I want you all to get your books ready so I can lock the school house. I hope to be back with your treat within an hour."

"Then he started in a brisk walk toward a little country town about five miles away."

"In a few minutes after two o'clock when a boy came to the door and said that the teacher had not returned, the boys were

gladly admitted up

before the schoolhouse door. Mr. Teacher, looking as pleasant as any of us, jumped out and said:

"Here you are! I am going to leave you to yourselves to enjoy your treat," he explained, as he hastily fastened the window shutters and shut up the stove. He then locked the door and put the key in his pocket. By that time the boys had unloaded the boxes, and Mr. G— at once resumed his seat on the sled.

"Merry Christmas to all!" he shouted.

"The same to you!" we chorused. "We immediately assailed the boxes. The lid came off the box marked oranges first, and one was grabbed and the tissue wrapping removed. Then there was a wild yell—'Potatoes! Nothing but old potatoes!'"

"We glanced sheepishly at the big girls who were holding their breath. In a tremor of dread we took the top off the box labeled candy. Oh, utterly shattered hopes! The box was full of nice white candles!"

The ample shoulders and girth of the colonel's friend shook freely.

"Um," he said. "He was some teacher."

"You bet," agreed the colonel. "If we boys had had money enough I think we'd have come pretty near to buying him a gold watch."—Detroit Free Press.

WELL QUALIFIED.

"Did you hear that that poor fellow who lost both his legs in an automobile accident intends to go into politics?"

"No. How can he, without a leg to stand on?"

"Oh, he expects to go on the stump!"—Judge.

AT THE PICNIC.

"There are ants in the currant jelly."

"Black ants or red ants?"

"Red ants."

"Good. They won't be noticed so much."

WATER FLOWED LIKE WINE.

"What's the matter with Wombat?"

"Stomach all upset. Went to a state dinner in Washington and drank sixteen glasses of ice water."

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FOR SALE—160 acres 12 miles north east of Hedley, 1 mile from good school, well improved, 3 wire fence, bois d'arc post, 3 room house, small orchard.

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HEDLEY, TEXAS

GREAT MEN'S EYES.

It seems that at last genius is discovered not to be allied to insanity but that rather all its eccentricities are due to eye strain. Brain specialists, for instance, are asserting that if Carlyle had had properly adjusted glasses and a good electric light to work by, instead of skylight over his desk, and that illumined by a London fog much of the time, he would not have been such a grumbler and dyspeptic; in fact, eye strain was the cause of all his eccentricities. All geniuses, in fact, would have been optimistic, says science now, if they had only had bifocal glasses at the right time, says the London Tid-Bits. The same abnormal eyesight is given as the cause of many tragic paintings. That famous artist, Turner, would never have painted the slave ship in a storm, but would rather have depicted the peaceful landscape that so many artists paint when their eyes are properly fitted with glasses. Wagner, too, if he had worn the correct spectacles and had had that decided tilt to one eye remedied, probably would never have written about Walkyrie and dragons, but would have written pleasant dances, and even ragtime, instead. Darwin also was another victim of eye strain. Doubtless he would never have given the world his theory of evolution which stirred society up if his eyes had been normal. De Quincy suffered from bad eyes. Surely he would never have taken opium if he had had glasses; but, then, on the other hand, the world would have missed his opium dreams. And, after all is considered, scientists conclude society could better dispense with spectacles than with geniuses.

Air currents at a height of 50 miles above the earth are discussed by J. Edmund Clark in the quarterly journal of the Royal Meteorological society, on the basis of observations made at many places in southern England and northern France of the drift of a particular bright and persistent meteor train seen on the night of February 22, 1909. Mr. Clark himself saw the train for 104 minutes. The most remarkable conclusions drawn by the writer relates to the velocity of the upper winds at various levels, as indicated by the movement of the train. Between the altitudes of 49 1/2 and 51 miles the streak lay in a west wind of over 170 miles an hour, while at 51 1/2 miles the current was almost from the east, with a velocity approaching 200 miles an hour. These conclusions hardly agree with the prevailing conception of the stratosphere as a region of gentle winds.

If Queen Victoria's preference was for a sermon 15 minutes, King Edward declared for greater brevity. In the original arrangements for his coronation the sermon by the bishop of London was allotted five minutes, and when the king's illness necessitated the alteration of the ceremony the sermon was cut out altogether, says the London Chronicle. Napoleon III. strictly limited preachers before him to a quarter of an hour, and if they exceeded it an officer of the imperial household stepped to the pulpit and ended the discourse. But our own Charles II. once slept so soundly under the ministrations of Kah that on awakening greatly refreshed, he exclaimed, "Odd fish! This man must have a bishopric," and gave him Bath and Wells when it fell vacant.

Morris Samuels, a guest at the Hotel Majestic, was sadly disappointed when Supreme Court Justice Goff, before whom he was summoned as a juror, declined to excuse him from duty on his plea that he was suffering a slight nervous affection, says the New York World. "The atmosphere of a courtroom is so restful," remarked Justice Goff, with a smile, "that it is better in many cases than a sanitarium. I will keep this juror until the end of the term in the hope that he will find his nerve greatly benefited by his experience."

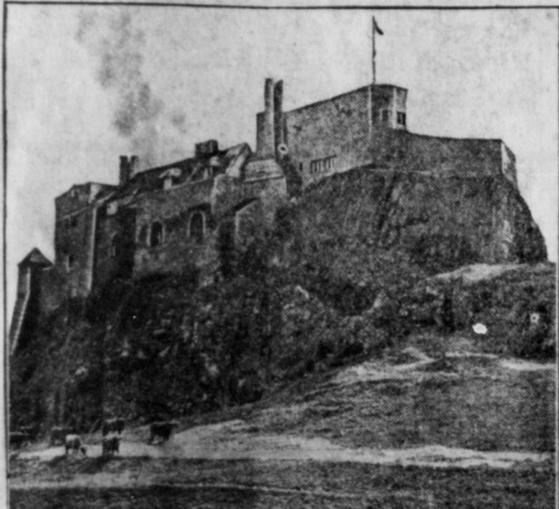
The consumption of cut flowers is enormous. Nothing takes their place in the decoration of rooms and banquet tables. Floral adornments of this kind for a single wedding reception or dance in a home of wealth and fashion would brighten the convalescent wards of half a dozen hospitals. They could be put to this charitable use in every city after they had served their original festive purpose.

Emperor William may dispute the title of Sir Thomas Lipton as the only man who desires to get his hands on the America's cup. All the emperor wants is the right kind of a yacht. A race between him and Sir Thomas for this bit of ancient silverware would be worth a long trip.

A youthful swain climbed a 120-foot water pipe to hold converse with his sweetheart and was promptly arrested. One's highest ambitions are above suspicion, it seems.

WORLD WONDERS

Ancient Lindisfarne Castle



Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, is one of the most picturesque points on the east coast of England. It is a small island ten miles from Berwick-on-Tweed and connected with the mainland at low tide. Among its interesting sights are the castle, built in 1542 and now fortified, and the remains of the famous abbey of Lindisfarne, originally a Saxon edifice founded in 635 by Aidan, a disciple of Saint Columba, and destroyed in 793 by the Danes.

HE IS A WORLD CHAMPION ODD REASONS FOR DIVORCE



The lad shown in the accompanying illustration is Joe Cody of Mt. Airy, Ga. He is the world's champion four-year-old boy in the matter of size, weighing 150 pounds and being 47 1/2 inches in height.

A Milwaukee brewery worker recently applied for a divorce from his wife on the ground that she had bought bottled beer from a rival company.

A reason just as curious was put forward by a man named Adolph Schnell, who, a short time ago, filed a suit for divorce in Kansas City against his wife, who was described as a "trance medium." The applicant named four spirits as the cause of his domestic troubles. These were Mike Conroy, whom Mrs. Schnell called her chief guide, and three Red Indians—Red Wing, Red Feather, and High Horse. Schnell declared that he was unhappy when the ghosts were around, and could not sleep. "As soon as I get into my first sleep," he said, "my wife begins to yell, and when I ask what is the matter, she says: 'Mike Conroy is here. He wants you to get up and talk to your grandfather.' When Mike possesses her she talks with a brogue, and keeps asking me if I cannot see my grandfather standing over beside the dressing table. I strain my eyes, but never once catch a glimpse of the old gentleman. It is too deep for me, and I have lost so much rest entertaining Mike and the three Indians that I simply cannot stand it any longer."

It is on record that the shaving off of his beard by a French king was the cause of a long and disastrous war between France and England. In the United States it has been responsible for at least one matrimonial tragedy. Only last year a lady applied for a divorce on the ground that her husband had given too much license to his barber. He had—without, of course, consulting his "better-half"—actually dared to remove his beard. "He looks too young without his beard," complained the fair petitioner. "He has not enough dignity to pass as my husband unless his weak little chin is covered up and hidden away behind a beard. I've told him many a time that if he ever let a barber cut it off I'd give a divorce; and one day, a few weeks ago, he came home with a clean-shaven face. And now it's all over."

Japan's Best Calculators



An annual event of no little interest in Japan is the counting and mental calculation competition by the male staff of the savings bank bureau of the communications department. The competitors had to do mentally, given to them and subtraction of four to ten figures each, rapidly. The examiner, Miss Miki Shimizu, stood on the first prize.

SOME ECCENTRIC FUNERALS

An enormous crowd gathered at Chester, England, a few months ago to witness the funeral of an electrical engineer, who was carried to the cemetery in a coffin that had been laboriously constructed by himself out of 4,000 match boxes. These, with their tops visible and advertising their respective makers, were varnished over and strengthened inside with wood. On the coffin was placed an electric battery.

Some years ago a maiden lady died at Calémis-sur-Lys, in France, who was reported to have been a champion snuff taker. She enjoyed singularly good health, retained all her mental faculties, and died at a ripe old age. Her funeral was most extraordinary. Her wish was that her coffin should be filled with tobacco, the floor of the mortuary chamber carpeted with it, and the heir to the property charged to scatter tobacco before the hearse on the way to the cemetery.

A lady who left Liverpool some time ago by the Lucania crossed the Atlantic on a unique mission. A prominent New York business man, who died recently, directed in his will that his remains should be cremated and the ashes scattered on the waters of the Atlantic from a Cunard steamer. The Lucania being the special favorite of the deceased gentleman, was selected, and the lady in question, at a time fixed, so that simultaneously the family could attend a memorial service in New York, cast the ashes from an urn into the ocean. A certificate was given by the captain of the Lucania stating the latitude and longitude in which the ashes were committed to the deep, according to the will.

TEETH FILED FOR BEAUTY



Teeth filing as an aid to beauty is practiced extensively among the adult males of the semi-savage Bagobo tribe of the Philippines. Efforts of Uncle Sam's agents, in the educational and administrative departments of the Philippine government, to discourage this practice have thus far met with scant success. It is against the policy pursued by the United States in the islands to interfere in tribal customs and affairs where they do not conflict with the laws. For this reason no actual ban has been placed upon the practice of teeth filing despite the fact that not only are the teeth themselves ruined but the health of their owner is frequently injured through the liability of the incisors to decay immediately the enamel is broken. The Bagobos are descended from the Malay tribes which invaded the islands at some period in the past and overran a large part of the archipelago.

AUTO PULLS A LOCOMOTIVE

Probably no more remarkable feat has been recently performed by an automobile than when the local agent of a well known car in Los Angeles, Cal., gave a demonstration of the pulling strength of his machine by attaching it, by means of a rope running from the rear axle of the car to the pilot of a 110-ton locomotive, and drawing the locomotive along the track. The start was made from a dead standstill and it was first thought impossible to move the great mass of iron and steel as the wheels of the auto slipped badly and the locomotive seemed to be glued to the track. After weighing down the car with six good-sized men, however, the tires took a firmer hold and after a long, steady strain the wheels of the locomotive began slowly to revolve.

