

REVIVAL GROWS IN INTEREST

The Baptist meeting will continue until Sunday night. Rev. E. B. Moore of Goodnight has been doing most of the preaching and ably assisted by Evangelist Singers Mr. and Mrs. Joe Blankenship, who were here during the revival last year. They came Thursday night of last week to assist in the meeting and to visit his parents and brothers.

Several conversions and additions to the church have been the result of the meeting thus far, and it is to be hoped that many more conversions will be the outcome before the meeting closes.

GRANDMA NEWMAN DEAD

Mrs. Sallie (Grandma) Newman after a lingering illness of several months, passed away on last Monday night at the home of her son in east Hedley. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the Methodist church, conducted by Rev. G. H. Bryant. Interment made in Rowe Cemetery.

Grandma Newman reached the ripe old age of 82 years, and was a lovable Christian character whom all people delighted in being with and hearing her tell her Christian experience. Death came as a relief to her suffering, and beckoning hands on the other shore no doubt gave her welcome.

Miss Elvia Wiggins of Deep Lake and Misses Latta and Ozell Boone Lakeview were the guests of G. C. Meadows and wife last of last week.

GOOD ROADS ARE ESSENTIAL TO GOOD CITIZENSHIP

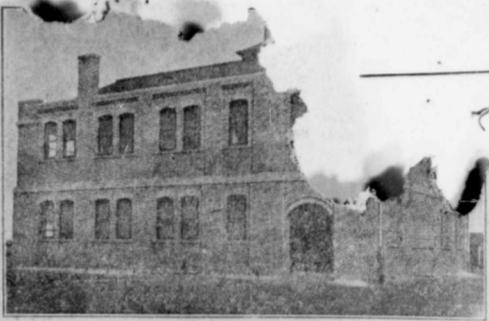
E. W. Kirkpatrick, president of the Texas Industrial Congress, with a lifetime's experience in farming, made the following sensible explanation of the good roads proposition, as it concerns the farmer, in an address before the Midsummer Session of the Texas Good Roads Association at Galveston last week.

The value of improved roads depends upon strict compliance with the law of economy. Dense population or heavy traffic only will justify expensive roads. The most valuable roads for average travel is that which gives efficient permanent service at lowest possible cost. Sand clay roads, when properly constructed and saturated with petroleum or petroleum by-products, often give better service and are more valuable to the farmer than are expensive systems of roadmaking.

The benefits of improved roads are numerous and extensive. The element of time enters into the cause of all failure and disappointment. Improved roads give us choice of time and enable us to save time which otherwise would be lost. With good roads we can choose most advantageous times for marketing or other travel. We can choose weather unsuited for farm work, wet or dry, light or dark. We shorten time by greater speed; fewer teams, wagons, and harness are needed; and

lessens expense of maintenance. Smaller capital is used, interest, insurance, and other expenses are reduced. The value received by farmers from good roads is also reflected in the increased value given to his farm. This increase in value often amounts to more than total cost of the road.

Dismissing consideration of all these economic values to farmers, which arise from good roads, there is another class of benefits and advantages accruing to farmers and to all other classes of population which should



HEDLEY PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING

Educational Rally--School Promises to Be The Best

Last Friday the Educational Rally at the tabernacle drew a fair attendance. As it was the first of its kind ever held in Hedley many attended through curiosity and became interested before the meeting progressed very far.

The rally opened with a few songs and prayer, followed by an educational sermon by Rev. E. B. Moore, president of Goodnight Academy. This sermon was one of the ablest on the subject ever delivered here.

Following the sermon dinner was announced and after all had eaten there was plenty left to have fed twice as many more.

The afternoon session consisted of music and talks. G. C. Meadows, superintendent of Hedley school, delivered a splendid talk on school work, the need of co-operation, the benefits to be derived from same, and the way all could work together for a good school. Rev. Moore followed with a short talk, then Judge J. C. Killough of Clarendon made a talk announcing the amount on hand for Hedley school, how to secure the additional course of Agriculture to make the school a

FACULTY

G. C. MEADOWS, Superintendent.
Agriculture, Science, Reviews.

MRS. G. C. MEADOWS, Principal.
Mathematics.

MISS ELVIA WIGGINS,
English, History.

MRS. DAISY KENNEDY,
Third and Fourth Grades.

MRS. ARTHUR SCOGGINS,
First and Second Grades.

MISS FRANKIE SMITH,
Kindergarten.

MISS INA REEVES,
Music.

MISS ANNA MOORES,
Expression.

PROF. J. J. WILLS,
Voice and Vocal Music.

second class; and also spoke of the benefits to be derived from combining smaller districts into one big central district school.

Farm Agent Stitt of Memphis made an interesting address on scientific or "book" farming. He laid stress upon the fact that the boy who chooses to be a farmer should receive just as much education as the one who expects to become a professional man.

J. L. Bain spoke on the needs of Hedley school and how the board has planned to raise the standard of the school to meet the requirements of the State Department of Education in the equipment and maintaining a nine months term. He stated that they had made arrangements to have the desired equipment for the study of Agriculture according to the requirements of the State.

The 1914-15 term begins September 7, and according to all indications, bids fair to become the best school in Hedley's history. Supt. Meadows and his corps of teachers, backed up by an enterprising board, will make it the best if they can get the co-operation of the community.

Naylor Springs

Mr. and Mrs. Autrey of Sunny View visited the family of M. O. Barnett Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hefner enjoyed a visit from the latter's parents last of the week.

The Baptist meeting is in progress at this place. Rev. Eicks of Claude is doing some earnest preaching. Miss Tyree of Clarendon is assisting in the song service.

Ed and Bert Hilburn are up attending the meeting and visiting friends.

Mr. Grooms from near Memphis visited his relatives, Mr. Hall's family, the latter part of the week.

NELDA.

School will open soon. Please do not ask for credit on school books. This applies to everyone. Hedley Drug Co.

THE BUZZING NUISANCE

By Dr. Ralph Steiner, State Health Officer, Austin, Texas



Mosquitoes have caused 200 deaths in Texas during the past twelve months; this number of Texans have died from Malaria during this time.

The mosquito is known in its various species to be the host disseminator of malarial diseases, and in certain localities, of yellow fever and other germ

mediately about the premises effected. A roof gutter, a choked roof spout, a discarded tin can, a little puddle, an unscreened cistern, a leaky green house, a fish pond—any of these may in a week or two in hot weather afford breeding opportunity to a horde of offensive mosquitoes. To screen the house is an excellent method of defense, but a better method is to prevent the breeding of the mosquito by drying up the stagnant pools, or by covering with a thin film petroleum the water holding vessels which cannot otherwise be treated.

