

# The Hedley News

VOL. IV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JUNE 24, 1911

## FATAL SHOOTING OVER AT QUAIL

The peaceful community of Quail was shocked early Monday morning by the report of a horrible tragedy as the result of which the body of Homer Baker lies in a new made grave in the cemetery and Bob Shields is held on a charge of murder.

The cause leading up to the shooting is hard to ascertain, but it is alleged that the affair is the culmination of a little unpleasantness coming up between the two men several months ago in a dispute over a backband to some harness, but the trouble this time, it is alleged, was caused by Baker letting down a wire fence to cross over and was ordered by Shield to put the fence. The tragedy took place at the stable lot at John Shield's place, the latter being the father of the man doing the shooting and for whom Baker was working. Baker was a single man, and cousin of the wife of Bob Shields. Shields, it is alleged, fired two shots from a 38 six shooter, one striking Baker in the abdomen and passing clear through and out at the back while another struck him in the hip or thigh. The wounded man lived about 12 hours and we are informed made a statement to the effect that the shooting was not justified and that he was unarmed, not even having a pocket knife. Aside from those participating in the unpleasant affair the only witnesses were the father, mother and sister of Bob Shields, and we understand it is alleged that Baker had a knife, so doubtless the plea will be one of self defense. The shooting took place about eight o'clock Monday morning. Dr. Cross and Dr. Hudson went out to attend the wounded man and sewed up nine punctures of the intestines. County Attorney Roundtree and Sheriff Sullivan went out to the scene of killing as soon as hearing of the affair, whereupon Bob Shields surrendered to the authorities. He employed Hon. C. C. Small and Hon. R. H. Templeton as counsel. The defendant waived preliminary hearing and his bond fixed at \$7,500, which he readily made and was released—Wellington Leader.

## Our Individual Method Qualifies

If conditions were so that you could enter a large office and each one in the office could give you special instructions and attention while you were learning, you would have ideal conditions for developing into an efficient worker—in fact the conditions would be an exact duplicate of those in this school. We have modeled our course that you would receive the same practical training along these lines.

It is the same training that you would receive in an office, and the same practical training system, which adds a little to your efficiency each day, until you are able to turn off a large amount of excellent work in a short time, and with perfect ease. You are not asked to memorize long statements telling "how to do the work" but you are instructed while doing the work so efficiently and the right way to do things become a fixed habit.

If you would like to know just what our business training has

done for hundreds of others; what it consists of, the possibilities that it holds out for you; in fact, full information is regard to the advantages of a business training over that of any other technical training, write us, and without any responsibility on your part whatever, we will lay the facts before you.

NOW is the time to enter. We have electric fans in each department of the college for the comfort of our students—in fact, nothing is left off that would tend to make our college an ideal school. Best of private board at \$2.50 to \$3.00 per week—a very little more than one-half what it would cost you elsewhere. Address BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Bowie, Texas

## REVIVAL MEETING.

The date of our Revival meeting has been changed to begin a week earlier than the previous announcement and will begin Sunday July 12th.

Rev. J. W. Story, presiding Elder of Clarendon District will do the preaching.

Everybody is invited to attend and take part in these services. Let us pray for a great meeting.

G. H. Bryant, Pastor, M. E. Church South.

## JUDGE COCKE MAKES CORRECTION

Wellington, Tex., June 16, '14. To the Press of the 29th Senatorial District:

Gentlemen:—I have just noticed in the daily papers that W. D. Lewis and Peter Radford have given my name as one of those candidates who is a friend to the farmer and who favors the Farmer's Union Platform, and while it is a fact that I am now as I have always been a friend to the farmer, having been one until grown, yet I have not only not authorized these gentleman to use my name as favoring their platform in full, but have explicitly informed them by letter and by wire that they did not have authority to so use my name, in as much as I am now as I have been heretofore in favor of Constitutional Statewide Prohibition and of submission, thereby holding directly contrary views to theirs on this question. I have now written the daily papers and also the above gentleman asking that this be corrected, and I beg and trust that the press of this District will give this matter such mention as that the wrong impression will not go before the people as to my position on this matter.

The agricultural questions mentioned by the Union platform are in accord with my views but it is unfair to both myself and the people for this matter to go before the people in the manner it has gone, showing myself in favor of the plank in their platform on prohibition.

The time is now so late that it will be impossible for this matter to be placed straight before the people without the assistance of the papers of the District. And in as much as it now appears certain that I will be elected the people should not be allowed to be uninformed in this matter.

Trusting for your kindly consideration of this matter, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,  
R. H. Cocke, Jr.

## JUDGE BROOKS TO SPEAK HERE

Judge M. M. Brooks of Dallas will speak at the Opera House Thursday night in interest of Prohibition and Tom Ball's candidacy for Governor.

The Informer comes out late and smaller edition than usual for some two or three reasons. On Saturday of last week the Informer folks and A. L. Miller's folks loaded into an auto and went to the plains of Texas and New Mexico, returning Friday and the editor has been laid up ever since with boils and fever. Hence the paper we issue is cut short. Next issue we want to tell about the trip.

## Naylor Springs

Mr. Lyell had a good horse killed by lightning Sunday.

Miss Grace Tyree has been employed to teach the next term of school at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Jones are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kempson this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hefner made a business trip to Memphis Tuesday.

We are glad to note that Mrs. Dan Latimer's hand is much improved.

Mrs. Hester of Tolbart came up Monday in response to a message from her daughter Mrs. I. Kempson that the latter's infant daughter was ill.

Miss Ruth Fields was the Misses Naylor Tuesday.

Mrs. J. S. Hall and Mrs. W. R. Scales attended Home Mission Society in Hedley Monday.

NELDA.

## WILL LECTURE ON WHITE SLAVERY

Rev. Hickey of Hillsboro will lecture at the M. E. church Wednesday night July 1st on White Slavery.

## CLARENDON MAKING SOME BIG PLANS

Let us remind you again that you do not wish to miss the big race meet in Clarendon on July 1, 2, 3, 4, and the big celebration on the Fourth. Much printed matter, containing details of the event, is going out of the News office this week, and will be distributed over the Panhandle in the next few days. And the News wishes to vouch for the fact that everything will be strictly as advertised in this printed matter. The biggest dinner ever served in this part of the world will be served on July 4th. Arrangements are not going to be made—they are already made. And all the amusements, comforts and conveniences have been provided just as stated in the circulars and other printed matter. As to the race meet, nothing has ever yet been seen in Northwest Texas that will approach the one to be held here the first four days of July. One hundred harness horses and fifty running horses will participate in these races—some of them among the best horses in the nation. Come and spend four days with us. But, if it is absolutely impossible to be here all four days, don't fail to come the 4th. Plans have been made to care for you, and if you fail to come, we and you will just be "out" that much—Clarendon News.

## Your Dollars Aid City Sins

YOU,

Mr. Citizen of this town!

Do you want your dollars to add to the brightness of the lights of the city that the evils they represent may make a stronger appeal to your boy?

That is just what you are doing when you send your dollars to the mail-order man of the city instead of spending them at home.

Every dollar you send away from home means an added reason for the boy to follow the dollar. And there is much less opportunity for him to succeed in life in the city to which your dollars go than there is right here in this town where the people know and appreciate him.

There is not a hundred-to-one chance for him in the city, and yet you are inviting him to leave you that he may follow your dollars!

Why not keep the dollars at home here your boy, and not the son of the mail-order man, will have a chance at them?

Why not spend them with the local merchants?

Think it over.

We, the under houses of Hedley agree to our stores Saturday July from ten o'clock for the day:

- L. A. Dunn.
- J. L. Tims.
- C. H. Ston
- Cleero Sm
- J. M. Boze
- C. W. Kendall.
- J. C. Wooldridge
- Hicks & Wood
- Harris B
- Moreman
- M. & M. C.
- Cloning &
- J. B. King
- O. N. Stall
- Storm Hdw.
- Bain & McCar

## GOOD ROADS AID

If All Highways Were Improved Would Be Appreciable Benefit of Public Health

Friends of good roads show their usual arguments and we are not so frequently used, but is very important—namely, that good roads direct aids to sanitation.

Weeds and other rank vegetations are prolific breeders of mosquitoes and other disease-carrying insects. Sound road building causes the removal of weeds and similar trash. Weed and brush undergrowths by the roadside invite deposit of garbage and offal. Good roads do away with these disease-breeding agencies.

Good roads also prevent disease by providing good drainage. Many farms have no drainage except by ditches along the side of the road. Open ditches, clear of brush and debris, of hard surface and proper fall afford farms an opportunity to rid themselves of stagnant pools.

Oiling of roads destroys insect larvae. Dry, hard roads also enable pedestrians, especially the thousands of school children who, in country localities, walk quite a distance to and from school, to keep their shoes and stockings dry, thus preventing colds, and their frequent consequences, pneumonia and tuberculosis.

Logical tracing of effects to causes leaves no ground for doubt that if all the roads in the United States were good roads there would be appreciable betterment of the public health.

## THE CALL OF THE PEOPLE

If ever a candidate for governor was called by the people, Tom Ball is that candidate. Spontaneous and unsolicited, the voice of Texas rose in an almost unbroken chorus asking the Houston man to leave his personal interests and make the race for governor.

When it was known that Tom Ball would receive the endorsement of the Fort Worth mass-meeting without opposition, the democrats of Texas poured into that city to hail him as their chosen chief. Like any other unopposed candidate in the history of the State the enthusiasm was unprecedented, and Tom Ball's integrity of character received a tribute the like of which history seldom records.

Frank Putnam, a "writer of fortune," has been brought to Texas to stir prejudice and hatred into action in behalf of the whiskey interests, and he now essays to create the belief that sinister interests have taken control of the Ball campaign.

This effort must fail. The people know Ball and demanded his leadership. That some men antagonistic to popular rule are supporting Ball is not a matter of interest, for they had no voice in selecting his leadership, and

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## THE

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49.....	8,810
50.....	229,900
51.....	11,440
52.....	10,960
53.....	4,295
54.....	6,365
55.....	2,000
56.....	9,870
57.....	3,830
58.....	2,900







# The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

## By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAUREN STOUT

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### SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant Corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an Auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Vallant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Vallant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and the buildings in a very much neglected condition. Vallant explores his ancestral home. He is surprised by a fox hunting party which invades his estate. He recognizes Shirley at the head of the party. He gives sanctuary to the cornered fox. Gossip disseminates the advent of the new owner and recalls the tragedy in which the elder Vallant took part.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Till the sun was high John Vallant lay on his back in the fragrant grass, meditatively watching a buceering chicken-hawk draw widening circles against the blue and listening to the vibrant tattoo of a "pecker-wood" on a far-away tree, and the timorous wet whistle of a bob-white. The whole place was very quiet now. For just one thrilling moment it had burgeoned into sound and movement: when the sweaty horses had stood snorting and stamping in the yard with the hounds scampering between their legs and the riding-coats wrinking like rubies in the early sunshine!

Had she recognized him as the smudged tinkerer of the stalled car? "She saw me drop that wretched brute through the window," he chuckled. "I could take oath to that. But she didn't give me away, true little sport that she was. And she won't. I can't think of any reason, but I know. Was she angry? I wonder!"

At length he rose and went back to the house. With a bunch of keys he had found he went to the stables, after some difficulty gained access, and propped the crazy doors and windows open to the sun. The building was airy and well-lighted and contained a dozen rooomy box-stalls, a spacious loft and a carriage-house. The straw bedding had been unre-moved, miced-gnawed sacking and rotted hay lay in the mangers, and the warped harness, hanging on its pegs, was a smelly mass of mildew and decay. He found a stick, mowed away the festooning cobwebs, and moved the debris piece-meal.

"There!" he said with satisfaction. "There's a place for the motor—if Uncle Jefferson ever gets it here."

It was noon when he returned, after a wash-up in the lake, to the meal with which Aunt Daphne, in a costume dimly suggestive of a brain-meat poultice with a gingham apron on, regaled him. Fried chicken, corn-bread so soft and fluffy that it had to be lifted from the pan with a spoon, browned potatoes, and to his surprise, fresh milk. "Ah done druv ouah ol' cow ovah, suh," explained Aunt Daphne. "Case she gatter be milked, er she run dry ez de Red Sea fo' de chillon ob Irlin'."

"Aunt Daphne," inquired Vallant with his mouth full, "what do you call this green thing?"

"Dat? Dat's jes' turnip-tops, suh, w'd er hunk er bacon in de pot, Lawd ob Irlin'!"

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"Dat? Dat's jes' turnip-tops, suh, w'd er hunk er bacon in de pot, Lawd ob Irlin'!"



She Bit Her Lips as He Snapped the Offending Boie Short Off.

er-me, er cert'n'y do me good ter see yo' git arter it dat way, suh. Reck'n yo' got er appetite! Huh, Huh!"

"I have. I never guessed it before, and it's a magnificent discovery. However, it suggests unwelcome reflections. Aunt Daphne, how long do you estimate a man can dine like this on—well, say on a hundred dollars?"

"Er hun'ed dollahs, suh? Dat's er right smart heap o' money, deed et! Well suh, pen's on what yo' raises. Ef yo' raises yo' own gyarden-sass on chick'n's an aigs, Ah reck'n yo' kin live longah dan dat er Methoosalum, an still haf mos' of it in de ol' stock-in'."

"Ah! I can grow all those things myself, yo' think?"

"Yo' cert'n'y kin," said Aunt Daphne. "Ev'ybody do. De chick'n's done peck fo' deyselfes an de yuddah things—yo' on'y gatter 'courage 'em en dey jes' grow."

Vallant ate his dessert with a thoughtful smile wrinking his brow

As he pushed back his chair he smote his hands together and laughed aloud. "Back to the soil!" he said. "John Vallant, farmer! The miracle of it is that it sounds good to me. I want to raise my own grub and till my own soil. I want to be my own man! And I'm beginning to see my way. Crops will have to wait for another season, but there's water and pasture for cattle now. There's timber—lots of it—on that hillside, too. I must look into that."

He filled his pipe and climbed the staircase to the upper floor. There were many bedrooms with great four-posted, canopied beds and old-fashioned carved furniture of mahogany and curly-maple, and in one he found a great cedar-lined chest filled with bed-linen and napery. In these rooms were more evidences of decay. The bedroom he mentally chose for his own was the largest of all, and was above the library, fronting the vagon-bond garden. It had a great black desk with many glass-knobbed drawers and a book-rack.

He lingered longest in a room whose door was painted The Hilarium. It had evidently been a nursery and schoolroom. Here on the walls were many shelves wound over with networks of cobwebs, and piled with the oddest assemblage of toys. There were school-books, too, thumbing and dog-eared, from First Reader to Caesar's Gallic Wars, with names of smu' Vallants scrawled on their fly-leaves. He carefully relocked the door of this room; he wanted to dust those toys and books with his own hands.

In the upper hall again he leaned from the window, sniffing the far-flung scent of orchards and peach-blown fence-rows. The soft whirring sound of a bird's wing went past, almost brushing his startled face, and the old oaks seemed to stretch their bent limbs with a faithful brute-like yawn of pleasure. In the room below he could hear the vigorous sound of Aunt Daphne's hard-driven broom and the sound flooded the echoing space with a comfortable commotion.