The accomplishment of the task is testified to by a number of witnesses who at first declared it impossible and looked for the breaking of the rear axle or the pulling out of the entire end of the car.

COUPLE MARRIED ON A RAFT

Weddings have been celebrated in all sorts of unusual places, but it has been left to Frederick Kirchner of Palm Beach, Fla., to choose a raft as the scene of his marriage.

The bridegroom, who is a native of Hamburg, is employed as a life-saver at the bathing grounds at Palm Beach, was recently married on a raft in the surf to Miss Single Lund of Stockholm.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Letter and Money in Unsealed Envelope Intact

WASHINGTON.—The postoffice department is very careful not to allow information to leak out about the inside workings of its offices, but the other day it became known that one of the most remarkable cases of honesty that has ever happened in the history of the department occurred in Baltimore.



A woman who is employed by one of the large department stores in that city has a daughter at school in a Catholic convent in Plainfield, N. J. Recently she wrote her daughter a letter and sealed it in an envelope. She also wrote at the same time to the mother superior of the convent and inclosed \$50 in bills. She failed to seal the latter. The money was loose in the envelope and could be plainly seen. It was the woman's intention to mail her daughter's letter and then to purchase a money order with the \$50 she had placed in the envelope addressed to the mother superior. At the corner of Charles and Lexington streets she dropped the money in a letter box. She did not discover her mistake for several hours, but when she did she at once notified the officials at the postoffice. A telegram was sent to the postmaster at Plainfield, N. J., to look out for the letter; as it could not be found in the Baltimore office. On Thursday a telegram was received in reply stating that the letter had passed through the postoffice at Plainfield and had been delivered to the mother superior of the convent and that all the money was in the envelope when it was received.

The woman and the members of the firm where she is employed could not say too much in praise of the honesty of the postoffice department. It was perhaps the first time in the history of the department where a letter had been dropped in a box on the street unsealed with money in full view and delivered intact. The letter was collected from the street box by an employe of the Baltimore postoffice. It was handled by several men when it reached the postoffice and when it reached Plainfield it was again handled by several employes of the postoffice in that city and delivered by a letter carrier. Every man who handled the letter could not help seeing the money, and yet it reached its destination.

Dearth of Small Bills and Silver Dollars

THERE'S a great scarcity of dollar bills, and even a greater void in the matter of silver dollars. To that large part of our population that will not be called upon to pay any income tax this information may lack the element of novelty. The scarcity of the forms of money named does not affect the average man as seriously as it does the banks of the country, south and west, where there is urgent demand for the small bills—ones, twos and fives, and the big silver simoleons.



In their trouble the banks have appealed to Uncle Sam and his representatives in the United States treasury. But even our Uncle Sam is shy on silver and the small bills, though actually rolling in wealth in gold coin and gold bills.

It has come to that stage where a banker might send over \$100,000 in \$20 gold certificates and request Treasurer Burke or some of his assistants to turn over \$100,000 in ones, twos and fives of silver certificates, and the messenger would have to carry back the big wad of gold certificates, for he would be turned down flat by the treasurer.

In the currency trust funds, the general fund, etc., there are stored \$491,736,000 in silver dollars, but the only way to make an inroad on this immense fund is to present silver certificates for redemption, or to offer an equal amount of silver certificates partially destroyed, soiled, etc., the reason being that the millions of silver dollars are covered by paper silver certificates for an equal amount.

The coining of silver dollars was stopped by the act of 1904. People in the east do not care particularly, but out west specie payment is still exacted and down south the big dollars are wanted for paying laborers, who demand them, knowing that they are not counterfeit; that they "feel good," and "will not burn up, if placed under the cabin floor and the cabin burns down."

Just a Few of the Troubles of Office Seekers

NO ONE in the world knows the troubles of the office seekers better than Joseph Tumulty, the secretary for the president. While every congressman has the woes of several hundred, or possibly thousand, office seeking constituents on his mind, each of the legislators takes the problems to the White House, where they are dumped in landlaid fashion on the blond head of Mr. Tumulty, who, therefore, gets the griefs of a nation of unsatisfied politicians.



He was sitting in his bright and attractive office, which overlooks the south lawn of the White House as it slopes gently toward the Washington monument one day, and there entered a Democrat of long experience. He was a congressman who is known to be as immovable in his Democratic principles as the foundations of the Capitol itself.

"He came directly toward me," explained Mr. Tumulty to Tom Pense, who was Woodrow Wilson's publicity man in the campaign, "and there were not only tears in his eyes, but they permeated his voice as well."

Uncle Sam Buying Lots of Washington Property

UNCLE SAM owns a saloon in Washington. Let it be said in haste, lest tremors be caused, that he will get rid of it quickly.

He is not paying a license fee, mixing drinks nor giving his nephews a shove along the downward path. Uncle Sam bought a lot of property in order to make room for a new building for the state department, and the saloon happened to be included in the purchase.

By the way, the saloon which Uncle Sam bought was quite a noted one in its day, having been the gathering place of men of note in national affairs for a good many years. It has been known as the saloon of mild drinking and mild manners, with mors of a flow of soul than of bowl.

It will pass, however, and in its place will rise a marble palace, where future secretaries of state will sit to recommend men for office and incidentally to decide the fate of nations. The new structure of the state will rise on ground just back from Pennsylvania avenue on the north and Fifteenth street on the west, diagonally across from the treasury department.

By and by Uncle Sam intends to buy all the buildings on the south side of the avenue, thus to make a park encumbered with nothing but public structures and which will extend ultimately from a point on the river near Georgetown straight through to the capitol.

"CASCARETS" FOR A BILIOUS LIVER

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

Sound and Sense.

"We took the baby this summer where we did, because we liked the name of the place as being so appropriate."

"What was it?"

"Rockaway Beach."

Causes Further Talk.

Because so many people are telling their experience with Hunt's Lightning Oil for Headaches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc., others are led to give it a trial, and are convinced immediately of its merit as a pain killer. Are you yet to be convinced? Ask the druggist. Adv.

The Archery Effect.

Belle—I feel a quiver whenever I look at that handsome young man. Nell—That's because he is a beau.

Acid Stomach, heartburn and nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

A Mean Comment.

"Who gave Miss Antiqua away when she finally got married?"

"Her wrinkles."

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scalding sensation in eyes and inflammation of eyes of eyelids. Adv.

A Woman's Heart.

She (gently)—I am afraid I do not love you enough to be your wife, but I shall always be your friend, and sincerely wish for your happiness.

He (moody)—I know what I'll do.

She (anxiously)—You surely will not do yourself an injury?

He (calmly)—No, I will find happiness. I will marry some one else.

She—Horror! Give me another day to consider, dear.—New York Weekly.

Chinese Artist.

In the fourth century A. D. there lived in China an artist, who was also a poet. His name was Ku K'ah-chih. In London there is a painting, a long scroll, which for at least a thousand years has been treasured as his work; and though that cannot be proved, it is in all probability a painting by his hand. One day, we are told, he entrusted to a friend a chest full of paintings which he had collected. For better security he fastened the lid of the chest and sealed the fastening with a seal. The friend, however, coveted the paintings, and hit on the simple expedient of removing the bottom of the box and so abstracting them. When the box was restored to Ku K'ah-chih, he broke the seal and found it empty. But he suspected no theft and expressed no surprise. Beautiful paintings, he said, communicate with supernatural beings; they have changed their form and flown away, like men when they join the Immortals.—Laurence Binyon, in the Atlantic.

FAMILY OF FIVE

All Drank Coffee From Infancy.

It is a common thing in this country to see whole families growing up with nervous systems weakened by coffee drinking.

That is because many parents do not realize that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which causes the trouble. (The same drug is found in tea.)

"There are five children in my family," writes an Iowa mother, "all of whom drank coffee from infancy up to two years ago.

"My husband and I had heart trouble and were advised to quit coffee. We did so and began to use Postum. We now are doing without medicine and are entirely relieved of heart trouble. (Caffeine causes heart trouble when continually used as in coffee drinking.)

"Our eleven-year-old boy had a weak digestion from birth, and yet always craved and was given coffee. When we changed to Postum he liked it and we gave him all he wanted. He has been restored to health by Postum and still likes it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be boiled. Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds. "There's a reason" for Postum.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

Valuable Discoveries



Once I was prone to be voluble, thinking I had been splendidly blest in some way. Fancying others were glad to sit drinking in all the words that it pleased me to say.

Once I supposed I had knowledge worth airing. Once I thought others were bulging with glee.

Because of the chances they had to be sharing. The wit and the wisdom imparted by me.

I have discovered that people who heard me scoffed at me, said I was boorish, in fact—failed to partake of the gladness that stirred me.

Pitted me, even for wit that I lacked: Since I have learned how to listen sedately.

People appear to believe I am wise: No man can talk all the time and talk greatly. But a fool can by listening learn, if he tries.



That Was Enough.

A young Frenchman in the sophomore class of an American college was invited to a musical entertainment given by his classmates, where there were sung, in honor of the foreigner, a number of French songs, and they were given in the best American French.

"I say, old man," observed one of the sophomores, after the entertainment, "I suppose those French songs made you feel a little homesick, eh?"

"No," responded the Frenchman; "only sick."

Might Have Seen One.

"Miracles? Of course there are miracles," declared Horace Hammersley, who had just celebrated the forty-first anniversary of his birth.

"There may be miracles," his wife replied, "but we never see them."

"Don't we? You'd have noticed one if you had been with me today. I met a man whom I had not seen for two years and he didn't ask me if I was now 'putting on weight.'"

Lack of Tact.

"Pa, what is tact?"

"It's rather hard to explain; but I'll tell you what it isn't, and then perhaps you'll understand. When Uncle William was here the other day, you probably noticed that he was very bald."

"Yes, he's as bald as an egg."

"Well, your mother took occasion to assure him that she didn't believe he had a selfish hair on his head."

The Main Thing.

When the man who had been hit by the automobile at last opened his eyes a sigh of relief went up from the crowd.

"It's a wonder you weren't killed!" said one of the bystanders. "You're luckier than most of the fellows who get hit."

"I certainly am," replied the victim, rubbing his bruises. "I got my number just before he struck me."

Looking Ahead.

"I wish to get a permit to dig up the pavement on Main street," said the president of the gas company.

"Why, we can't give you that. There isn't any pavement in Main street."

"I know; but I want the permit so that we can dig up the pavement as soon as there is one."

Use of the Horse.

Owing to the advancement of science it would be possible to get along without horses now, if it were not for the necessity of having a few of them at the annual horse shows.

Why?

Why is it that the average man is always willing to spend six dollars worth of time trying to get a 40-cent reduction in his gas bill?

The Lost Taint.

"Tainted money always loses its taint as soon as we succeed in getting it into our own hands."

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs"

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue; mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

A Lot of Racket. Howard Elliott, now president of the New Haven & Hartford railroad, was talking at a luncheon in New York, about a millionaire who had been boasting overmuch—boasting about his Raphaels, his Louis Seize furniture, his Gobellins and his Aubussons.

"Of course, he's a self-made man," said Mr. Elliott. "I'm very fond of self-made men. The only objection to them is that sometimes they've failed to put themselves together so as to work noiselessly."

