

Life Among the Eskimo



GROUP OF ESKIMO ON STEAMER

ON the roof of the world is the Eskimo country. Few are its flowers. Of trees there are none. Illimitable are its summer muskges and its eight-month winter snows. Yet the Eskimo is as jovial a soul as any that ever came from southern lands where life is a joy. He is a humorist, although he feeds on blubber and rotten fish; a sportsman, although he knows not soap and water, and a good fellow, although the shiftless Cree despises him and calls him in insult "husky."

Scattered over a wide area of the north, living in tribes distinguishable to the traveler by slight linguistic difference and local habits and customs, the Eskimo from Greenland to the west coast of Hudson bay, are one and the same people. They have the same physical characteristics, live in much the same way and think much the same thoughts on hunting and life as their visitors, the white men. Even the fierce Nechilliks and Igluliks of the far, far north (with whom the various trading companies deal as a rule through other tribes acting as middlemen), have the same taboos and anekoks (or witch doctors) and quaint legends.

People of Dirt.

Stunted, squat men seldom averaging over five feet and a half, they are muscular and strongly built, but slow of limb and mind. With their curious Chinese slanted eyes and inflated nostrils, they are a people of dirt and laughter. Their heavy black hair is worn by the males over the shoulders to protect their large ears. Across their thick lips comes the flash, as a rule, of perfect but discolored teeth. Such is the Eskimo gentleman—the real lord of the north.

As for the Eskimo belles, they, too, have their virtues. Beauty is a question of taste and probably the Eskimo would not exchange his flat-faced, strong and sturdy mate with dark brown eyes and natural bust, for the fairest chorus girl. Very often, too, when these girls have European blood in them their looks are far from uncomely.

But to arrive at a real understanding of the Eskimo you must spend a year at least among them. Thus only can you arrive at a complete picture of their strange life wherein trains and banks and offices and telephones have no part. For they, like all primitive races, are a nomadic people living under the bright stars. So we may see an Eskimo's health, wealth and content. So, too, you may face starvation and hardship with him. And again you may watch the wages of the civilization that leave him robbed of furs, pillaged of livelihood and branded with disease.

The Eskimo lives by the chase for he neither ploughs nor farms. By means of the chase come his food and raiment and the fuel that is to warm him through the long northern winter. His winter mansion is the igloo or snow house, his summer home a tupik or tent of seal and deer skins.

When the days of the north begin to spread out in January comes the Eskimo's hard times. For two months or more life is a burden, intolerable and bitter, yet fiercely clutched at for all its uncertainty. The ice is storm seized and the seal on which the Eskimo depends keep out in the open water. And it is in this season the southern Eskimo strikes his annual trail for the trade post, where he will barter a winter's pelts for ammunition, tobacco and white men's baubles. First provisions for the way must be found and at no other time are they so hard to obtain. So it comes to pass that with a little deer meat reserved over from the fall and with a scant stock of seal, the company sets forth. The long narrow komatiks are lashed, the dogs harnessed to them and the trail goes on in stages. Generally two or three families make them together. An old woman leads the way. Then come the dogs and the sleds while scouting on each side waneer the men in search of seal holes on the ice. The short day wanes and a small snowhouse has to be built from a convenient hummock.

Building a House.

First a veteran tests the snow of the neighborhood with his knife. The drift must be a single storm's work for then the snow is more compact. An oblong hole about five feet long, two or three feet wide, some two feet deep is next cut. Blocks are then taken from its clean face. Each block is about half a foot thick, a foot and a half deep and two and a half feet long. One man wedges the blocks and another builds them round in a circle the size of the intended house. The first layer completed, the blocks cut downward diagonally so that the next layer will take a spiral form and continue to curve up until the dome is closed by a key-block. Women mortar the block chinks with soft snow. The door is cut and inside opposite it is piled the snow-bed, while outside a wind shield of blocks protects the door from a drift. It is now the women's task to make the place home within while the husky bucks feed their dogs.

On the bed pile go mats of closely woven willow branches, then deer skins and deer skin sleeping bags. The soapstone lamp is lighted and placed on a snow shelf between the door and bed. In it a wick of dry, pulverized moss is fed with deer fat or seal blubber. The kettle is now slung over it.

The sleds outside are now denuded and the dogs bedded. The most valuable of the sleds are ivory shod, otherwise they have whalebone runners. During the cold months they are sheathed with muck and frozen so there is least friction and for this the ice coating is renewed daily. The Eskimo now set their traps and go in for the night. So the trail goes on day after day, night after night until they come, in two months or so, to the lonely traders of the north.

Furs are given in and counters on a graded scale received—a white fox counting as one skin and some silver foxes as much as forty. The Eskimo then hand over the counters, their tokens for white man's plug tobacco, his killing powder and shot and his needles and fish hooks and whatever the trader can attract him with.

OLD-FASHIONED LITTLE GIRLS

They Still Exist, It is Asserted, Although Hidden From the Worldly-Minded.

Where are the little girls of yesterday? Where are the little girls who sewed "doll rags;" who hung on the front gate, who romped and climbed fences with their brothers? Gone, all gone—that is, in the large cities where houses have crowded out the fields, and where busy days have swallowed the hours of leisure.

It was most interesting for one of the elders, the other day, to visit in a little town near Columbus, and there to find the same little girl that used to play 40 years ago in Columbus. There was the visiting of several small maidens with bags of "pieces," and with china and wax "children" to be clothed.

"The thrping ith comin'" hisped one, "and Hether haint got anything to wear, an' I'm juht worried to death for fear I won't get her thringh done in time for Eathter."

"Just the same with my Marian," quoth another. "I feel terribly about the Paris styles. They don't suit Marian at all, and—"

"My Bertha is really very sensible," said the third. "I told her this morning that I could not possibly afford—"

"Dear me, dear me! The old days over again, when we used to foregather in the dining room after the table was cleared, and in front of the coal fire in the grate and after mother's admonition: "Now, children, don't poke the fire, or you'll get burned," we sewed, and sewed, and sewed for the family of dolls.

Where is the little girl of yesterday? You sometimes find her, but she is hidden from sight of the worldly-minded.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Maybe So.

Farmer—Your cow bells are no account. They don't ring loud enough. Merchant—That's an advantage. When you do hear the bells you don't have to go far to find the cows.

NAMES OF PLACES

Different Nationalities Have Own Particular Version.

Reason is Ascribed to Contemptuous Indifference to Things Foreign That Exists More or Less in Every Land on the Globe.

Florence, Italy.—The city we and the English call "Florence" is by Italians called Fiorenza. The name of the British capital is, to the French, Londres, and to the Italians, Londra. By English-speaking peoples the Austrian capital is referred to as Vienna, whereas the Austrians spell it Wien. In addition to these differences there may be cited Dunkirk and Dunquerque, Cologne and Kohn, The Hague and La Haye, Geneva and Gent.

What is the reason for these differences? Is it to be sought in philological influences alone, or is it to be found in that contemptuous indifference with reference to things foreign that exists more or less in every land?

In the first-mentioned case, it has been pointed out that, had the word "London" existed at the time the French word "Londres" came into use, the French would probably have adopted the English form. But, the French contend, no "London" name was in use when "Londres" was coined. The Latin name whereby the British town first became known elsewhere was Londinium. The locative case form of this noun (the one most often used in colloquial style) was Londini. It followed that, in the continuous interchange of words and their development into modern speech, Londini very easily became Londri in the speech of the Frenchmen. Then, as "r" is an indication of a Latin plural, a new difficulty arose. When Londini was accepted by the French it was for some time treated, quite mistakenly, just as a French plural noun would be and spelled accordingly—Londres. Londres made its way from France to



In a Florentine Cloister.

Italy. As the last two letters were silent, the Italians rejected them, replacing them by the favorite unaccented final vowel of their tongue, "a" with the result that the name of the British capital became Londra.

Vienna in English and Italian and Vienna in Spanish are simply relics of the mediaeval days, when Latin was the universal tongue of the learned, and the French Vienne is but a slight variation of Vienna. Geneva may be explained in the same way.

The nations have taken great liberties with the name of the Dutch capital—Gravenhage. For the English The Hague and the French La Haye have caused to be grateful. The Spanish shortened the cumbersome Dutch name into Haja; the Italians converted it into Aja; and even the Germans, cousins, in a sort, to the Hollanders, boiled it down—into Haag.

CUPID WINS AFTER 50 YEARS

Banker, 88, Weds Widow Who Jilted Him "When She Was Fussy Miss" Many Years Ago.

Hartford, Conn.—A romance that began more than half a century ago reached a happy chapter in the parlors of the Garde hotel here, when Wilfred H. Nettleton, eighty-eight years old, director of the Bristol National bank, and one of the state's wealthiest men, and Mrs. Mary K. Baldwin, sixty-eight years old, were married.

"Why didn't you marry her fifty years ago?" he was asked. "Lord knows, I tried to. But she was a fussy young miss of eighteen then, and I was nearly forty. So she picked a younger, but I'll be darned if he was a handsomer man." Mrs. Baldwin's husband died seven months ago.

Alderman Not Worried.

Chicago.—"I should worry," said Alderman John H. Bauler when the Municipal Voters' league applied the term "amoeba" to him. "I don't know what the word means and neither does anyone in my ward." The "amoeba" is the lowest form of animal life.

Would Prevent Hasty Marriages.

Chicago.—A bureau to prevent hasty marriages is being organized here. A card index system and court record of every person entangled in domestic troubles is being gotten up. Pastors are requested to look up the index before tying a marriage knot.

OLD BRIDGES OF LUCERNE

Wooden Relics of Swiss City's Past When It Was a Fortified Mediaeval Town.

Lucerne, Switzerland.—Just two old covered wooden bridges, such as many of us can remember in our boyhood spanning the rivers where we swam or fished or skated. Most of them are gone now, vanished before the march of iron and steel, although few of them had become really old in point of years. Occasionally one may yet be found in some remote spot, time-stained, its huge timbers rotting, its shingles mossy, but the most an-



Fine Old House in Lucerne.

cient of them could hardly tell the tale of an hundred years.