He went to his trunk and fished out a soft shirt on which he knotted a loose tie, exchanged his Panama for a slouch hat, and whistling the barcarole from Tales of Hoffmann, went gaily out. "I feel tremendously alive today," he confided to the dog, as he tramped through the lush grass. "If you see me ladle the muck out of that fountain with my own fair hands, don't have a fit. I'm liable to do anything."

His eye swept up and down the slope. "There probably isn't a finer site for a house in the whole South," he told himself. "The living-rooms front south and west. We'll get scrumptious sunsets from that back porch. And on the other side there's the view clear to the Blue Ridge." He skirted the lake. "Only to grub out some of the lilies—there's too many of them—and straighten the rim—and weed the pebble margin to give those green 'rocks a show. I'll build a little wharf below them to dive from—and yes, I'll stock it with spotted trout."

He was but a few hundred yards from the house, yet the silence was so deep that there might have been no habitation within fifty miles. All at once he stopped short; there was a sudden movement in the thicket beyond—the sound of light fast footsteps, as of some one running away.

He made a lunge for the dog, but with a growl Chum tore himself from the restraining grasp and dashed into the bushes. "A child, no doubt," he thought as he plunged in pursuit, "and that lubberly brute will scare it half to death!" He pulled up with an exclamation. In a narrow wood-path a little way from him, partly hidden by a windfall, stood a girl, her skirt transfixed with a wickedly jagged sapling. He saw instantly how it had happened; the windfall had blocked the way, and she had sprung clear over it, not noting the screened spear, which now held her as effectually as any railroad spike.

In another moment Vallant had reached her and met her face, flushed, half defiant, her eyes a blue gleam of smoldering anger as she desperately, almost savagely, thrust wild tendrils of flame-colored hair beneath the broad curved brim of her straw hat. At her feet lay a great armful of cape jessamines.

A little thrill, light and warm and joyous, ran through him. Until that instant he had not recognized her.

### CHAPTER XIII.

John Vallant Makes a Discovery. "I'm so sorry," was what he said, as he kneeled to release her, and she was grateful that his tone was unmix'd with amusement. She bit her lips, as by sheer strength of elbow and knee he snapped the offending boie short off—one of those quick exhibitions of reserved strength that every woman likes.

"I don't know how I could have been so silly—thank you so much," said Shirley, panting slightly from her exertions. "I'm not the least bit hurt—only my dress—and you know very well that I wasn't afraid of that ridiculous dog." A richer glow stole to her cheeks as she spoke, a burn-

ing recollection of a rose, which from her horse that morning at Damory Court, she had glimpsed in its glass on the porch.

Both laughed a little. He imagined that he could smell that wonderful hair, a subtle fragrance like that of sun-dried seaweed or the elusive scent that clings to a tuft of long-plucked Spanish moss. "Chum stands absolved, then," he said, bending to sweep together the scattered jessamine. "Do you—do you run like that when you're not frightened?" "When I'm caught red-handed. Don't you?"

He looked puzzled. She pointed to the flowers. "I had stolen them, and I was trying to 'escape off wid 'em' as the negroes say. Shocking, isn't it? But you see, nobody has lived here since long before I was born, and I suppose the flower-thieving habit has become ingrained."

"But," he interrupted, "there's acres of them going to waste. Why on earth shouldn't you have them?"

"Of course I know better today, but there was a—special reason. We have none and this is the nearest



"It Won't Hurt," Reassured the Would-Be Operator.

place where they grow. My mother wanted some for this particular day." "Good heavens!" he cried. "You don't think you can't go right on taking them? Why, you can 'escape off' with the whole garden any time!" A droll little gleam of azure mischief darted at him suddenly out of her eyes and then dodged back again. "Aren't you just a little rash with other people's property?" "Other people's?"

"What will the owner say?" He bent back one of the long jessamine stems and wound it around the others. "I can answer for him. Besides, I owe you something, you know. I robbed you this morning—of your brush."

She looked at him, abruptly serious. "Why did you do that?" "Sanctuary. His two beady eyes begged so hard for it. Twenty ravenous hounds," they said, "and a dozen galloping horses. And look what a poor shivering little red-brown morsel I am!"

For just an instant the bronze-gold head gave a quick imperious toss, like a high-mettled pony under the flick of the whip. But as suddenly the shadow of resentment passed; the mobile face under the bent hat-brim turned thoughtful. She looked again at him. "Do you think it's wrong to kill things?" she asked gravely. "Oh, dear, no," he smiled. "I haven't a singleism. I'm not even a vegetarian."

"But you would be if you had to kill your own meat?" "Perhaps. So many of us would. As a matter of fact, I don't hunt myself, but I'm no reformer."

"Why don't you hunt?" "I don't enjoy it." He flushed slightly. "I hate firearms," he said, a trifle diffidently. "I always have. I don't know why. Idiosyncrasy, I suppose. But I shouldn't care for hunting, even with bows and arrows. I would kill a tiger or a poisonous reptile, or anything else, in case of necessity. But even then I should hardly enjoy it. I know some animals are pests and have to be killed. Some men do, too. But I don't like to do it myself."

"Wouldn't that theory lead to a wholesale evasion of responsibility?" "Perhaps. I'm no philosopher. But a blackbird or a red fox is so pretty, even when he is thieving, that I'd let him have the corn. I'm like the Lord High Executioner in 'The Mikado' who was so tender-hearted that he couldn't execute anybody and planned to begin with guinea-pigs and work up. Only I'm afraid I couldn't even manage the guinea-pigs."

lum. Most of the negroes are more or less spoiled, as you'd find, I'm afraid." She turned the conversation bluntly. "Had you seen Damory Court before?"

"No, never."

"Do you like the general plan of the place?"

"Do I like it?" cried John Vallant. "Do I like it?"

A quick pleasure glanced across her face. "It's nice of you to say it that way. We ask that question so often it's become mechanical. You see, it's our great show-place."

At that moment a patter of footsteps and shrill shrieks came flying over the last-year's leaves beyond the lilac bushes. It's Rickey Snyder," she said, peering out smilingly as two children, pursued and pursuer, burst into view. "Hush!" she whispered; "I wonder what they are up to."

The pair came in a whirl through the bushes. The foremost was a seven-year-old negro girl, in a single short cottonade garment, wizen'd, barelegged and bareheaded, her black wool parted in little angular patches and tightly wrapped with bits of cord. The other was white and as freckled as a turkey's egg, with hair cropped like a boy's. She held a carving-knife cut from a shingle, whose edge had been deeply ensanguined by poke-berry juice. The pursued one stumbled over a root and came to earth in a heap, while the other pounced upon her like a wildcat.

"Hold still, you limb of Satan," she scolded. "How can I do it when you won't stay still?"

"Oh, lawd," moaned the prostrate one, in simulated terror; "oh, Doctah, good Doctah Snyder, has Ah gatter hab dat operation? Is yo' sho' gwinter twittler aroun' mah insides wid dem knives en saws en things?"

"It won't hurt," reassured the would-be operator; "no more than it did Miss Poly Gifford. And I'll put your liver right back again."

"Wait er minute. Ah jes' remembahs Ah fo'got ter make mah will. Ah leahs—"

"Nonsense!" objected the other irritably. You made it yesterday. They always do it beforehand."

"No, suh; Ah done clean fergot et. Ah leahs mah thimble ter de Mefodis' church, en mah black en w'ite kitter ter Rickey Snyder, en—"

A twig snapped under Vallant's foot. Both scrambled to their feet, the black girl to look at them with a wide self-conscious grin. Rickey, tossing her short hair back from her freckled face, came toward them.

"My goodness, Miss Shirley," she said, "we didn't see you at all." She looked at Vallant. "Are you the man that's going to fix up Damory Court?" she inquired, without any tedious formalities.

"Yes," said Vallant.

"Well," she said critically, "you've got your job cut out for you. But I should say you're the kind to do it."

"Rickey!" Shirley's voice tried to be stern, but there was a hint of laughter in it.

"What did I say now?" inquired Rickey. "I'm sure I meant it to be complimentary."

"It was," said Vallant. "I shall try to deserve your good opinion."

"But what a ghastly play!" exclaimed Shirley, "where did you learn it?"

"We were playing Miss Poly Gifford in the hospital," Rickey answered. "She's got a whole lot of little pebbles which she cut out—"

"Oh, Rickey!" expostulated Shirley with a shudder.

and whales are rapidly approaching a similar fate. No mines are yet opened; no timber properties yet developed, and no use is made of our unlimited water power. Only a handful of visitors come to enjoy the wild scenery, the unique natural conditions, and the invigorating atmosphere, though our fjords rival those of Norway, and have the additional attraction of being virgin and unexplored. No charting has been done, and at that time, as already stated, there was not one light on the coast from the straits of Belle Isle to Hudson's bay to render navigation safe. It is little to be wondered at if adequate tourist steamers do not ply in our waters. In fact, Labrador is in that melancholy stage of evolution that must inevitably overtake every country until attention is turned to the development of industries that man does not share with the tiger and the shark.

To the Point. A lawyer residing in Washington, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who would not comply with his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir: If you pay the inclosed, you will oblige me. If you do not I shall oblige you."

See sa each otn about how

"It her. W... pping to h between V... and Sass

The smile was stricker Vallant's face. A duel—t tween Vallant and Sassoon? He fe, his blood beat quickly. Had there been such a thing in his father's life? Was that what had blighted

"Only not here where opened, but in the Me, Greenie's going to be—"

"Ah ain'!" contradi

"Ah ain' gwinter be how!"

"You are, too!"

wrathfully. "You need and choosety—and after as soon, we put the bloodhounds trail."

Greenie tittered. "Dey aroun' head'd tech r' sides—"

"But, Rickey," S. "that wasn't a murde duel between gentlemen

"I know it," assente fully. "But it makes Will you come, Miss double? I won't chag mission."

"I can't promise," said the way, isn't it about tim tie Sue had her tea?"

"It certainly is, Miss Shirle, da Rickey, with penitent emphas "I clean forgot it, and she'll row up be the gump-stump! Come on, Greenie and she started off through bushes."

Shirley looked at Vallant with deepening of her dimple. "Rick, isn't an aristocrat," she said; "she, what we call here poor-white, but she's got a heart of gold. She's an orphan, and the neighborhood in general, and Miss Mattie Sue Mabry in particular, have adopted her."

He hardly heard her words for the painful wonder that was holding him. Was it this thought—whatever the provocation, however justified by the customs of the time and section—that had driven him to self-exile? He recalled himself with an effort, for she was speaking again.

"You've found Lovers' Leap, no doubt?"

"No. This is the first time I've been so far from the house. Is it near here?"

"I'll show it to you." She held out her hand for the bunch of jessamine and laid it on the broad roots of a tree that were mottled with lichen.

"Look there," she said suddenly; "isn't that a beauty?"

She was pointing to a Jimson-weed on which had settled, with glassy wings vibrating, a long, ungainly, needlelike insect with an odd sword-like beak. "What is that?" he asked.

"A snake-doctor. If Unc' Jefferson were here he'd say, 'Bettah watch out! Dah's er snek roun' erbout heah, sho!' He'll fill you full of d'ark superstitions."

Suddenly the slim path between the trees took a quick turn, and fell away at their feet. "There," she said. "This is the finest view at Damory Court."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### WASTED WEALTH OF COUNTRY

All Kinds of Game Has Been Indiscriminately Slaughtered Through-out Labrador.

The fish, flesh and fowl of Labrador, writes Dr. Grenfell in the Wide World, have been exploited to the last degree, and no scientific or practical effort has been made for their protection or rehabilitation. Our auks, curlew, ducks and many other birds have become either extinct or dangerously depleted. Our deer, owing to forest fires caused by carelessness and unrestricted slaughter by Indians, as well as white settlers, have so far diminished as to bring semi-starvation to doors where once there was always plenty. The destruction of seal herds has brought families once affluent to miserable poverty. For some reason our unrivaled herring and mackerel have left us altogether. The salmon catch is only a shadow of what it once was, and even the returns of our still valuable cod fishery show increasing uncertainty in quantity and distribution. The growing number of trappers, the lack of protection, or the destruction of their food supplies, has made the annual winter fur hunt insufficient to maintain in comfort all who prosecute it, and that in spite of the immense increase in the price of pelts. Seals

and whales are rapidly approaching a similar fate.

No mines are yet opened; no timber properties yet developed, and no use is made of our unlimited water power. Only a handful of visitors come to enjoy the wild scenery, the unique natural conditions, and the invigorating atmosphere, though our fjords rival those of Norway, and have the additional attraction of being virgin and unexplored. No charting has been done, and at that time, as already stated, there was not one light on the coast from the straits of Belle Isle to Hudson's bay to render navigation safe. It is little to be wondered at if adequate tourist steamers do not ply in our waters. In fact, Labrador is in that melancholy stage of evolution that must inevitably overtake every country until attention is turned to the development of industries that man does not share with the tiger and the shark.

To the Point. A lawyer residing in Washington, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who would not comply with his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir: If you pay the inclosed, you will oblige me. If you do not I shall oblige you."

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

I die I stone, 'Con

Law C In Kelsey vs. K, the Supreme Court of errors of Conn it appeared that defendant, a tice that a division wire fence his lot and a lot where tured his cattle where steps to r day plaf the b lying there pois—the mi potato vines, in co part of them died, know that the p sprayed, or that spilled on the have anticipated and might have scattered grass there. It was defendant's negligence, the proximate cause c

### LIVING ADVERT

Glow of Health Speak It requires no scienti discover whether coffee not. Simply stop it fo Postum in place beneficial effect pear.

"Six years condition," suffered from ness and insomnia.

"I was then an inveterate c drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth.

"The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee drug—caffeine.)

"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for anything.

"When I began to use Postum I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 170 and as I have not taken any tonic in that time I can only attribute my present good health to the use of Postum in place of coffee.

"My husband says I am a living advertisement for Postum."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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.



**PEAK HERE**

Brooks of Dallas at the Opera House today night in interest of election and Tom Ball's campaign for Governor.

**TO THE PUBLIC!**

Those not having policies Hedley Protective Association directors have decided to make a special rate for 60 days from June 1st to July 31st. Do not fail to get in on this, or you will regret it.

S. L. Guinn, Treasurer

at Fly... Hedley Drug Co.

Hawk and little daughter visited Mrs. J. C. ... this week.

Browning of Saturday of ... political

to feed Poultry ... chickens

Drug Co.

and Gam... daughter and Blankenship... week.

S. L. Guinn came Wednesday from Dallas to spend the day with her daughter Mrs.

Sunday June 21, Hedley the hardest rain yet. The streets and ravines were overflowing with water.

If you have any quilts you want laundered let King send them to Troy Steam Laundry. 25c will pay for the work.

Mrs. J. G. McDougal went to Memphis Friday of last week to see her sister Mrs. E. M. Ewen who was seriously ill.