Gratitude given or received is one of the best things in the world. We need far more of it and far better quality. Yet I have never read and satisfactory account of what it so gloriously means. Its value begins just where the value of pay ends. Thanks are personal, and attempt to fit an adequate response to the particular service performed. Pay is an impersonal coin which has been handed out to many before it reaches you, and will go to many others when it leaves you. It is your right and you are not grateful for it. But thanks are a free gift and enrich the giver. There is no nobler art than the art of expressing one's gratitude in fresh, unacknowledged, unexaggerated terms which answer devotion with fresh devotion, fancy with new fancy, charity with sincerity. Artists who get their reward only in money and in the stale plaudits of clapping hands are restless for something more individual. They want to be intimately understood and beautifully answered. For such gratitude they look to brother artists, to the few who really understand. There they find their best reward—but even this leaves something wanting.—The Atlantic.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it. Pape's Diapiesin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any dealer and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eruptions of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapiesin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Adv.

GAS, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapiesin" settles sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

He had been around from church to church trying to find a congenial congregation, and finally he stepped in a little church just as the congregation read with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

"Thank goodness," he said, "I've found my crowd at last."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Quite Different. "Jimsy is making a great fuss over his new auto."

"Whenever I see him he is generally making a great fuss under it."

It might add to happiness if doctors had bargain days.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Heleves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating Feet, Blisters and Callous spots. Sold everywhere. Don't accept any substitutes. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Quastel, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Upright pianos should be so placed in rooms as to avoid dampness and drafts.

Coughs cured by Inflamed Bronchial Tubes, Decayed Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Sold by all Drug Stores.

Seems So. "What do you think of this proposal of an electrical spanker for children?"

"I think it's shocking."

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Is Your Body Poisoned?

Well, kidneys keep the blood free of uric acid, a deadly poison that is constantly forming inside the body.

Sluggish kidneys allow the uric acid to accumulate, causing rheumatic attacks, headache, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy, and heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills restore the normal blood-filtering action of the kidneys. This drives out uric acid and ends uric acid poisoning.



Samuel D. Ingraham, 3602 S. Main St., Lewiston, Idaho, says: "I was so crippled with rheumatic pains that I hobbled around on crutches for two years. I couldn't work and I often prayed for death. My back ached constantly and I had terrible fits of pain throughout my body. My kidneys didn't work right and I had given up hope of recovery when I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills. After I had used one box, I threw away my crutches and before long I was cured. I haven't suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

ALL LOOK FOR GRATITUDE

Nothing That Can Be Bestowed is Able to Take Its Place in the Human Heart.

Gratitude given or received is one of the best things in the world. We need far more of it and far better quality. Yet I have never read and satisfactory account of what it so gloriously means. Its value begins just where the value of pay ends. Thanks are personal, and attempt to fit an adequate response to the particular service performed. Pay is an impersonal coin which has been handed out to many before it reaches you, and will go to many others when it leaves you. It is your right and you are not grateful for it. But thanks are a free gift and enrich the giver. There is no nobler art than the art of expressing one's gratitude in fresh, unacknowledged, unexaggerated terms which answer devotion with fresh devotion, fancy with new fancy, charity with sincerity. Artists who get their reward only in money and in the stale plaudits of clapping hands are restless for something more individual. They want to be intimately understood and beautifully answered. For such gratitude they look to brother artists, to the few who really understand. There they find their best reward—but even this leaves something wanting.—The Atlantic.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it. Pape's Diapiesin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any dealer and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eruptions of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapiesin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Adv.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify Your Hair! Make it Soft, Fluffy and Luxuriant—Try the Moist Cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all. Adv.

Quite Different. "Jimsy is making a great fuss over his new auto."

"Whenever I see him he is generally making a great fuss under it."

It might add to happiness if doctors had bargain days.

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the Antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Heleves Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating Feet, Blisters and Callous spots. Sold everywhere. Don't accept any substitutes. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Quastel, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Upright pianos should be so placed in rooms as to avoid dampness and drafts.

Coughs cured by Inflamed Bronchial Tubes, Decayed Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Sold by all Drug Stores.

Seems So. "What do you think of this proposal of an electrical spanker for children?"

"I think it's shocking."

He had been around from church to church trying to find a congenial congregation, and finally he stepped in a little church just as the congregation read with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

"Thank goodness," he said, "I've found my crowd at last."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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JUST FORGOT HIS MANNERS

Intoxicated Man's Remark May Have Held Some Truth, but It Was Not Polite.

They were seated side by side in a street car. He was very intoxicated and very sleepy. She was very haughty and possessed of a very much wrinkled face.

Though he was trying hard, he simply couldn't keep a wake and persisted in toppling over on her shoulder. Each time he did it he smiled ingratiatingly as if promising to do better in future, but she was extremely annoyed.

"Please sit up straight," she said at last, every wrinkle expressing disapproval.

He woke up abruptly. That made him cross. He murmured something.

"How dare you insult a lady?" she exclaimed.

He woke up again.

"I didn't," he sputtered.

"How dare you contradict a lady?" she snapped.

Here the intoxicated one took a tremendous brace, forced one eye wide open, sat up straight, and took a long, long look at the very wrinkled face by his side.

"You're not a lady," he muttered at last; "you're a fig!"

Further arrests are being made daily—of persons, but of pain. Is Hunt's Lightning Oil that so many people are talking about because it arrests and stops pain, and affords almost instant relief in cases of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Headaches, Burns, etc. Just try it if you want pain to quit quick. Adv.

The greater the cost of living, the cheaper it is to remain single.

WHENEVER YOU NEED A GENERAL TONIC - TAKE GROVE'S

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic as the formula is printed on every label showing that it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic and is in Tasteless Form. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action, and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and sure appetizer. A Complete Strengthening. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

WINCHESTER

Black Powder Shells. The superior shooting of Winchester "Nublack" and "New Rival" shotgun shells is due to the Winchester method of construction and loading, which has been developed during over forty years of manufacturing in a country where shotgun shooting is a science. Loaded shells that meet the exacting conditions of American sportsmen are sure to satisfy anybody. Try either of these shells and then you'll understand.

LOOK FOR THE RED W ON THE BOX.

Comparisons. "The mothers' club is making a great hit in our times."

"Not so much of one as the mothers' slipper did in mine."

A woman of tact smiles when her rival is praised.

Pain in Back and Rheumatism are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must remove the cause. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, and exert so direct and beneficial an action in the kidneys and bladder that the pain and torment of kidney trouble soon disappears.

Quite Different. "Jimsy is making a great fuss over his new auto."

"Whenever I see him he is generally making a great fuss under it."

It might add to happiness if doctors had bargain days.

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It might add to happiness if doctors had bargain days.

A GOOD REMEDY FOR THE GRIP.

PE-RU-N FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

One side a succession of soft, pliant leather sections, snug and warm for cold weather comfort. The other side for summer use, firm, smooth and cooling. Mattress weighs 15 lbs.

A Feather Mattress Built Not Stuffed. Guaranteed for a lifetime in perfection or money refunded. All feathers in this mattress are new, clean, odorless, sanitary and hygienic. Made in strong rigid cases A. C. A. Trunks.

Write for catalogue. Agents wanted. Make big money. Refuse to be deceived. Address: PURITY BEDDING CO., Box 244, Dept. 9, Nashville, Tenn.

OVER 100 YEARS OLD Pettit's Eye Salve

Whenever you need a general tonic - take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic as the formula is printed on every label showing that it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic and is in Tasteless Form. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action, and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and sure appetizer. A Complete Strengthening. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

LOOK FOR THE RED W ON THE BOX.

Comparisons. "The mothers' club is making a great hit in our times."

"Not so much of one as the mothers' slipper did in mine."

AN INTERESTING MESSAGE

FROM

M & M CO.

Gifts for all members of the family and the friends you are going to remember, will be found here in the various assortments.

BEAUTIFUL SILK FOR CHRISTMAS WEAR

Never before has the demand been so great as this season.

36 inch Messalines in black, tan, and changeable colors, extra values at \$1.00 per yd.

Taffetas, the heavy weave, full 36 inches wide, per yd. \$1.00

Brocaded silks in all the popular colors at \$1.00 and \$1.25 yd.

Crepe Dechine, a very charming silk, adapted to the new Fall styles, non crushable, wears exceptionally well, price per yd. 75c

WOOLEN SUITINGS

Coating and dress goods. We direct your attention to our stock of fancy and staple dress goods, all wool, 44 to 50 inches wide, per yd. \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50

A large assortment of suitings just the thing for school and dress wear, per yd. 25c



MEN'S CLOTHING

The better dressed men appreciate these styles, they are identical with the fashions that are worn in the leading style centers of America. And what's more each and every garment is absolutely guaranteed all wool and hand made. Just come in and judge for your self—the clothes will convince you.

Men and Boys' serviceable underwear in all qualities.

COUNTING THE MONEY



FREE AS LONG AS THEY LAST

We have a few of our most stylish and expensive hats for ladies left, and will give choice—absolutely FREE—to anyone buying a bill to the amount of \$25.00 cash.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS FROM OUR LARGE STOCK

Men's Sweaters

Men's Jersey Sweaters in navy, red and gray, all sizes, 34 to 44, 50c to \$3.00 each.

Boy's Sweaters

Both Jersey and coat sweaters 50c to \$2.00 each.

Wool Shirts

In navy, tan, maroon, Brown and grey, cut full and made right \$1.00 to \$3.00 each.

Dress Shirts

The best shirts in Hedley for the money—a gift any man would be proud of, \$1.00, \$1.25 to \$1.50 each.

MEN AND BOYS HANDKERCHIEFS

Plain, Hemstitched, and Initial, many neat Christmas packages here at 10, 15, 25, and 50c.

Mens and Boys silk handkerchiefs and muffers 50c to \$1.25

CHRISTMAS FURS

Furs in large numbers—see them at once. French coony sets, brown and black, extra special values, per set.....\$20.00

Grey Ket Coony set.....\$12.50

Children's Fur sets \$1.50 to \$3.50

WOMEN'S HOSIERY FOR CHRISTMAS

Women's Lisle hose in Black, Tan, and White. The best values in Hedley at.....25c.

Women Silk hose in Black, White and Tan.....50c

KID GLOVES

Any woman or girl will appreciate a pair of these for a Christmas present per pair \$1.25 to \$3.00

SHAVING SETS

Just the thing for your gentleman friend, set.....\$1.25

TOILET SETS

Manicure Sets in German Silver for Christmas. Prices from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per set.

JEWELRY FOR XMAS GIFTS

Bar Pin.....25 to 50c.
Brooches.....50c.
Back combs.....25c to \$1.00
Belt Pins and Buckles. 25 to 1.00
Men's Cuff Links.....25 to 1.00
Men's Tie Clasp.....50c

MEN'S HOSIERY FOR CHRISTMAS

Black and Tan 15 two for 25c, or better still get the University with Linen heel and toe, colors Black, Tan, Grey, Maroon, Hell-trope, Copenhagen and Navy per pair 25c.

Men's pure thread silk half hose in all the popular colors.

NOTIONS

See our notion counter, pins, safety pins, clothes brushes, hair brushes, tooth brushes, talcum, perfume, combs and many useful articles which for lack of space we cannot mention.

We are making special prices on all Auto Hoods and aviation caps, Ladies and children's sweaters, Mens hats, new, clean fresh stock. Snappy styles in Stetson and Worth Hats for men and boys.

WARM BEDDING AT REASONABLE PRICES

Blankets
58x76 cotton fleece blankets per pair.....\$1.00
70x80 extra heavy Jacquard borders, extra quality.....\$2.75
66x80 all wool plaid blankets, per pair.....\$5.00

Comforts

Creton covered comforts 72x88 Dark colors laced, extra values \$1.50 and \$2.00.

MEN'S ODD PANTS

Marx made trousers. All new stock and prices that are real values. Quality considered.