With such an one, contrast these two in the beautiful Swiss city where the hurrying tramp of the tourist is never stilled. So similar are they to these old friends of our youth, yet so different. They look old, and they are old, but still stanch and firm; they are gray, but not decrepit. Relics of Lucerne's past, when it was a fortified mediaeval town, they still bear their part in the day's work, now that it has become the northern gateway to the world's greatest summer playground.

The older of these bridges is the Kapelbruecke, and, if we may take the story of Lucerne as fact and not fiction, dates back to the middle of the fourteenth century. If this is fact, it may be well not to ask how many of the original timbers remain in the present structure. This bridge crosses the River Reuss—famous in the legends that have to do with Switzerland's great hero, William Tell—diagonally, instead of taking the shortest and straightest way across; midway in it stands the curious octagonal tower, the Wasserturm, which some writers insist dates from Roman times, when it was used as a lighthouse; but it is more probable that this was merely a part of the fortifications with which the town was surrounded during the troublous times of the thirteenth century.

TRAIN TAKES HEN AND NEST

Cars Gone on Which Biddy Used to Lay All Her Eggs, and She With It.

Oaktown, Ind.—A brown hen, belonging to Daniel Coleman, who lives near the C. & E. I. passenger station here, used the rolling stock of the C. & E. I. railroad for a nest. She laid an egg every day, sometimes using a flat car, sometimes a box car, sometimes the coal dust and sometimes the steel frame under coal cars.

The hen delivered the customary fowl announcement of the arrival of an egg for several days, but members of the Coleman family were unable to find her nest. When egg prices suffered upward revision close watch was kept on the hen. She was seen to fly in a box car partly filled with baled straw. There she disappeared for a time, only to reappear in the car door, cackle for a few minutes, then fly to the ground.

The hen disappeared for good a few days ago when the door of a box car into which she had made her daily pilgrimage was closed on her by a railroad employe and she was soon on her way to Terre Haute.

YOUNG POTTER A DECKHAND

Harvard Librarian's Son Ran Away to See World, But Is Caught Ere He Gets Away.

Salem, Mass.—Three days after his disappearance from a boarding school at Milton, William Delano Potter, seventeen-year-old son of the assistant librarian of Harvard university, was found on board a coal barge here. He had shipped as a deckhand on the barge, which is to sail in a day or two.

The young man said a desire to see the world had prompted him to run away. He was held pending the arrival of his father.

FALLS WITH LIMB HE SAWS

Rival for Champion Absent-Minded Man Hurt When He Undermines Support.

Ellen Chapel, Pa.—Harry Kochenderfer is in a precarious condition from injuries sustained when he took a header of 20 feet from a tree he was trimming. Like Spooopendyke, he sawed away his support, falling with the ladder, fracturing his nose, knocking out four teeth, cutting his tongue and suffering minor injuries.

All-Silk Turbans for Early Spring



FOR present wear and for early spring the draped silk turban is to the fore with more strength as a demi-season hat than ever. It is nearly always "in the running" when the race of styles comes on. This season the vogue of draped hats and the new high-side shapes have made for the popularity of the all-silk turban.

Two pretty examples of rather dashing modes are shown here. In one of them a long turban frame with a moderately small crown is draped with messaline satin in amethyst color. The folds of drapery follow the lines of the frame, sweeping upward at the left. There is very little regularity in these folds. Two about the coronet are fairly even, but otherwise they are freely draped, but follow the lines of the shape closely, at that.

The turban is finished with two quills in shades of amethyst. They are poised to carry out the upward sweeping line at the left side.

A smart turban of black taffeta is shown in the second figure. The brim is covered with irregular folds of the silk and the crown is a large puff

raised high at the left side by an extension of the shape over which the silk is draped. Little turbans of this kind are close fitting and very becoming. This particular style is suited to youthful wearers, while the longer shapes, with a less pronounced tilt in the pose are liked for matrons.

There are so many turbans of silk, made in so many ways, that the most conservative as well as the most daring models are to be found among them. For trimming, little nosegays of small flowers, or ornaments of jet or bows of velvet or of ribbon, seem most appropriate. Jet, with silk, adds much to the brilliance of these hats, and small, gay flowers or fruits give them the requisite touch of color.

Cleverness in the management of drapery is the characteristic virtue of hats of silk for earliest wear. It is not as easy as it looks, by any means, to drape a shape without getting clumsy effects. That it has been accomplished in such a variety of ways speaks well for the ingenuity of designers and trimmers.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Full-Dress Coiffure and Ornaments



THE big and too showy hair ornaments—introduced early in the season—failed to find a following, in this country, at all events, but the hair, hairdress and hairbands with feather ornaments, every one likes.

A style suited to both brunettes and blondes may be studied in the picture given here. The hair is waved and combed high at the back. It is arranged in long puffs and coils at the crown, and is curled and worn in flat ringlets over the forehead and ears.

It is noticeable that the hairdress nearly always demands that the forehead be fairly well covered. A small light fringe of hair across the middle of the brow is becoming to most faces and does away with flying and straggling ends of hair in a way that is most agreeable to those who possess fluffy and obstinate hair.

Two rows of pearl beads strung on fine wire are joined at the back with an ornament of pearls. The ornament supports a very full pompon of uncurled ostrich feathers. This gives the finishing touch to a coiffure signed for full dress.

The same hairdresser has also designed narrow velvet ribbons with rhinestones

pretty for afternoon wear. Black velvet bows wired and outlined with tiny rhinestones are conservative and always effective.

There is much charm in the sparkle and glow of the mock-jewels which are used in hair ornaments. Little jeweled buckles and bands and all sorts of jewel-encrusted feathers are among the season's offerings to those who appreciate how much they enhance the appearance.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Pockets Are Promised. Thanks to skirts becoming more voluminous about the hips, women are to have pockets in their dresses again.

But will the new pocket relieve them of the necessity of carrying a bag? Apparently not, for since the pocket was taken from them years ago the number of articles they usually carry about with them has enormously increased. Here, for instance, is what a woman generally carries in her pocket: Two handkerchiefs.

CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Ok, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

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.

IN DIRE DISGRACE. "What's the matter?" "I'm in disgrace with my wife."

"What about?" "She sent me down town to match some hair. I got some like the sales-lady's. I thought it was prettier."

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.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wright'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.

WHEN KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE GLASS OF SALTS

Eat Less Meat If Kidneys Hurt or You Have Backache or Bladder Misery—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

Father's Surprise. Widower (to his little daughter, aged ten)—Dora, do you know that Suzanne, our housekeeper, is going to be married?

Dora—Oh, I'm so glad we're getting rid of the old peccan! Won't it be jolly? But who is going to marry her? Father—Well, I am.

Dr. Rice's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation in the case of...

The Daughter of David Kerr

By Harry King Tootle

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter learning of his real character. Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper. Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society, and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears they are on intimate terms, having met previously in a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the refurbishing of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his lieutenant, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper. Gloria realizes she is not being received by the best society and is unhappy. She takes up settlement work. Kerr and his lieutenants decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting to be called into the conference. Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight to a finish. The Belmont News appears with a bitter attack on Kerr. Gloria calls Wright a coward and refuses to listen to any explanation from him. Broken-hearted, Gloria decides to plunge more deeply into settlement work. She calls on a sick girl of the underworld, named Ella. She learns for the first time that her father is the head of a notorious gang of political grafters. Sounds of a conflict are heard in the room over Ella's.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"I must know what's going on," Gloria cried.

She rushed across the room and wrenched open the door. At the foot of the stairway just before her was the body of a man, limp and motionless.

"It's a man. He's hurt," she called back to the sick woman as she knelt to examine him.

He had fallen so that she could not get a good look at him in the dark hallway, and she rolled him toward the door to get him on his back and see his face. As she gazed upon his countenance the fingers of death itself seemed to seize her by the throat. Her heart gave one great leap and then stood still. On the floor before her lay the body of the man she loved.

"Joe! she screamed. "What are you doing here? Joe, Joe, speak to me!"

But there was no answer. His eyes were closed, and the pallor of death seemed to be upon his face.

With strength beyond what she had ever known herself to possess, Gloria seized the motionless form and dragged and rolled the man into Little Ella's room. Before she turned to him again she closed and bolted the door. Then she bent over him and begged him to speak to her, to open his eyes and know that she was with him.

"Joe, don't you know me?" she pleaded. Then to Little Ella, "He's dead, he's dead. See, he doesn't move."

"Yes, he does," answered the other woman. She had been sitting up in bed, an excited spectator of all that



Gloria Felt for His Heart.

had transpired. "He's breathin'. Tear open his shirt and feel his heart beat."

Wright was a pitiable object as he lay on the floor like one dead. His coat and waistcoat were gone, and his collar and cravat had been torn away. On his white shirt were bloody stains. Gloria felt his heart and was rewarded by its feeble beat. She next dashed water from the pitcher over his face, but without avail. He showed no signs of returning consciousness. From a wound just above his temple on the right side of his head the blood began to trickle down over his face, making its pallor all the more ghastly. She

FOUND A USE FOR THE STOVE

French Physician Probably Made Present of "Pernicious Object" to His Mother-in-Law.

A French physician called on one of his patients—a lady—who was complaining of headache and general

what's the matter she said, promptly he answered, "Over there."

had no means of knowing how serious this was, and naturally came to the conclusion that it was a death-wound. There was only one thing to do: get a physician.

As she started to her feet she heard two men running down the stairs and making a search from room to room on her floor. These must be the men who had attacked him. She could not let him fall into their hands, and therefore she could not leave him to go for aid. The impotence of her position made her feel like screaming to relieve the nervous strain.

"What do you know about this? How did he come here? What has happened to him?"

"I dunno," answered the woman. "There's somethin' doin' all the time in this dump."

A sudden knock at the bolted door chilled Gloria with terror.

"What's that?" she whispered. "Somebody's at the door," replied Little Ella. In the same low tone. This fact was obvious.

"They can't come in," Gloria continued.

Again came the knocking, louder and more insistent.

"I can't let anything happen to him," murmured the unhappy girl in agony, remembering how the day before she had demanded that he be punished. "Joe, Joe, what does it all mean?"

But Wright made no answer. He lay like a log as the girl he had loved bent over him, wiped the blood from his face, and brushed back his disheveled hair.