J. W. Watts and family left this week for Amarillo where they will make their future home. We understand J. W. has a position in a grocery store.

A message from Oklahoma states the five weeks old infant of Jim Cates and wife has just died and Mrs. Cates was not expected to live.

We urge you to get your friends and neighbors to join you keeping the home trade at home.

Farmers interested in hail insurance on their crops should see me as I write for an old line stock company—safe and prompt

J. C. Wells, Agent

**STORES TO CLOSE JULY FOURTH**

We, the undersigned business houses of Hedley agree to close our stores Saturday July 4th from ten o'clock for the rest of the day:

- L. A. DeAn.
- J. L. Sims.
- C. H. Stone.
- Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.
- J. M. Bozeman.
- C. W. Kendall.
- J. C. Wooldridge.
- Hicks & Wood.
- Harris Bros.
- Moreman and Battle.
- M. & M. Co.
- Cloninger & Milner.
- J. B. King.
- O. N. Stallsworth.
- Storm Hd w. Co.
- Bain & McCarroll.

**ROAD BUILDING**

**USE BURNED CLAY ON ROADS**

Sticky or Plastic Qualities Are Destroyed and Heavy Traffic in Wettest Kind of Weather.

(By OLIVER BENNOCK, Colorado Agricultural College)

In some sections of the country the only material available from which roads can be constructed is clay. In such localities traffic is almost entirely impossible during the wet seasons, as the wheels of the heavy vehicles will sink to the hub.

In order to correct this condition, the United States office of public roads made the experiment of burning the clay. It was found that by burning the clay, even at a moderate heat, its



**LOOK INTO IT**

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

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

CICERO SMITH LBR CO

**THE BEST COTTON SCHOOL in The SOUTH**

Our Cotton School will open this summer Monday, June 29, and will be under the management of Mr. S. F. Harrill, who is recognized as one of the best Cotton Experts in the South.

The Cotton Business pays big salaries. Our students are prepared for and command good salaries from the start, and buy successfully against cotton men of long experience.

United States types are used as a basis, and students are taught how to handle the samples of all types of cotton, from "bollies" on up to the best grades.

We are prepared to take care of only fifty students at one time in this department, and each student is registered as he writes in for particulars, so let us have your postal saying for us to reserve a place for you.

Every farmer should know how to grade his own cotton, and they are awakening to that fact. If the father can't get off to attend the school let him see that his son comes, and hereafter he will know the value of cotton just as he knows the value of everything else produced on the farm. No gin man can afford to run a gin and not know how to class cotton. It is more important than to know any other line of business, especially in our Southland, where cotton represents the farmer's financial "backbone."

Price of Scholarship and books for the entire Cotton Course is \$20.00. Best of private board can be had here at from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per week.

For further particulars, address, Cotton Department, Bowie Commercial College, Bowie, Texas.

...to Lio Pass, Near Manikou, Colo.—One of the Best Examples of Mountain Road Building in West.

Sticky or plastic qualities are destroyed, so that even in the wettest weather it will bear traffic. This permits the firing of the clay along the entire length of the road, thus avoiding the cost of hauling it, and at the same time gaining the advantage of burning the foundation of the road as well as the material to be placed upon it.

Good solid wood is laid at intervals along the side of the road, about one cord for eight linear feet of roadbed, twelve feet wide. The road bed is first evenly graded and then plowed as deeply as practical. Furrows about four feet apart are then dug across the road and extended beyond the part to be burned on either side. The first course of cord wood is laid longitudinally, so as to fire a series of fuses in which the firing is started. From 15 to 20 of these fuses are fired at once. The rest of the cord wood is then placed on this flooring and then the clay is placed over the whole structure as evenly as possible. In a layer of not less than six to eight inches. This is tamped and rounded off, so that the heat will be held within the fuses as long as possible.

After burning, the road is graded and rolled until the road bed is smooth and hard.

**YOU CAN MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY**

By Giving Them Your

**PIANO VOTES**

**BAIN & McCARROLL**

**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  
Hedley, Texas

**DR. B. YOUNGER**  
DENTIST  
Clarendon, Texas

**DR. J. W. EVANS**  
DENTIST  
Clarendon, Texas

Pratt's Baby Chick Food Keeps them well. For sale at Hedley Drug Co.

Hedley Informer, Farm & Ranch and Hollands Magazine, all three to Jan 1st. 6 months, for 65c. Get in on this offer if you want a lot of good reading.

Subscribe for the Informer.

**THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS**

Galveston and Dallas, Tex.  
The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains most State, National and foreign news, market reports, a strong editorial, and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Especially edited departments for the farmer, the women and the children.

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

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

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

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

**SAMPLE COMES FREE**  
A. H. BIRD & CO., Publrs., Galveston or Dallas, Tex.

**SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS AND THE**

**HEDLEY INFORMER**  
ONE YEAR FOR \$1.75

**25 VOTES**  
Cut out this Coupon and present it at Bain & McCarroll's Store and they will exchange it for 25 Votes in their \$400 PIANO CONTEST

**Make Young Birds Grow Quickly**  
and keep them free from disease. To succeed—to coin egg-money next fall, you must use now

**Pratt's Poultry Regulator**  
Phys. 25c, 50c, 90c, \$1.00; 25 lb. pail \$1.00  
This great tonic and digestive aid, insures the rapid development of all young stock and keeps the older birds in prime condition, fully competent to take care of your egg demands. Use

**Pratt's Poultry Disinfectant and Pratt's Powdered Lice Killer**  
to rid the poultry and houses of lice, mites, etc., and to destroy disease germs. Refuse substitutes; insist on Pratt's.

**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back**  
Get Pratt's 100 page Poultry Book

Sold and Guaranteed by Hedley Drug Co. 5523



# The Hedley

VOL. IV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JULY 1, 1913

## THE SILO

By H. M. BAISER, Agricultural Demonstrator, Santa Fe Ry.

It is impossible to estimate the enormous annual losses to livestock farmers through the lack of silos. Production of feed crops requires much time, entails considerable expense, and then, under the usual method of handling in the form of dry fodder, fully 50 per cent of the gross yield is wasted. It is conservative to say that enough feed stuff goes to waste every year on the average farm to pay for a silo. Silage is rightly considered a winter pasture, as it gives summer feed for livestock during the winter months. Silage also supplements summer and fall pastures, when adverse conditions make it necessary. As is shown in the paragraphs following, the livestock farmer, with out the silo, gives one half of his products to the elements, when a silo would save fully 90 per cent of it.

Numerous experiments conducted by the United States experiment stations have clearly demonstrated that fodder cured under field conditions show a waste of from 30 to 50 per cent. Such experiments do not, however, take into account leaves blown away by the winds, nor the filling of the fodder with sand or dirt, two elements increasing the losses from 50 to 60 per cent. In view of these facts no one can doubt that fully one-half of the feeding value of the crops is lost through field curing.

Feed stored in silos does not lose, according to experimental data, more than 10 per cent, if crops are properly handled and the silos are well constructed. This slight loss is unavoidable and is largely due to surface spoilage. All of the feeding value, succulence and palatability of green crops are retained in silage. The value of green kafir or sorghum for dairy cows, beef animals, hogs, horses and sheep, when pastures are dry and short is known to every farmer and stockman. Silage may be used to piece-out poor pastures in the early spring and late fall, as well as feed through winter months.

The silo is now considered indispensable on farms where livestock is grown in sections of limited rainfall. Under dry-farming conditions nearly all crops are naturally livestock feed and cannot be grown with greatest success as "cash" crops. Kafir, sweet sorghum, feterita and milo maize are natural silage crops in most dry-farming districts, while corn will take the place of these in certain sections. No one can afford to produce the crops above enumerated, to sell for cash, when he realizes that he can dispose of them for twice as great an amount when handled through livestock. Neither can the man who grows livestock afford to feed animals his crops in the form of dry fodder, when so much better results are to be obtained through the silo. With the silo, crops produced in abundance during good years may be stored for use in seasons of total or partial crop failure. Crops only partially mature on account of dry weather or late seasons, should be made into silage, thus saving what would otherwise be lost. The immature crop, placed in the silo is often worth more than if fully matured and fed dry. This feat

ure is of great importance to the farmer in dry land districts, as it not infrequently happens that he has more or less of this immature fodder.

## LELIA LAKE

Rev. Moore preached here Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night.

Mr. Cunningham of Comanche County is visiting his sister Mrs. Conner.

Miss Louise P. Brown of Clarendon visited Eva Brown first of the week.

A number of the young people enjoyed a moon-light picnic at the school house Monday night with Mr. and Mrs. Conner as chaperone.

Mrs. Grant of Dallas is visiting her mother Mrs. O. H. Albert.

Cotton chopping is the order of the day; every body is trying to get through by the Fourth.

Jim Adams, Homer Ellis and Fred Snodgrass made a trip to Clarendon Sunday evening.

Willie Albert returned Wednesday evening from an extended visit in Electra.

Mr. Adams and wife dined with Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Dunkle Sunday.

Hershall Palmer spent Saturday night and Sunday with relatives in Hedley.

## KAFFIR CORNER HAYMAKER.

Mrs. M. E. Cornelius and daughter, Mrs. Lilly Utley of Commerce arrived Thursday night to visit her son L. L. Cornelius and family.

## A LOW PRICE

on a  
**Good Flour**

## FOR NEXT WEEK

We will have on the track Monday or Tuesday, a car of the famous BELLE OF WICHITA FLOUR. This is all ground from old wheat, and as we do not have much room we will make the low price of \$2.75 per cwt for next week. If you are not using this flour, try a sack. If not entirely satisfactory, return it to our store.

## O. N. STALLSWORTH

### B. Y. P. U.

President in charge.  
Song.  
Prayer.  
Business.  
Leader, Claude Bishop.  
Song, What a Friend We Have in Jesus.  
Scripture Reading—Mark 10: 23-45—Jewel Brinson.  
The Earthly Friendship of Jesus—Leader.  
What Kind of a Man, Naturally, Was John?—Mellie Richey.  
What the Friendship of Jesus Did for John—Nallie Bishop.  
Friendships to be Avoided.  
1 Prov. 22:24-25—Lola Baker.  
2 James 4:4—George Gion.  
What the Friendship of Jesus Will Do For Us:  
1 Cause us to love one another.  
2 To sacrifice for one another.  
3 To obey the commands of Jesus—Rev. Horschler.  
Song.  
Benediction.  
Program Committee.

## MOVED INTO THE McDUGAL BRICK

Postmaster Richey moved the postoffice into the east side of the McDougal brick this week, where he has fitted it up in a nice convenient manner. We understand that Hicks & Wood will move their feed business into the west half of the building right away.

## MYSTIC WEAVERS

Mrs. G. A. Wimberly was hostess at the Mystic Weavers Club Thursday June 25 from 3 to 5 o'clock. Ten members answered to roll call with favorite quotations.

Officers for the next term of six months were elected as follows: Mrs. T. T. Haorison, President re-elected; Mrs. W. R. McCarroll, Vice President; Mrs. Ed Dishman, Secretary and Press Reporter.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent in hemming napkins for the hostess.

A delicious ice course was served to the members and three visitors, Mrs. A. E. Guinn of Dallas and Misses Mary and Maggie Wilson of Memphis.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Dollie Rains on Wednesday July 8. All members are urged to come and be sure to bring their work.

PRESS REPORTER.

## ALL CITIES DUST PRODUCERS

In the Nature of Things They Can Not Be Otherwise, and Thus Unsanitary Conditions Arise.

Modern cities are dust-producers. Streets and pavements and sidewalks are worn by the friction of the traffic, car wheels are ground to metallic dust; fabrics are torn to lint; fuel burns with products of smoke and ashes, says a writer in the Atlantic Magazine. Dust is being continually produced both within and without our houses. Recent studies in several cities have shown that the numbers of dust particles in the air above sidewalks range from one hundred thousand to a million per cubic foot. At higher levels the numbers are less. At the Woolworth building in New York, the highest building in the world (713 feet), the air at the street level July 2, 1913, contained 221,000 dust particles per cubic foot; at the tenth story, 85,000; at the thirtieth story, 70,000, and at the fifty-seventh story, 27,000. As a figure for comparison, the air over Long Island sound at a point several miles from shore was found to contain 18,000 dust bacteria, but the numbers are fewer than those of the dust particles. At the John Hancock building in Boston, the air near the sidewalk contained 1,330 bacteria and 20 molds per cubic foot, while at the tenth story the corresponding numbers were 330 bacteria and three molds per cubic foot. The elimination of city dust is a constant and ever-changing problem for the sanitary engineer. The elimination of the horse from city streets is helping to reduce the organic dust, but the automobile is itself a dust-creator when used on road surfaces not adapted to its weight and speed. Asphalt streets do not disintegrate as do macadam streets, but, being smoother, the wind more readily moves such dust as is found there.

## Net Disterbing the Eggs.

The owner of a private lake was not a little agitated to see a man compeodly fishing in the pond right beneath the immense sign prohibiting trespassing. With hasty steps, the irate owner hustled for the water side. "Look here," he explosively exclaimed, "can't you see that sign? Don't you know you are trespassing? I want you to distinctly understand that this lake is privately owned, and privately stocked, and that fishing here is not permitted!" "Just a moment, my dear sir," was the calm rejoinder of the fisherman, as he withdrew his line and rebaited the hook. "Would you mind telling me what kind of fish you stocked the pond with?" "I stocked it with black bass!" cried the exasperated owner, "and I don't propose—" "There's all right, sir," interrupted the fisherman, casting his line. "There is no occasion to worry. I am fishing for plike."

## MORE RAINS HERE TODAY

This morning the clouds closed over and poured out a good rain. No other part of Texas has been more blessed with good rains and at the right time than this. With just one or two more at the right time and this country will produce the best crop of its history.

## UNION AUXILLIARY

On last Monday at 3 p. m. the Methodist and Baptist Auxillaries met at the Methodist church in a joint meeting. The ladies of the town and community were invited, and all those who didn't attend missed a very interesting program which was rendered by both Auxillaries. Besides the program we had some very interesting discussions on how to conduct a society and how to increase interest. Both pastors were present and made some good suggestions.

After the benediction the doors of the basement were thrown open and all invited to partake of cream and cake and enjoy a social hour.

Rev. Hickey of Hillsboro lectured at the M. E. church Wednesday night, July 1st, on White Slavery.

## THE PIANO CONTEST

Following is a list of Contestant's Nos. and the votes each received up to Wednesday night in the Bain & McCarroll Piano Contest:

No. 1.....	24,580
2.....	261,385
3.....	2,000
4.....	2,000
5.....	2,000
7.....	13,500
8.....	2,000
10.....	85,895
11.....	2,000
12.....	2,000
14.....	42,710
15.....	6,145
16.....	9,905
18.....	16,255
19.....	8,665
20.....	2,000
22.....	2,880
23.....	2,000
24.....	2,000
25.....	2,000
27.....	148,540
28.....	30,900
29.....	2,129
30.....	2,000
31.....	2,000
32.....	2,000
33.....	11,225
34.....	2,000
35.....	2,000
36.....	2,000
37.....	2,000
38.....	2,000
39.....	2,000
40.....	2,000
41.....	2,000
42.....	2,000
43.....	2,000
44.....	54,840
45.....	2,000
46.....	55,590
47.....	11,835
48.....	2,000
49.....	3,810
50.....	238,545
51.....	11,550
52.....	10,960
53.....	4,295
54.....	6,570
55.....	2,000
56.....	9,870
57.....	3,855
58.....	2,900

## NAYLO

The social day after afternoon big heartedness. We, the boys and girls, before the cake and crumbers which was acted by day. They were Boyce of they ad.