MEN and BOY'S CAPS

As the cold weather advances you will need a cap. See our line 25c, 35c to \$2.50.

KNIT UNDERWEAR

for women and children Fleece or Lisle vests and pants each 50c.

Women's union suits in fleeced or Lisle at50, 75 or \$1.00.

Children's vests and pants. 25c
Children's union suits 50 and 65c

BOY'S CLOTHING

When your boy wears one of our suits he is as well and saylshly dressed as his associates.

TAILORED SUITS

Now is the time and this is the place to make a saving on women's Tailored Suits and Long Coats as we will strictly adhere to our policy "Carry nothing over."

Regular Price	Special Price
\$22.50	Coat Suits \$15.95
20.00	Coat Suits 14.95
18.00	Coat Suits 13.95
17.50	Coat Suits 12.50
12.50	Ladies and Children's Coats 9.45
17.50	Ladies and Children's Coats 11.95
15.00	Ladies and Children's Coats 10.95
12.50	Ladies and Children's Coats 9.95
10.00	Ladies and Children's Coats 7.45
7.50	Ladies and Children's Coats 4.95
6.00	Ladies and Children's Coats 4.25
5.00	Ladies and Children's Coats 3.85
4.50	Ladies and Children's Coats 3.25
3.50	Ladies and Children's Coats 2.50
2.00	Ladies and Children's Coats 1.45
1.50	Ladies and Children's Coats 1.15

This is an extra opportunity to buy a Coat Suit or Long Coat.

TRUNKS, SUIT CASES and HAND GRIPS

We buy this line direct from the factory and can sell them at about the price others pay for them.

CORSETS

Madam Grace Corsets, front lace.



STAR BRAND SHOES ARE ALL LEATHER

Beware of adulterated Shoes More than 90 per cent of all shoes sold at \$1.00 and less contain paper board, leather board and other cheap substitutes for leather. You pay leather prices for them. There is one way to be sure you are getting an honest leather shoe, insist on having Star Brand Shoes with the name on the sole and the star on the heel. No substitute for leather are ever used. Don't just go in to any store and ask for them, but come to us. We carry a complete stock and know how to fit them.

GROCERIES

Just received another car of Blue Ribbon Flour. We are selling this high grade flour at prices others ask, for much inferior grades. Our grocery stock is complete, fresh and clean. No accumulation of old stock and inferior grades. Fresh high grade groceries is our motto and we live up to it.

We buy turkeys, chickens and eggs and pay the highest market price.

M & M CO.

THE STORE WHERE IT IS HERE TO STAY

"A bomb."
"Put it in water."
"A suffragette bomb."
"Put it in Florida."

The DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

By Harry King Tootle

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I.

The surprise which Gloria knew her unexpected arrival would occasion was even greater than she could imagine. Several things had happened in Belmont recently to disturb David Kerr, and he was in no frame of mind for further complications.

The stockyards company was beginning to hint at certain favors it wished extended, and with an election coming on, Kerr was in no mood for such concessions. Worse still, the Belmont News had just changed ownership, and the new editor was not displaying that subservient fealty which had characterized all Belmont papers in the past. Already the News was snapping at his heels and asking questions which were extremely pointed. To have Gloria descend upon him at such a time was too much for even David Kerr. His mastery of the situation caused him to have no great fear for the stock-yard demands and the newspaper output, vexing problems though they were, but Gloria—Gloria in Belmont—was quite another proposition.

"Father, this is Gloria," explained David Kerr's daughter when she had established telephone connection with Locust Lawn.

"Gloria!" he exclaimed. "Where are you?"

"Here, in Belmont, at the station. I just came."

"How did it happen? I wasn't looking for you."

"Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you? Of course I am, but it's a surprise. When did you come? How do you happen to be here? Why didn't you let me know?"

"I wanted to surprise you," she laughed. "Annabel Hitchcock's aunt died, so we couldn't go to California. I had nothing else to do, so I came home. Wasn't that right?"

"Exactly, exactly. But it's a bad time to come to Belmont."

"I don't care, I'm so glad to be home. How do I get out to Locust Lawn?"

"You can't wait there for me to come in for you. Take a carriage and tell the driver you want to go to the end of the Townsend Park car line. Wait for me in the drug store. I'll get there almost as soon as you do."

"Hurry, father, because I'm so anxious to see you. It's been an age since I saw you, and you know I don't know a thing about Belmont. I'm just dying to meet everybody, and then I'll ask some of the girls out to visit me."

"We'll talk that over after awhile," was his noncommittal response. "Wait for me at the drug store. Good-by."

The carriage drive through Belmont and Townsend Park, a suburb, was of educational value. It gave her an increasing respect for Belmont. Although there was no remarkable residence district, there were occasional

houses which denoted refinement as well as comfortable circumstances.

This was not in keeping with what David Kerr's daughter had been taught about her father's town. The number of automobiles also surprised her. By the time she reached the place appointed for her meeting with her father there was not so much of condescension in her attitude toward Belmont.

This changing viewpoint did not mean a diminution of enthusiasm. More than anything else it spurred her curiosity. She realized that the real Belmont was an advance over

around the bottom of which was a ring of black-brown fur, which seemed to be bearskin. The skirt was close and supple, and it outlined the lady's limbs as she walked. Around her neck was another rim of black-brown fur of the same kind. The skirt was so close that she trotted rather than walked. And trotting at her side was a black French poodle whose legs had been shorn, except for a furry fringe of coarse black hair just above the feet. His body had also been shorn, except for the space around his shoulders and

neck. His gait was an effeminate trot. He was in the main a canine duplicate of the lady who was leading him, but as the fringes were article and beyond the dog's own power to produce, it was evident that the woman copying the

not by the dog's

woman's.—New York

One of

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been the development of a new type—the "Zone-American." First, this type will be identified by its sterling moral character; it will be independent, and greater even than the average

The melting standards of life Zone-American of living and in the

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what she had been led to expect, just how much only a dip into the social whirl could reveal. The pleasurable part of it all was that Gloria was still queen by right of inheritance. If the kingdom was more extensive than she had thought, the court life would also be more brilliant.

Gloria had not long to wait for her father. An old-fashioned carriage covered with mud and drawn by fat bay horses drew up before the drug store. Out of the vehicle a somewhat portly individual pulled himself—a smooth-shaven man who appeared to be something over fifty, with heavy jaws and piercing eyes which looked clear through you from under beetling eyebrows. With a cry the girl flung herself upon him and smothered him with kisses.

"You old dear!" she exclaimed. "You haven't changed a bit. I'm so glad to be at home with you. Isn't it just dandy to be back in Belmont?"

The man smiled. Even if he had not changed, as she had sworn, he recognized that she had changed. In the two years since he had seen her, out of the chrysalis had come the butterfly; and this radiant girl was his daughter. For one brief instant he unlocked the neglected chamber of his heart which was the prison of his past, and thought of Gloria's mother. Then the present with its obligations and its stern realities recalled him to the life that was from the days that once had been.

"Welcome home, daughter," he said, making a peck in the general direction of her mouth to duty for an answering kiss. With David Kerr kissing had long ago become an obsolete custom. Then, too, no one had ever accused him of being unduly demonstrative.

Seeing the negro driver bowing and scraping, Gloria left her father to speak to him. She might have forgotten Locust Lawn, but she had not forgotten Locust Lawn's chief factotum. Old Tom, who had been in Kerr's employ for a generation, had been her constant companion when she had outgrown the continuous vigilance of her nurse.

"How'd you do, Tom," she said, extending her hand. "I don't believe you remember me. Now, do you?"

"Bless yo' heart, Miss Glory," grinned the old negro. "I sho'ly know you anywheres. An' it doles me a pow'ful sight o' good to see you. Why, chile, when you went away you wuz jes' a little gal. An' now look at you; you's a reg'lar grown-up woman. Ah reckins yo'll want to git mahried soon. Hey?"

Gloria laughed; that same fresh, infectious laugh of hers which had warned many a wary suitor that he had not found the combination to her heart and had brought him to that plane of friendship on which he was always welcome. As well try to describe Patti's singing, in the days when her charm was greatest, as try to describe Gloria's laugh. There be those persons so presumptuous that on hearing it would aver she had never loved. Whether David Kerr was one of those his countenance did not betray. As he waited for her answer to the question put her by the old negro, a privileged servant, his face was as impassive as ever it was on the night of an election.

"Why, Tom," she explained when she had ceased to laugh at the foolishness of the question, "I love everybody, of course, but nobody in the wide, wide world like that. I'm never going to marry any one; do you think so?"

"Miss Glory, you never do know what de Lord'll pervide. Look at me. Ah done say dat, too, when I wuz young lak you; but Ah's had fo' wives already, an' mah time ain't come to die yet."

"All right, Tom. I don't know what the Lord will provide, but I'm not going out of my way to help Providence."

The words of this colloquy were neither more nor less than David Kerr had anticipated. It was from the spirit rather than from the wording of her reply that the father sought to ascertain the answer. It had been his one hope that somewhere on her travels she would meet a man worthy the love of a woman such as she, that she would marry him and never return to Belmont. Almost unconsciously, with that end vaguely in view, he had been diminishing his activities. He had money enough for Gloria's future, already she had her own income, and his age made even power irksome. He would move away from Belmont when Gloria married, and when she came to visit him it would be to some charming rural spot in the

east she loved so well. Other men of his type had retired, why not he? One had even raised a horse which had won the greatest classic of the English turf. But for him, he had mused, there would be no such pursuits to bring him into the public eye. That he wished to avoid for Gloria's sake. And now all his plans seemed to be coming to naught—Gloria had come home, free of heart and anxious to mingle in Belmont society.

The drive to Locust Lawn was uneventful. Gloria watched for landmarks along the way, and commented on the changes twelve years had made. Locust Lawn seemed closer to town than in the old days. Most of her remarks about places they passed were addressed to Tom, because together, when she was a child, they had been over the road many times. David Kerr, never much of a conversationalist, was content to listen, hoping some chance speech might aid in clearing up the situation. Everything Gloria said, however, seemed only a confirmation of her determination to enter at once into Belmont's gayeties.

"Dar's de first sight o' Locust Lawn, Miss Glory."

They had just reached the top of a hill and Tom pointed with his whip to a house on the next eminence. Looking up, Gloria saw, not the estate of her imagination, but a square red brick house looking rather desolate through the bare branches of many trees. Locust Lawn at the end of winter was no enchanted fairy bower; but she was far too clever a girl, and far too good at heart, to betray any disappointment. To her the place was home, and she was anxious to recognize it as such.

The interior of the house was no more inviting. As soon as possible Gloria wandered from room to room, her inspection making her give silent thanks that she had not asked any of her friends to join her in her descent on Belmont. The wall paper with big yellow flowers, the carpets with big red flowers, the rocking chairs with the crocheted tidies, and the marble-topped table in the parlor with the inevitable plush album upon it, were no less distressing than the wax flowers under the glass case, the steel engraving of the Scotch Covenanters worshipping in a mountain glen, and the tin bathtub. She even gave thanks that she had not brought a maid.

"Mistah K.," said a negro mammy, putting her head in the door of the living room after Kerr and his daughter had finished going over the house, "Tom wants to know of you is goin' to town dis mawnin'."

"No, Lily, I ain't going to town today. Tell Tom to send Yellow Sam with the spring wagon for Gloria's trunks."

"Dey's ben telephoin' you from town. Dey say it's pow'ful important business. Miss Glory, she done willin' to stay wif me, jes' lak she use' to. Ain't you, honey?"

To this Gloria gave laughing assent, but her father shook his head.

"I'm not going to town today. And tell the telephone operator not to connect any one with Locust Lawn all day. I ain't going to be disturbed. D' you understand?"