With the next knock came the voice of a man demanding entrance.

"Ella, Ella, open this door."

"Tell him you can't get out of bed," she implored in a whisper. "Tell him there's nobody here."

"I can't get out of bed. There's nobody here," Little Ella called.

"That's a lie!" he shouted. "There's somebody in there or the door wouldn't be locked. Open this door, do you hear me, or I'll bust it down."

The tone of his voice made Gloria feel that he would make good his threat. There in the center of the room in full view lay the man whom they were seeking. Once they burst the single barrier they would be upon him, to do what further harm she knew not. It might be that he was now already beyond all human aid. He still breathed, however, and Gloria was willing to fight if there was even only one chance in his favor. Hence it would not do for them to find him the minute they broke down the door. She must hide him somewhere to give her time to parley with his assailants. She looked vainly about for some place to put him.

"For God's sake, help me hide him," she beseeched. "I can't give him up. Where does that door lead to?" She pointed to the door close by the one which led into the hall.

"That's only a closet under the stairway," was Little Ella's whispered explanation. "They'd find him there in a minute."

"You wouldn't let them kill him, would you?"

"I can't help you. I'm so weak I can hardly turn over in bed."

"Open this door, I say," came from the man without as he pounded on the door ominously, "or I'll crack you over the head."

Gloria understood that there was no time to temporize. She must do something and that quickly. Close by where she stood next the bed, and on the side away from the door, was Little Ella's trunk. Behind it on hooks hung a number of garments, and on a chair were more clothes. It was the only chance and Gloria took it.

How she ever managed to get him, a dead weight, across the intervening space and safely stowed behind the trunk she never knew. She dragged, she hauled, she pulled, she rolled, and the forlorn hope that she would save him yet gave her strength. As she snatched skirts from the hooks and all the clothing from the chair to pile upon him, the pounding upon the door became more and more vindictive. The girl was out of breath, but as she bent over the prostrate form of the man she loved, she managed to gasp:

"Joe, listen to me. If you can hear me, dear, listen. Don't stir, don't you hear me, Joe?" But he was deaf to all entreaties. Seeing this was so, she turned to Little Ella: "Get him to go away. Offer him anything, promise him anything. I'll do it; only keep that man on the other side of that door."

"There's at least two of 'em."

"That doesn't matter—a thousand—

it's all the same. Get them to go away."

This was easier said than done, but Little Ella was willing to make the effort.

"You git away from that door, an' leave me alone."

"Open this door, you she-devil," threatened the besieger, "or I'll—"

And then interrupted another voice with a suggestion that made Gloria grow faint.

"Aw! Let's bust it in. He's in there all right."

"Let 'er go," answered the first one.

Then came the heavy thuds as the men threw themselves against the door. The knocking at the gate in "Macbeth" had no more portentous sound in the play than had this attack upon her stronghold to Gloria. She felt all the nervousness of troops under fire that must remain inactive awaiting orders. There was nothing she could do but wait until the door was battered down.

This was not long in happening. As she stood in front of the trunk nervously twisting her handkerchief in her hands, at one last mighty effort the bolt yielded, the door flew open and two men stumbled into the room. Little Ella recognized them both instantly. They were Buck Kelly and Turkey Ryan, notorious denizens of the underworld. If ever there were two vicious-looking cutthroats, these men answered their descriptions. To make their ruffianly appearance worse they bore the marks of their recent encounter. Kelly's left eye had swelled almost closed, and Ryan had a long cut across his cheek where Wright's ring had left its mark with a slashing blow. He had done even more damage than this, but these showed the plainest. Needless to say, their tempers had not been sweetened by the episode.

"Now, damn you—" Ryan began savagely.

"Stop!" Gloria commanded. "What are you doing here?"

Until she spoke they had not seen her, and both men were taken much aback. To find a lady there was something they had not expected.

"What the—" Ryan gasped, but checked himself and then continued in a slightly more respectful tone. "I beg your pardon, miss, but what are you doin' here?"

"That's none of your business. You clear out, both of you."

This encouraged Little Ella to take her part in the discussion, which she did with her most strident tones.

"What do youse mean, buttin' into here? Beat it, you two. I'm a lady, an' when I have a lady friend visitin' me they ain't no place for bums. On yer way."

It was not this tirade which had the most effect upon them. Both quailed before Gloria, who stood eying them sternly. Then they looked at each other, and without a word of apology shuffled out into the hall.

CHAPTER XX.

If Gloria believed that she had put to flight for all time such gentlemanly assassins as Mr. Kelly and Mr. Ryan, her feeling of triumph did not last long. As the door into the hall was still open she did not dare make a determined to close the door and pull the washstand in front of it, wedging it under the knob, before trying further to succor the injured man. When she walked toward the door, it again framed the forms of Ryan and Kelly. As a result of a short conference just out of earshot, they had decided to return and get their man.

"What do you want?" Her heart sank.

"We're lookin' fer a man," Kelly snarled.

"And he come into this room, too," Ryan added doggedly. "We don't want to make you uncomfortable, lady, but we gotta git that man."

The way he said it made Gloria feel that he meant business. All she could do was play for time and pray for Mrs. Hayes to return.

"There's no man here," she explained in her most winning manner. "You can see that plainly for yourself. I came over from the mission to take care of this sick woman. You are only making her worse by bursting into her room in such a rude fashion. Please go out gently; she must have it perfectly quiet."

Turkey Ryan so far forgot himself in the presence of his betters as to grin at this explanation.

"We don't want to have to make you give 'im up."

This threat had an unpleasant sound. Hitherto the girl had not feared for her own safety, but his surly remark frightened her. The one thing that kept her steadfast was the thought that she was protecting the man she had loved; yes, the man she now loved more than she ever had. She did not know how he happened to be there; she did not know how he regarded her; she only knew that she loved him, that she would give her life a sacrifice to save him.

Ryan next appealed to Little Ella. "Ella, that guy come in here. Where is he? We ain't goin' to be scared by any fool girl. She don't know who wants him. Now give 'im up."

"Don't say a word," Gloria told her. "You gotta stick by us, Ella. This ain't no ordinary job."

At Ryan's injunction to stick by him, Little Ella seemed to waver.

"Don't you fergit who yer friends are. Who keeps you from bein' jugged? Mike Noonan. Who lets you stay here when you can't pay, an' feeds you? Mike Noonan."

"That's so. He has been good to me."

Gloria was quick to catch the note of indecision. "But now I'm going to take care of you."

"Yes, goin' to, goin' to," sneered Kelly. "You know what church promises is. Don't you fergit we gotta stan' together down here, all of us."

It was the old, old appeal of class to serve a selfish end.

"Yes, that's true. I don't want to say anything, but—"

Ryan immediately pressed the advantage he thought he had gained.

"This is yer chance, Ella. You know what she'd say to you if you was in her house. Are you with us? I'll see you git yours."

It was a moment when a man's life was at stake. Gloria believed that if the woman told and they tore Wright from her she might never see



"You Can't Fool Us With That Soft-Soap Talk."

him alive again. She had prayed silently for help to come, but she was still alone. Already she was giving up hope from that quarter and was conscious that upon her own efforts in all probability the very life of the man she loved would depend. To add to her anguish was the fear that he might regain consciousness and betray himself by a moan.

Now it all depended upon Little Ella. It had been a clever stroke, that of Ryan's, asking her how she would be treated in this woman's home. Against this appeal to class prejudice Gloria had not scored.

"I'll tell," said the woman.

The two men looked at each other and smiled.

"Stop!" cried Gloria, looking not at the men, but at the girl who lay pale and trembling upon the bed. "Do you remember what you said a while ago? What you accused me of? You swore that I hadn't loved. Even to my sorrow you shall have proof of it now that I do. The very man whom I'm defending from these bullies is the one man on earth I love." Ryan and Kelly looked at each other in amazement. "You shall see if you loved more than I. You've gone through fire and storm for a man? I'll do no less. If need be, I'll die for this man—here and now—because I love him." The fire died out of her eyes. She stretched out her hands to Ella pathetically and begged humbly, "My whole heart's happiness is here. Are you going to help them try to take 'im from me?"

The woman, a creature of impulse was moved.

"You'd better give it up, Turkey. I ain't goin' to let you touch that man."

"Ah, you're a woman," sighed Gloria. "You know a woman's heart."

"Nix on that love spiel, Ella," commanded Ryan. "This ain't no valentine party, lady. You can't fool us with that soft-soap talk. We gotta carry out the boss' orders. Buck, look in that closet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is He Sure?

Cairo tells us that one of the khedive's wives is missing. How long since he took a census of the ladies?—From the New York Herald.

Gentle Hint. Doctor Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding, puns are occasionally excusable. This one, attributed by

"CASCARETS" SLUGGISH LIVER

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. The work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Too Cheap. Ho—I'd like to propose a little toast— She—None of that cheap stuff for me. I'm hungry. Bring me a bird and a cold bottle.

Many a fellow is under a cloud who never stole an umbrella in his life.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ill are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

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Finest Quality Largest Variety



GILT EDGE the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains Oil. Black and golden laces' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing. 25c. French Gloss, 10c. ST. A.R. combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of shoes or ten shoes. 10c. "Dandy" size 25c. "QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c and 25c. BABY ELITE combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A-1. Restores color and luster to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth. 10c. "Elite" size 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charge paid. WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO. Cambridge, Mass. 10-26 Albany St. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

EC-ZENE OIL SOAP

CURES ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN AFFLICTIONS GUARANTEED

OIL 50c - 81 - SOAP 80c

Send ten cents for sample.

EC-ZENE CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

IF YOU HAVE Malaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Constipation, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach, and Bitching, if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite, Tut's Pills will remedy these troubles. Price, 25 cents.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE

Entered as second class matter October 28, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 8, 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.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements entered here are made subject to the action of the Democratic primaries July 25th unless specifically stated otherwise.