## Program for

Subject, Our for Amarillo boys and girls. Motto, The Treason of Hedley and Mr. Barksdale. Mr. Matt. S. of T. N. Naylor and day.

We were sorry to see O. Hefner was the good horse last week.

T. J. Wood and wife guests of Mr. Barnett's school.

Messrs. Waldron and the es Long and Waldron attended singing at this place Sunday.

Since Durrelle Hall returned from his trip Sunday he thinks it is just fifteen miles to Heaven by a dirt road.

## B. W. M. SOCIETY

Program for the B. W. M. W. for Monday July 6 at 3:30 p. m. Lesson, Chapter 4 in Royal Service.  
I Opens Song and Prayer.  
II The Aim—By President (p 225)  
III Bible Reading—Christ's Mission to Women. To be read by six members of the class chosen by the President. (p 225)  
IV Personal Thoughts—Read by the Sec. (p 225)  
V Brief Talks or Papers as Follows:  
1 Our Mountain Schools (pp 179-181)—Mrs. J. G. McDougal.  
2 Stories about the Work of these Schools pp 181-184—Mrs. Jno. Mann.  
3 A Voice from the Heights (pp 184-186)—Mrs. J. L. Kennedy  
4 The Margaret Home (pp 186-189)—Mrs. W. G. Brinson.  
5 The Training School at Louisville.  
(1) Its Beginning and Growth (pp 194-196)—Mrs. Effie Dunn.  
(2) A Gift, Endowment and the House Beautiful (pp 197-200)—Mrs. M. O. Mills.  
(3) Story of a Visit to the School (pp 201-204)—Mrs. J. C. Wells.  
6 Missionary Calendar and Study Classes (pp 205-206)—Mrs J. H. Richey.  
7 Royal Ambassadors (pp 209-210)—Mrs. W. W. Gammon.  
8 The Lord's Tenth (p 211)—Mrs. J. L. Tims.  
9 Personal Service (pp 211-213)—Mrs. K. W. Howell.  
10 The Gift of Self (pp 213-214)—Mrs. Baker.  
11 Standard of Excellence and Results (pp 218-220)—Mrs. W. R. McCarroll.  
12 Business Meeting.  
13 Adjournment.  
PRESS REPORTER.

## THE PIANO CONTEST

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58.....	2,900

## W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary of the church Monday night. Bible lesson 15th chapter 1st Samuel. Mrs. J. H. Richey, leader.

## SUNBEAMS

Program for July 5. Leader—Mrs. Gammon. Subject, What our country Needs. Motto, America for Christ. Hymn, I Love To Tell The Story. Prayer. Roll Call. Song. Offering. Questions to be answered by children.  
1 What is the 4th of July?  
2 Why did God give the U. S. the gift of freedom?  
Lesson, What our country needs to make it a country after God's own heart, and what sins should be banished in our country to make it perfect. Story told by leader of a big time 4th of July. Business. Song. Dismiss by repeating 117 Psalm in concert. Press Reporter.



# Men Folk in Persia



A PERSIAN REST HOUSE

IN the traditional days of Zoroaster, before Islam conquered Persia, the women folk must have enjoyed a much higher and more honorable and happier position than at the present time, for today they are esteemed greatly inferior to men.

It is really no wonder that one frequently hears from the lips of some of these poor creatures the pathetic exclamation, "Oh, God, why was I not born a boy—life would then have been so much easier to bear!"

When a boy is born there is great rejoicing, but when the hopes of a male child are disappointed, one often hears the sad saying "Only a girl!"

Unfortunate little creature, she is unwelcome! The ayah or nurse, is in a bad temper and the unhappy mother has to suffer for the unfulfilled desire. In all probability she will lose the favor of her lord and master, and this is almost certain to be the case when she is so unlucky as to present him with a second daughter. In his rage and chagrin he will introduce a new bride into his "anderoon," or woman's quarters; that is to say if he can afford to add to his household.

### Female Children Unwelcome.

As for the poor little girl-child—little attention and care, to say nothing of parental affection, is bestowed upon her. If she is strong and healthy she will live, if not, she will die and will not be much lamented. A common cradle is good enough for her, in place of the costly and luxurious cot that would have been thought none too fine for a boy. The poor nurse, frightened, trembles when she announces the sex of the child to the Agah, for the disappointed and angry man in his rage is not unlikely to give the order that she is "to eat sticks" the Persian euphemism for punishment with the bastinado, or whipping the soles of the feet with thin rods. This wrathful feeling towards his wife may even go so far as divorce for her omission to provide him with an heir.

Girls seldom are sent to school, and it is a rare thing to find a Persian woman who can so much as read or write. There are no such institutions as girls' schools.

The features are concealed behind the rouband, a long, narrow white veil which is fastened at the back of the head over the chadar by two hooks, or in some cases by an elaborate clasp of silver or gold filigree, either plain or studded with gems. This veil is pierced just in front of the eyes, the opening being covered with lace, to form a window from which the wearer can look out without being herself visible. Not even her hands may be seen, so they are always carefully wrapped in the chadar.

The lifting of the veil (zefaf) is the most important event in the life of the Persian girl, and until this moment arrives her sole duty is to look pretty, making herself attractive by the use of innumerable cosmetics, paints and hairwashes which are found in every "anderoon," so that her good looks may be the subject of conversation and find her a husband while she is young. Parents are always anxious to get their daughters married as early as possible, and many girls, especially among the well-to-do classes, are betrothed while still mere children.

Unless the husband-to-be can bribe the go-between, who arranges the marriage, he rarely sees the face of his bride until the ceremony takes place—and then it is only by hiding him behind a curtain, where he can observe without betraying his presence. When the preliminaries have been settled to the satisfaction of the two

families the bridegroom is expected to make some handsome present, such as a shawl or a diamond ring to the girl. The details of the dowry, the most important part of the negotiations, must then be decided upon. As in most cases there is no immediate hurry, the bride and groom being still infants, this mercenary haggling is often carried on for months, or even years, before the parties come to terms.

Ready cash forms the most desired contribution, and jewelry, dresses, land, houses, cattle, even slaves, and, last of all, a copy of the Koran beautifully bound in velvet or brocade, are included in the inventory of the dowry provided by a wealthy bridegroom.

### Persians Are Very Superstitious.

All Persians are very superstitious, and the day for the wedding cannot be fixed without the dictum of the mullah, or priest, who consults the Koran for a propitious time.

Marriage during the two mourning months of Moharram and Safar would be considered sacrilege, neither may it take place when an eclipse of the sun or the moon is looked for or in the fasting month of Ramadan.

A rich wedding is a sight well worth seeing. Usually all the male attendants are mounted, a number of servants carry trays of sweetmeats, cakes, fruits and bottles of rose-water, with which they sprinkle the hands and faces of the onlookers.

When the party arrives at the house, musicians play and dancers receive them. The women, with the bride in their midst, watch the performance from the flat roof of the "anderoon" or women's quarters, and welcome the bridegroom and his followers with piercing, shrill and high-pitched cries.

All the guests crowd into the reception room, where the principal visitors take their places round the walls. The room is partitioned by a curtain, behind which the women sit, all deeply veiled. The mullah addressing the bride, through the curtain, asks her if she is willing to accept the young man whom her parents have selected, as her husband. This question is repeated three times, but no reply is expected, silence being taken as the sign of acquiescence. The man is next interrogated in like manner and also remains silent.

The young bride is taken to her new home just before sunset, her progress being the occasion of another great display.

The bride, aged perhaps barely twelve years, rides a richly-caparisoned horse, whose saddle is hidden under fine cashmere shawls which hang right down to the ground.

### Repressed Desire.

Now whenever I hear "desire" called "weakness," and its suppression called "mastery," I confess that I wince. It is a singular but ponderable fact that the patients who fill the waiting-rooms of our psychiatrists in increasing numbers are largely persons "who have mastered their desires." It is usually for this very reason that they are become "patients." If psychology be right about it, true self-control is not suppression, but sublimation or transformation. The desire, natural and normal enough of itself, must be allowed expression, if not in one way then in another. To "master" it merely, namely to repress it, is absolutely dangerous. Some day the repressed desire will come to its own.—E. P. Frost, in Atlantic.

### Tests of Wisdom.

"Of course, you rely on the wisdom of the plain people?" "Yes," replied the statesman. "But there are times when I expect them to be wise enough to recognize the fact that my wisdom is superior to theirs."

## PROUD OF MADRID

Citizens of Spanish Capital Take Great Pride in City.

Metropolis Has Lost Much of Its Old Peculiar Picturesqueness—Contains Handsome Buildings, Fine Parks, Drives and Public Gardens.

London.—"From Madrid to heaven, and in heaven a spyhole to look at Madrid" sums up in a sentence the pride of the inhabitants of the Spanish capital. True, cosmopolitan Madrid, as it exists today, has lost much of the old peculiar picturesqueness, but few, if any, of the great capitals contain more really handsome buildings, finer parks, drives and public gardens.

A whole new city has arisen outside the old boundaries, plaster has given place to stone and marble, and the statues, which so plentifully adorn its plazas, are almost all works of art, and worthy of their position. Electric lights and street cars are everywhere. The viaduct, markets, hospitals, public buildings of all kinds, the palace—now one of the finest in Europe—hotels and private houses furnished with every modern luxury, form a veritable transformation scene, even for those who remember the capital as recently as in the time of Isabel II.

In Madrid all roads lead to the Puerta del Sol, the Picadilly Circus of the Spanish capital, on which, or in whose vicinity, are situated the hotels. Ten streets radiate from the plaza, within which, from morning to evening, and through the night itself, the never-resting life of a great part of the populace wears itself out with recreation. Noise and disquietude are its elements of life. You will see motor wagons and clumsy carts drawn by oxen, the groaning barrel wagon, newsboys running and shrieking, crowds promenading or sitting and standing before the cafes—a life and animation of irresistible charm to the visitor.

All types of Madrid's population may be seen here, from the bull fighter to the great legislator. American and English tourists mingle with the throng; German commercial travelers talk business to their customers on the seats outside the cafes, and one hears all the languages of Europe spoken hereabouts.

Near by is the wagon corso. In two closely crowded rows many gorgeous and still more simple open wagons, all with two horses, drive up and down a good long hour before sunset. In



King Alfonso's Throne Room.

the middle a broad road remains free, and here you may see the royal equipage, with its prancing Andalusian horses, and numerous four-horse carriages, with powdered grooms. It is the Rotten Row of Madrid, only with carriages of more genuine magnificence and with women whose beauty is world-famous.

At night the crowd in wagons and on foot shifts slowly from the Retiro and the Prado up the broad Alcala, past the high, projecting palace of the minister of war and the new Bank of Spain, or through the other streets which lead up into the city. The men fill the cafes, then they go to theaters, and finally to the club or evening party, the latter being a prominent feature of the city's domestic life.

The Retiro or Park of Madrid is one of the most beautiful pleasure grounds in Europe. It is not so neatly kept up as the Tiergarten of Berlin, but on account of the architectural rigidity of the design, the splendor of the forest growth, the splendor of the broad, open plaza near shaded alleys and walks—above all, on account of its high position over the valley of the Prado—it excels the public gardens of other large cities.

### RESENT HINT TO CLEANLINESS

Corfu Villagers Object to Kaiser's Gift of Soap—Entirely Too Suggestive.

Berlin.—Quite a number of the inhabitants of Corfu are either ignorant or heedless of the proverb, "Cleanliness is a good life preserver." Wherefore the bestowal of "surprise" Easter eggs made of the best German soap by the Kaiser has much incensed the good villagers.

They are a common gift in the fatherland, but the recipients in Corfu resent them as a palpable and un-called-for hint.

## EARLY

Quaint Old House Used by Southern General in Attack on City

Washington.—A quaint old house stands by the side of Georgia avenue, or, as it was called for a century, the Seventh street pike, a few steps northerly of where the Silver Spring tollgate was so long an obstacle to travel. There is an interesting story associated with this house and with the man who, with his wife, dwells there.

The story goes that this house during the attack against the northern line of the defenses of Washington which Gen. Jubal Early and his division made July 11 and 12, 1864, the semi-centennial of which approaches, was occupied by Gen. Early during a



Early's Headquarters and Wolfe's Home at Silver Spring.

part of the time when the Confederates were engaged against the Union troops in the fields in front of Fort Stevens. Because of this fact the old house has acquired and maintains its distinction as "Gen. Early's headquarters."

That in itself is an interesting fact; but the interest is considerably heightened by the fact that the present owner and occupant of the historic house is a man who, as a Union trooper, fought on the fields around Fort Stevens. His name is John H. Wolff. He is employed in one of the government departments in Washington and is a particularly well preserved man, with a clear memory.

A visitor stopped at that house quite by accident recently and, seeing several rusty cannon shot in use as parlor ornaments, asked the question which brought forth the reply that "This was General Early's headquarters and I was one of the men who fought against him."

### RAGTIME GOOD FOR CHILDREN

Expert at Music Supervisors' Conference Defends Popular Songs—Says They Are Beneficial.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Ragtime music and the singing of popular songs of the day does not injure the musical mind of the public school child, but rather encourages individual musical ability, says Ralph L. Baldwin, musical supervisor of the public schools at Hartford, Conn., who is in Minneapolis attending the seventh annual meeting of the National Conference of Music Supervisors.

"I have learned," said Mr. Baldwin, "that ragtime music or the singing of popular songs does not injure the child musically; that is, if not carried to an extreme. Ragtime music is nothing more nor less than a foot tickler for all of us, and it is a good change to fall back upon after pursuing music for some time. You know we have to have a change in music once in a while, just as we have to have a vacation or rest from our work, and this lighter vein of music is what brings about that change. It would not be good enough, though, for the public school pupil to just follow the popular songs of the day and do nothing else, for it leads to nothing."

### EAGLE IS NOT A KIDNAPER

Infant Found, Protected by Dog, and Bird Is Acquitted of Stealing Baby.

Belvidere, N. J.—Eagles making their homes in the cliffs of Jenny Jump mountain have been exonerated of blame for the theft of two-year-old Michael Dunal, who was missing for 24 hours. The child was found in the woods half a mile from his home. He was unconscious, and his hands and feet were partly frozen.

Young Michael's parents were working in the field and left him on the porch of their farmhouse. When they got home at noon the child and the family Newfoundland dog were gone. Searchers hunted all night, some of them even visiting the eyries of eagles on the mountain, suspecting that one of the birds might have stolen the baby.