Aunt Lily, who probably was given that name by some ante-bellum joker because of her ebony hue, nodded her acknowledgment of the order and withdrew.

The reasons David Kerr had for not wishing to get into communication with any one in Belmont were several, but the most potent was his desire to be uninterrupted while engaged in studying his daughter and evolving some plan whereby she could be taken from Belmont before her slightest suspicion had been aroused.

One episode in their tour of the house had given him much comfort. Gloria had paused in the old-fashioned parlor and gazed long at his life-sized portrait, done in oils, over the marble mantel. Then she had looked about the room, and not finding what she sought, had asked:

"Where is one of my mother?"

"There is none," he confessed, and added quickly, "but I'm going to have one painted for you. That was given me recently by the First Ward club."

"What's the First Ward club?"

"A political organization."

"Politics! Do you know anything about politics?"

David Kerr almost smiled.

"I don't know whether the president is a Democrat or a Republican," she added.

"Don't bother about it."

"Oh, I'm not going to. I don't want to be a suffragette and march in a parade and be put in jail on bread and water. I don't even read about it."

Her absolute ignorance of politics, nothing remarkable in a girl of her years and training, was no small grain of comfort to her father.

It was not until after luncheon that Gloria disclosed the subject nearest her heart. Her father, like a wise general, permitted her to open the engagement. He had never been a man to exert more strength than was necessary for the discomfiture of the enemy. He wanted all her batteries unmasked, all her forces engaged, before he brought his own side into action.

For some time they sat in silence in the living room, gazing into the open wood fire. More than once Kerr thought his daughter was about to speak, but each time she seemed to think better of it or else lose her courage. He knew that something weighed on her mind.

"I know I'm going to like Belmont very much," she ventured at last. "And I want Belmont to like me. My coming home is different from that of other girls I know. At Annabel's or Jane Leigh's or any of the girls' homes we haven't been in the house ten minutes before the telephone begins to ring. In half an hour there are enough engagements to last a week. In Belmont I don't know any one yet."

This was not said in any tone of complaint. She could not dream of such a thing, because her father's position was such that her lack of friends was only a temporary embarrassment. She knew that well enough.

"If I had known that I was coming home I would have brought some of the girls with me." She did not allow him to know that the house had not come up to her expectations. "I'm glad I didn't because I don't know any one here yet, and although we'd all be received at once I couldn't make it as pleasant for them as I can after I have had an intimate knowledge of things. After you once introduce me I think I can begin to plan for the girls. I'm under obligations to every single girl I know. I don't mean single—unmarried. But I might as well, because married girls don't go visiting around the country."

"I thought you entertained in the east."

"I did, but girls like to get to a new place. They're not looking for anybody, but the wider your territory the more certain it is that lightning will strike you."

"You've had a pretty wide territory. But her father's dry rejoinder. "But I always ran for cover when I saw a storm coming."

"I thought you'd come home engaged to a duke or a count at the

least. Didn't you see any men you liked?"

"I liked them all, father, but I haven't seen a foreigner I'd marry. They're nice enough to talk to and dance with and to bring an ice at a ball, but no more than that. But nothing worries me; I'm going to stay here and keep house for you."

"It ain't much of a house, Gloria. You see, I ain't ever had any women folk around here, and the place 'bout runs itself, 'cept what the niggers do. You won't like it, I'm afraid."

"I'll like it well enough. You don't know how I've envied other girls their homes."

"I tell you what you do. Go on to California now—I'll go with you, if you say so, and stay till you get settled with some of your friends. Then I'll come back and have the house fixed up so's when you come again it'll be just what you want."

Kerr felt that if he could get her away he could see to it that she did not return, even at the cost of his leaving Belmont a year or two sooner than he had planned. To this suggestion Gloria did not accede.

"What! go away and miss all the fun of fixing up the house!" she exclaimed. "No, sir, daddy. I'm going to stay right here and make pies in the morning, have teas in the afternoons and go to the theaters at night. And you're going with me." Kerr made a deprecating gesture, but she quickly overruled him. "Don't say a word. You're going, and tonight's the night we start. We're going to the theater tonight."

Then Gloria told of a girl she had seen on the train who had come to Belmont to a theater party. She explained to her father that no occasion would give her a better opportunity to see the Belmont of which she was to be a part than that offered that evening. In all likelihood she would meet a number of persons between the acts. From her point of view she suggested so many good reasons that her father was afraid to interpose any objection at the time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND IT MIGHT BE WORSE



Perhaps you think your case
A hard one and a sad one;
Perhaps you think the race
A long one and a mad one.

You may be one of those
Whom Fortune long has slighted,
Or one who sadly knows
What love is, unrequited.

Perhaps you play a part
That is not worth the playing;
Hope may have left your heart
And be far from you straying.

You may be one whose nerves
Are shaken by disaster,
Or one who daily serves
A hard and cruel master.

Perhaps in gloom you sink
Because the sky is murky;
But cheer up, brother—think!
You might have been a turkey.

Distinction,
"Ah, but you," she said, "have never done anything to attract public attention. The man I marry must have done something worth while—he must, at least, be a man whose picture has been published in the papers."

"Oh, if that's what you have refused me, it's all right. You may as well change your mind and say yes. I've had my picture in the paper, all right."

"When?"

"It was last fall. I never heard of it. What had you done?"

"I stood near a ball player who was receiving an automobile as a prize for being the best base runner."

MAKING THE MOST OF A GOOD CHANCE.

"At the banquet last night Sniggley talked for an hour and three quarters."

"Heavens! How did he ever find enough to say to keep him going that long?"

"He didn't say much, as a matter of fact, but his wife wasn't there, so I suppose he thought he would be wasting an opportunity if he failed to talk until he was physically exhausted."

The Usual Result.

There was a little man and he had a little gun.
His bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He saw what he thought was a deer and he shot.
That's the reason why his guide is dead, dead, dead.

Sure of That Much.

"Who was it wrote 'Distance Lends Enchantment to the View'?"

"I don't know, but I'll bet he never sat on the gable end of a house and watched a ball game that was going on two blocks away."

Push.

"Old man Gudgeon says push was the thing that enabled him to become a millionaire."

"I guess he's right about that. He has pushed a lot of people to the wall."

Surprised.

"Do you mean to tell me you really live in Chicago?"

"Yes. You speak as if you thought it remarkable for me to do so."

"Why, I supposed people merely stayed in Chicago until they got money enough to live in New York."

One Cause of Failure.

The man who has an exaggerated idea of his own importance generally is a failure because of his inability to get other people to accept his own estimate of himself.

A Sure Sign.

When a man's wife neglects to open his letters before he gets home he can be sure that she has lost interest in him.

OUCH! BACKACHE, RUB LAME BACK

Rub pain away with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil"

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right on your back, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil takes the ache and pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly and surely. If never disappoints!—Adv.

Already Engaged.

Baillie McTavish—An' so ye leave Glencairn on Saturday. What are ye daein' the morrow night?"

Mr. Jarvis—Tomorrow—Thursday! I've no engagement.

Baillie—And the next night?"

Mr. J.—I'm free then, too.

Baillie—And what will ye be daein' on Saturday?"

Mr. J.—On Saturday I dine with the Buchanans.

Baillie—Man, that's a poetry. I wanted ye to tak' dinner wif us on Saturday.

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR
DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Years Younger! Try Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.—Adv.

Sure of It.

"It was a love marriage, that of the young heiress with the foreign nobleman. She gave a wealth of affection to him."

"Well, the wealth was all he was after."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for *Hoagland's Castoria*

Easily Seen.

"Your minister is a good man, but he'll never make a great preacher."

"Why not?"

"Because anybody can understand everything he says."

Words expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

Must Be.

"What do you think of my tale of a fop?"

"It's a dandy story."

Get "In touch"

with a keen appetite, perfect digestion, liver and bowel regularity and notice the improvement in your general health. The way to do this is to take

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

at mealtime for a few days. It tones, strengthens and invigorates the entire digestive system. Start today.

WANTED

Your name and address on a postal will bring you the biggest money-making offer you ever received and free samples with which you can make \$1,000 daily. BEST MFG. CO., Box 699, Providence, R. I.

Texas Directory

HOTEL WALDORF

ALLAS' New Fire-Proof Building Popular Hotel, European Hotel, 121 Commerce Street, Corner Jackson Street, Dallas.

THE HEDLEY PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION IS A LOCAL MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION

The Hedley Protective Association

Is a Home Institution Organized for the Purpose of Furnishing to Its Members
Life Insurance at Cost.

OFFICERS

J. G. McDUGAL, President
W. T. YOUREE, Vice Pres.
S. L. GUINN, Treasurer.
L. A. STROUD, Secretary.

TRUSTEES

L. L. AMASON,
G. T. ADAMS,
E. H. WATT.

Origin

That this organization is now in existence is due primarily to the fact that some of its promoters who were members of similar organizations further east came to realize the injustice of paying assessments for deaths occurring in the more sickly sections of the state while they were living in this healthful country where the death rate is so much lower. They believe that the cost of this form of insurance (which, even in the eastern countries is much below the cost of ordinary life insurance) in an association composed only of people who live in the Panhandle, would be much less than they had been paying and this organization is the result of that belief.

Purpose

The purpose of this organization is, by eliminating all unnecessary expenses, to furnish life insurance to its members at cost.

No Salaries

There are no salaried officers to be paid. The initiation fee of \$2.50 will pay the cost of organizing, printing, etc. The running expenses cost of printing and mailing notices, etc., and keeping the records is paid out of the annual dues paid by each member, and cannot exceed \$1.00 per year and is payable on or before December 1st of each year.

Fees

On joining, each member pays an initiation fee of \$2.50, annual dues of \$1.00 and \$1.00 to the beneficiary fund, making a total cost of membership of \$4.50.

Upon the death of a member, an amount equal to \$1.00 for each member is immediately paid his heirs or beneficiaries, and the secretary of the association immediately notifies each member of the death and of an assessment against each of \$1.00 which must be paid within fifteen days under penalty of sus-

pension.

This is repeated each time a death occurs and there can be no other money assessed or collected, except the \$1.00 per year dues.

Membership

The membership of this association is limited to 1,000 and the maximum insurance to each member is \$1,000.

Any white person, male or female, from 18 to 60 years of age, inclusive, of good moral standing and in good health may become a member by applying to the secretary or assistant secretary and paying \$4.50, which, as explained above, covers all cost, for which they will take a receipt. If elected to membership by the investigating committee, they will receive a certificate of membership. If rejected, money will be returned.

Benefits

The beneficiary money is deposited in the Hedley banks, and can only be paid out on the death

of a member, by order of the directors, signed by the proper officers of the association. Both the treasurer and the secretary are required to give \$1,000 bonds.

Independent Organization

This organization is entirely independent of any other organization. It is organized separately under the laws of Texas, and its members pay no dues or assessments to keep up any state lodge. Its membership is to be composed entirely of people who live in a 25 mile radius of Hedley and has a decided advantage over other organizations and insurance orders whose members must pay their pro rata loss on deaths that occur in less healthful localities.

Officers

The officers and directors are all local men of established reputation, whose integrity is a guarantee that only those honestly entitled to membership will be received. The secretary will be glad to furnish any information.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS

Galveston and Dallas, Tex.

The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains news, state, national and foreign news, market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness and high quality. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the woman and the children.

THE FARMERS' FORUM

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

THE CENTURY PAGE

Published once a week, is a magazine of interest to the house, 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

Published once a week and is filled with stories from the boys and girls who read the paper.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year, six months, etc. payable in advance. Remit by postal or express money order, bank check or registered letter.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE

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

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

AND THE

HEDLEY INFORMER

ONE YEAR FOR

\$1.75

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE

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

EVER POPULAR FRENCH KNOT

Nothing More Effective in Embroidery Work and Comparatively Easily Executed.