It is a mistake that trees and shrubbery afford breeding places for mosquitoes. Blair in Public Hygiene asserts that "in no case is this true, but it is true that when mosquitoes have been bred somewhere through the provision of necessary stagnant water, the trees and shrubs afford comfortable lurking places for them."

The Methodist Ladies will serve cream and cake Saturday afternoon, September 5. Everybody cordially invited to eat with them. 10c for a dish of cream and a slice of cake.

FOR SALE—3 room house. See G. E. Davis at gin.

BOOST FOR HEDLEY.

Buy School Books early and avoid the September rush Hedley Drug Co

DEBATE DRAWS LARGE CROWDS

The debate between Rev. Bogard, Baptist and Rev. Weaver, Methodist, began Tuesday morning and two sessions a day are being held, lasting twelve days. The sessions are held in the morning from 10 to 12 o'clock, and in the afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock.

Both debaters are well up on their subjects and handle them ably. Large crowds are in attendance including many visitors from other places.

LELIA LAKE

The Baptist meeting closed Sunday night. Rev. Hensler of Comanche conducted the services.

W. M. Cothorn is in Colorado selling melons.

Miss Cecil Tomlinson visited in Hedley this week.

J. L. Garrison took his car to Clarendon Tuesday to have it repaired.

Mrs. Sewell and children of Wise county is visiting her mother, Mrs. Beaty.

J. R. Mace and son are putting down a cement sidewalk in front of their store.

G. T. Adams left for the central part of the state last week with a car of melons.

Roy Guffe and family visited in Clarendon Monday.

L. L. Palmer visited in the Fairview community Wednesday.

The ball game Saturday evening between Lelia and Newlin ended in a defeat for the visiting team. The score being 11 to 10.

Mr. Reynolds is having more room added to his house.

KAFFIROCORNER HAYMAKER.

GET COPY IN EARLY

The Informer is printed every Thursday and it is necessary that advertising copy and all articles of any length, church, society and otherwise, should be in the office on or before Wednesday noon. There is always a rush of things to need attention on press day, and if we have to stop to set up articles that can just as easily be handed in earlier, it works a hardship on us. Of course we are glad to have advertising at any time for it is our bread and butter, but when possible we want it early in the week.

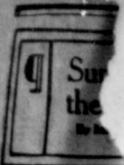
THE PIANO CONTEST

No. 1.....	25,859
2.....	292,395
7.....	14,180
10.....	105,550
14.....	52,210
15.....	8,185
16.....	10,955
18.....	20,785
19.....	8,885
22.....	2,880
27.....	176,620
29.....	2,129
33.....	11,225
44.....	64,240
46.....	65,005
49.....	9,955
50.....	330,018
51.....	19,185
52.....	11,820
53.....	4,320
54.....	10,585
56.....	11,500
57.....	4,875

G. T. Vineyard, M. D. R. L. Vineyard, M. D.
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Special Attention to
Surgery and Diseases of Women
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AMARILLO, TEXAS



hind a counter or w...
under the eye of a "boss," sho...
of the year free from restriction or...
to utterly relax, and should not be ca...
he doesn't feel like it.

When the energy comes back the smiles will come...
for diversion will come of itself, which diversion the girls...
carry out as their own spontaneous expression, than any game...
since it is their own spontaneous expression, than any game...
excursions planned by a paid entertainer, and to which the girls...
to respond and take part in a mass, even though their individual souls may...
be longing for something entirely different.

Another thing which I think is a mistaken idea is that working girls, when on their vacation, must always be under the eyes of those in control of the institution. The girl, who for the sake of honesty and virtue, has worked all the year around, it seems to me, has earned the right to be trusted for two weeks, and not be forever under the eye of a "guard," as the girls themselves call it. These girls are made of the stuff that makes the world go round—virtue and endurance. The women who toil year after year in a world fraught with temptation on every side have proved their virtue—which the women of the leisure class have not done.

There are some rules, of course, that must be conformed to for the greatest benefit to the greatest number. For instance, the retiring hour should be respected by all, as a vacation is primarily for the purpose of rest, and the many should not be disturbed for the pleasure of the few who might wish to sit up late.

I do not believe in the "charity vacation." I believe that every girl should receive sufficient wages to enable her to put by enough to pay for her own vacation and know the joy and self-respect of paying her own way. It should be always possible for her to obtain this at a moderate cost, to be sure, but still enough to make her feel her independence. In cases where even this is not possible then there should be a public fund set aside for the purpose of giving those who labor a chance to rest and store up energy.

In these days of efficiency engineers it seems to me some one's time would be well spent in figuring out how to conserve the energy of the nation, and that the money set aside in a public fund with which to give the future mothers of the race a chance to rest and store up energy would be money well spent. This would lift it out of the charity idea *Miss Florence Sullivan* and put it on a practical basis.

Power of Thought Greater Than Supposed
KATHERINE A. DRISCOLL
Milwaukee, Wis.

Victor Hugo said that we could center our thoughts so strongly on any one that, no matter what the separating distance, we could force that person to think of us.

Mark Twain, when he wished to hear from a friend, would sit down and write him a letter and then destroy it, knowing that the concentration of thought would force his friend either to write him or to come and see him.

The power of thought—for good or ill—is, no doubt, much greater than we understand or appreciate. If those in the innermost circle of our lives hold the thought that we are incapable no doubt this thought goes out and is grasped by a wider and widening circle until we are engulfed in the maelstrom of "malicious animal magnetism." The sensitive soul feels the condition, is depressed, loses courage and, no doubt, in many cases becomes a failure with success in sight, all because of the evil of surrounding influences.

Evil suggestion, grasped by the sensitive soul, is ruinous in its effect, for we do catch thought waves almost as readily as the spoken word, and the evil suggestion or thought is breaking to the spirit. Again, no doubt, great good can be accomplished by holding the right thought, especially where two or three are gathered together in a good cause. Holding the thought that an ill member of the family will surely get well is, without doubt, stimulating and helpful to the invalid. Holding the suggestive thought over the one who owes us that he will and must pay us may have an effect on the debtor and we may get our money. He catches our thought; he catches it often until he gets weary of it, and finally for his peace of mind he settles the bill.

Desire anything, keep desiring it strongly, always working toward that end, and eventually one must gain one's point.

In nine cases out of ten the members of a jury in a great trial will bring in a verdict in accordance with the wishes of the public. Every paper may be censored and still the jury will catch the sentiment of the outside public and usually will bring in a verdict in accordance with the general wish.