A party from Danville came on the child. The Newfoundland dog was standing by and would not have approached. Mr. and Mrs. Dunal had to be called before the dog would give up its threatening defense of the baby. It is believed the child will recover.

### Discipline is the Best

By GAN, Boston, Mass.

As far back as light is shed on the history of human affairs we learn that military discipline develops the best that is in people.

Without an efficient army a country with a vast population is prey for an ambitious general with a daring army. Her wars with Russia and China. Large standing armies, under which all useless crafts and vicious rogues flourish.

So there is wisdom in the suggestion every American youth in every public school. An hour each day after school will answer the necessity for a large standing army in the course of twenty-five years, would train material for an army of 10,000,000 of the intelligent and capable men in the world.

Lack of patriotism, indifference of Americans to the national defense, is in itself sufficient cause ultimately to destroy this republic. This nation does not believe in war because at present it has ample territory. With Europe and Japan it is different. The present influx of foreigners to this country will soon cause this government to look with warlike vision for a distant dumping ground for its own surplus population. For the peace of this nation immigration should be stopped indefinitely.

Men with iron in their blood must settle this question. A nation of gelatinized shrimps is not fit to rule, and soon it becomes a tempting prey for those who are. Such is history.

### Many Foxes Die While in Captivity

By ROBERT W. BALDWIN Seattle, Wash.

Nearly 50 per cent of the foxes that were held in captivity have died from some unknown cause in Alaska during the past season. Many of these foxes were black, and in some cases as high as \$1,500 to \$2,000 had been paid for them. One dealer who, it is said, could have sold his stock of foxes in July for \$65,000, sold two weeks ago for less than \$35,000, the latter price being due to the decline in prices, to some extent, but also to the fact that many of the animals had died in the meantime. One young black fox, for which \$1,600 had been paid, died five days after being placed in the corral.

Owing to the decline in price fully 150 young foxes, all of the red variety, held in captivity in southern Yukon, have been turned out to return to their native haunts in the wilds. Previous to sickness developing among foxes in captivity here, upward of 200 young ones had been shipped from Whitehorse alone to fox ranches in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and to dealers near Boston, Mass. At present there are not over fifty held in this locality.



# The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES  
ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT  
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### SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristol exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Vallant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Vallant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and the buildings in a very much neglected condition. Vallant explores his ancestral home. He is surprised by a fox hunting party which invades his estate. He recognizes Shirley at the head of the party. He gives sanctuary to the cornered fox. Gossips discuss the advent of the new owner and recall the tragedy in which the elder Vallant took part. Vallant decides to rehabilitate Damory court and make the land produce a living for him.

### CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

They stood on the edge of a stony ravine which widened at one end to a shallow marshy valley. The rocks were covered with gray-green feathery creepers, enwound with curly yellow tendrils of love-vine. Across the ravine, on a lower level, began a grove of splendid trees that marched up into the long stretch of neglected forest he had seen from the house. "You love it?" he asked, without withdrawing his eyes. "I've loved it all my life. I love everything about Damory Court. It's as if it is still one of the most beautiful estates in all Virginia. There's nothing finer even in Italy. Just behind us, where those hemlocks stand, is where the duel the children spoke of was fought."

He turned his head. "Tell me about it," he said. She glanced at him curiously. "Didn't you know? That was the reason the place was abandoned. Vallant, who lived here, and the owner of another plantation, who was named Sassoon, quarreled. They fought, the story is, under those big hemlock trees. Sassoon was killed."

He looked out across the distance; he could not trust his face. "And—Vallant?" "He went away the same day and never came back; he lived in New York till he died. He was the father of the court's present owner. You never heard the story?" "No," he admitted. "I—till quite recently I never heard of Damory Court."

"That was the last duel ever fought in Virginia. Dueling was a dreadful custom. I'm glad it's gone. Aren't you?" "Yes," he said slowly, "it was a thing that cut two ways. Perhaps Vallant, if he could have had his choice afterward, would rather have been lying there that morning than Sassoon."

"He must have suffered, too," she agreed, "or he wouldn't have killed himself as he did. I used to wonder if it was a love-quarrel—whether they could have been in love with the same woman."

noyedly sensible of the impropriety of the discussion, since the man discussed was certainly his patron, maybe his friend. But his insistence had roused a certain balking willfulness that would have its way. "It's true I've never seen him," she said, "but I've read about him a hundred times in the Sunday supplements. He's a regular feature of the high-roller section. His idea of a good time is a dog-banquet at Sherry's. Why, a girl told me once that there was a cigarette named after him—the Vanity Vallant!"

"Isn't that beside the point? Because he has been an idler, must he necessarily be a—vandal?" She laughed again. "He wouldn't call it vandalism. He'd think it decided improvement to make Damory Court as frantically different as possible. I suppose he'll erect a glass cupola and a porte-cochere, all up-to-date and varnished, and put orchid hot-houses where the wilderness garden was, and a modern marble cupid instead of the summer-house, and lay out a kite-shaped track—"

Everything that was impulsive and explosive in John Vallant's nature came out with a bang. "No!" he cried, "whatever else he is, he's not such a preposterous ass as that!" She faced him squarely now. Her eyes were sparkling. "Since you know him so intimately and so highly approve of him—"

"No, no," he interrupted. "You mistake me. I shouldn't try to justify him." His flush had risen to the roots of his brown hair, but he did not lower his gaze. Now the red color slowly ebbed, leaving him pale. "He has been an idler—that's true enough—and till a week ago he was 'idiotically rich.' But his idling is over now. At this moment, except for this one property, he is little better than a beggar."

She had taken a hasty step or two back from him, and her eyes were now fixed on his with a dawning half-fearful question in them. "Till the failure of the Vallant Corporation, he had never heard of Damory Court, much less been aware that he owned it. It wasn't because he loved it that he came here—no! How could it be? He had never set foot in Virginia in his mortal life."

She put up her hands to her throat with a start. "Come?" "Come!" she echoed. "But if you think that even he could be so crassly stupid, so monumentally blind to all that is really fine and beautiful—"

slapped the brown wintered leaves into a hissing turmoil. He had flung her from him with such violence that she had fallen sideways. Now she raised herself, kneeling in the feathery light, both hands clasped close to her breast, trembling excessively with loathing and feeling the sun earth-floor billow like a canvas sea in a theater. Little puffs of dust from the protesting ground were drifting about her set face, and she pressed one hand against her shoulder to repress her shivers. "The horrible—horrible—thing!" she said whisperingly. "It would have bitten me!"

He came toward her, panting, and grasping her hand, lifted her to her feet. He staggered slightly as he did so, and she saw his lips twist together oddly. "Ah," she gasped, "it bit you! It bit you!" "No," he said, "I think not."

"Look! There on your ankle—that spot!" "I did feel something, just that first moment." He laughed uncertainly. "It's queer. My foot's gone fast asleep."

Every remnant of color left her face. She had known a negro child who had died of a water-moccasin's bite some years before—the child of a house-servant. It had been wading in the creek in the gorge. The doctor had said then that if one of the other children. . . . She grasped his arm. "Sit down," she commanded, "here, on this log, and see."

Her pale fright caught him. He obeyed, dragged off the low shoe and bared the tingling spot. The firm white flesh was puffing up around two tiny blue-rimmed punctures. He reached into his pocket, then remembered that he had no knife. As the next best thing he knotted his handkerchief quickly above the ankle, thrust a stick through the loop and twisted it till the ligature cut deeply, while she knelt beside him, her lips moving soundlessly, saying over and over to herself words like these: "I must not be frightened. He doesn't realize the danger, but I do! I must be quite collected. It is a mile to the doctor's. I might run to the house and send Uncle Jefferson, but it would take too long. Besides, the doctor might not be there. There is no one to do anything but me."

She crouched beside him, putting her hands by his on the stick and wrenching it over with all her strength. "Tighter, tighter," she said. "It must be tighter." But, to her dismay, at the last turn the improvised cord snapped, and the released stick flew a dozen feet away. Her heart leaped chokingly, then dropped into hammer-like thudding. He leaned back on one arm, trying to laugh, but she noted that his breath came shortly as if he had been running. "Absurd!" he said, frowning. "How such—a fool thing—can hurt!"

clinging about him. Then a blank sense of movement and of troublous disturbance, of insistent voices that called to him and inquisitive hands that plucked at him, and then voice growing distant again, and hands flung away, and at last—silence. . . . Inky clouds were gathering over the sunlight when Shirley came from Damory Court, along the narrow wood-path under the hemlocks, and the way was striped with blue-black shadows and filled with sighing noises. She walked warily, halting often at some leafy rustle to catch a quick breath of dread. As she approached the tree-roots where the cape jessamines lay, she had to force her feet forward by sheer effort of will. At a little distance from them she broke a stick and with it managed to drag the bunch to her, turning her eyes with a shiver from the trampled spot near by. She picked up the flowers, and treading with caution, retraced her steps to the wider path.

She stepped into the Red Road at length in the teeth of a thunder-storm, which had arisen almost without warning to break with the passionate intensity of electric storms in the South. There was no shelter, but even had there been, she would not have sought it. The turbulence of nature around her matched, in a way, her overstrained feeling, and she welcomed the fierce bulge of the wind in the up-blowing whorls of her hair and the drenching wetness of the rain. She tried to fix her mind on near things, the bending grasses, the scurrying red runnels and flapping shrubbery, but her thoughts wilfully escaped the tether, turning again and again to the events of the last two hours. She pictured Uncle Jefferson's eyes rolling up in ridiculous alarm, his winnowing arm lashing his indignant mule in his flight for the doctor.

At the mental picture she choked with hysterical laughter, then cringed suddenly against the sopping bark. She saw again the doctor's gaze lift from his first examination of the tiny punctures to send a swift penetrant glance at her, before he bent his great body to carry the unconscious man to the house. Again a fit of shuddering swept over her. Then, all at once, tears came, strangling sobs that bent and swayed her. It was the discharge of the Leyden jar, the kissing of the tense bow-string and it brought relief. After a time she grew quieter. He would get well! The thought that perhaps she had saved his life gave her a thrill that ran over her whole body. And until yesterday she had never seen him! She knelt in the blurred half-light, pushing her wet hair back from her forehead and smiling up in the rain that still fell fast. In a few moments she rose and went on.

At the gate of the Rosewood lane stood a mail-box on a cedar post and she paused to fish out a dragged Richmond newspaper. As she thrust it under her arm her eye caught a word of a head-line. With a flush she tore it from its soggy wrapper, the wetted fiber parting in her eager fingers, and resting her foot on the lower rail of the gate, spread it open on her knee. She stood stock-still until she had read the whole. It was the story of John Vallant's sacrifice of his private fortune to save the ruin of the involved corporation.

Its effect upon her was a shock. She felt her throat swell as she read; then she was chilled by the memory of what she had said to him: "What has he ever done except play polo and furnish spicy paragraphs for the society columns?" "What a beast I was!" she said, addressing the wet hedge. "He had just done that splendid thing. It was because of that."

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Shirley, overexcited, felt the sobs retreating ever, did not last moment she found herself. Though she had saved him, too, this over to her startled her, and hastened on to the trees. Emmaline, the negro, was anxiously on the thin to spare—brown as a toad's eyes and wool off by an amber. "Honey," called been fearin' for nin' rarin' eromine? Give 'em gram for 'em all nice, jes' hot, Our "All right, Emma" "And I'll go and girls, mother missed me" "No'm. She ain' left whole blessed day. No all ready—all 'cep'n'th' en I sen' Ranston with thing. Yo' hurry en peel the close off yo'se'f, or yo' ha them digested chillis."

Her young mistress frowning hot water despatched, the neg an spread a cloth on the floor and began to cut and dress the long stalks of the flowers. This done she fetched bowls and vases, and set the white clumps here and there on the dining-room sideboard, the hall mantle and the desk of the living-room—till the delicate fragrance filled the house, quite vanquishing the rose-scent from the arbors.

As the trim colored woman moved lightly about in the growing dusk, with the low click of glass and muffled clash of silver, the light tat-tat of a cane sounded, and she ran to the hall, where Mrs. Dandridge was descending the stairway, one slim white hand holding the banister, under the edge of a white silkawl which drooped its heavy fringes to her daintily-shod feet. On the lower step she halted, looking smilingly about at the blossoming bowls.

"Don't they smell up th' whole house?" said Emmaline. "I know'd yo' be pleas', Mis' Judith. Now put yo' han' on mah shouldah en I'll take yo' to yo' big cha'h."

They crossed the hall, the dusky form bending to the fragile pressure of the fingers. "Now heah's yo' cha'h" Ranston he made up a little fish jes' to take th' damp out, en th' big lamp's lit, en Miss Shirley'll be down right quick."

A moment later, in fact, Shirley descended the stair, in a filmy gown of India-muslin, with a narrow belting of gold, against whose flowing sleeves her bare arms showed with a flushed pinkness the hue of the pale coral beads about her neck. The damp newspaper was in her hand. At her step her mother turned her head: she was listening intently to voices that came from the garden—a child's shrill treble opposing Ranston's stentorian grumble.

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"Don't they smell up th' whole house?" said Emmaline. "I know'd yo' be pleas', Mis' Judith. Now put yo' han' on mah shouldah en I'll take yo' to yo' big cha'h."

They crossed the hall, the dusky form bending to the fragile pressure of the fingers. "Now heah's yo' cha'h" Ranston he made up a little fish jes' to take th' damp out, en th' big lamp's lit, en Miss Shirley'll be down right quick."

A moment later, in fact, Shirley descended the stair, in a filmy gown of India-muslin, with a narrow belting of gold, against whose flowing sleeves her bare arms showed with a flushed pinkness the hue of the pale coral beads about her neck. The damp newspaper was in her hand. At her step her mother turned her head: she was listening intently to voices that came from the garden—a child's shrill treble opposing Ranston's stentorian grumble.



The Next Moment, With Clenched Teeth, He Was Viciously Stamping His Heel Again and Again.



### DIDN'T FIND IT INTERESTING

Settler Had No Hesitation in Declaring Encyclopedia Had Its Dry Spots.

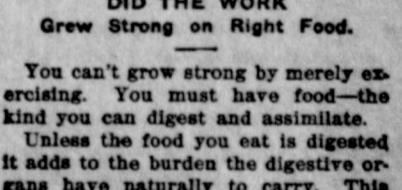
Dudley Field Malone, the new collector of the port of New York, said to a reporter: "I'm too new to my job to talk about it yet. If I talked about it I might, like the mountaineer, give away my ignorance. "A man was hunting in Pike county, and up around Porters lake he visited a settler's house. "He noticed a volume of a good encyclopedia on a shelf above the g.n. and said: "It must be a handy thing away off here to have an encyclopedia." "Yep," said the mountaineer. "Yep, she's handy. I only got the first book." "Why haven't you got the others?" "I ain't finished this one yet, so I ain't ready for another. I bought this one off'n an agent about eight years ago. He come round six months afterwards and says, says he: 'Here's your second volume, mister.' "What?" says I. "Why, I ain't



### DID THE WORK

Grew Strong on Right Food.