French knots are so easily executed that a simple description of them is all that will be required. They are generally used to form the center of roses and daisies, the stitches being made quite close together in such case, to create a solid center, and when employed simply to fill up spaces in large leaves they are usually scattered considerably. The space of the knot is regulated by the size of the needle, the thread is fastened on the wrong side of the work with a very small knot that is afterward cut off, as two small stitches taken very close together serve to secure the end of the floss.

The needle is then inserted from the upper side of the fabric and the thread drawn through its entire length. With the left hand hold the fabric and the thread at the same time, catching hold of the thread about one inch from the fabric and holding it taut between the thumb and forefinger. Hold the needle in the right hand and slip it beneath the thread, giving it three or four twists that will throw the thread over the needle three or four times, but without loosening the hold on the thread. Continue holding the thread tightly and pull the needle backwards to the point where it was originally drawn through and insert it again as close as may be to the same point, still holding the thread firmly, and push it through the fabric to be drawn out on the other side. This will cause the stitches to be held firmly on one side and slightly loose on the other, but the effect is very pretty. Never allow the stitches to be loose enough to be mussed and do not permit them to be drawn back through the hole made by the needle.

fresh as new. These doeskin gloves come in the practical one and two button lengths, as well as the longer lengths, suitable for three-quarter and elbow length sleeves.

Mocha gloves also come in this washable category, but make sure that you get the "washable" kind, and ask the clerk before the transaction is completed. You may have these in white or the pretty natural color.

Chamois gloves, of course, every woman knows about, and they are always more or less in fashion—rather more this season. These too are in white or natural if you wish. And not only do they come in the short lengths

with one or two large pearl buttons for fastening, and the longer lengths, but there is also a strap wrist style that is very comfortable and practical.

Summer Shelter. One of the best contrivances for a shelter in the garden umbrella, for it may be under circumstances that would not justify the erection of a permanent summer house or arbor. These umbrellas are to be had in a variety of forms, a very satisfactory kind having a small iron table holding a socket into which the umbrella shaft fits. It is nice to use anywhere that shade is scanty.

Good Roads. The making of good roads is one of the most important duties of the American people, and their prompt repair and careful maintenance is essential. There is probably no subject in which the progressive farmer is more deeply interested than that of having roads connecting him with his markets over which he may be able to haul the greatest possible load. Good roads, like all other good things, are too expensive to build and of too much value to be neglected.

Missouri Has "Shown." It is estimated that the voluntary labor by business men and farmers put on the roads of Missouri for two days was worth to the state in money value about \$1,500,000 besides the impetus given the good roads movement, whose value cannot be calculated in dollars and cents. One leading ambition of every state ought to be for its good roads, and Missouri, in strict accordance with its motto, has "shown" the other states how practical the ambition is in its own case.

Let me do your cleaning and pressing Lewis, The Tailor.

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

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

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

Let me do your cleaning and pressing Lewis, The Tailor.

MY BABY BOY

By Mrs. Ella Culwell

Say, sister dear,

If you will come out here,

I will show babies with you,

And mine will out show yours too.

His hair is of a golden hue;

And his eyes are of a beautiful blue,

His teeth are of pearl,

And his hair is inclined to curl.

A brighter child you seldom see,

An affectionate child also is he

He is a good baby true and tried,

And he is his parents pride.

He can already say daddy and mama,

And he originated from Altus, Okla

He already wears a number 3 shoe,

And all seems cute that he ever did do.

He gets about all over the floor,

And sometimes gets a bump on the door,

He is already, to chairs pulling up,

And to be sure, he's a sweet sugar lump.

To see the greatest of all,

Who is so pretty, stately and tall,

Who is so bright, so full of life,

Be sure to see him ere he departs.

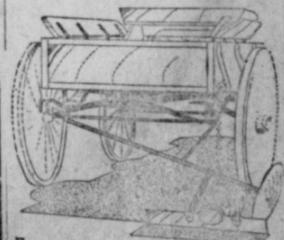
Put it in water,

Put it in Florida

KEEPS ROADS IN CONDITION

Device Known as Chuck-Hole Filler Has Been Invented by Idaho Man for Work in Country.

A simple device for keeping country roads in good condition, and known as a chuck-hole filler, has been invented by an Idaho farmer. By means of an 18-inch steel disk or blade, which revolves upon one end of a steel rod fastened to a rear axle



A Machine for Keeping Country Roads in Good Condition.

of the vehicle at such an angle that the disk is slightly out of line with the rear wheel, the disk cuts and throws the dirt toward the wheel, and a drag, 2 1/2 feet long, immediately behind the disk, levels the surface as the vehicle is drawn along the road. The machine weighs about 150 pounds.

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City Directory

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

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

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

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

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Regular weekly prayer meeting Thursday 7:00 p. m.

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

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

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

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

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

PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening

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

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

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

Let me do your cleaning and pressing Lewis, The Tailor.

Christmas and Childhood

Christmas furnishes a rare opportunity for making profound and lasting impressions upon children, and parents and Sunday-school teachers should not fail to seize and make the most of it. They ought, in the first place, to see to it that the Christmas festival is clearly associated in the minds of the children with the event which it celebrates. They should not only explain in general terms why we celebrate Christmas, but should rehearse all the known circumstances connected with our Lord's birth and childhood, taking pains to make the story as vivid as possible by the use of maps and pictures—pictures of Bethlehem, ancient and modern, of the Church of the Nativity, of the Wise Men, of the shepherds, and of the Holy Family. Children have vivid imaginations, and readily catch the spirit of any occasion, when its circumstances and meaning are made clear to them. Along with the story thus illustrated, therefore, should be no effort to set the deeper theological meanings of the Incarnation. These are beyond the comprehension of the child mind, and any attempt to teach them is likely to result in injury rather than benefit. But even a small child may be made to feel that the gift of Christ is an expression of God's love for and goodness to us, and an appeal to us to render him love and obedience in return, and to be kind to all his children.

And the generous emotions awakened in the responsive young heart by the recital and interpretation of the Christmas story should be given an opportunity for appropriate expression. It is entirely proper to make Christmas an occasion for the mutual exchange of tokens of affectionate regard between friends and between the members of the family; but children should also be encouraged to celebrate it by a giving prompted by pure, unselfish kindness. It is to be feared that both in the home and in the Sunday School the Christmas season is often observed in a way which tends rather to encourage selfishness than to develop the spirit which all the associations of the occasion ought to awaken and foster.

To lead children to think of it as a time whose chief interest and significance for them lie in what they expect others to do for them, instead of in what they mean in the Master's name to do for others, amounts almost to a prostitution of the sacred festival.

Especially ought Christmas to be made for children a season of joy. This is all the more necessary because of its religious significance. The Christmas message is a message of gladness. It was fitting that the announcement of the advent of the Prince of Peace should have been accompanied by a burst of joyous music from the heavenly chorus, and it is fitting that we should welcome the day which celebrates the wondrous event in the same spirit. By so doing we commend our religion to the hearts of the young by associating it with the bright and joyous. It is a matter of no small importance to make a boy or girl feel that the gladdest day in all the year is at the same time the day to which belongs the profoundest religious significance, and about which are gathered the most sacred associations. For thus the thought of religion comes to be associated in his mind with that which is bright and winsome and attractive, instead of with that which is solemn and repulsive. It will be an easy matter to so impress the child with the sacred meaning of the occasion that even its festivities may be pervaded by a

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

We come to you wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and invite you to our store to inspect the many suitable and useful articles that will be appreciable gifts.

Here are some suggestions for useful gifts suitable to the gift purse. Articles of furniture of the artistic, practical and service-giving kind make most appropriate gifts, such as:

Rugs, Carpets, Rockers, Dining Chairs, Beds, Dressers, Tables, Cabinets.

A nice cook stove or range would be a nice present for the good wife. Then there are others: Silverware, Dishes, Knives and Forks, Spoons, Enamelware.

Come in early and let us help you select something useful and Appreciable.

Moreman & Battle Hardware Co

becoming seriousness, a spirit of awe and wonder and reverent gratitude. Happy is that man to whom the Christmas festivals of his childhood are at once a radiant and a holy memory.—*Sunday School Magazine.*

Get it where they got it. Hedley Drug Co
The Rexall Store.

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

TEACHES LESSON OF LOVE
Christmas the Season of All Others Where Its Beauties May Be Learned Anew.

LOVE is the keynote of the Christmas season. The greatest mystery of life is love. Who has not sought to sound its unspeakable depths? Who has not felt its all-compelling power? Who has not surrendered to its irresistible force?

Romances are built about it. Wars have been fought for it and religions based upon it.

Love is the dream of the poet, the puzzle of the philosopher, the theme of the novelist and the song of the minstrel.

Love links all the human race. Its note of victory is heard in the royal court and in the peasant's cottage. The song of love is on the lips of the proudest queen and of her humblest subject.

It is the stimulus of parental affection in the home and of patriotism in the nation. Brave men die for it and noble women perish that they may bear its sweet incense with them to the grave.

How sweet and tender is this splendid attribute of mankind! In its smiling presence, anger, bitterness and strife melt away. How much more has the world to hope for from love than from envy, malice and hatred!

In this period of world-wide distrust, of resentment against authority, human and divine, and widespread defiance of law, can we not turn aside at this Christmas season for a moment and learn anew the lesson of love?

When we shall have learned that lesson, we shall also know the better and fuller meaning of obedience, contentment and peace.

A YEAR OF PLENTY.
The Christmas trees nod in the breeze; The candles from them drop; And 'twere scarce they'll surely bear The heaviest of crops. *—The Bulletin.*

Our Funny Language

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which a sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper, which carries the sleeper, jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleep

for the sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

A typewriter is one who typewrites on the typewriter, and the typewriter is a machine on which the typewriter typewrites. Now, the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter until there is no more typewriting to be typewritten by the typewriter on the typewriter on which the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites.

Let me do your cleaning and pressing. Lewis, The Tailor.

TELLING THEIR WANTS



Santa Claus Is

By ELDON PATTERSON

Just as truly as love is, Santa Claus is a personified sentiment—he is a reality.

We speak and learn and teach of a God whom the world has never seen except in Christ, Jesus, yet His existence is manifest in everything. He is a reality.

Santa Claus need not exist in physical form to be comprehensible—his spirit is endowed and devolved upon millions of willing personifiers, who in the spirit in which old Santa himself would shower blessings, shower them for him.

It isn't a lie to tell the children Santa is coming; it isn't even a "white" lie—

Santa Claus IS coming!

He may be the father, mother, brother or a stranger, but the sentiment of Santa Claus is upon him. He IS Santa Claus.

He is the expression of that which otherwise would indeed be a myth or cease to exist. He is the action of a world-old thought. He is the physical component of Love, Charity and Fiat.

Santa Claus is Love made tangible.

He is not one, but many, and it takes all the flesh and blood Santa Clauses of all the world combined to make the one big Santa Claus whom the children know and worship and whom we symbolize in great fur—the wondrous figure whose great, kindly face with its never waning smile invites the confidence of the universe.

Santa Claus IS.

His visible form is generosity and kindness.

You can see him giving the newsboy a quarter for a penny paper.

You can see him, Scrooge-like though it may seem, helping here and there;

Or, and this is nobler than all the rest, you can see him sharing his last tiny mite with another, while tears of pity and happiness mingle in the bright smile the token gives.

Every household in its own way knows its Santa Claus.