It is quite as necessary that we guard our thoughts as that we put the check rein on our spoken expressions, for we can do quite as much harm with the one as with the other.

Aid Movement to Protect Useful Birds
By A. T. WESTON, Raleigh, N. C.

If the federal migratory-bird law is unconstitutional then so are the laws for river pollution control, fish distribution, epidemic control, the white-slave traffic, national express business

and the Panama canal. There is danger that the work of the bird champions will be nullified by congress and obstacles placed in the way of further protecting our migratory birds.

In view of the decrease already accomplished in the general volume of bird life, the enormous losses annually inflicted by ravages of insects and the destruction of wild life throughout America, I believe the bill providing federal protection for all migratory birds ought to have no opposition.

The greatest destruction of our birds occurs in the southern states. There are seven states in which the robin is regularly and legally killed as game. They are Louisiana, Mississippi, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and Florida. There are five states that permit the killing of blackbirds as game—Louisiana, South Carolina, Tennessee, District of Columbia and Pennsylvania. Cranes are eaten in Colorado, Nevada, Nebraska, North Dakota and Oklahoma. In Louisiana as many as 10,000 robins are slaughtered each day.

The quail is a great destroyer of the seeds of noxious weeds. In our fauna he has no equal, but throughout the North and South this species is mercilessly shot, and, as a result, is becoming extinct. Shore birds are being exterminated by sportsmen and pothunters. The Eskimo curlew is extinct and other species are going the same way.



AT those fashionable sporting events in and near Paris, which are attended by a great concourse of people more interested in styles than anything else, one may expect to see the best efforts of the most capable designers of apparel in the world. The Jockey club races at Auteuil, the French Derby at Chantilly and the event of the Grand Prix mark the launching of ideas for the coming fall, as Easter sees them on parade for the summer which follows it. Here is a snapshot picture, taken at Chantilly, in which gowns made up in midsummer fabrics are cut on lines that promise well for fall. As the last word in summer gowns and as showing changes in style tendencies they are equally interesting.

At the right a gown of white taffeta is a model of elegance and midsummer comfort. The model could be copied in light-weight linen or in white voile, or voile and taffeta combined, with just as good results. From the standpoint of durability linen and fine cotton crepes are most reliable.

It will be seen that the underskirt is wide enough to allow a comfortable stride and that the tunic is longer than those of earlier design. It is laid in

side plaits all around and finished with a hemstitched two-inch hem at the bottom. The blouse is plain, with three-quarter-length sleeves. It is finished with a sailor collar and turn-back cuffs, with its only decoration a small lace vest and hemstitching on sleeves and collar.

A white satin hat, lined with black velvet and trimmed with white feathers, a black enamel and rhinestone brooch, a broad black ribbon sash, with white shoes and stockings, make up the details of this exquisite toilette.

At the left a gown in white crepe and heavy lace repeats the plain skirt and long tunic style just described. It is completed with a little coat opening over a silk vest, which is cleverly cut into long points. Very handsome fine pearl buttons are set close together down the front of the vest.

The helmet turban of white feathers is in demand in which fashionables are indulging just now. It has one point of advantage over white satin or silk hats—it will outlast them in usefulness. Made of feathers it may be worn in the winter time.

Black slippers and white stockings and a very broad sash of white ribbon complete this graceful costume.

Outing and Sports Hats



If you are looking for an outing hat you may be sure that a sailor shape in one of the numerous varieties in which the sailor is made is to be found that will be becoming to you. It appears that about everything that has a brim of moderately regular width is classed under this name and it is really a matter of convenience to have it so.

Outing hats are usually pressed shapes of straw or hemp which are bought ready for lining and trimming. They are trimmed with wings or feathers or novelties that will stand more or less of the wear and tear of daily use. For trimming them, durable wings, feather breasts, pompons, strong ribbons and ornaments, especially manufactured for them, are brought out each season.

The hat for summer sports needs no trimming. The simplest of bands as a finish, or a flat bow at most, is appropriate for head-wear that fulfills

its mission when it covers the head, stays on and shades the eyes. Two pretty examples of sports hats are shown in the illustration given here. One of them is of white corduroy and the other of white satin. They are comfortable and beautiful and their life is a short but very busy one, lasting about six weeks in the heart of the summer.

The outing hat pictured is of white hemp trimmed with a long white wing springing from a feather base. Two jet pins are thrust through the wing and shape. There is a narrow band of white ottoman ribbon about the base of the crown.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Little Girls' Summer Hats.
Hats for little girls are quaint in shape and are adorned with clusters of small flowers, ribbon or lace. Frequently the underbrims are lined with chiffon or tulle.

De
EVERY farmer who...
this community...
makes much difference to him when he considers...
of our town is his own prosperity.

But when he sends his money to the mail order houses HE DOES NOT STOP TO THINK THAT HE IS NOT HELPING TO PAY THE REQUIRED TAXES IN HIS OWN COMMUNITY; not that he does not pay his own legally assessed taxes, but that he is not helping our local merchants to pay the taxes necessary to support the community.

The mail order man has absolutely no interest in the community. He plays the part of a fisherman—strolling about, casting a line here and there, where he thinks the best fishing is to be found, and after pulling out the fish he departs. The mail order man does not contribute to the upkeep of the community. He merely takes away from it.

When a farmer sends his dollars to the mail order house he prevents a certain amount of improvements, s.t.y. for instance, in road building, here in our county. The mail order man does not help to build our roads, but the local storekeeper does.

If we keep the dollars at home they will help on helping us all. Dollars spent at home, come home to roost. They come back in the upkeep of our town and county institutions. We have none too many dollars at the most in our community and it seems a shame to send any of them away to the mail order houses, where we will never see them again.

The dollars we send away help the mail order man to take a vacation in Europe or at the seashore. THEY HELP HIM TO MAINTAIN HIS AUTOMOBILE AND TO RIDE ON PAVED ROADS.

If we keep these same dollars at home they will help us to have better roads in our own county. Of course, the mail order man pays his taxes in the city, which helps to pave the streets of the city, but we here in our town don't benefit by that. Therefore, the best thing for us to do is keep our money at home, where it will do us some good.

OUR LOCAL MERCHANTS WILL USE THE DOLLARS TO GOOD ADVANTAGE BY HELPING TO PAY THE TAXES HERE—THE TAXES REQUIRED TO BUILD GOOD ROADS. EVERY DOLLAR SPENT IN OUR HOME TOWN MEANS IMPROVEMENTS AT HOME.

The merchants of our town deserve the patronage of the people in our community. They are a part, a very large part, of the community and they pay a major portion of the taxes. The more business they do the more taxes they must pay and the more taxes paid into the county treasury, the more improvements we can have.