You can't grow strong by merely exercising. You must have food—the kind you can digest and assimilate. Unless the food you eat is digested it adds to the burden the digestive organs have naturally to carry. This often means a nervous breakdown. "About a year ago," writes a Mass. lady, "I had quite a serious nervous breakdown caused, as I believed, by overwork and worry. I also suffered untold misery from dyspepsia. "First I gave up my position, then I tried to find a remedy for my troubles, something that would make me well and strong, something to rest my tired stomach and build up my worn-out nerves and brain. "I tried one kind of medicine after another, but nothing seemed to help me. "Finally a friend suggested change of food and recommended Grape-Nuts. With little or no faith in it, I tried a package. That was eight months ago and I have never been without it since. "Grape-Nuts did the work. It helped me grow strong and well. Grape-Nuts put new life into me, built up my whole system and made another woman of me!" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."



### CHINESE SOLDIERS ARE GOOD FIGHTERS

Till within the last two years or so, the general impression was that the Chinese soldier was intended to run away. The revolution of 1911 dispensed some of this absurdity. The events of the present year have dispersed the remainder. It is now recognized that there is no finer material than that which could be selected from among the sturdier of China's sons. Nothing is wanted but training, arms of precision, good leading and a good cause. With these, China could well hold its own. The improvements that have been made during recent years in such things can be appreciated only by those who know what the old troops, from the Rannamun downward, were like. National Review, China.

### EVER READ THE ABOVE LETTER?

A girl one appears from Illinois to Ohio. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



# THE HIGHWAY

## ROAD CONDITIONS

Joint Looking Toward a Unified System of Local Road Management.

Studies of local road building in 100 counties are now being conducted by the department of agriculture in co-operation with the state highway departments and local authorities.

Purpose of this study is to determine points of excellence and existing local methods of building and maintaining roads which could be adopted by the state authorities to put road management on a systematized basis.

The co-operating state authorities have been asked to designate counties that present typical and exceptional features as to topography, character of road materials, methods of construction and maintenance, administrative organization, methods of road financing and traffic conditions.

From these lists 100 counties will be selected, and in these counties the division of road economics will make intensive studies.

This investigation is prompted by the fact that there is at present very little knowledge as to the most effective and economical methods by which a county can develop its roads. At present the methods of financing local road improvements vary from

Rolling a Road Surface.

calling on farmers for a certain number of days labor in lieu of a road tax, or the use of county prisoners in road construction, to bond issues or maintenance of roads from drapshop license funds.

The department will study all of these systems with the view to determining what system or combination of systems works best in actual practice.

There is, however, at present no standard system of keeping accounts for road building and maintenance, and as a result, while some counties know to a penny the purpose for which money was spent, others have no definite check or reporting system. Among various counties with the same conditions, cost for excavation or other labor is anything but uniform, and many counties, because of the absence of definite knowledge, fail to use local and cheap materials and construct roads which are unnecessarily expensive for their purpose, or which will wear out before the bond issues are redeemed. The investigation will include a careful study of the use of convict labor in road construction.

In connection with the scientific study, the department's highway engineers will advise freely with local officials as to improvements, and thus give each county visited the advantage of direct co-operation, engineering supervision and assistance.

These investigations, it is believed, will yield important economic data bearing especially on the benefits and burdens of road improvement and showing the extent to which financial outlay under given typical conditions is justifiable.

The heads of state highway departments are manifesting great interest and are co-operating cordially in this work. These data when obtained will be published and thus made accessible to all county and state road officials.

Letting Sun Shine on Highway. The earth road should have at least six hours of sunshine each day. This can be obtained either by locating the road with southern or western exposure or by having such brush and trees as impede the drying action of the sun and wind removed. With gravel and stone roads this is not so necessary, as a certain amount of moisture is needed on such roads, especially in the summer time.

Bring Market Nearer. The good road brings the market nearer to your farm and adds materially to the value of the place, whether you want to sell or live there.

Seeking Dry Roadbeds. Roads should never be located so close to stream beds as to be subject to overflow, or on ground which is constantly damp and marshy.

## W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary will meet at the church Monday 6 at 3 p. m. in business meeting. All members are urged to be present with dues as a rule was adopted by the Auxiliary to pay dues on the first business meeting of the quarter, so come prepared to pay dues.

Review of chapters III and IV of The New American Scripture, The Immigrant chapter (Acts 2:1-11)

Prayer, For right understanding of these later problems—Mrs. Pierce.

Brief survey of changed immigrant conditions since 1880—Mrs. Bolander.

Quiz (1) What conditions in Europe force immigration? (2) What appeals assist immigration? (3) What motives bring the later immigrant? (conducted by leader)

The tendencies of the new immigration as to disease and crime—Mrs. Yelton.

Should foreign organization and celebrations be discouraged as hindering assimilation of American ways?—Mrs. Kendall.

Talk: Why is the English language valuable to our foreign immigrants?—Mrs. Bryant.

The effect of immigration on industrial conditions—Mrs. Stroud.

Prayer; For those who toil and to whose toil we are debtors—Mrs. Scales.

Review the conditions which surround the children of the foreign born—Mrs. Pool.

The Agricultural immigrant—Mrs. Masterson.

The Wrongs in Industry—Mrs. T. T. Harrison.

General Discussion: How much should government agencies do for the immigrant.

Benediction.

## TEST EXPLOSIONS OF DUST

Experimental Station Endeavors to Ascertain Reasons for Tragedies Occurring in Mines.

Some experiments to find out how explosions are being recently undertaken in the gallery of a mining experimental station. Coal Age describes them as follows:

The coal dust having been stirred in the gallery and the cannons charged, the ventilating fan was started, both the doors in the fan chamber being wide open so that no air current was drawn through the explosion tube. As soon as the speed of the fan had attained that required for the experiment these doors were closed by a card controlled from the firing station, and the air current was thus drawn through the open end of the gallery. The doors when closed completed an electric circuit, which rang a bell in the firing station and started a second clock. Six seconds after the closing of the fan doors the "cloud-raiser" was fired, and the "igniter" was fired two seconds later, the charges in both being ignited by electricity.

The explosions as thus produced can be regarded as taking place in a tube open at one end and closed at the other, for the right-angle bends at the fan end of the gallery greatly retarded the release of pressure and had the general effect of a closed end.

## PERILED LIFE FOR MONEY

Vienna Woman Set an Example of Devotion to Husband Which Will Make Many Chudder.

In order to help her husband, whose affairs were in a desperate way, and who urgently needed funds, Mme. Solange d'Atalide, a French circus rider in Vienna, conceived a way of making money at the imminent peril of her life.

She contracted with a cinematograph company, for a large sum, to furnish it with a unique and highly sensational film. She undertook to ride a horse on top of one of the cars on the Big Wheel all the way round.

The wheel, as all who have seen it are aware, reaches a perilous and dizzy height, trying to the nerves even of the passengers safely seated

## STORES TO CLOSE JULY FOURTH

We, the undersigned business houses of Hedley agree to close our stores Saturday July 4th, from ten o'clock for the rest of the day:

- L. A. Dunn.
- J. L. Tims.
- C. H. Stone.
- Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.
- J. M. Bezman.
- C. W. Kendall.
- J. C. Wooldridge.
- Hicks & Wood.
- Harris Bros.
- Moreman and Battle.
- M. & M. Co.
- Cloninger & Milner.
- J. B. King.
- O. N. Stallsworth.
- Storm Hd. Co.
- Bain & McCarroll.

in the interior of the cars. But to ride outside on horseback must indeed be a terrible trial, which necessitates the utmost courage and nerve.

Mme. Solange d'Atalide passed through the perilous ordeal with credit, watched by a huge and awestruck crowd. The horse had been trained by being placed upon the top of a large van, which was moved about. As for the cinematograph operators, they were at a giddy height, seated on the hub of the wheel, and were heartily glad when the whole thing was over.

## ENGLISH BEES IN DANGER

Extinction of the bee is threatened in South Wilt, England, owing to a fresh outbreak of the devastating "foul brood" disease. Many small holders have been deprived of part of their livelihood, for the honey harvest brought them in some pounds, which helped to pay the rent. Villages in the Wylve valley, those bordering on the Avon, and the scattered villages on the Wiltshire Downs, all have the same tale to tell of the loss of their bees. Several bee farms near Salisbury have been practically wiped out, the bees dying by thousands. They appear to be affected by a creeping paralysis soon after returning to the hive from a day spent in the fields.

## APPLIED NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Pat had been engaged to take a trunk across the lake. He placed the trunk in the bow of the boat, with the result that the boat tipped forward.

Man (on the dock)—What are you rowing with that trunk in the bow of the boat for, Pat?

Pat—Sure, an' if it was in the stern wouldn't I be rowin' uphill all the time? An' this way I'm rowin' downhill all the time!

## THE BEST POLICY.

Employer—But if I take you on, some other man will have to lose his work.

Applicant—Oh, the little I'll do won't hurt anybody.

## WHY NOT?

Silas—Are you in favor of taxing cats?

Herb—Sure. Every polecat should pay a poll tax.

## ITS USE.

"Are you going to have a solarium in your house, Mrs. Comeup?"

"Yes, indeed, with the finest gold-fish we can buy to put in it."

## FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

"I will never invest anywhere that they have the ground-rent system."

"Then keep away from the earthquake belt."

## THE WAY.

"Can you tell me the best way to open the door to a successful courtship?"

"Certainly; ring the bells."

## QUITE THE CONTRARY.

"That rich old miser's doctor doesn't despair about his recovery."

"Humph! His gay young wife doesn't."

## More In The Co

Our Cotton Class opened Monday, June 22, with good attendance, but on account of so many of our prospective students' writing us that the harvest would keep them from coming so early, we have made arrangements with Mr. Harrill, our Instructor, to have another opening day July 20.

Those who can get here by the 20th will get the same results as those who are enrolled now, as the school will continue on into August.

If you can get here any time up to and including July 20, you can finish your course and be ready for a position this fall, as the Cotton crop is late this year. No enrollments will be accepted after July 20, for we want all our graduates to have positions this fall, and this is an opportunity that you cannot afford to miss. If you have not already written us for particulars, write today.

Bowie Commercial College, Bowie, Texas. 314t

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor. advt



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COMFORT IN PROMISE

Parson Readily Agreed to Preach Funeral Sermon, but Insisted He Must Speak the Truth.

In preaching funeral sermons clergymen often have a hard course to steer, but here is an instance where it was all plain sailing.

The Rev. E. B., who flourished in a rural district in the west of England a good many years ago, was a strictly honest but painfully frank old man. One day he was approached by one Bill M., a man of doubtful reputation, who said:

"Look 'ee here, parson, I want to make a request of 'ee, an' 'tis this: I want 'ee to promise you'll preach my funeral sermon, if so be you out-live me."

"Why, certainly, Bill—certainly."

"An' I want 'ee to preach it from the words, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

"I'll do it, Bill—I'll do it for you with pleasure," replied the parson. "And I'll add that I'm sorry there's such a very poor specimen in the coffin."

HOLDS CABBAGE REAL ESTATE

Pennsylvania Judge Renders a Decision That Seems to Border on the Ludicrous.

Wonders never cease in American law, remarks the Pittsburgh Press. Here comes a judge in our own state, trying a case of a man who entered his neighbor's garden and pinched a head of cabbage. The judge decides that it was not larceny of personal property at all, and hence not a basis of criminal action; but the cabbage heads are real estate, and that the neighbor's remedy is to bring a civil action contesting title. We have eaten garden truck—spinach and lettuce, for instance—which tasted like real estate. But we never knew before that to steal it was not theft. And after a cabbage head is eaten what good is the title? Now, if it had been a franchise or an election that was stolen, it would have been less surprising in the law to let the culprit go free; but who would ever have thought that the science of judicial hair-splitting would finally be successfully invoked to protect a plain, every-day cabbage thief?

GLASS UTENSILS.

A New York glass manufacturer is experimenting with the making of cooking utensils of glass. Already glass percolators and stewpans have been made which, although they rest on the flames, give no evidence of cracking and have proved heat-resisting and nonexpansive. These utensils are apparently not affected in any way by the intense heat under them or by the contrasting temperatures of the articles which they contain. Glass is for many reasons superior to either enamel or aluminum, being affected by none of the acids or alkalis formed or used in cooking and not subject to the insanitary cracking which is characteristic of most enameled ware.

A FLIMSINESS.

"What are these shadow skirts they talk about?" asked Mrs. McCudley.

"There's one," said the saleslady.

"H'm. It doesn't look like there was hardly enough to it to cast a shadow."

WHY TEENIE UNDERSTOOD

By JANET REESE.

A long, low whine came from a corner of the Charlestons' comfortable living room, and ceased abruptly at a sharp exclamation of impatience from young Mrs. Charleston. A little brown body quivered perceptibly at the rebuke, and then sank its sleek head hopelessly on its front paws and gazed mournfully into space.

For three long, agonizing days Teenie's one beloved puppy, the last of the litter, had been missing. Patiently Teenie had searched the large house from garret to cellar, but no baby was to be found. Then she had searched the lawn and the outhouses, all without avail. Spurred by anxiety, she had surreptitiously made several tours along the broad, white road which ran past the house, a place on which she was forbidden to venture alone, lest she be crushed by the insolent chugging cars which sped past the house. But up hill and down dale no puppy was to be found.

At first Teenie gave vent to her grief by oft-repeated sobbing little cries, but these had grated upon the nerves of the pretty mistress, and she had slapped Teenie smartly. It was after the slapping that Teenie had crept to the living-room corner, and only in a moment of forgetfulness did she now wall forth her suffering—moments that usually came when she waked from a troubled doze to the harsh reality of her little life and its emptiness.

If the mistress could have made Teenie understand, she might have told her that the puppy had gone to live two miles further up the white road, with people who would be very kind to him, and where there were little children who would love him dearly. But Teenie, unusually intelligent as she was, could not have understood so much, and probably would not have been reconciled had she known the facts; and the young mistress, not always as thoughtful as she might be, perhaps would not have taken the trouble to enlighten the little dog had it been able to understand. And so the mistress went on reading her entertaining little book, and Teenie lay in her dark corner nursing the dull ache of her heart.

A half hour went by, and no sound came from either. Suddenly hurried

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M & M CO.

Footsteps sounded along the uncarpeted hall. A timid knock came upon the closed door, and a disheveled, red-eyed nurse maid appeared. At sight of the mistress the maid's face went white, and for a moment she could not speak.

"What is the trouble?" asked the mistress sharply.

"Oh, ma'am, Master Jack's not in the house or the garden. Thomas and me's been searchin' for him for the last hour. Ain't we, Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am!" sputtered Thomas, gazing pop-eyed over the maid's shoulder at the mistress.