Don't deceive the children by telling them there is no such person.

Santa Claus IS, and may he always be.

SHINY COINS FOR CHRISTMAS

United States Treasury Makes Provision for Holiday Demand by Washing and Polishing Old Money.

At this time of the year many of the banks of the country call on the United States treasury at Washington for new coins of all denominations—gold, silver, nickel and copper—to supply the demands of their customers for bright new coins for the Christmas holidays.

This demand always exceeds the normal demand for new coins, and the treasury has heretofore not always been in a position to meet fully each request. The recent satisfactory results from the washing of currency has given the treasury department an idea for meeting the demand for shiny Christmas money. Twenty-five thousand dollars in halves, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies is to be washed and polished by the mint bu-

PARCEL WEIGHTS AGAIN INCREASED

Washington, Dec. 6.—Postmaster-General Burleson's proposals to increase the weight limits of parcel post packages in the first and second zones from 20 to 50 pounds, to admit books to the parcel post and to reduce rates in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth zones, was approved today by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The maximum weight of parcels to be sent beyond the second zone was increased from 11 to 20 pounds.

The commission's "consent" to the proposed changes was transmitted in three letters from Chairman Clark to Postmaster-General Burleson. The approved changes in rates and weight to be in effect Jan. 1, 1914 follow:

To reduce the rates for the third zone from seven cents for the first pound and five cents for each additional pound to six cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound.

To reduce the rates for the fourth zone from eight cents for the first pound and six cents for each additional pound to seven cents for the first pound and four cents for each additional pound.

To reduce the rates for the fifth zone from nine cents for the first pound and seven cents for each additional pound to eight cents for the first pound and six cents for each additional pound.

CONCEIVES NO OPPOSITION

To reduce the rates for the sixth zone from ten cents for the first pound and nine cents for each additional pound to nine cents for the first pound and eight cents for each additional pound.

"It seems obvious," says the commission, "that the service to the public will be prompted by these changes provided the revenue from the service is not less than the cost thereof. Your experience and statistics seem to show clearly that the revenue will not be less than cost of the service."

"We cannot conceive of no opposition to the increased weight and reduced rates proposed except from the carriers that transport the mails. We have heard some objections from them on the ground that the increased weight should not be permitted until provision for additional compensation to the carriers have been made."

POSTAGE ON BOOKS

It is provided by the postmaster general with the consent of the commission, "that the rate of postage on parcels containing books weighing eight ounces or less shall be one cent for two ounces or fractional thereof and on these weight excess of eight ounces the parcel post rates shall apply. This is to be effective Jan. 1, 1914."

Please note our Set in the window to be as representative Drug Co. The Rexall

reau of the treasury department, so that all who wish can have their shiny Christmas money. Most of the old coins which are to be renewed will be sent to the Philadelphia mint from the United States treasury, whence they will be supplied to the banks calling for them.

Just what folks do with all this new coin at Christmas time is a mystery to the treasury officials. Of course much of the smaller coins, bright, new and shiny, are used for Christmas-tree decorations, but the major share of it, it is surmised, is just spent.

Surprise Enough.

Mr. Green—"No, my dear, I will not tell you what I'm going to give you for Christmas. Why can't you worry me to content to wait and be surprised?"

Mrs. Green—"Oh, tell me now! If you keep your word I'll be surprised enough."

Pretty Useful

CHRISTMAS

Gifts Gifts

We Have Them That Will Please You.

In China Salad Bowls, Cake Plates, Cups and Saucers
 Beautiful New 4-Piece Glass Sets; Gold Band Dinner Sets
 Cut Glass Nappies, Bowls and Berry Sets
 The Newest 7-Piece Glass Water Sets
 Knives and Forks in Silver and in Steel.
 Lap Robes in Many Colors and Styles.
 Elegant Pocket Knives, Razors and Razor-Strops.

BUY Your Wife a New Stove for Christmas. BUY Your Boy a Rifle or Shot-Gun.
 BUY Yourself and Family a New Buggy, a New Surry, or a New Everready Hack.

Hedley Hardware & Impl'm't Co.

GIFTS FOR TWO

By Katherine Hopson

(Copyright, 1911.)

ALL the stores along Main street were gay with Christmas decoration. Even the window of Scarvin's curio shop bravely flaunted some brilliant holly wreaths.

Edwin Lander paused before the window of Scarvin's curio shop, and for a moment he gazed at the things that were so temptingly displayed. At his elbow, who had been following him, came a young man in a well-dressed suit.

"What do you think of this?" asked the young man, pointing to a small, ornate clock. "It is a very nice one, and I believe this is unique."

"Ah, the very thing!" Scarvin's voice came from a dusty corner and brought forth a foreign-looking volume, whose brown leather binding was curiously inlaid with pearl.

"Early English poems, and in the old missal style, and hand decorated," the dealer spread open the book enticingly.

Lander turned over the leaves with interest. "Yes, I believe this is unique"

and costly enough to please even the fastidious Marguerite," his thin lips curved in a cynical smile. "I'll take it," he remarked with the brevity of the average masculine shopper when he finds something which strikes his fancy.

As he threw down a bill he was annoyed to see how his hands shook. "Burning the candle at both ends has had an effect," he thought, and as he left the shop, added: "This mixing of business and society is the pace that kills. I suppose stimulants will be the next resort."

He recalled last Christmas at his former boarding place, and of the friends there—especially Alice Gleason. Whenever he thought of her now, it was with a sense of remorse. They had been very warm friends, but since his sudden advancement in business had necessitated more commodious surroundings, he had seen little of her. He had really not meant to neglect the old friends when he began to go more into society and make new ones, but unconsciously he had drifted away from the little circle on Fleet street.

"The shabby old place seemed far more like home than my new quarters ever will," he muttered, and a realization came to him that it was Alice

who had invited him to attend a dinner she was giving that night.

"That doesn't fit in with the load of work I must get through with before office hours tomorrow." Wearily he laid a package of business papers on the table and rested his head in his hands. "What does it all amount to—what does life amount to?" he questioned despondently. "These people who invite me do not really care for me. It is merely because I fill in and make an agreeable dinner guest, and for that I have practically given up my old friends."

He realized that his present mood was the reaction from exhilaration of conquest which the past year of almost spectacular success had given him.

"I'd like to chuck the whole thing and go back. If only I could have a talk with Alice in the old way, I'd feel myself again." He sat up with new energy. "I wonder if she'd let me come?"

There was need to look in the telephone book for the familiar number. With breathless suspense he waited while the landlady called Miss Gleason to the phone, and at the sound of her voice his heart began to pound boyishly. She was serenely gracious, yet he detected a note of surprise, to be asked permission to call.

"I can't begin to describe to you that quaint old English book that I have just bought for you. It is a real first edition, and I really do think it is a very nice one. I'll send her some roses—the finest I can find," he declared with a sudden flush of respectful tenderness. He entered a flower shop and bought a large bunch of velvety American Beauties.

Next door was the establishment of an expensive furrier, and a Lander passed the window, he saw Marguerite Fenton looking at a set of brown lynx. The rich tones went well with her brown eyes and tawny hair. As she stood there with the soft furs about her, she reminded him of some barbaric princess. Ever since he had first met her at a dinner given at the home of the senior member of the firm, Lander had been greatly fascinated, and felt that her beauty and position fitted in with his ambitious dreams.

Yet, strangely enough, today her beauty did not make its usual appeal to him that mingled with her sinuous grace, was also something of feline cruelty. "Those furs probably cost more than my month's salary," he muttered. "Her insatiable craving for luxury would fasten itself, vampire like, on the life blood of the man who marries her!"

He strode down the street, feeling that the crowded cars would stifle him, and longing for the sense of physical motion and the stinging air against his face. When he reached his rooms he found on the table an invitation from Mrs. Dane, a prominent society hostess, inviting him to attend a dinner she was giving that night.

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best as her due, and a sense of implicit joy swept over him at the mistake which had defeated the usual order. He sent a messenger boy with a note to Mrs. Dane containing regrets for the dinner, then dressed and hurried to the lodging house on Fleet street.

"Shure, and you're a stranger these days, Mr. Lander," remarked the maid who opened the door. As she went upstairs to call Miss Gleason her round Irish face reminded him of a cheery full moon. He glanced at the worn old haircloth sofa, and center table strewn with magazines, the familiar shabbiness of the little parlor made the past year seem as unreal as a feverish dream.

When Alice entered she seemed to bring with her an atmosphere of serenity and peace. Eagerly he rose, then sank back on the sofa, his face went white and everything blurred before him.

"What is it, Edwin, are you ill?" she cried, in her alarm the old name slipped out unconsciously.

He passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed fashion. "No—it is nothing," he muttered. Then, earnestly, "I am tired—wary with life as it is. It is you only I want, Alice, you, alone in the wide world that I love. Is there any hope?"

His voice sank almost to a whisper, and for one tense moment there was silence in the little room. Then, by way of answer, she drew the poor, tired face against her breast with a gesture of ineffable tenderness.

In that moment, Lander felt that to his weary questionings as to what was worth while, the answer was not material success, but love which means life in its fullness.

Curious Christmas Superstition.

On Christmas eve, at midnight, country people in England believe that the Christ child revisits the earth. Sometimes, therefore, if there is a sick child in the house, the mother will take the little one to the door, just before midnight, and wait till the hour strikes. If the child recovers, it is because the Babe of Bethlehem has touched it with healing fingers during the earthward journey. But if the child sickens and dies, all is well, for the mother heart is comforted by the thought that the little one was called by the Christ child to be his "playmate" in heaven.

The Great Meaning.

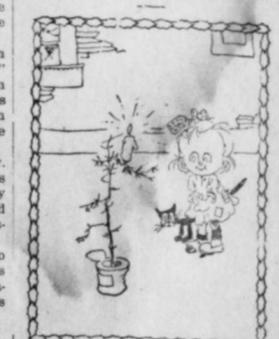
Lift up your eyes to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of humanity as something so divine, precious that it is worthy of being offered to God. Count it as a privilege to make your offering as common as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go on to the pleasure of giving. Life, having been divided into two parts, the human and the divine, the one is the other's shadow.

"A bomb." "Put it in water." "A suffragette bomb." "Put it in Florida."

Christmas-Tide.

"The twelve days of Christmas," embracing the period between Christmas eve, December 24, and Epiphany, of Twelfth Night, January 6, is unknown as Christmastide. Great as the feast of Christmas is, nothing can be definitely traced as to its origin, nobody knows who first celebrated it, or when or where, or how. We find that various communities of Christians kept the day on different dates until about the middle of the fourth century, when Pope Julius established the festival at Rome, on December 25. The holidays of the year are the red letter days of its calendar. Among them all, Christmas is unique, inasmuch as it brings universal joy and good will. Let the nations, therefore, rejoice and be glad in the gift of the world's greatest life—Jennie Day Haines.

ONE THING LACKING.



"Oh, Kitty! if we only had a piece of candy to put on it, wouldn't it be just lovely!"

You need not be an "ad writer" to use these columns. State your wants simply, and above all truthfully.

Or telephone this office and the clerk will write your ad.

Want ads are the biggest little investments you can make.

A Louisville lady recently recovered \$1500 worth of jewelry which she lost at the Chicago World's Fair in 1892—through a want ad.

Rarely does it require 20 years to find a lost article through the want ads—but a want ad on the job 20 years if necessary.



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



of Kelly's Santa

houses, with their dainty Boston ferns and yews, pretty windows with costly curtains that sealed happy homes from the profane eyes of the public. And this atmosphere gave Mulcahy hope. The inspiration born of despair took root.