Unless we are careful and watch our own interests we will find out to our cost that the ultimate result of the mail order scheme will be the centralization of all of the country business in the large cities and the absolute destruction of the financial interests in the small cities and towns. The only way to prevent this is to stop sending our orders to the mail order houses.

Let the dollars come home to roost. That is the only way, and they will come home to roost if we do not send them too far away. The dollars spent locally will circle around and keep things lively, but if sent away we must get more dollars from outside to take their place. It is not always an easy matter to do this. THE SAFEST THING TO DO IS TO TAKE NO CHANCES, BUT TO SPEND THEM AT HOME WITH THE LOCAL STOREKEEPERS.

If we had any expectation that the mail order man would ever do anything to help our community, things might be different. But there is no chance. He comes to us in the garb of an artful deceiver, with gross misrepresentations, false promises and a record of disappointments. But we welcome the opportunity to again place ourselves on record as being his dupes. There isn't a grain of kindness in his whole makeup. He demands his cash in advance and gives you that which he wishes to send. You have no redress. You have no rights that he is bound to respect.

The mere fact that we are silly enough to send our money away, out of our own community, to a stranger, thereby injuring our own business prospects and jeopardizing our own prosperity, justifies him in believing that he can take the most outrageous liberties with us.

Bread cast on the waters will return, not so with dollars sent to the mail order house. Turkeys will come home to roost, if somebody does not catch them.

BUT DOLLARS WILL COME HOME TO ROOST IF WE KEEP THEM IN CIRCULATION IN OUR HOME TOWN TRY IT.

MAKING LAND VALUES

THAT which is not desired cannot be said to possess a value. But that which is desirable and in demand possesses a value according to its desirability—the value being regulated by the demand.

Farm lands vary in values according to their location, their productive qualities and their accessibility to the markets.

The character of crops must be regulated according to the market at hand and every community necessarily directs the character of the product brought to town by the farmers.

There must be a market for the farmer. There must be some place where he can realize on his crops and receive in exchange a fair value in money or in such merchandise as will supply the necessities of those dependent on his efforts—to say nothing of the luxuries that have become practically necessities.

The day has gone by when the farmer and his family raised and produced by home manufacture all the things needed. We have become creatures of conditions entirely new. We must have stylish clothing to take the place of the home-spun worn by our forefathers. We must have pianos and organs, upholstered furniture, chinaware, crockery, tinware, aluminum utensils, self-binding harvesters, threshing machines, together with modern machinery and tools of all kinds. Our wives and daughters must have millinery and all sorts of fad-dollars which, bless them, they are entitled to have and to wear.

Our day is no longer a period of appreciation of beauty unadorned or a disregard for the good things of life. We need, or we think we need, which is the same thing, a lot of things which cannot be produced on the farm, therefore we incline our motives and our endeavors to obtain such things.

In answer to the demand for such things we have established communities for a general exchange of these things; for the exchange of the farm products for money and for merchandise. Now that we have established a standard of values for everything we figure everything in dollars and cents and if we are dealing with a storekeeper who carries a stock of the things we require and wish to buy and who wishes to buy that which we have to sell, there is no bother about making the deal.

In our community we have storekeepers who have equipped their places of business with everything we need. They have invested their money in merchandise just as the farmers have invested their money and their time in lands and machinery and cattle and in crops.

In this manner there has been created a certain market for a proportion of the crops raised by our farmers. The marketing of the balance of a crop is readily attended to by the mere fact that we have a community, a headquarters for buying and selling; the greater the size of the community, the better facilities.

IF A COMMUNITY IS POOR AND UNPROSPEROUS, THEN THE FARMER CANNOT MARKET HIS CROPS SO PROFITABLY.

The prosperity of a community including those who live on the outskirts and who multiply, this, of course, including those who live on the fact that they do their really form a part of the community, because of the fact that they do their marketing there. If they bring their money with the local business men, the sell them there and then spend their money with the local business men, the community will grow and prosper. Land values will increase and the earnest tollers and workers will become wealthy.

But if either the farmers or the storekeepers fail to do their full share in the way of complying with the business requirements then there will be a lack of success and the community will not grow or prosper. Land values will not increase.

There is a division of responsibility, practically equal. The interests of the storekeepers and of the farmers must come together. Without a due appreciation of these requirements, no community can look for progress.

If the storekeepers do not carry the merchandise ready to meet the requirements of the farmers they realize that they cannot expect to do the business. But the failure is not here.

The great trouble in our community, now, is that the shower of mail order catalogues has descended on the land and the farmers are inclined to believe that no harm can come of diverting their trade from the local storekeepers to the mail order houses in the big cities.

We must keep our money in circulation in our own town. We must protect our local storekeepers. We must create and build up conditions of prosperity right here at home or there will be no increase in land values. In fact, they will decrease if we send our money to the mail order houses.

IF WE DESIRE PROSPERITY, WE MUST HELP TO CREATE IT OURSELVES BY SPENDING OUR MONEY AT HOME.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAURE

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 decides to rehabilitate the place. Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Vallant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doctor Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds. Vallant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Vallant for the first time. Vallant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees. The yearly tournament, a survival of the fittest of feudal times, is held at Damory court. At the last moment Vallant takes the place of one of the knights, who is sick, and enters the lists. He wins and chooses Shirley Dandridge as queen of beauty to the dismay of Katherine Fargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting in Virginia. The tournament ball at Damory court draws the elite of the countryside. Shirley is crowned by Vallant as queen of beauty. Vallant tells Shirley of his love and they become engaged.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"Bristow, Shirley's a magnificent girl."

"Finest in seven counties," agreed the major's boss.

"Whom do you reckon she'll choose to marry?"

"Chilly Lusk, of course. The boy's been in love with her since they were in bibs. And he comes as near being fit for her as anybody."

"Hump!" said the other sardonically. "No man I ever saw was half good enough for a good woman. But good women marry just the same. It isn't Lusk I used to think it would be, but I've got a pair of eyes in my head, if you haven't. It's young Vallant."

The pearl fan twisted in Katherine's fingers. What she had guessed was an open secret, then!

The major made an exclamation that had the effect of coming after a jaw-dropped silence. "I—I never thought of that!"

The other resumed slowly, somewhat bitterly, it seemed to the girl listening. "If her mother was in love with Sassoon—"

Katherine's heart beat fast and then stood still. Sassoon! That was the name of the man Vallant's father had killed in that old duel of which Judge Chalmers had told! "If her mother—"

Shirley Dandridge's mother—"was in love with Sassoon!" Why—"Was she?"