From then on pandemonium reigned. Already it was growing dusk, and dry-eyed and terror-clutched, the young mother alternately paced the floor and watched from the windows. There was nothing to do but wait, wait, while her hastily summoned husband and the servants searched the surrounding country for her five-year-old boy. At last the fear and agony within grew to such proportions that for sheer relief the mistress gave vent to a trembling cry, and, sinking upon the floor, buried her face in her hands. And then, from a dark corner of the living room, came an answering cry, and the next moment a hot, feverish little muzzle tried to force itself gently between Mrs. Charleston's tense, white fingers. For a brief moment the fingers did not relax, and then the hands fell slowly from the face of the mistress. As they reached her lap, they clenched, and a hunted look crept into her eyes as a new thought took shape in her mind and grew rapidly. Suddenly she cried out:

"Teenie, Teenie, you know, you know! And it was I, I who took away your little one, I who made you suffer as I suffer now! And then, oh, Teenie, Teenie, I punished you for crying! And now you try to comfort me. May the Blessed Mother forgive me!"

It was then that the telephone bell rang, and Mrs. Charleston sprang with nervous haste to her feet, almost upsetting the little dog. In response to her trembling "Well!" there must have been exciting news.

"Oh!" sobbed the mistress, joyfully. "At your house? We thought he was lost, Mrs. Doon. I'm so glad, so glad! Came after the puppy because Teenie cried for it? Oh, Mrs. Doon! Well, if you don't mind returning it—Teenie's been so unhappy. You'll bring them both in the car? Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Doon!"

"Teenie, darling!" cried the mistress, "they're coming home, Jackie and the puppy, and they'll be here—here—"

But just then the mistress fainted from happiness, and Teenie barked excitedly for help.

To the Life.

"That actress is doing wretched work in the laundress' role." "She's playing it true to life." "How can you say that?" "Isn't she mangling her part?"

Ungallant Classification.

"Women," she simpered, "are the flowers of creation, don't you think?" "Sure thing," answered the horrid man, "and some of them are century plants."

"Who is that powerful giant who looks like a modern Samson?" asked the stranger.

"That is Percival Algernon Cyril Milk," replied the native.

"And who is the delicate, sissified looking chap with him?" asked the stranger.

"That's John L. Sullivan Hercules Strong," replied the native.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Lady Customer—You have made my new traveling gown entirely too light.

Dressmaker—You are wrong, madam, it just fits you.

Lady Customer—Yes, it just fits now, but it won't in Europe. You know how travel broadens one.

FASHIONABLE GRIEF.

Husband—Our boy is becoming very wild.

Wife—Yes, I fear he will bring my purple hairs in sorrow to the grave.

THE REASON.

"Does your son belong to any esoteric society at college?" "No, he don't. My boy don't drink."

UNCERTAIN CROP.

"What will be the fruit of all your political labors?" "I don't know yet whether the fruit will be lemons or plums."

case price with the... ash... that sim... weighing careful... values of them... of force in the fo... to hate, to loath... hor—each note... (stronger, high-lar... an ascending... to instruct, to... each quite di... great nice... buke, repr... all of one co... shades of meaning... tune, calamity, d... feeble, decrepi... difference... or feminin... anish?—Ex. S



Hubby—I never knew any good to come of keeping Lent. Wifey—Why, my dear, look at Mrs. Jones. She was cleaning a fish and found a diamond ring in its inside.

DANCING FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A correspondent appeals to hostesses to make introductions fashionable at London's best dances. To help the young woman who is "compelled to sit out dances." Half a century ago and the young woman would not have been allowed even to sit out these dances. G. W. E. Russell tells of the restrictions which hedged in the fashionable miss: "Young women were only allowed to waltz with their brothers or cousins. Their acquaintances were limited to square dances. No sitting out at a ball was permitted. At the end of each dance the man took his partner back to her chaperon, to whom he made a bow as he restored her charge."—London Times.

THE CONTRARY RULE.

"Money makes the mare go." "It is quite the contrary if the mare happens to be entered in the races."

CATTY.

"There is nothing put on about that girl." "She does put it on so well that you can't notice it."

MEAN THING!

"My, there is a lot of hens' cackling going on about here!" "There's a club meeting just over the way."

THE MAIN POINT.

She—This race question is a very serious proposition. He—You bet it is if you don't get the right tips.

THE REASON.

"Can you tell me why so many musicians affect long hair?" "On account of the natural affinity of keys for locks."

Farmers interested in bail insurance on their crops should see me as I write for an old line stock company—safe and prompt J. C. Wells, Agent.

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Comm... E. D. M. Auxil... P. O. Leh Mond... N. L. Fasson 15... J. T. Buel. Mr.

Justice of... J. A. M... Constable, phant... District Court... in January... Counth's m... da of Ame... and literature—Mrs. John

CHUR... for service... First Sunday in... 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'sday 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.

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 Sunday 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 prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Convention Normal Training Class meets immediately after prayer services. Everybody welcome to all services.

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# PLANS for HOME BUILDERS

By WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

To any one alive to the developments in the building world, there is nothing more striking than the steady growth of the movement toward better quality in building construction during the past 10 or 15 years. Where formerly home-builders were satisfied with makeshift construction and with cheap though gaudy effects in building, there has come to be a general demand for the best grades of material and the most thorough workmanship united to form substantial structures that will endure.

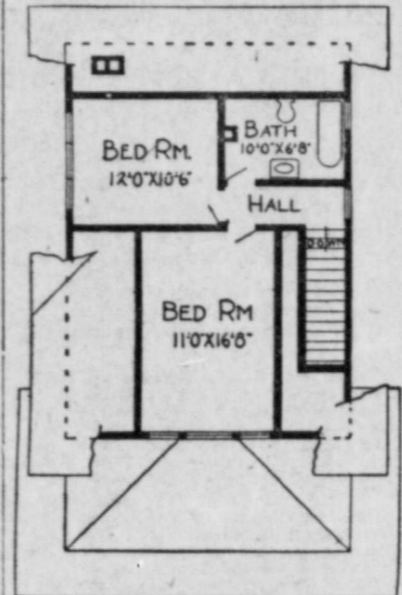
Take the medium-sized dwelling house, for instance, such as the average family requires. A generation ago, \$2,000 would probably have been the top figure considered proper for its cost. Today no one would think of spending less than twice that amount if he would build with an eye to permanent use or future sale.

The increased cost of labor and materials has had something to do with this, it is true, but not so much as is sometimes thought. No! It is the added comforts and the higher standard of quality all the way through that have brought this about. Modern plumbing and fixtures, modern heating systems, modern lighting, cemented basements, permanent fireproof roofing, hardwood floors—all these, which were the luxuries of yesterday but are the necessities of today, mark the advancing standards of building; and the general building public now realize what the carpenters and building contractors have known all along—that quality building is the only kind which pays.

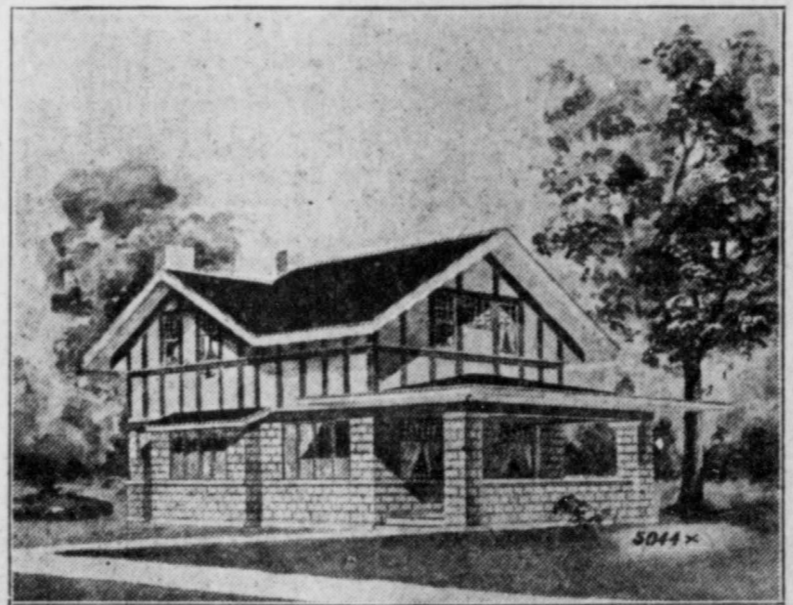
As a natural companion to this idea of quality building, there has developed also an increasing demand for permanency and lasting endurance in building work. The demand for fire-

are being put up at a cost only about 10 or 15 per cent greater than for ordinary frame buildings of this same design and size.

The accompanying design shows a very attractive, well-built house, planned on thoroughly modern lines, and constructed in such a way as to be as nearly fire-resisting as any house could well be. Concrete blocks are used for the foundation and first story, while the second story is of cement plaster on metal lath. The roof is of dark green slate. It can easily be seen

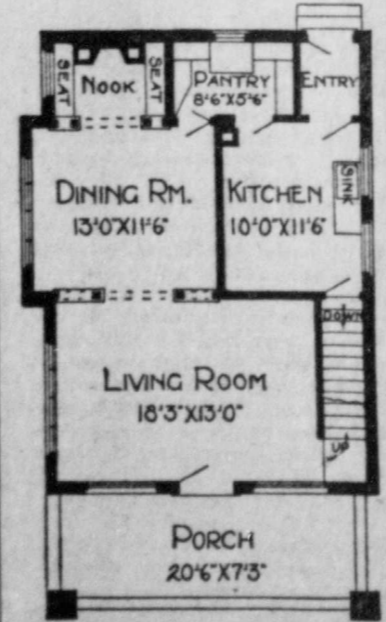


that a house of these materials would be in no danger from adjacent buildings if they should be on fire. It is interesting to note in this connection, that statistics show three-fourths of our enormous fire loss in this country to be due to fire spreading from one building to another. In the numerous tests made in the United States government testing laboratories concrete has been proved to be absolutely fire-resisting; and not only in laboratory, but also in actual work, concrete has



proof construction has become more and more insistent every year, until now houses which may be considered fireproof, at least so far as the outside fire hazard is concerned, are very common.

The building of a home almost always requires saving and sacrifice on the part of all in the family, and it is



quite natural that they should want to build as securely as possible so that all their labor and savings may not be wiped out in flame. The development of Portland cement concrete during recent years has done more to help along this fireproofing campaign than any other single factor. At the prevailing prices of the material entering into concrete construction—viz., Portland cement, sand, and gravel—substantial fireproof houses

demonstrated its fireproofing qualities in the most convincing manner.

The house illustrated here is 24 feet 8 inches in width and 32 feet 8 inches in length. It contains three large rooms, a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen, and a bath and a pantry on the first floor, and two bedrooms and a bath upstairs. The floor plans show the arrangement of these rooms to be both comfortable and convenient. The estimated cost of this house, using good quality oak flooring downstairs and edgegrain yellow pine flooring upstairs, and hardwood trim throughout, is about \$3,000 under favorable conditions of the market for labor and materials.

**A Difficulty.**  
Harry Thurston Peck, the unfortunate litterateur who killed himself in Stamford, was once talking to a young man at Columbia about the art of writing biography.

"When you write a biography," he said, "you must keep yourself in the background. Foster's Biography of Dickens is ruined by the continual presence of Foster blowing his own horn. This defect is the most frequent one in biographies."

"Righter isn't satisfied with the book he's now at work on," a jester once said to me.

"How can that be?" said L. "Righter is so conceited that—"

"But at present," the jester interrupted, "Righter is doing a little of Napoleon, and he finds it rather difficult to make himself out as more important than his hero."

**On the Trail.**

"Do you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes; I know him."

"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone?"

"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe!"—Kansas City Star.

## For Handy Boys and Girls to Make and Do

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall)

### TOY WHIRLIGIGS

By A. NEELY HALL.

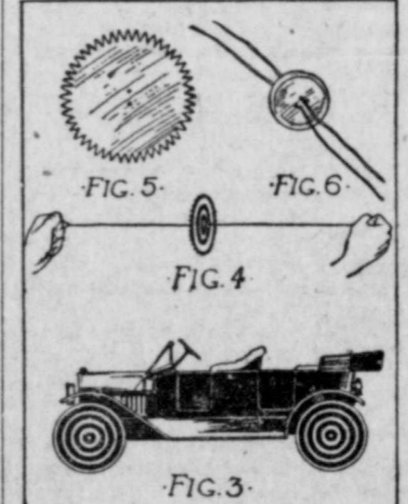
Though so simple that they require almost no time at all to prepare, the toy whirligigs in the illustrations make up for their lack of constructive work by being fun producers that will amuse just as long as there are new friends to show them to.

To make the whirligig shown in Fig. 1, cut out the large disk in Fig.



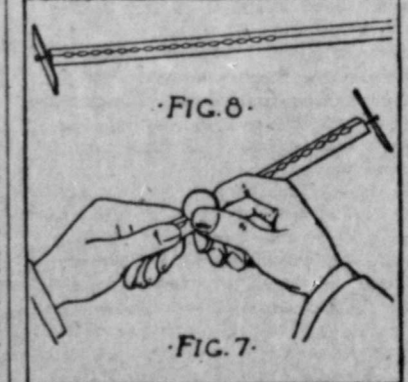
2, and paste it upon a piece of cardboard. Then trim the cardboard even with the outside of the disk, leaving a piece on one side for a handle. To operate the toy, hold the handle in one hand, give the disk a rotary motion and look steadily at the center of the disk. In an instant you will discover the black and white rings of the disk to be revolving in the direction opposite to that in which you are rotating the disk. They do not actually revolve of course. The effect is merely an optical illusion.

Fig. 3 shows another application of this same optical illusion. Give the picture a rotary motion, and upon focusing your eyes upon the center the



wheels will appear to turn. Hunt up a larger picture of an automobile and you can make a better whirligig. Perhaps you can find one of the right size so the disk in Fig. 2 will fit one wheel; then you need but make a duplicate disk for the other wheel. Use a compass with which to describe the circles, and fill in every other ring with black ink. Mount the picture of the automobile upon a piece of cardboard to preserve it.

The buzz-saw whirligig shown in Fig. 4 may be made with a cardboard disk of the size of that in Fig. 2, with saw teeth cut around its edge (Fig. 5), or a disk cut from the end of a tin can, or a large button (Fig. 6). Two holes must be pierced



through the cardboard or tin disk for the operating cord to pass through. If you use a button, the center hole will be in the right place.

The pinwheel whirligig in Fig. 7 consists of a stick with notches along one edge, and a thin chip of wood fastened at its exact center, by a pin, to the end of the stick (Fig. 8). Cut the notches of equal size. Make the hole in the chip just large enough so the chip will turn easily and drive the pin pivot exactly straight.

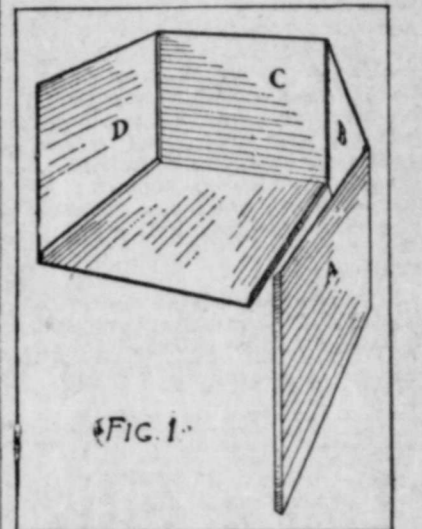
Hold the pinwheel in the left hand as shown in Fig. 7, to operate it, and with a coin in the right hand rub vigorously along the notches. This will make the stick vibrate and the vibrations will cause the chip to spin around.