He intended to abandon all thoughts of getting work until warm weather. It was worse than hopeless to think he could get work now—why, the weather, his age, all were against it. He would go back to the "pen" if he had literally to "steal" his way back. The thing to do now was to conjure up some reasonable offense, some trifling transgression that would open the iron gates of the prison, as difficult of entrance as it was of exit, and tide him over the winter months. But what could he do? Not a single misdemeanor suggested itself to his overwrought brain. If he could only steal something long enough to get arrested and sent to the island!

How? When, and above all where? Broadway and Thirty-third street, with its triangle of shops, answered that question. It was very late, but he knew that a week before Christmas the shops would be open until late. In the hope that his clothes would contribute their help toward arousing the suspicions of the store detectives, he quickened his steps feverishly.

Inside the shop was warm, brilliant, and jammed with people. The incoming and outgoing crowds jostled and pushed Mulcahy as if he were a rubber-washer between the hub of a wheel and the lunch-pin.

Presently he found himself at the notion counter, swept there by the tide of customers. He wondered at the confidence of the storekeepers, who took no trouble to protect their wares set forth in little compartments.

Now he was backed into a little case of tooth-brishes. He felt his fingers close on something; mechanically he placed the thing in his pocket, and then let himself drift along with the crowd.

What had he stolen something! Was it a cake of soap—perhaps; but with a mounting sensation of impotence he remembered that one cake of soap would not unlock the iron gate of the "pen."

Mulcahy sighed. Now he was in the jewelry department. It yielded vast possibilities as far as valuables were concerned, but these were carefully protected by glass cases. True, there were some little trays of gold-filled pins and bracelets scarcely worth the effort of attainment. And yet a handful of these trifles, flagrantly abstracted, might attract the attention of a detective.

Perhaps there were no detectives, after all. This thought smote to him in the act of reaching out a trembling hand toward a delicate gold-filled bangle. Then he paused, and in that moment of hesitation he felt a twitch at his coat, and turning to face what he felt must be authority either in plain or blue clothes, he perceived at his side a very pretty little girl.

She was well dressed; and after the first shock he felt on looking into her clear blue eyes, Mulcahy saw a beautiful locket and chain clasped around her neck.

In the mean time she has possessed herself of his coat-pocket as if it were his hand, and clung to him as she asked:

"Have you seen my mamma?" Her voice was smothered by the crowd that pressed around her, and Mulcahy had to lift her up in his arms to make himself heard.

"No," he replied, his face close to her pretty neck and ear. "Shall we go and look for her?" he added, touched by the sudden moisture that blurred her eyes.

As he spoke he carried her to the revolving-door. Once out in the street, she told him that she had been shopping with her mother and had got lost. She lived, she said on Fifth street, between Madison and Fifth

avenue. She didn't know the number, but these were green trees at the door, and it was a white house.

The man assured her that they would find it together.

You mustn't think that this episode diverted Mulcahy from his original scheme. Only he wanted to be of use to the child, and he also saw a much better way of obtaining his arrest and entrance to prison.

The locket and chain he knew had been between the hub of a wheel and the lunch-pin.

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A Christmas Derelict

Viola Justin

THE boat pointed its nose toward the city, the solitary man at the prow turned his back on freedom and gazed longingly at the graystone penitentiary, which seemed to be slipping away from him and growing smaller and cooler as distance lent the enchantment of perspective to his loneliness. For Mulcahy, dazzled by liberty, was very lonely indeed. Every moment that the water widened between him and the prison it lessened the distance from the city, and in two minutes more the man knew that the metropolis, bristling with antagonism, cold and strange and busy with its holiday season, would be upon him, and it filled his heart with a nameless dread.

But, after all, he had only himself to blame for his liberty. "Good behavior"—that was the thing that had turned him loose from a comfortable home, three square meals a day, and his companions of the quarry.

If he had only transgressed a few laws, broken a simple rule or two, all might have been well. He might have eaten Christmas dinner with Jerry the Spike, Bottles, Hank and the whole "appy crew who had contrived to spend another Christmas in the "pen" through trifling indiscretions committed in defiance of the keepers.

These reflections were interrupted by the sharp teeth of the wind snapping at his legs through the thin trousers and the threadbare coat.

He shivered as the boat docked, and then took a long breath as he walked up the gangplank and out into—was this freedom striking terror to his soul? Why was he trembling? He was free at last, but free to do what? Free to kill himself before he starved to death, free to wander the uncompensated streets and gaze upon the happiness that showed itself in the faces of fugitive passers-by.

He was only free to go anywhere; but these people had their homes to go to, each his separate "penitentiary" where there were warmth and food and human things to talk to.

He shut his eyes for an instant and started bravely up the hilly street that led to First avenue. Then suddenly a strange thing happened. He forgot his misery and his wretched homesickness. At first he couldn't realize what the influence was, then he recognized the soothing and thirst-inspiring smell of hops that poured over him like a hot breath from the brewery on the next street. This prompted a thought which was immediately followed by a sharp movement.

Mulcahy minded him of the faded five-dollar bill he had in his pocket, the last bounty of the good home across the river. He pulled it out and looked at it.

It represented two weeks and a half of life; that is, he calculated that while he was looking for a job it would provide food and shelter for him. If he couldn't find a job—

thought ended with a look toward the river; and again he saw the "pen," and another thought occurred to him. If he didn't find anything to do, he

could go back to the "pen" and beg them to take him in. No, he couldn't do that. He squared his ragged shoulders as if trying to rise superior to the thought, for there was a remnant of pride in Mulcahy, albeit time and a desperate struggle to keep his feet on the globe had frayed his edges.

No, he determined to go back there honorably, as he had left. He might get a job shoveling snow—but alas! it was one of those cheerless Christmas mazes, and nature had not even supplied the people out of work with snow to shovel.

Mulcahy had worked all his life. He was fifty now, and, as he unrolled the long catalogue of calamity which other people might have called his career, he found that the only year of his life that had been a happy one was his last in jail. It had started merrily even, for, after his outraged pride had revolted at the idea of being arrested for his slight connection with the robbery, comfort came swiftly with the thought that he was being punished for omission rather than commission.

These thoughts and the haunting smell of hops brought Mulcahy to South avenue and a saloon. It was twelve o'clock, and corned beef and cabbage-leaf being slated for lunch on a blackboard under a Satyrish-looking bock and a life-sized "schooner," determined the man, and he stepped inside.

The story will move much more rapidly if we do not follow Mulcahy and wait for him to eat his corned beef and phillander with a spirit more of his ilk than any he has met for the last year, a spirit that seemed almost fabulous when dreamed of in the "pen"—to-wit, the bartender.

But look where Mulcahy emerges half an hour later, the inner man filled by the succulent cabbage and beef, but a melancholy gnawing at the outer man, whose clothes are slight protection against the increasing wind.

As the day drew her portals slowly together he fell to trembling again. How was he going to face the night?



Gazed Longingly at the Graystone Pen.

All alone in one of those ten-cent beds which promise so much to a weary body that soon discovers the egg-shell substance of the promise?

He shuddered and hurried down a



"Have You Seen My Mamma?"

"HE'S BEEN HERE"



Boasted to Jerry, the Spike.

At the end of the week, he was sitting at the Christmas dinner which had seemed a fantasy on that dreadful day he was set at

Between

When he reported for work, a few days later, the keeper who presided over the men engaged in breaking stone remarked casually to a fellow keeper:

"I see Mulcahy is back on the job." "Yes," the other replied; "he was liberated a week ago, and now he's back again. I tell you this place is a cinch for those fellows. They're doing life on the installment plan. If you dumped the whole caboodle into the East river and told them to swim to New York, they'd all turn like a lot of rats and squeak to come back to the 'pen.'"

(Copyright.)

THE BEST WAY



Mr. Highson—What are you going to give your brother John this Christmas?

Mr. Highson—Give him? Well, he gets three times as much salary as I do. I'm going to wait and see what he gives me.

CHRISTMAS

and

NEW YEAR

HOLIDAY

EXCURSION

THE FORT WORTH CITY RAILROAD Will sell Holiday tickets from all destinations in Oklahoma, Missouri and Memphis. of one fare and round-trip, on 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, with reach original prior to mid 1914.

on December 22nd, low will be so important south-east D. C., Louis S. P. TR re st

Christmas Offerings

This Big Store is Splendidly Ready With Christmas Goods, and The Problem of What To Buy is Quickly Solved Here. The shopping period is past, and the time for actual selections of your Christmas Remembrances is NOW. Here are Appropriate Gifts:

THIS STORE HAS GIFTS THAT WILL PLEASE

Hand Bags

For ladies and misses. All of the newest and latest designs. Just the things for Xmas gifts.

Ties

For the young men and old. Girls see them they will make a nice present. They are packed in neat burnt wood and Holly boxes.

Florence Toilet Sets

Packed in silk lined cases. These sets should be seen to be appreciated. Every one warranted.

Linen Towels

We will show you in genuine linen Huck and satin Damask. A few of the very best. They are nice presents.

Silk Tube Mufflers

The rage of the season. We have them in various colors and designs.

Jewelry

We have a nice snappy line of bar pins, beauty pins, baby sets, brooches, buttons, tie clasps, stick pins, necklaces, beads, etc. Just the thing to give your friend.

Dolls

We have them for baby, for sister, for brother, in fact we can satisfy the whole family in this line. Mothers see them.

Sweaters

Have you seen them? They satisfy the most critical. Go to see them. The prices are right.

Silks and Velvets

These are of the newest designs and patterns in all the shades.

MAKE SOME
BE HAPPY
CHRISTMAS

Caught



GIVE SOMETHING APPROPRIATE AND USEFUL

Ladies Coats

Only a few left. We have a price on them that will satisfy you. If you need a coat it is your opportunity to buy one cheap.

Skirts

The latest styles. Buy yourself one for a Xmas present. It will make you look neat and cause your husband to smile.

Bed Sets

The spreads and pillow shams are of the newest and neatest designs. They are beauties.

Notions

See our notion counter. Picture books, Baby rattles, Tea sets, salt and pepper shakers, holly dishes, cake plates, pitchers and water sets etc.

Groceries

Our grocery stock is thoroughly replenished. During the holidays we will have the choicest eatables of the season. Call and see us.

Candy

Great I Am!! Did you ever see as large a display of candy in so small a town? Think of it Two tons. One stick weighs ten pounds.

Fruits and Nuts

We have oranges—Florida sweets, Apples—Arkansas black, Pecans and English walnuts. Look at our display and you will know where to buy for Xmas.

Flour

Did you ever eat a Xmas cake baked of "Queen of the pantry" or "Very best" flour? If not, try it. It will be delicious and white as snow.

GET GIFTS BEFORE THE LAST DAY

AIN & MARROLL
THE STORE QUALITY

The Great mean.
Lift up your eyes to the
of the day, and dare to
humanity as something so
recious that it is worthy of be
ffering to God. Count it as a pri
to make your offering as com
ly, as possible, keeping nothing
er of, and then go out to the pleas
bring d... to the pleas
ly HE TO SIN... his d...

"A bomb."
"Put it in water."
"A suffragette box."
"Put it in Florida."

has the antique setting to
much in vogue."
Lander gravely touched the
hair and thought, "My dear
Marguerite is a hair-puller. Call
call 'between grass and my
past the candy-and-flower stage,
has hardly arrived at jewelry."
Then aloud he said, "No, I had
something different—a look p
"Ah, the very thing!" Scarvin dives
into a dusty corner and brought forth
a foreign-looking volume, whose brown
leather binding was curiously inlaid
with pearl.
"Early English poems, written in
old missal style, and hand illuminated,"
the dealer spread upon the table
entirely.
Lander turned over the leaves with
interest. "Yes, I believe this is unique