The major's query held a sharpness that seemed almost appeal. She was conscious that the other had faced about abruptly.

"I've always believed so, certainly. If she had loved Vallant, would she have thrown him over merely because he broke his promise not to be a party to a quarrel?"

"You think not?" said the major huskily.

"Not under the circumstances. Vallant was forced into it. No gentleman, at that day, could have declined the

meeting. He could have explained it to Judith's satisfaction—a woman doesn't need much evidence to justify the man she is in love with. He must have written her—he couldn't have gone away without that—and if she had loved him, she would have called him back."

The major made no answer. Katherine saw a cigar fall unheeded upon the grass, where it lay glowing like a panther's eye.

The other had risen now, his stooped figure bulking in the moonlight. His voice sounded harsh and strained: "I loved Beauty Vallant," he said, "and his son is his son to me—but I have to think of Judith, too. She faints, Bristow, when she saw him—Shirley told me about it. Her mother has made her think it was the scent of the roses. He's his father's living image, and he's brought the past back with

him. Every sound of his voice, every sight of his face, will be a separate stab! Oh, his mere presence will be enough for Judith to bear. But with her heart in the grave with Sassoon, what would love between Shirley and young Vallant mean to her? Think of it!"

He broke off, and there was a blank of silence, in which he turned with almost a sigh. Then Katherine saw him reach the bench with a single stride and drop his hand on the bowed shoulder.

"Bristow!" he said brusquely. "You're ill! This confounded philandering at your time of life—"

The major's face looked ashy pale, but he got up with a laugh. "Not I," he said; "I was never better in my life! We've had our mouthful of air. 'Come on back to the house.'"

"Not much!" grunted the other. "I'm going where we both ought to have been hours ago." He threw away his cigar and stalked down the path into the darkness.

The major stood looking after him till he had disappeared, then suddenly dropped on the bench and covered his face. Something like a groan burst from him.

"My God!" he said, and his voice came to Katherine with a quaver of age and suffering—very different from the jovial accents of the ballroom—"If I were only sure it was Sassoon!"

Presently he rose, and went slowly toward the lighted doorway.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Ambush.

Not long after, from the musicians' bower the sound of "Home, Sweet Home," drifted over the poignant rose-scent, and presently the driveway resounded to rolling wheels and the voices of negro drivers, and the house-entrance jostled with groups, muffled in loose carriage-wraps, silken cloaks and light overcoats, calling tired but laughing farewells.

Katherine, on the step, found herself looking into Vallant's eyes. "How can I tell you how much I have enjoyed it all!" she said. "I've stayed till the very last minute—which is something for one's fourth season! And now, goodby, for we are off tomorrow for Hot Springs."

Her father had long ago betaken himself homeward, and the big three-seated surrey—holding "six comfortable and nine funnily," in the phrase of Lige the coachman—had returned for the rest: Judge Chalmers, the two younger girls and Shirley. Katherine greeted the latter with a charming smile. What more natural than that she should find herself straightway on the rear seat with royalty? The two girls safely disposed in the middle, the judge climbed up beside the driver, who cracked his whip and they were off.

The way was not long, and Katherine had need of dispatch if to be re-vengeful weapon were to be used which fate had put into her hands. She wasted little time.

"It seems so strange," she said, "to find our host in such surroundings! I can scarcely believe him the same John Vallant I've danced with a hundred times in New York. He's been here such a short while and yet he couldn't possibly be more at home if he'd lived in Virginia always. And you all treat him as if he were quite one of yourselves."

Shirley smiled enchantingly. "Why, yes," she said, "maybe it seems odd to outsiders. But, you see, with us a Vallant is always a Vallant. No matter where he has lived, he's the son of his father and the master of Damory court."

"That's the wonderful part of it. It's so—so English, somehow."

"Is it?" said Shirley. "I never thought of it. But perhaps it seems so. We have the old houses and the old names and think of them, no doubt, in the same way."

"What a sad life his father had!" pursued Katherine dreamily. "You know all about the duel, of course?"

Shirley shrank imperceptibly now. The subject touched Vallant so closely it seemed almost as if it belonged to him and to her alone—not a thing to be flippantly touched on. "Yes," she said somewhat slowly, "every one here knows of it."

"No doubt it has been almost forgotten," the other continued, "but John's coming must naturally have revamped the old story. What was it about—the quarrel? A love-affair?"

"It's so long ago," murmured Shirley. "I suppose some one could tell if they would."

"Major Bristow, perhaps," conjectured Katherine thoughtfully.

"He was one of the seconds," admitted Shirley unhappily. "But by common consent that side of it wasn't talked of at the time. Men in Virginia have old-fashioned ideas about women."

"Ah, it's fine of them!" peaced Katherine. "I can imagine the men who knew about that dreadful affair, in their southern chivalry, drawing a cordon of silence about the name of that girl with her broken heart. For if she loved one of the two, it must have been Sassoon—not Vallant, else he would have stayed. How terrible to see one's lover killed in such a way.

It was quickly ended for him, but the poor woman was left to bear it all the years. I fancy she would never wholly get over it, never be able to forgive him, though she tried."

Shirley made some reply that was lost in the whirling wheels. The other's words seemed almost an echo of what she herself had been thinking.

"Maybe she married after a while, too. A woman must make a life for herself, you know. If she lives here, it will be sad for her, this opening of the old wound by John's coming."

And looking so like his father—

Katherine paused. There was a kind of exhilaration in this subtle baiting. Shirley stirred uneasily, and in the glimpsing light her face looked troubled. Katherine's voice had touched pathos, and in spite of her distaste of the subject, Shirley had been entering into the feeling of that supposititious woman.

The judge, on the front seat, was telling a low-toned story over his

shoulder for the delectation of Nancy and Betty, but Shirley was not listening. Her whole mind was full of what Katherine had been saying. She was picturing to herself this woman, her secret hidden all these years, hearing of John Vallant's coming to Damory court, learning of this likeness, shrinking from sight of it, dreading the painful memory it must thrust upon her.

"Sassoon"—Katherine's voice was dreamy—"that she and John met suddenly, without warning. What would she do? Would she say anything? Perhaps she would faint."

Shirley started violently. Her hands, as they drew her cloak uncertainly about her, began to tremble, as if with cold. Something fell from them to the bottom of the surrey.

Through her chiffon veil Katherine noted this with a slow smile. It had been easier than she had thought. She said no more, and the carriage rolled on, to the accompaniment of giggles over the judge's peroration. As it neared the Rosewood lane she leaned toward Shirley.