For District Judge, 47th Judicial District:

JAS. N. BROWNING (Re-election)

JNO. W. VEALE

HUGH L. UMPHRES

For District Attorney, 47th Judicial District:

HENRY S. BISHOP (Re-election)

A. S. ROLLINS

For County Judge:

J. C. KILLOUGH (Re-election)

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:

ROY KENDALL

GEORGE R. DOSHIER

J. T. PATMAN (Re-election)

For County Treasurer:

L. O. LEWIS

E. DUBBS

For Tax Assessor:

R. W. TALLEY

B. F. NAYLOR

For District and County Clerk:

J. J. ALEXANDER (Re-election)

For Commissioner Precinct No 2:

E. E. MCGEE

N. (Nick) L. FRYAR (Re-election)

For Public Weigher Precinct 3:

D. C. MOORE

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.,

of The Hedley Informer, published weekly at Hedley, Texas, required by the Act of August 24, 1912

Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Publisher, Owner, J. Claude Wells, Hedley, Tex. Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

J. Claude Wells, W. E. Reeves, Notary Public.

Easter is near at hand, and the Easter cold spell has been on hand all week. What fruit there was has just about gone by the frozen route.

Now, that it has rained, cleaning up should be the first consideration of the citizens. We are ready any time you are. When a town needs cleaning up as badly as can be, and it is up to all.

TRADE AT HOME

Why is it people can not learn the simple lesson that they can get "something for nothing?" To get good values one must pay good money. The offer to sell goods at less than their value ought to create a suspicion immediately that something is wrong.

The Mirror is impelled to make this utterance because it is reliably informed that recently a big department store in a nearby large city used a full page in the Sunday edition of a leading daily paper to advertise toilet articles at cut prices.

At least three fourths of the space was used to exploit a number of toilet articles under a name and trademark practically unknown. Their merits (?) were beautifully word painted in full some descriptions, and finally the price was cut deep, for the advertisements named a price and then cut it half in two as a special sale offer. Possibly the numerous articles under the name can still be bought in any quantity from a single box or bottle, to car load lots, at the cut price, or less, named in the big advertisement. However, the department store knew full well that the bargain (?) offered in an unknown, untried, unadvertised trademarked article would not land buyers without a real tempting lure, so they devoted about one-fourth of the space simply to the name and a cut price on a number of trademarked advertised articles, such as 3 large cakes of Ivory soap for 19 cents, etc., and a few other well known high quality articles whose price is uniform and value recognized.

The cut on the trademarked-advertised articles was not deep, but it was sufficient to attract buyers for the entire stock of these articles and more, if the department store had really wanted to sell them at the reduced prices.

It is needless to say that when a customer asked for a quantity and planked down the cash, he or she was told that only one box of Lyon's tooth powder at 13 cents, three cakes Palmolive soap at 25 cents, or the other known articles in proportion would be sold to each customer—but the Aids to Beauty prices(?) which had been cut deep, could be had in any quantity.

The wise buyer took the quantity they could get of articles of known value—the suckers bought Aids to Beauty, and paid possibly much more than the article was really worth, and certainly all they were worth, at least the price they will be sold for as long as the first supply of printed labels last. When they are gone, the same articles, under other names, at the same cut prices, and of the same unknown value, will appear in company with the established value under the same selling scheme to make big profits at "half the regular price."

Don't be a "sucker" and swallow such bait as above mentioned. Remember your Hillsboro merchant and read his advertisements with the full knowledge and belief that he simply can not afford to use such advertising methods as above mentioned. He lives here, pays his pro rata part to keep up your schools, your churches and your town, and does his share of the public work to make the town grow and he is entitled to your trade and he always gives you full value for every dollar you spend with him. If he should not, you step into his store and "roast" him good and plenty and get your money back, or such a settlement as is satisfactory. Can you do that with the mail order houses? Not much. Trade at home with merchants you know and you

will be prosperous—The Evening Mirror, Hillsboro, Texas.

We were disappointed that the speaking last Saturday was not better attended by the people, especially the farmers. The Government is spending money for your benefit, and you are paying the taxes; so it makes it that you are the ones who pay for it, and why not get the benefit of it. They employ only practical men who have experience, and there is not a profession in the world that some men do not know more about than the ordinary man has not yet learned. One could at least hear a man talk when it not cost a cent, and he might tell you something to your benefit. We know there are lots of people in this world who think that farming in the Panhandle is so different to any other portion of the country that there is no use experimenting or trying to do other than extensive farming. But that is a mistake, as has been proven in our midst by farmers who have tried the intensive method, and made it pay far more. Perhaps the Agent could not tell you anything new, but we are willing to risk the assertion that there is a lot of things about farming that some of our best farmers have not yet learned, and too, the best farmers are the ones who are taking every advantage to learn more. The basic principles of soil and cultivation are the same the world over, the only difference is in the climate and moisture. We may be farming on paper now, but if we were in the farming business we would do as we do in the newspaper business, and that is to attend every press meeting we can and read all the literature on journalism and printing that we can get hold of, because we do not know it all and there are others who have made it a lifetime study of it, and bring all the practical methods into operation to save time, labor and expense to make the business pay as it should. We learn something new every day, and you bet we would go to hear a man speak on the newspaper business right at home if we had to crawl on our stomach to get into the meeting.

LITTLE FOLKS MISSION

Easter Program at M. E. church 8 p. m. April 12.

Song—Spring Time Everywhere.

Rec. What the Choir sang about the new Bonnet—Leone Wimberly.

Easter Acrostic—10 children.

Song—Six girls.

Rec. The Lord is risen—Ray Moreman.

Primary Song—Easter Day.

Rec. Easter—Ila Pool.

Glad Easter Time—8 girls.

Rec. Easter Hymn—Carrie Dyer.

Ten Missionary Dimes—10 boys

Song—All the children of the World.

Rec. Joy, Light and Hope—Lois Masterson.

Missionary Exercise—4 boys.

Song—The Resurrection.

The Changed Cross—12 girls.

Voluntary.

Benediction.

W. M. AUXILIARY

The Woman's Missionary Auxiliary will meet Monday afternoon at 2:30 with Mrs. Bolander. We have for our Bible study Judges 15th through 21st chapters. Mrs. Bolander leader.

Mission Study lesson in our New America begins with topic Slaves on page 64 goes to Polish Immigration page 73.

Press Reporter.

B. Y. P. U.

Program for Sunday April 12, Song.

Prayer

Subject, The Power and Work of God.

Leader—Mellie Richey.

Introduction by Leader.

God Can Do Anything—Willie Caldwell.

God Can Do Anything Anywhere—Mrs. J. C. Wells.

God's Power in Creation:

a To Make it—Graham Brinson.

b To Put a Purpose in It—Herman Horschler.

c To Make Me to Live in It—Ernest Bishop

God's Power to Keep What He Has—K. W. Howell.

Song

Benediction

PRESS REPORTER

YOUNG FOLKS MISSION

Easter Program April 12.

Opening Song—Praise Him.

Roll Call (Answer with verse on gift or giving)

Bible lesson, John 20.

Responsive Reading—Atonement.

Song—I Love Him.

An Easter Meditation—Clara Mercer.

Recitation—Floy Simmons.

Reading—Travis Lively.

Special Song—Misses Myers, Alexander and others

Recitation—Levonia Masterson

Recitation—Flora West.

Song, Special.

Business

Closing song, All Hail the Power of Jesus Name

All members are urged to be present. United we can accomplish great work. Divided we may fail.

Press Reporter.

Notice to the Public.

We are located at the old Jones stand on the corner fronting railroad. Bring us your work, Anything from a clock to an auto. We do any kind of repair work on wagons, plows, buggies, gas engines automobiles, repair furniture, clean out organs. In fact, we shoe horses and do anything that anybody else can do and do it right. All work guaranteed first class. We are here one of you and if good work and a square deal will get the work, we are the men you are looking for.

Yours respectfully, Stone & Bull, Hedley Texas

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor.

No Fiction About the High Cost of Living.

Recently the Government issued a booklet in which a comparison was made of prices for food, clothing, etc., today as compared with 15 years prices had risen from 50 to 20 per cent.

It costs more to live today, but our boys and girls are not worrying, because they are earning from 100 to 500 per cent more than the average working man has earned at any period in the past 15 years.

Here is the solution of the problem for you: Don't waste your time this spring and summer, but enter the Bowie Commercial College, where you are taught the things that you MUST know to succeed.

The best of private board and room can be had at \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week, which is about one-half what it would cost you elsewhere. Better write for literature before you go to bed tonight. Address BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Bowie, Texas.

The American Boy magazine advertisement featuring a portrait of a boy and text: 'The SAFE boys' magazine... The American Boy and Informer \$1.65'.

Collier's magazine advertisement: 'Your Opportunity! Collier's The National Weekly... Informer.... \$1.00 \$2.50'.

Fort Worth Record and the Informer advertisement: 'CLUBBING OFFER... THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS... HEDLEY INFORMER ONE YEAR FOR \$1.75'.

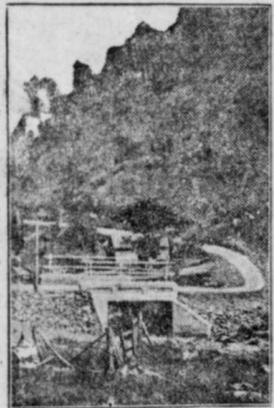
PUBLIC ROADS

TO DEMONSTRATE IN SOUTH

Highway Association to Show Value of Practical Maintenance on Road to Atlanta, Ga.

In order to demonstrate the value of practical maintenance of highways, the American Highway Association, the central good roads organization of the United States, has arranged, in co-operation with the federal office of public roads and road officials in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, for an ambitious maintenance experiment on the road from Washington to Atlanta, Ga. Over 700 miles of road are expected to be improved and kept in condition as a result of the initiative of the American Highway Association. The experiment is on a larger scale than any maintenance experiment ever undertaken in this country.

The great maintenance object lesson road extends from the capital of the United States through a very historic section of the country, passing such famous points as Arlington, Mount Vernon, the battlefield of Bull Run, Chancellorsburg, en route to Richmond, thence extending south-



Concrete Culvert in Virginia on a Stretch of Macadam Road.

ward through the capitals of North and South Carolina, and terminating at Atlanta.

The American Highway Association will enlist the support of the counties and districts traversed by the road, and, wherever possible, induce the local authorities to place the road under the supervision of government engineers who will be detailed from the office of public roads for that purpose under the co-operative arrangement.