### A DOLL HOUSE MADE FROM A CARDBOARD BOX.

By DOROTHY PERKINS.

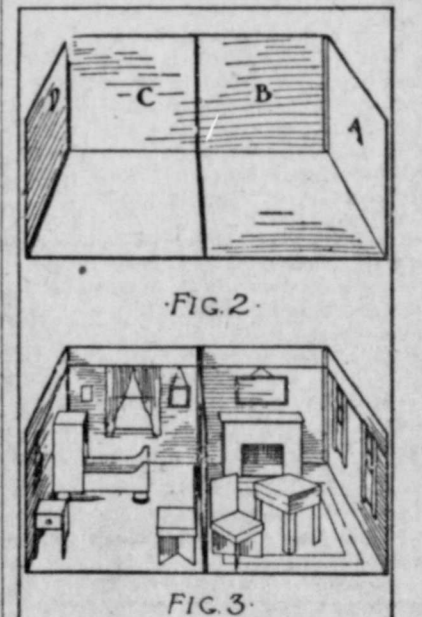
A hat box furnishes the material for building the little two room doll house illustrated below, and one of these boxes is usually not hard to find in any home where there are dollies wanting a house of their very own.

Fig. 1 shows the first step necessary in converting the hat box into a doll house, that of detaching one side (A) at the corner, and separating both it and the side adjoining (B) from the box bottom. Fold back the two detached sides in the manner shown in Fig. 2, with side B in line with side C, and side A opposite side D. That will make the space between



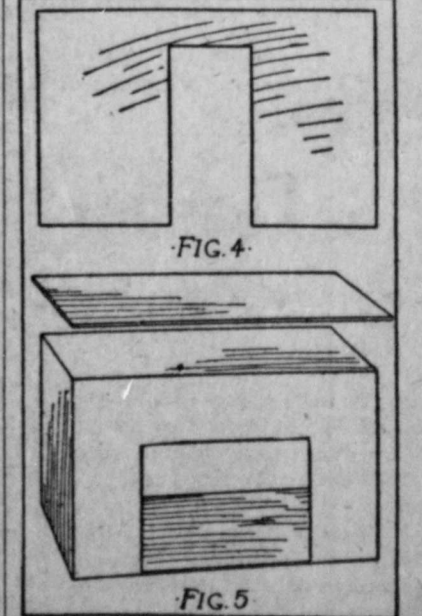
the sides exactly double what it was. Cut down the box cover to fit between the box bottom and sides A and B, to form a floor for the extended portion, and fasten this piece of cardboard in place with strips of cloth lapped and glued over the edges.

A center partition divides the house into two rooms, and this should be cut from a single piece of cardboard—if you can get a piece large enough; otherwise, fasten two pieces side by side with strips glued across to stiffen them. Fig. 4 shows how a doorway should be cut through the center of this partition. If your hat box is made like the one shown in the illus-



trations, with folded and lapped edges, there will be a projecting edge along the floor and up the back, to which the partition can be glued (Fig. 2).

The living-room should have a fireplace, and a candy box or stationary box of the proportions shown in Fig. 5 simplifies the work of making the mantel because it is only necessary to cut an opening through the bottom



of the box for the fireplace, and then glue a piece of cardboard to the side of the box for the mantel shelf. The shelf should project beyond the front and ends of the mantel. The walls of the room may be papered with wall paper having a small pattern, or the cardboard may be stained with dress dyes.

...ar-  
...amel-  
...caram-  
...ustard is  
...among all  
...where it is  
...tried, but  
...many do not know  
...of this wholesome  
...and good flavor.  
...amel put granulated  
...smooth saucepan  
...while it is melting,  
...brown, add a few  
...more if it is to be  
...for flavoring and  
...then it is ready  
...a custard turn into  
...as soon as it becomes a

...s cooked in this car-  
...en are most deli-  
...ered and baked  
...ded to them and  
...while cooking is a  
...y of serving apples  
...y be served with

...am is a most deli-  
...sert.  
...r in boiled frosting for  
...s a most delicious one.  
...may be browned and wa-  
...o it, then add the flavoring  
...boy sugar sirup, and pour over  
...ad egg as in making any  
...d frosting.

...y baked custards are liked pour  
...ch cup before adding the cus-  
...ough of the caramel to coat  
...side of the cup, then add the  
...ard and cook. When they are  
...turned out, the outside will be covered  
...with the caramel. Serve with  
...whipped cream.

### SOME GERMAN CAKES.

The German coffee cake or kuchen is as great a favorite among Americans as among the Germans. These cakes are peculiar to Germany and there are as many methods of making them as there are recipes for their preparation.

**Plain Kuchen.**—Use two and a half quarts of flour, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two cupfuls of sweet milk, one cupful of granulated sugar, three-quarters of a cup of butter or shortening, a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful and a half of vanilla and one package of raisins. At night dissolve half the yeast in a half-cupful of lukewarm water, mix with enough of the flour to make a batter, cover and let stand over night. In the morning dissolve the other half of the yeast in a little warm water and add the risen mixture. Scald the milk, and when lukewarm add to the yeast mixture; beat the eggs, add to them the sugar, melted butter, salt, nutmeg, grated, and vanilla. Stir until well mixed, dust the raisins with flour and add them to the mixture. Sift in the flour and mix as for bread. Put in a warm place, cover well and let it rise until double its bulk. This takes from three to four hours. Then mold into loaves and let rise again. Put into a very slow oven and bake for an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half. When the crust is nicely formed cover and finish baking. When well baked the crust should be a nut brown and the inside a deep cream color.

**Kaffee Kuchen.**—Make a dough as for nut cake, using but one egg and a quarter of a cup of butter. When ready to put into the pans form into large circles and bake. Cover with powdered sugar icing and set in the oven to harden.

**Apple Kuchen.**—The cake is made as above rolled thin in a sheet and eighths of apples overlapping are put over the top. Sprinkle with butter and flour rubbed together and add sugar and cinnamon; sprinkle the top with this and when light bake.

*Nellie Maxwell*

**Consideration for Others.**  
A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint on temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those I live with.—Stopford Brooke.

**New Ideas of Irish Brogue.**  
According to some language students Irish brogue is the ancient way of pronouncing English, preserved in its purity by residents of the Emerald Isle.

**To Live Among Men.**  
We must bear each personality as we come in contact with its inherent individuality, without at all counting on its regeneration and without condemning it for remaining just what it is.—Schopenhauer.

**Immortal Life.**  
The natural life is the immortal life. You know a little more truth; then a little more obedience, then more truth; forever so. But all depends on being in earnest.—Phillips Brooks.







# SPECIAL DISCOUNT FOR 30 DAYS

## FARM IMPLEMENTS...

### BAIN & McCARROLL

#### SOCIABILITY MEETING WELL ATTENDED AND ENJOYED

Last Friday evening about 8 o'clock over 20 cars of Clarendon and Memphis Boosters drove into Hedley, heralded by the Memphis band. After several pieces of music by the band, the Hedley citizens got over their "scare" and came out of hiding to welcome the visitors. They were lined up and marched into Bond Hall where a bountiful repast had been prepared for them.

The Sociability Meeting was presided over by Rev Morgan of Memphis. Many speeches of good will and interest were made by several from each town. About 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned and the visitors departed for home.

One feature brought out by the meeting was the fact that no town can do what it should do without its citizens working together for the town.

Misses Iona and Lois Higgins, ages 13 and 19 years, of Medora, Illinois arrived this morning to visit O. N. Stallsworth and wife. They promise to give the Informer a detailed account of the long trip in next weeks issue. They left their home Tuesday at 4 p. m. coming by way of St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver. A distance of about 1500 miles.

Memphis will have a big six-day Chautauqua beginning July 9. This promises to be one of the best attractions ever to visit this portion of the country. It will be well worth the time and money.

J. G. McDougal and family and W. H. Madden and wife went to Goodnight Sunday.

We, the Church of Christ, will begin our meeting on Saturday night before the First Sunday in September, and it will be conducted by Elder Tice Elkins. Church of Christ.

Mr. Barksdale returned to Chico this week after a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Madden.

Several Hedleyites attended the Singing Convention at Memphis Sunday.

A lot of people have been in town today.

**IS IT A Watch Spectacle Frame or any piece of Jewelry**

It is in the Jewelry line bring it in. It will cost you nothing to see what it will cost to have it fixed.

**Spurgeon Bishop**

J. J. Wills returned this week from Waco where he attended a Normal School of Music the past month. He was more delighted with the Panhandle than ever upon his return home.

#### Announcement

We will have a mixed car of Flour, Corn Chops, Bran, Meal and Oats on the track 1st of next week. Special price while on track. Hicks & Wood.

Dr. Ozier returned this week after a several weeks postgraduate course in a medical college at St. Louis. He said it was very warm there, and that he wished often for the good old Panhandle breezes.

Mrs. Frank White and children of Clarendon spent last week with her parents-in-law, W. T. White and wife. Frank came down Sunday morning returning home with his family Sunday night.

Judge M. M. Brooks of Dallas billed to speak here last night in interest of Tom Ball's candidacy for governor, failed to appear as he was called to Houston. Judge Cole of Clarendon was sent as a substitute. A good sized audience was out and listened attentively to his argument.

A force has been busily engaged in fixing the roof of the school house, which has been leaking.

Mrs. Era Tarpley and little son of Tucumcari, N. M. are here visiting their cousin Mrs. M. C. Tarpley and family.

Don't forget that Hicks & Wood are located next door P. O. Be sure to call on them when in town.

S. L. Guinn has been enjoying a visit from his brother and sister of Hereford. S. L. has been on the sick list this week.

O. B. Stanley and wife were down from Clarendon latter part of last week visiting their parents, T. R. Moreman and wife.

#### RED BOTTLES BEST FOR MILK

French Physician Assures Color Will Keep the Contents Fresh for Some Ten Hours.

To keep milk fresh, put it in red bottles. That is the explanation given by Dr. Eduard Pantet of Versailles, France. He has reported some interesting experiments concerning the influence of red light on milk, and says red bottles solve the milk preservation problem by keeping it fresh for ten hours.

That light is a detriment to the preserving of milk is well known, but which of the rays really did the mischief was not known until Doctor Pantet experimented. He found after testing all colors that red rays were beneficial, but that those toward the violet side of the spectrum caused the milk to "turn."

Doctor Pantet proved his experiment by placing sterilized and unsterilized milk in uncolored bottles in the light for a full day. They were both spoiled and both equally bad. At the same time both kinds of milk were placed in red glass bottles, and at the end of the day both kinds of milk were found to be fresh, even the unsterilized milk being good for many hours.

#### ROSY IN ENGLISH SPORT NOW.

It is rather amusing to note how an English success at sport elates a certain class of critics, just as they are correspondingly depressed when a foreigner beats a home athlete at some pastime which we choose to think is particularly English. Recently, for example, our English golfers did well in three different competitions—Miss Leitch beating a Scotswoman in the ladies' championship, Batley and Holland winning the Professional Golfers' association foursome tournament, and the Americans falling down badly in the St. George's cup. Accordingly, all is rosy with English sport for the moment.—London Globe.

#### THE ONE PLACE.

"Where are you going for the summer?"

"I don't know," said the weary citizen.

"Well, I can tell you of a place where you'll find no mosquitoes, no noise, no inferior food; no fatiguing requirements as to dress; where the fishing is always good and the temperature ideal—"

"I know," replied the weary citizen. "There is such a place. But I don't feel like starting for heaven yet."

#### NOT AT ALL.

"Are your friend's habits abstemious?"

"Oh, no, sir, not a bit of it! He never takes a drop."

#### GOOD WORD.

"How do you like my girl's execution on the piano?"

"Execution did you say? It's killing!"

#### A WEIGH OF VERACITY.

"How did Maud's teacher find out she had not been practicing her music?"

"Her scales gave her away."

#### AT THE THEATER.

He—The story Bangs told me fairly took away my breath.

She (coldly)—I wish he were here to tell you a story now.

#### POETRY AND SCIENCE.

"Where are the songs of long ago?" said the man with sentiments.

"You never hear any one singing about 'The Old Oaken Bucket.'"

"No," said the practical person; "and if you happen to see an old oaken bucket hanging around a well, take my advice and don't stop to sing about it. Send word to a health inspector."

#### WEDDED TO HIS WORK.

"So you hope to marry my daughter and succeed to the business?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't toil to suit me, young man. Suppose you marry the business first and then maybe you can succeed to the daughter."—Kansas City Journal.

#### IN POLAR REGIONS.

Devoted Husband—What's that you have on, my dear?

Sweet Wife—Why, this is my new

es-kimono.—Woman's Home Companion.

#### ANOTHER CAUSE.

"So Smith, I hear, is in the hospital, very much run down. Over-work?"

"No; automobile."

#### EXCEPTIONS.

"Like produces like."

"Then why does our cook beat eggs to make them stiff and steaks to make them limber?"

#### EAT SLOWLY AND...

"Bolting" of Food is One of the Causes of Disturbances of Digestive Organs.

Hurried and rapid eating, which today is too common among all classes of society, prevents anything like efficient mastication, and as a result the food has a very poor start in the digestive process before reaching the stomach. It is always wiser to take less food if need be and then masticate that thoroughly rather than hurry rapidly through a big meal. There is no doubt that "bolting" the food is one of the most prolific causes of indigestion, dyspepsia, headache and many other symptoms and disturbances that might be mentioned.

While prevention is the best cure, there is every reason to believe that the majority of people who suffer from digestive disorders would derive great benefit by taking plenty of time to "fletcherize" their food, that is, chew it thoroughly before swallowing. Thorough mastication is also essential for the preservation of the teeth, for neglect to use these organs encourages decay and brings about their early loss.—Dr. A. B. Olsen, in Good Health.

#### LEADING ACTOR NOT THERE

Stories of Absent-Minded Folk Are Many, and This is One of the Best of Them.

There have been a great many stories about absent-minded men and they are always enjoyable. This concerns a man named Rogers, who lived in a small town and owned a Jersey cow, which he used to drive morning and evening to and from the pasture, not far from his home.

One morning, as a neighbor was passing along the road, he met Mr. Rogers walking in the middle of the lane, his mind apparently engrossed in some weighty questions. The neighbor called out: "Good morning, Mr. Rogers. Where are you going?"

"Why," answered Mr. Rogers, in a surprised way, "I am driving the cow to pasture."

"Where is the cow?" asked his friend.

Mr. Rogers looked around vaguely and then said humbly, "I suppose I forgot to let her out of the barn." And so he had.

Fly chaser at Hedley Drug Co. for all stock.

Farmers interested in hail insurance on their crops should see me as I write for an old line stock company—safe and prompt. J. C. Wells, Agent.

**25 VOTES**  
Cut out this Coupon and present it at Bain & McCarroll's Store and they will exchange it for 25 Votes in their \$400 PIANO CONTEST