"You have dropped your fan," said she—and your gloves, too. . . . I might have reached them for you. Why, we are there already. How short the drive has seemed!"

"Don't drive up the lane, Lige," said Shirley, and her voice seemed sharp and strange even to herself. "The wheels would wake mother."

Katherine bade her goodby with careful sweetness, as the judge bundled her down in his strong friendly arms.

"No," she told him, "don't come with me. It's not a bit necessary. Emmaline will be waiting for me."

He climbed into her vacant place as the girls called their good nights. "We'll all sleep late enough in the morning, I reckon," he said with a laugh, "but it's been a great success!"

Emmaline was crouched in a chair in the hall, a rug thrown over her knees, in open-mouthed slumber. She started up at the touch of Shirley's hand, yawning widely.

"I 'clare to goodness," she muttered, "I was jes' fixin' 't go 't' sleep!"

"I—I'm so tired, Emmaline. Take the crown. It's heavy."

The negro woman untangled the glittering points from the meshing hair with careful fingers. "Po' 'll chicky-dee-dee!" she said lovingly. "Reck'n she flop all th' feddahs outer her wings. Gimme that 't' in crown—'I like ter lam' it out th' winder! Come on, now; we go upstairs soft so's not ter sturb Mis' Judith."

In the silvery-blue bedroom, she deftly unfastened the hooks of the heavy satin gown and coaxed her mistress to lie on the sofa while she un-pressed the masses of waving hair till they lay in a rich surge over the cushion. Then she brought a brush and crouching down beside her, began with long gentle strokes to smooth out the silken threads, talking to her while in a soft crooning monotone.

Under these ministrations Shirley lay languid and speechless, her eyes closed. The fear that had stricken her heart by turns seemed a cold hand pressing upon its beating and an alid vapor rising stealthily over it. But

her hands were burned. Finally "Thank you in a tired voice going to sleep, bed, too."

But alone in the room, as she lay Shirley lay staring open-eyed at the ceiling. Slowly the terror was seizing upon her, the dread, noiseless and intangible, folding her in the shadow of its numbing wings. Was her mother the one over whom that old duel had been fought? She remembered the cape Jessamines. Was the date of that duel—the death of Sassoon—the anniversary her mother kept?

She sat up in bed, trembling. Then she rose, and opening the door with caution, crept down the stair, sliding her hot hand before her along the cool polished banister. As she passed through the lower hall, a hound on the porch, scenting her, stirred, thumped his tail on the flooring, and whined. Groping her way to the dining-room, she lighted a candle and passed through a corridor into a low-ceilinged chamber employed as a general receptacle—a glorified garret, as Mrs. Dandridge dubbed it.

It showed a strange assemblage! A row of chests, stored with winter clothing, gave forth a clean pungent smell of cedar, and at one side stood an antique spinnet and a worn set of horsehair furniture.

Shirley had turned her miserable eyes on a book-shelf along one wall. The volumes it contained had been her father's, and among them stood a row of tomes taller than their fellows—the bound numbers of a county newspaper, beginning before the war. The back of each was stamped with the year. She was deciphering these faded imprints. "Thirty years ago," she whispered; "yes, here it is."

She set down the candle and dragged out one of the huge leatherbacks. Staggering under the weight, she rested its edge on the table and began feverishly to turn the pages, her eye on the date line. She stopped presently with a quick breath—she had reached May 15th. The year was that of the duel: the date was the day following the Jessamine anniversary. Fearfully her eye overran the columns.

Then suddenly she put her open hand on the page as though to blot out the words, every trace of color stricken from cheek and brow. But the line seemed to glow up through the very flesh: "Died, May 14th; Edward Sassoon, in his twenty-sixth year."

The book slipped to the floor with a crash that echoed through the room. It was true, then! It was Sassoon's death that her mother mourned. The man in whose arms she had stood such a little while ago by the old dial of Damory Court was the son of the man who had killed him!

"Oh, God," she whispered, "just when I was so happy! Oh, mother, mother! You loved him, and your heart broke when he died. It was Vallant who broke it—Vallant—Vallant. His father!"

She slipped down upon the bare floor and crouched there shivering and agonized, her disheveled hair wet with tears. Was her love to be but the thing of an hour, a single clasp—and then, forever, nothing? His father's deed was not his fault. Yet how could she love a man whose every feature brought a pang to that mother she loved more than herself? So, over and over, the wheel of her thought turned in the same desolate groove, and over and over the proxysms of grief and longing submerged her.

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The Year Was That of the Duel: the Date Was the Day Following the Jessamine Anniversary.



Katherine's Heart Beat Fast and Then Stood Still. Sassoon!



STILL GROW ANCIENT GRAIN

Staff of Life Made Use of by Cave Dwellers is Cultivated Today in Switzerland.

How old is bread? Disgruntled boarders may have theories upon the age of the particular bread served to them, but that is beside the question.

So long as records of civilized man go back bread has been the staff of life. It is somewhere in the history of prehistoric man that man first learned to grind his grain, make dough and bake it on hot stones.

In the time of neolithic man, when one branch of humanity for defense drove piles in the edges of Swiss lakes and built huts on their tops, bread was made. That much at least is certain.

These stone age progressives had learned to reap grain and probably to cultivate it in a rude way. They possessed wheat of several varieties, barley, rye and other kinds. Curiously enough, two of these prehistoric varieties are still cultivated in Switzerland, not far from where the lake dwellers lived.

These are the blue motta, still grown in La Grayere, and the nouette de

La Grayere, which grows on the steep slopes of the lake dwellers' site.

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Why Scratches?
"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded WITHOUT QUESTION if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other Skin Disease. 50c at your druggist's, or by mail direct if the han't it. Manufactured only by A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

The average man dislikes a chronic kicker—unless she's in the chorus.

DICKEY'S OLD RELIABLE EYE WATERS soothe and soothe sore eyes. Adv.

Putting Off.
"Pop!"
"Yes, my boy."
"What does it mean to procrastinate?"
"To put off, my son."
"Well, I just saw mama upstairs and she was procrastinating her hair!"

Died With Fortune Near.
That Benjamin Vance, prospector, whose body was found in a gully at the base of a 500-foot cliff near Palo Rito pass recently, was killed after locating a rich mineral vein in the belief of S. J. Vance of Tekamah, Neb., his brother. In the prospector's cabin were a number of high-grade ore samples, cached in a secret passageway.—Crestone (Colo.) Dispatch to Denver Post.