Probably 75 per cent. of the total mileage has already been improved by a surfacing of stone, gravel or a mixture of sand and clay. The object of the maintenance scheme is to prevent the improved portions of the road from deteriorating from lack of suitable care, and to make the unimproved portions as comfortable for travel as possible with the money available.

With the co-operation of all different communities, however, it is hoped that concerted work will be undertaken on the entire stretch of highway, resulting in a continuous maintenance object lesson that will be a stimulus to maintenance throughout the country. The American Highway Association has undertaken to raise the money for the traveling expenses of the engineers who will supervise the work.

Leonard Tufts is chairman of the committee designated by the association to have charge of the campaign, and has already arranged to place 110 miles under government engineers. It is expected that all counties traversed by the road will cheerfully enter into the arrangement, as it is a long step toward a continuous stretch of road that will benefit the entire seaboard.

Settle Roads.

Good roads not only cheapens the cost of transporting farm produce to market but makes the country a desirable place to live in.

We hear much talk about federal aid for good roads, yet if we wait for this movement to crystallize into a reality the people of the country will be riding in mud for some time to come. The thing to do is to take off coats and buckle into a plan for local road improvement. Be a booster for the grading of roads and follow up the work with the King road drag for maintenance.

The principle of all good roads in all states is the same, viz., keeping the water out and off of the roadbeds. Ditch, drain and drag the roads. This is the tripod of good road building.

Of Value to Country.

Good roads may not be the whole of life, but they are a part of it. They are a part of the happiness and well-being of the people.

KITCHEN CABINET



THE honor of our life Derives from this: to have a certain aim Before us always, which our will must seek. Amid the peril of uncertain ways. Then, though we miss the goal, our search is crowned With courage, and along the path we find A rich reward of unexpected things. —Henry Van Dyke.

GOOD THINGS, OLD AND NEW.

The following is an old recipe: **Honey Cakes.**—Take one quart of strained honey, add one-half pint of sugar, the same amount of melted butter, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cupful of hot water, half a grated nutmeg and one teaspoonful of ginger. Mix all together and add enough flour to roll out. Cut with a cookie cutter and bake in a moderate oven.

Tomatoes and Chipped Beef.—Brown a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan. Peel and slice two ripe tomatoes, fold in flour, season with salt and a sprinkling of cayenne, and fry five minutes in butter, turning to cook both sides. A little sliced onion can be added if desired. Over this spread evenly one cupful of chipped beef; cover closely and cook twenty minutes without stirring.

Cottage Soup.—Put into a saucepan a tablespoonful of sweet drippings; when quite hot add a half pound from the neck of mutton, cut in small pieces. Put them and the bones into the fat and fry, turning until well browned. Cut up one carrot and one turnip into small pieces, two large onions cut fine, added to the meat. Keep turning until all are well mixed, then add a cupful of rice and a teaspoonful each of sugar and salt. Cook for five minutes, then add two and a half quarts of water. Put on the lid and boil for an hour. Add pepper and salt when ready to serve.

A Pretty Salad.—Lay a half of a pear on a crisp leaf of lettuce, put eight maraschino cherries and four small cream cheese balls around the pear, and cover with French dressing.

English Dessert.—Cut bananas lengthwise into halves, spread with jam, put them again and lay on a plate; cover with whipped cream and serve.

The jam roll takes the place of the jelly roll and is equally as good. Pork chops baked with potatoes makes a most tasty dish. Put sufficient sliced potatoes, well salted, in a baking dish, pour on water and lay on the chops. Turn chops once while baking. The drippings season the potatoes.

Nellie Maxwell

Smart Business. "Young Waggles," remarked Flipson, as he made himself comfortable in a deep club armchair, "has had the laugh turned on himself in his little joke against the Flames Fire Insurance company."

"What do you mean?" asked Flipson.

"Well," continued his friend, "he insured five hundred cigars, smoked them, and then sent in a claim on the ground that they had been destroyed by fire."

"And of course he got laughed at?"

"Not a bit of it. The company has had him arrested on a charge of arson."

Both Expired. The defendant, who was held on the charge of keeping a dog without a license, repeatedly tried to interrupt the evidence, but was hushed each time by the court. Finally the clerk turned to him:

"Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

"Yes, but—"

"We want no 'buts.' You must renew your license or be fined. You know it expired on Jan. 1."

"Yes, but so did the dog."—Harper's Weekly.

Difference. Said a Russian dancer to a Philadelphia reporter:

"We can learn much from the dancing of animals, but why did we go, of all things, to the turkey? There is something a little too vulgar in the turkey's dancing, and they who imitate it get talked about."

She shrugged her slender shoulders. "That won't do for women," she resumed. "To say, 'Everybody is talking about him'—that is an eulogy. But to say, 'Everybody is talking about her'—that's an eulogy."

Abbey of Thelema. There was no actual abbey of Thelema. It was a dream of the great Rabelais—a very beautiful dream, too—and if you wish to know all about it you will simply have to read the last seven chapters of Rabelais' "Gargantua." On page 163 of William Henry Hudson's delightful book, "The Story of the Renaissance," you will find a charming reference to the "Abbey of Thelema," which you would do well to read.—Exchange.

THE CALL OF THE FARM

No Machine Made Governor Wanted.

Candidates and Platforms Should Be Carefully Selected And Compared With Farmers' Union Views.

Fort Worth.—The official cancellation of the Ft. Worth Convention on April 14th clears the gubernatorial atmosphere and the governor's race now rests between the candidates of the July primary. We want to call the attention of the farmers to the importance of selecting the one best acquainted and most in sympathy with the farmers and to carefully scrutinize the platforms of candidates.

We opposed both pro and anti conventions with such ability as we possessed. We can conceive of no greater calamity to Texas than to elect a machine-made governor at this time and any man who will cover under the lash of the bull whip of the bosses and who will kneel and lick the boots of the mighty politicians has not in him the stuff that governors should be made of. Any kind of a bird can seek shelter in a convention hall, but it takes an eagle to soar in the storm-tossed heavens in defiance of the "powers that be." This state needs a governor who will face men fearlessly and meet issues bravely and to elect a man who does not possess these qualifications would be a blunder little less than a crime.

Study Men and Measures.

The Farmers' Union, as an organization, is not in partisan politics, but the Union is officially committed to the Radford policies of government by the endorsement of the Farmers' Union State Convention and the candidate whose views most nearly approximate those of the Union and who offers the most convincing proof of writing them into our organic law is entitled to the support of farmers and all citizens who consider the material welfare of Texas of paramount importance in this campaign. All farmers should supply themselves with a copy of the Farmers' Union platform and that of the candidates and study and compare them for the purpose of determining which one of the candidates is most favorable to the interests of the farmer. We will send copy of the Farmers' Union platform to any address and we presume copies of the platform of the candidates can be secured on application to them.

In studying the candidates and platforms we want to issue a word of counsel and warning to the farmers of Texas, to the end that reason may not be debauched by prejudice, understanding supplanted by distrust and the welfare of the farmer suborned by political schemers.

Let us subject both candidates and platforms to a strict business test for on no other basis can we hope to unite our forces.

Put "Romans on Guard."

While no occupation, if legitimate, should disqualify any man for the office of governor, yet the experience and surroundings of a candidate determine their efficiency for gubernatorial responsibilities. We do not believe a man who nurses the hearts of special interests is as well qualified to deal with agricultural problems as one whose daily life feels the heart throbs of the farmer, for it takes heart as well as brain to interpret the needs and supply the wants of the Texas farmers at this time.

The Farmers' Union wants no liquor legislation during the next administration and all legislation of whatever character should be subordinated to the needs of the farmers, and those who join in this opinion should vote for a candidate for governor who is a part of the agricultural fibre of state and familiar with the business transactions of the farmer. To properly manage a business administration requires a man equipped by experience and ability to cope with the

problems of agriculture and commerce backed by a legislature composed in the main of farmers and business men. Too long have we permitted our destinies to be shaped largely by men whose personal ambition overshadowed the public welfare and during the incoming administration let us put nobody but "Romans on guard."

The farmer has never taken much initiative in governmental affairs. Candidates have been groomed and issues framed up as a rule by city men and the farmer had no alternative in many instances but to choose between two or more evils. The politicians have been ordering the farmer to cry aloud for the sins of the cities and we have cried. The politicians have told us how to vote to save the country and we voted and after the election was over the legislatures have told us to stand aside until special interests were served or chastised, as the case might be, and we have obeyed but while we wept, were saved and waited, a line of fallen homes a hundred miles in length (if stood side by side) annually marks the state's pathway; a half million acres of products have rotted on the ground each year for want of a market and we have been paying from ten to thirty per cent interest per annum on \$220,000,000. This has been the result of a lifetime of fighting for principles. Let us unite in this campaign, fighting for men in the executive and legislative branches of government who will stand by the farmers.

Rally Around the Union.

This is not a stone age and no man's opinion should be adamant. When mental petrification begins progress ends and a closed mind is an abomination to God and a menace to good government. We plead with you to lay aside sentiment, to eliminate prejudice and to break the shackles of superstition that may bind you and in this campaign to serve the interests of those who are near and dear to you.

We appeal to the farmers of Texas to reason together. Consider the wife who toils by your side and whom you covenant in holy bonds of wedlock to provide for and protect; give heed to the welfare of the innocent children that God Almighty gave you to gladden your knees and kiss from your cheek the smudge of toil; then think of your own flesh and blood as you battle to shelter the heads and cheer the hearts of those whom you love.

We beg you to discharge the responsibilities that God in His wisdom has placed upon you in preference to the one the politician in his hunger has forced upon you. May we again plead with the farmers of Texas to rally around the Union and in the July primary cast their ballot for John, Sally and the babies? W. D. LEWIS President. PETER RADFORD, Ex-President. Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of Texas.

Good Road Advocates.

It is gratifying to observe that every owner of an automobile immediately becomes an advocate of good roads.

Eat Honey.