Marble Windows.
Remarkably beautiful effects are secured by the use of marble as a means of transmitting light instead of glass. This has been accomplished by a new process which has been devised by an engineer of Hamburg, W. Engle. He has succeeded in making plates of marble no more than three millimeters in thickness and for the use designated it is available up to 20 millimeters thick. The suitability of marble for this purpose was realized some time ago, but the difficulty encountered was that of securing the marble in slabs of sufficient thickness. These plates permit of the passage of a greater amount of light than frosted glass does, and at the same time imparts to the rays a much pleasanter color. Most optical glass imparts to the light an undesirable greenish tinge, while the light which passes through the marble has a reddish violet which is much pleasanter. After the marble has been ground down to the desired thickness it is subjected to an immersion in oil under high pressure, and the effects secured in this manner are said the superior to those of stained glass.

GOOD CHANGE.
Coffee to Postum.

The large army of persons who have found relief from many chronic ailments by changing from coffee to Postum as a daily beverage, is growing each day.

It is only a simple question of trying it for oneself in order to know the joy of returning health as realized by an ill, young lady. She writes: "I had been a coffee drinker nearly all my life and it affected my stomach—caused insomnia and I was seldom without a headache. I had heard about Postum and how beneficial it was, so concluded to quit coffee and try it.

"I was delighted with the change. I can now sleep well and seldom ever have headaches. My stomach has gotten strong and I can eat without suffering afterwards. I think my whole system greatly benefited by Postum.

"My brother also suffered from stomach trouble while he drank coffee, but now, since using Postum, he feels so much better he would not go back to coffee for anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum 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.



The Year Was That of the Duel: the Date Was the Day Following the Jessamine Anniversary.

Your Dollars
 Mr. Farmer
 Have you a
 city in which you live
 which furnishes you a
 anything to you?

When you send your dollars
 mail order man in the city do you
 stop to think what he *does not do for you*,
 and what the merchants of this town *do*
do for this community?

The man you are sending your dollars
 to does not pay taxes in this county. He
 does not help to build the roads, or sup-
 port the county government. He does
 nothing that will make your acres of
 more value.

*Why not keep the dollars at home where
 they will help you?*

The community needs your help, and
 you can help best by spending your dol-
 lars with the people who assist you in
 making a better community in which
 to live.

*Why build roads for the mail-order mag-
 nate's automobile when you can build them
 for yourself?*

Will you think it over?

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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

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

Four issues make a newspaper
 month.

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

All Obituaries, Resolutions of
 Respect, Cards of Thanks, Ad-
 vertising Church or Society do-
 ings when admission is charged,
 will be treated as advertising and
 charged for accordingly.

NOMINATED IN PRIMARY

- For District Judge, 47th Judicial District:
HUGH L. UMPHRES
- For District Attorney, 47th Judicial District:
HENRY S. BISHOP
- For County Judge:
J. C. KILLOUGH
- For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
GEORGE R. DOSHIER
- For County Treasurer:
E. DUBBS
- For Tax Assessor:
B. F. NAYLOR
- For District and County Clerk:
J. J. ALEXANDER
- For Commissioner Precinct No 3
N. (Nick) L. FRYAR
- For Public Weigher Precinct 3:
D. C. MOORE
- For Justice of the Peace, P'ct 3:
J. A. MORROW

Saturday week is Trade Day.

That Old World war has no
 great terrors for the farmers
 who are raising hogs and feed,
 cotton and chickens, vegetables
 and milk cows.

Watch Hedley Grow.

Hedley school will open Sept-
 ember 7 with the brightest of
 prospects.

Fall of the year is at hand and
 crop gathering will soon be in
 full swing.

This country will revel in great
 crops this fall and then just
 watch how Hedley will be kept
 busy attending buying and sell-
 ing.

Trade Day in Hedley is usually
 a winner and there is no reason
 why the coming one should not
 be the best of all. The Commer-
 cial Club should wake up.

The Universal Enemy

The fly is man's most common
 enemy, more deadly than wild
 beasts, more dangerous than
 poisonous insects or rattlesnakes
 and more terrible even than war.
 It killed more American soldiers
 during the Spanish American
 War than did all the bullets of
 the Spaniard and Philippine In-
 surgents. The fly carries on
 his legs and wings the germs of
 typhoid, consumption, cholera
 infantum and summer sickness.
 He has absolutely no economic
 value. He is friend to no one
 and enemy to all.

- Don't ever make a truce with
 the fly. Keep up the war against
 him and his kind at all times.
- Don't permit flies near any
 food, especially milk.
- Don't permit them to stay in
 the house when they do get in.
- Don't buy food stuff where flies
 are tolerated.
- Don't let flies crawl over your
 food, with their filthy germ-laden
 legs.
- Don't ever miss a chance to
 swat the fly, kill him and destroy
 his breeding place.
- Keep flies away from the kitch-
 en, out of the dining room, away
 from the sick, especially from
 those with contagious disease.
- There is more health in a well
 screened house than in many a
 doctor's visit.—Scouting.

W. T.
 I have changed my mind since
 I had that young man from your
 school recently. He stepped in-
 to my office, and was able to pick
 up the details of the work in two
 or three days, and could do more
 then than even my selftrained
 boys have been able to do in
 three years."
 "You may keep me on your
 list for promising young men."
 The above is similar to many
 letters and conversations which
 come to us every month. The
 reason is very simple:
 We do not spend the money
 that some schools spend in ad-
 vertising, but spend it in equip-
 ping our different departments
 with modern makes of typewrit-
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 graphs, dictaphone, hence when
 our graduates get out in the
 business world they are not
 hampered like students of other
 schools. We have never had a
 graduate who failed to do the
 work of his employer, and when
 we do have, every cent he has
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 ed him.
 Our teaching efforts, plans and
 methods are all in the direction
 of the practical side of business
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 the theory of "how business is
 done." That is why we guaran-
 tee it and the business man en-
 dorse it by "calling again" for
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B. Y. P. U.
 Program to be rendered Sept.
 6 The public invited to attend
 Subject, Three Mistakes about
 Rest.
 Leader, Willie Caldwell.
 The B. Y. P. U. and Its Work
 —Rev. Horschler.
 Scripture reading, Psalm 15:
 68—George Goin.
 Introduction—Leader.
 Rest of Soul not Dependent on
 a Place—Melie Richey.
 Rest of Soul May Be Had in
 the Midst of Difficulty—Otis
 Bishop.
 Song, O Land of Rest.
 Rest of Soul Not to Be Found
 in Our Own Power—Ernest
 Bishop.
 Rest is God's Gift When We
 Trust Him—K. W. Howell.
 Heb. 4: 9 Lola Baker.
 Closing Prayer—Pastor.
 Program Committee.