"Feed that child honey; it is the best thing to stop its cold," said a matronly woman to a young woman, whose little girl was coughing violently. Honey is the extracted sweet of flowers obtained by bees during the busy summer for their own substance during the winter. It is, to a certain extent, natural food for mankind, since a wild honey tree is considered a great find among all nations. If more people would eat honey, there would be fewer colds. There is something about it that seems strengthening to the lungs. One must use care in eating honey, however, for sometimes bees sip from poisonous although fragrant beautiful flowers, and the honey has been known to cause illness. Indeed, there are some people who cannot eat honey without ill results. But for those who can, it is a grateful appetizing and healthy food.

Seizing Opportunity.

"How did you come to marry the lady who is now your wife?" "It was very romantic. We were out skating. She went to a place where the ice was thin and broke in. I rescued her after a terrible struggle. Poor girl, she was nearly frozen before we got home, but I proposed to her on the way."

"For heaven's sake! Do you mean to say that you made a declaration of love to a girl who was soaked and icy and uncomfortable? You had your nerve, I must say!"

"Maybe, but there's nothing like striking while the iron is hot!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

JARRING NOTE IN PROGRESS

With Advancement in Medical Science Has Come the Passing of the Family Physician.

Specialization, which is a sign of the times, threatens some old customs. Among the most significant changes of today is the lessening field of the family doctor. To him, as immortalized by Balzac, were confided the secrets, hopes and woes of many a household.

Modern medicine with its many branches, its specialties and sub-specialties, has perceptibly reduced the scope of operation of this old stand-by. Each ailment now suggests its own specialist. One might almost divide life into the "seven ages of medical treatment": from the obstetrician at birth, the pediatricist of early infancy, the orthopedic surgeon to correct the natural deformities of childhood, the oculist to prescribe the glasses of adolescence, the surgeon for the traumas of manhood, the metallist for the digestive troubles of middle life, the aurist for the deafness of old age.

And though the change brings with it a higher degree of efficiency, there is much to regret in the loss of continuity of the friendship and counsel of the family doctor. His interest in the patient was personal. He knew the physical weaknesses, as well as the disposition of each member of the family. He had followed them from birth. He was more than a physician. He was a guide, philosopher and friend.

THOUGHT ONLY OF ARTHUR

Telegraph Clerk Amounted to Nothing When Sweet Innocence Was Sending a Message.

"He sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter. The clerk remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before as he came forward to meet her. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now; I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said:

"It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Arthur ever so much."

"Don't mention it," said the clerk. "If you would like I will put a few drops of violet extract on the telegram at the same rates."

"Oh, thank you, sir! You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office. You are so obliging."

And the smile she gave him would have done any one good with the possible exception of Arthur.

LUCK TRAVELS LAST

Flick's Goddess Had Smiled on Scribbler, But Day of Reckoning Was Sure as the Breaking Morn.

With the rent six weeks in arrear Scribbler sat trembling lest the lady should hear the beating of his heart and call for a reckoning. Presently there reached his ears the sound of fierce words, as of two striving together in deadly argument. Scribbler became aware that Mr. and Mrs. Slumpkins were engaged in unravelling one of their domestic tangles.

At length there came a light tap on the door.

Scribbler looked toward the window as a possible avenue of escape. However, before he could make up his mind to try the rainpout route the door opened cautiously, and first Slumpkins' bald head appeared and then the rest of him crept slowly in.

In a whisper he advised Scribbler not to pay Mrs. Slumpkins, inasmuch as she was not the head of the house. Scribbler acquiesced and Slumpkins disappeared.

A little later another rap on the door, this time more insistent, caused Scribbler to look up. It was Mrs. Slumpkins.

"Say, don't pay my old man any money, Mr. Scribbler. He won't do nothing but drink it up. This morning I had to let him know who runs this house. We ain't speaking to each other now."

Again Scribbler acquiesced. That was six months ago. They haven't spoken to each other yet, and Scribbler goes on his way rejoicing.

Puzzle question: What will be the first question they ask when they start speaking again?—Satire.

MUST HAVE FAITH IN WORK

"Mental Pepper" as Necessary as the Condiment Used to Give Spice to the Everyday Foods.

"Since pepper gives spice to most everything in the gastronomic line, isn't it reasonable to suppose that a little cayenne injected into everyday business life will have the same effect?" asks an employer of much labor. "This all means that enthusiasm is the great thing that makes for success. Without it, no man ever got far along the financial pathway to a competency. A salesman can go out single-handed

and overcome. If his enthusiasm is so strong enough in he can overcome the deep-rooted prejudice and build a market for his wares that will remain indefinitely. "All it takes is enthusiasm, and that is gained by constant work and an interest in your business. If you've a whole-souled like for the commodities you are selling your success is assured."

How Curtis Learned the Ropes.

The recent announcement that M. B. Curtis, long the star of "Sam'l o' Posen," had located in a small California town as a theater magnate recalls the time when Curtis and a few others took a cruise on Lake Ontario in a sloop yacht, leaving Toronto with Rochester, N. Y., as the objective point.

Curtis was the cook for the company, but his efforts never caused Marion Harland or Mrs. Rorer to lose nights of sleep for fear of mislaying their well-earned laurels.

As a sailor he was even worse. He never could learn the difference between the fo'c's'le and the anchor. His companions were naturally surprised one afternoon to find him earnestly engaged in tying playing cards to every rope available, explaining that it was for their mutual benefit.

"If you want a jib sheet loosened," he said, "call it the little casino, and so on, but for the love of Mike don't tell me to tie a bowline in the jib halyards; for I don't know the difference between the bowsprit and the cockpit; besides—"

Just then the wind blew Mr. Curtis overboard, and as they fished him out he said:

"And I don't want to."

Of the New Knowledge.

Sage John Burroughs, looking backward with the wisdom given by almost seventy-seven years and forward with the calmness that comes from a life given to reflection, has this to say in his latest book, "The Summit of the Years" of the changing world:

"We must face and accept the new conditions. They will seem less hard to our children's children than to us. If the old awe and reverence must go, the old fear and superstition must go with them. The religious ages begat a whole brood of imps and furies—superstition, persecution, witchcraft, war—and they must go, have gone, or are going. The new wonder, the new admiration, the new humanism with the new scientific view of the universe, chilling though it be, must come in. We shall write less poetry, but we ought to live saner lives; we shall tremble and worship less, but we shall be more at home in the universe. War must go, the zymotic diseases must go, hide-bound creeds must go, and a wider charity and sympathy come in."

No Cheeseparer.

The late George A. Hearn, the New York millionaire art collector, was noted for his generosity to his employees.

To a reporter who once congratulated Mr. Hearn on the high wages and unusual comforts that his employees received, Mr. Hearn said:

"I don't believe in cheeseparing economy in the treatment of those whose hard work makes a man's success. Cheeseparing economy, applied in that way, seems to me as mean and paltry as the Yonkers man. A Yonkers man was summoned from his evening paper by his wife's frightened cry:

"George, come quick! The cook has tried to kill herself by inhaling gas!"

"Good gracious!" growled George, as he rushed to the kitchen, leaped over the cook's prostrate form and turned off the cock—"good gracious, think what the gas bill will be this month!"

Unwatched Men Are Honest.

There are restaurants downtown where thousands of men are put on their honor every week. They go into these luncheon rooms, select the food they wish, eat it and when they pass out, pay the cashier whatever they want to.

"Do these men cheat?" I asked the proprietors of two such places.

"Not more than once in 200 times does anybody pay us too little," said one of them. "The loss is so trifling it is not worth while bothering about, let alone watching."

"The money we lose," said the other manager, "doesn't amount to a dollar a week."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Need a little cash to finance that proposition?

A want ad may find the fellow who has idle cash which he would be glad to invest.

It's worth trying.

Promotion Health

The knowing how to keep strong and healthy is not so much of a secret. You must first see that the digestion is kept normal, the liver active and the bowels regular. To bring about this healthy condition you should try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It is for Indigestion, Poor Appetite, Nausea, Costiveness, Bilemness and Malaria. Start today.

If we can let out a hearty laugh once an hour we'll never be troubled with chronic indigestion.

RUB RHEUMATIC, ACHING JOINTS

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

Rheumatism is "pain only." Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" directly upon the "tender spot" and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and can not burn the skin.

Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" at the store and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness and stiffness. Don't suffer! "St. Jacobs Oil" is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, back ache, sprains. Adv.

Familiarity.
"Does he know her very well?"
"He must. I overheard him telling her that she is getting fat."

Tight Wad.
"Brown's a lucky dog."
"What's he been doing now?"
"You know that \$1,000 he inherited a year ago?"
"Yes."
"Well, he still has it."

Setting Siberia.
Omsk, Siberia, has become the outfitting point for an extraordinary migration, estimated at 2,000,000 people annually, which pours into the country bordering on Mongolia. Nothing in Europe or Asia has ever been quite so like the springing up of the great cities of the American middle west as is the growth today of new towns in Siberia. Except that the tide is moving east instead of west the movement has many parallels to the wonderful migration which won the west for America. There are, however, two striking differences. The first is that the pioneering is comparatively luxurious compared to the American movement, while the natives, instead of being swept aside, are being absorbed by intermarriage with the settlers. The ten-day journey up the Irtysh river from Omsk into the promised land is made by steamboats which are the last word in the luxury and convenience of river traffic.

NO GUSHER But Tells Facts About Postum.

A Wis. lady found an easy and safe way out of the ills caused by coffee. She says:
"We quit coffee and have used Postum for the past eight years, and drink it nearly every meal. We never tire of it."
"For several years previous to quitting coffee I could scarcely eat anything on account of dyspepsia, bloating after meals, palpitation, sick headache—if fact was in such misery and distress I tried living on hot water and toast."
"Hearing of Postum I began drinking it and found it delicious. My ailments disappeared, and now I can eat anything I want without trouble."
"My parents and husband had about the same experience. Mother would often suffer after eating, while yet drinking coffee. My husband was a great coffee drinker and suffered from indigestion and headache."
"After he stopped coffee and began Postum both ailments left him. He will not drink anything else now and we have it three times a day. I could write more but am no gusher—only state plain facts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."
Postum now comes in two forms:
Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 50c packages.
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. 30c and 50c tins.
The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.
"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

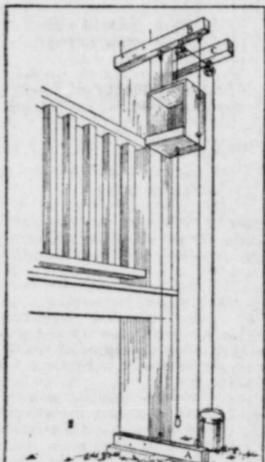
For Handy Boys and Girls to Make and Do

By A. NEELY HALL.

A TOY ELEVATOR.

If there is a kitchen porch to your house, it will be easiest to build the toy elevator to run from the ground up to that porch, as illustrated in Fig. 1; and if you live in an upper story of an apartment building, your elevator can be made to run to a much greater height, which, of course, will be a great deal more fun.

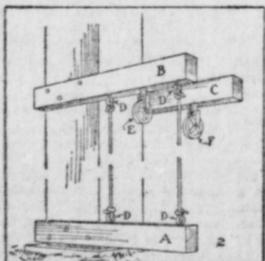
Figure 2 shows a large detail of the supports for the elevator cables and guides. Cross strips A, B and C should be 18 or 20 inches long, about 2 inches wide, and 1 inch thick. At a distance of about 1 inch from one end of strips A and B, screw a screw-eye into one edge, and 8 inches from these eyes screw a second screw-eye (D, Fig. 2). Screw-eyes with 1/2-inch eyes are large enough. A dozen of these can be bought at the hardware store for 5 cents. The elevator guides are fastened to them. Besides the screw-eyes you must have two clothes-



line pulleys. These will cost 5 cents each. Screw one pulley into the edge of strip B, half-way between the two screw-eyes D (E, Fig. 2), the other into an edge of strip C at the same distance from the end that you have placed the pulley in strip B (F, Fig. 2).

Nail strip A to the porch post as close to the ground as you can get it, strip B to the same face of the same post, about 10 inches above the porch railing, and strip C to the opposite face of the post at the same height as strip B. Nail these strips securely so they will be firm.

If you cannot find a small box in the house out of which to make the elevator car, go to the grocery store and



you will be able to find just what you want among the grocer's empty boxes.

Figure 3 shows how the box is made into a car. Screw two screw-eyes into each side of the box, one over the other, as shown at G, for the elevator guides to run through, screw another into the exact center of the top of the box (H), to tie the hoisting cable to, and screw another into the exact center of the bottom of the box to tie the lowering cable to. Nail a narrow strip across the open front of the car, at the bottom, to keep things from falling out.

Get a heavy wrapping twine or some stovepipe wire, for the elevator guides. Attach them to screw-eyes D in strip B, first, drop them to the ground, slip them through screw-eyes G in the sides of the car, and then fasten to screw-eyes D in strip A.

The counterbalance is a one-pound size baking-powder can filled with earth, sand or small stones. Fasten the lifting cable through holes punched in opposite sides of the can, just



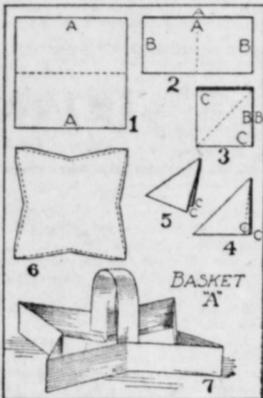
below where the edge of the can cover comes (Fig. 4). Use a strong wrapping twine for the lifting cable. After tying it to the counterbalance, run it over pulley guide F and tie to screw-eye H in the top of the car.

By DOROTHY PERKINS.

CANDY BASKETS.

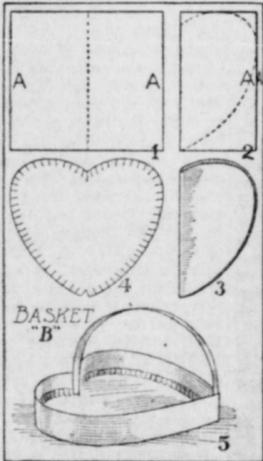
The three pretty little baskets shown in the illustrations are splendid receptacles for candy dainties for the dinner table.

For Basket "A" cut a piece of paper 5 inches square (Fig. 1). Fold the

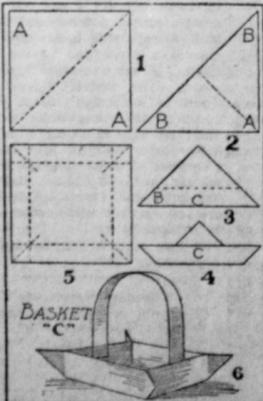


piece in half, with edges A together (Fig. 2), fold it in half again with edges B together (Fig. 3), and fold corner C over to corner C (Fig. 4). Then with a pair of scissors cut off corners C as shown in Fig. 5. Unfold the paper and it will have the form shown in Fig. 6. This is the basket bottom. Turn up the edges all around, folding along the dotted line shown in Fig. 6, and to these upturned edges paste a strip of paper 1 1/2 inches wide and 23 inches long for the sides of the basket.

Basket "B" has a heart-shaped bottom cut out of a piece of paper 5 inches by 5 1/2 inches in size (Fig. 1). Fold the paper in half with edges A



together (Fig. 2), then mark out one-half of a heart on one side of the folded piece, as indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 2, and cut out along the line (Fig. 3). Unfold the piece (Fig. 4), and slash the edge all around with a pair of scissors, making the slashes 1/4 inch long. Turn up the little pieces between the slashes, and paste them to a strip of paper 1 1/2 inches wide and 17 1/2 inches long, bent around the heart-shaped piece to form the basket



sides. (Fig. 5). The handle is of the same size as that on basket "A."

Basket "C" is made from a square of paper measuring 5 1/2 inches. Fold this square in half diagonally, with corners A together (Figs. 1 and 2), then into quarters by bringing corners B together (Figs. 2 and 3), and then fold over 1 inch of edge C as shown in Fig. 4. Open the piece of paper, and you will find a great many creases in it. The dotted lines in Fig. 5 show only the creases that are needed. Turn up the edges along the creases that run parallel to the edges. Then put some paste upon the inside faces of the corners, and pinch together.

Man's Character Told by Thumbs

By C. P. STEWART, London, Eng.

The man with a long, straight thumb, square at the tip, possesses good mental capacity, and can always be relied upon to carry out successfully any work with which he may be intrusted. His temperament is even and judicial; he is a born governor of men, overcomes difficulties, carries himself with dignity, and by his ability to concentrate all his faculties upon the matter in hand, combined with his tenacity of purpose, rapidly becomes a power among his fellows.

If the thumb be long, thick and heavy at the tip, with the joints prominent, a tyrannical and cruel nature is indicated, everything being viewed from an intensely selfish standpoint.

A short, straight thumb shows obstinacy and driving power. If very thick and heavy at the tip, a brutish, unreasoning disposition will be noticed.

A short thumb, tapering at the tip, denotes an inconstant, changeable nature, particularly in matters of the affections. A man with a tapering thumb cannot concentrate, and has consequently little continuity, in addition to being unpunctual and unable to work except in spurts. Such a man takes up many things, but finishes nothing properly, and often makes others suffer from his indecision.

If the thumb lie close to the hand, a cautious, timid, mean nature is indicated.

If the thumb curve outward at the tip, adaptability to people and circumstances is shown, accompanied by natural politeness and a tendency to make compliments. The owner is broad-minded, a good conversationalist, impulsive, generous and easy-going.

If the curve be very marked and the whole thumb stands away from the hand, extravagance and want of principle in money matters will be found, accompanied by boasting, a desire to "show off" and vain pride in any abilities or accomplishments which may be possessed. The nature is also highly impulsive, erratic and careless.

If the first joint—that which forms part of the hand—be full and fleshy, a warm and affectionate nature is denoted; but if very full, sensuality lowers the character.

Just as the chin gives qualities to the face, so the thumb marks the personality of the hand, and is an unerring index to a man's natural strength or weakness of character.

Needed Every Day.
Asker—Could you lend me a 77?
Tellit—No, I couldn't.
Asker—Have you a friend that would lend me a 77?
Tellit—No. I have not a frie spare.—Kansas City Star.

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 *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Next Move.
He—Since you lost that bet, I think I can claim the forfeit.
She—I really don't know what you mean; and, besides, some one might see us.—Yale Record

Flooding and Cramping!

STELLA VITAE STOPPED IT!

This has a world of meaning to every woman who suffers as Mrs. J. S. Blair, of Enterprise, Okla., suffered and there are many thousands such.

Mrs. Blair tells the story of her suffering and cure much better than we can tell it. We quote her own words:

"I had been flooding, cramping and vomiting for five months and taking medicine from as good a doctor as the country affords, but he did me no good. I got tired of doctor's medicine and sent to the drug store for a woman's medicine and the druggist sent me STELLA VITAE.

"One bottle stopped everything and I felt like a different woman. I have used six bottles already and will continue to use and praise STELLA VITAE whenever I need a woman's medicine."

What STELLA VITAE did for Mrs. Blair it will do for you. We guarantee the first bottle to benefit you. Your money back if it don't. You cannot afford to not try it—when you have all to gain and not a penny to lose.

Go to your dealer today and begin trying STELLA VITAE, trying to become well. We lose the price if you are not benefited. In many years of guaranteeing STELLA VITAE less than one bottle out of every thousand has failed to benefit.

Your chances of being benefited are a thousand to one!

Thacher Medicine Co. CHATTANOOGA, TENN.



Rheumatic Twinges

yield immediately to Sloan's Liniment. It relieves aching and swollen parts instantly. Reduces inflammation and quieteth agonizing pain. Don't rub—it penetrates.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT Kills Pain

gives quick relief from chest and throat affections. Have you tried Sloan's? Here's what others say:

Relief from Rheumatism
"My mother has used one 60c. bottle of Sloan's Liniment, and although she is over 88 years of age, she has obtained great relief from her rheumatism."—Mrs. H. E. Lindholm, Gilroy, Cal.

Good for Cold and Croup
"A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."—Mr. W. H. Strang, 1121 Elmwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Neuralgia Gone
"Sloan's Liniment is the best medicine in the world. It has relieved me of neuralgia. Those pains have all gone and I can truly say your Liniment did stop them."—Mrs. C. H. Decker of Johnsbury, Vt.

At All Dealers. Price 25c., 50c. & \$1.00
Sloan's Instructive Booklet on Rheumatism sent free.
DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

Proper Physical Standard of Modern Youth

By N. M. HELM, Philadelphia, Pa.

How to judge whether boys are up to the proper physical standard is the task set for himself by Charles K. Taylor, who has already put his system to the test in Philadelphia. Writing in the American Magazine, he says: "Parents are beginning to 'want to know.' They are often asking: 'How can I standardize my boy so as to tell whether he is properly developed for his years?' Well, a boy can be standardized, after a fashion, but it is no simple matter."

To this end Mr. Taylor has divided boys into three types—slender, medium and heavy—and has prepared tables showing what should be the measurements of each at nine to fifteen, inclusive.

Applying these tests it becomes possible to judge what form of exercise is best adapted to fit any particular case.

Since with the tables there goes a system of markings which reveal the physical ratings of boys, it is not hard to interest them in improving themselves.

Thus Mr. Taylor writes: "The best of a score like the above is that it can be comprehended easily by the boy himself. If a poorly developed boy is shown his chart in comparison with that of a boy friend or classmate who has a perfect score, and if at the same time he can be shown an example or two of a perfect physique, his interest is likely to be stimulated to such an extent that he is quite willing to work for self-improvement. In the Philadelphia schools in which this work has been tried out awards are given for improvement as well as for perfection of physique, and the results have been successful beyond expectation."

College Education to Assist in Success

By M. A. SIMON, St. Louis, Mo.

Whether a college education is to assist in attaining success depends upon the man who acquires it. The thing it will do for any man is to develop his analytical power. He will grasp an idea quicker and occasionally make more out of it than a man who has not gone through the process of education. These are the advantages.

To be a success in the business world a man must have, first of all, hope, as hope is the spark of life's enterprises. He must be able to concentrate his mind and work on one thing, and, last of all, must possess sound common sense. Any of these qualities cannot be got in school.

If a man takes up correspondence, the school will teach him the form and general rules of a letter, but the tact and common sense which form the most important part must come out of his thinking cell and not his memory.

In learning any line of business the college man will learn it faster, but the alertness of mind to grasp the hard problems, which you must have in order to make a success of any business undertaking, depends upon yourself.

College will teach a man etiquette and polish him on the outside, but success in social life depends upon his character.

Education makes only one-fourth of the man.

American Ideas in South America

By H. M. BENSON, Argentine, S. America

There are many opportunities to make money in different parts of the world upon American ideas. Just at present there is good opportunity in Buenos Aires, Argentina, for the establishment of a store or stores similar to American five and ten cent stores. The basis there would probably have to be 20 and 30 cents Argentine currency, which would be in American currency 8 1/2 and 12 1/2 cents.

Practically the same lines could be carried as in the United States, except articles for use with stoves for heating and ranges. The use for these would be very limited. The manager of such a concern would need not only experience in the business, but also a knowledge of Spanish, unless he could procure an able assistant.

Buenos Aires has a population of 1,400,000, made up largely of Spaniards and Italians, but including also Germans, British and Americans. Rosario with 300,000 inhabitants, Bahia Blanca with 75,000 inhabitants, and Mendoza with 75,000 inhabitants might also present opportunities for the establishment of stores of this character.

I have recently talked with one of the American consuls in Argentina and he was of the same opinion.

BEGIN NOW

If you have not decided upon what Spring Medicine to take, try



By arousing the liver They cleanse the system of accumulated impurities and

PURIFY THE BLOOD

GALVANIC VICTIMS TO BEACH

CLEAN UP

Locals

Subscribe for the Informer.

LOST—A brown mare mule. Finder notify C. A. Hicks.

See our line of oil. Moreman & Battle.

John Waldron was home from Atlanta first of the week.

Go to L. A. Dunn's for seed popovers and popcorn. advt

Born to A. J. Sibley and wife, girl, Tuesday, April 7.

Miss Flora West visited in Memphis one day this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Moore a boy, Saturday April 6.

Born Saturday April 4th, a fine girl to Mr. and Mrs. Bunt Owens.

Mrs. Munn of Memphis visited her sister, Mrs. J. B. King, a few days this week.

Cleo Moreman has been quite sick this week but is now improving.

The High School play that was taken to Lelia Lake last Saturday night netted them a nice sum.

Bob Adamson came in Tuesday night from New Mexico. He is suffering from an abscess on his tonsil.

R. W. Scales moved to his farm first of the week and J. L. Tims has moved into his residence in west Hedley.

A Gold Medal is to be given to the pupil averaging the highest daily grade, by their teacher, Miss Callaway.

SPECIAL DINNER

Special Easter Dinner Saturday April 11, at Hedley Hotel. Men's 35c. Mrs. W. M. Dyer.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. 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. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. Sold by Grocers.

All who haul sand from the E. R. Clark sand pit will please call and settle for same.

W. T. Walker.

Ed Yelton moved his barber shop last week to the Hornsby building which he is fitting up nicely and comfortably.

The Debate between Rev. Bogard, B. M. A. Baptist, and Rev. Weaver, Methodist, has been set to begin August 25.

Bring in your Pictures and let us frame them for you.

Moreman & Battle.

Mrs. Lovell and son came down from Clarendon Thursday to visit her brother, L. L. Cornelius, and family.

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

J. C. Wooldridge.

Mrs. L. A. Stroud left Saturday for Eort Worth to be with her daughter who was to undergo an operation.

Buggies, Surreys, Hacks, we have a full line, can supply your needs.

Moreman & Battle.

Earl Reeves returned home Sunday. He drove overland while his father came home several days before by rail.

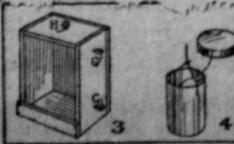
Buy your Groceries from J. L. TIMS; the freshest stock in town. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try me and be convinced. advt

Among the visiting candidates here Saturday were Attorneys Rollins and Umphers of Amarillo, R. W. Talley, J. T. Patman and Roy Kendall of Clarendon.

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.

Mr. Stone, the blacksmith, returned Sunday from the bedside of his aged father. His brother from Oklahoma came home with



below where the edge of the can cover comes (Fig. 4). Use a strong wrapping twice for the lifting cable. After tying it to the counterbalance, run it over pulley guide F and tie to screw eye H in the top of the car.

COTTON SEED

To the Farmers of Hedley territory: Realizing how scarce cotton planting seed is and the inferior quality of the seed raised in this country last year I have contracted for about 400 bushels of the pure Melburne cotton seed, which I will have on hand in about 6 or 8 days, which I will be glad to supply anyone with at \$1.50 per bushel. All those that need any I will be pleased to book your order for them at once.

J. P. Pool.

We are prepared to do all kinds of tin work.

Moreman & Battle.

Mr. Marsalis and family have moved to Hedley from Lelia Lake. They are living in the F. A. Killian residence in northeast part of town.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor.

Two spans 3 year old mules—good stuff, and several head of pony mares, for sale or trade. See Henry Henry Wileman on my place north of town.

Roy Kendall.

Hubert Tyson returned to his home at Decatur Monday after attending school here all winter. Hubert is a splendid good boy and made many friends while here who regret his leaving.



Boy Scouts of America

HEDLEY TROOP NO. 1

Meets Every Friday Night. Payable measuring square every square in half diagonal. A together (Figs. 2 and 3). Open the piece of material, and find a great many of dotted lines in Fig. creases that are needed along the creases, let to the edges. Then upon the inside faces of and pinch together.

To The Public

We the Church of Christ now have changed the time. We meet in the morning at 10:30 o'clock and also preaching every first Lord's day at 11 o'clock and at 8 o'clock that night. We still meet at the Presbyterian church. We invite every one who will to attend all these meetings.

J. L. Bain was elected trustee last Saturday in the school trustee election. He will make a good one. Only forty some odd votes were cast, and the town was full of voters too. It seems the election was not advertised or there would have been more votes cast. We admit that we didn't know about it until it was over, and we find others in the same fix.

I am now located in more comfortable quarters and will be pleased to have my friends and customers call on me at the new location.

E. L. Yelton.

CLEAN UP.

You have no excuse to suffer from Kidney trouble as long as you have an opportunity to use Rexall Kidney treatment at our risk.

Rexall Kidney treatment has afforded permanent relief to many others to whom we have sold it.

If it does not relieve you we don't want your money.

In liquid form 50c & \$1.00, in pill form 50c

Sold in this community only at our store. The Rexall Store, Hedley Drug Co.

A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

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

Hedley, Texas

J. B. Ozier, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office North of Lively & Co. Office Phone No. 45-3r. Residence Phone No. 45-2r

DR. B. YOUR

for use with... very limited... in the bu... an able assistan... has a population of... up largely of Span... 300,000 inhabitants, Bahia Blanca with 75,000 inhabitants, with 75,000 inhabitants might also present opportuni... of stored of this character. recently talked with one of the American cons... the same opinion

Miss Mary Wilson and brother, Gordon, came up from Memphis Thursday evening to visit their sister, Mrs. G. A. Wimberly.

Miss Ottie Watkins has so far recovered from her recent operation for appendicitis that she will be brought home tonight.

The children of the Baptist Sunday School are enjoying an Easter Egg hunt in J. G. McDougals pasture this afternoon.

Watch Hedley grow.

City Directory

Every 2nd and 4th Monday nights U. J. Boston, C. C. L. A. Stroud, Clerk

I. O. O. F. Lodge meets on every Tuesday night. J. M. Killian, N. G. H. A. Bridges, Secretary

A. F. & A. M. Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon. G. A. Wimberly, W. M. J. W. Bond, Secretary

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

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

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

Justice of the Peace Precinct 3. J. A. Morrow

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

CHURCHES BAPTIST, Jas. A. Long, pastor

First Sunday in each month. Methodist, G. H. Bryant pastor. Every Second and Fourth Sunday SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday morning. T. R. Moreman, Superintendent. PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST

C. W. Horschler, Pastor Telephone No. 77 Services 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 o'clock. Also services at 7:30 p. m same night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. W. E. Brooks, Supt. Regular weekly prayermeeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Convention Normal Training Class meets immediately after prayer services. Everybody welcome to all services.

TRADE AT HOME



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...

GALV. 1.75