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

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- I. O. O. F. Lodge
 meets on every
 Tuesday night.
 J. M. Killian, N. G.
 H. A. Bridges, Secretary
- A. F. & A. M. Meets Saturday
 night on or before
 the full moon.
 R. A. Bayne, W. M.
 S. L. Guinn, Secretary

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

- Judge, J. C. Killough
- Clerk, J. J. Alexander
- Sheriff, J. T. Patman
- Treasurer, Guss Johnson
- Assessor, G. W. Baker
- County Attorney, W. T. Link
- Commissioners:
 E. D. McAdams, Pct. No. 1
 P. O. Longon, " " 2
 N. L. Fryar, Pct. No. 3
 J. T. Bain, " " 4
- Justice of the Peace Precinct 3,
 J. A. Morrow
- Constable, J. W. Bond.
- District Court meets third week
 in January and July
- County Court convenes 1st Mon-
 day in February, May, August
 and November.

CHURCHES

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

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

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C. W. Horschler, Pastor
 Telephone No. 77
 Services 1st and 3rd Sunday
 at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
 Monthly business meeting Sat-
 urday 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.
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 Class meets immediately after
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The Informer

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THE INFORMER

A garden is a lovable thing. Got wot.
 Rose plot.
 Fringed pool.
 Fenced grove.
 The veriest school of peace! and yet
 the fool
 contends that God is not—
 Not God in gardens? when the even is
 cool?
 Nay, but I have a sign,
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THE EVERY PURPOSE CAKE.

A common recipe for cake, which may be varied by different flavors or fillings, is a valuable addition to any repertoire. The cup cake is one which lends itself to any number of variations, also the one, two, three cake.

The following cup cake is a good old standby: One cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of milk and two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of vanilla. When a white cake is desired, omit the yolks and flavor with almond or lemon, if so desired.

For a nut cake add a half cupful of nuts. If it is to be white use almonds, blanched and shredded with a little coconut.

For a ribbon cake, divide the cake mixture into three portions. Color one with fruit spices, and another pink. Put the dark fruit layer in between and put together with boiled frosting.

A marble cake may be made by adding chocolate to a portion. Dissolve the chocolate in a little hot water and stir in. Then put in spoonfuls into the pan so that it will be marbled when baked.

The cup cake may be baked in a sheet, then cut out in rounds or oblongs, frosted and served as small cakes, or the cake may be baked in cups, which is the original form of the cake.

One recipe may be changed times without number as to cake filling. A most delicious cake filling is chopped pineapple added to boiled frosting.

For the children a pink frosting on small cakes and sprinkled with coconut will please them.

A thick loaf cake, baked three inches thick, and cut with a deep, round cutter into cylinder-shaped cakes, then frosted and rolled in chopped nuts, makes cakes which look much like croquettes and are a pretty change to serve.

Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day
 Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.
 In months of sun so live that months of rain
 Shall still be happy. Evermore restrains
 Evil and chertish good. So shall there be
 Another and a happier life for thee.
 —Whittier.

SUNDAY EVENING SUPPER.

The light supper which follows a late dinner should not be a burden to the digestive powers.

Often no supper at all would be the wisest plan to follow. A hot dish, if so desired, may be creamed toast or fish or chicken. If these are not served, something hearty in salad, like crab salad, might be served.

Crab Salad.—Chill the crab meat, sprinkle with French dressing and let stand to season. Arrange cups of blanched lettuce leaves and fill with the meat; put on a spoonful of mayonnaise dressing and serve.

Egg and Olive Salad.—Cook enough eggs to serve the desired number, cool and cut in halves; remove the yolk and cut a piece off from each egg white so that it will stand upright. Rub the yolks to a smooth paste with butter; season with salt and pepper and add eight olives finely chopped. Fill the halves of egg with this mixture; arrange on lettuce and on each egg place a ball of seasoned cream.

Sweetbreads With Mushrooms.—These are a delicious supper dish, either alone or in combination. Blanch two pairs of sweetbreads and break up in bits. Cut the stems from 20 mushrooms. Beat the yolks of three eggs very light. Cook together in the chafing dish a tablespoonful of butter and flour, add one and a half cupfuls of rich milk or cream; stir until smooth, then lay in the sweetbreads; cook three minutes and season and add the yolks of the eggs and cook just long enough to cook the eggs, using care not to curdle them.

Patient Creditor.
 "You all time growlin' 'bout 'de devil ter pay,'" said Brother Williams. "In der name er goodness an' hoes sense why don' you pay him an' call it quits? Wouldn't dat be much better'n waitin' ter have a full settlement hereafter? When dat time comes he'll han' you yo' change in brimstone what'll burn yo' pocket me'n what yo' money does now." "Pears ter me dat's wuth studyin' 'bout. De devil is de only creditor I knows er what's willin' ter wait a

bailed shell crumb. Fill with boiled coffee. Dip the cake in chopped nuts. The cake may be baked in small cutters and filled as above.

The glory of our life below
 Comes not from what we do or know
 But dwells forevermore in what we are.
 —Vandyke.

WHEN CAMPING OUT.

When far from markets, where one may not buy fresh meats and fish, a few dishes which are standbys may always be easily prepared, if the staple articles are on hand. With canned corn, salted codfish and salmon, one need not be afraid of a famine in camp.

A very pretty as well as a satisfying dish is molded salmon. Prepare the fish and put to steam in a small sized single loaf bread pan. This makes a good shape when served. Put it on a platter and serve surrounded with cooked green peas.

Salmon en Surprise.—Line a bread pan with hot boiled rice; butter the pan first and have the rice spread an inch thick. Fill the cavity with seasoned fish and steam an hour. Serve with egg sauce; melt a third of a cupful of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until smooth, then pour on gradually one and a half cupfuls of boiling water; bring to the boiling point, season with salt and pepper and add the yolks of two eggs slightly beaten. Be careful not to add the eggs so hurriedly that they will curdle.

Canned corn makes most delicious fritters and griddle cakes as well as escalloped dishes.

Deviled Kronlet.—Add a half cupful of flour to four tablespoonfuls of bubbling hot butter, season with salt, pepper and a dash of mustard; then pour on gradually one and a half cupfuls of milk, boil and add one can of kronlet, one egg slightly beaten, three teaspoonfuls of worcestershire sauce. Pour into a buttered baking dish and cover with buttered crumbs; bake until crumbs are brown.

A squaw dish is well liked by most people when the fresh corn is in the market or if one is in the country where it is plentiful. This should be a frequent dish. Put butter in a frying pan and add corn from half a dozen or more ears of corn, cook, stirring often to keep it from burning or sticking on; when the milk is well set it is ready to serve. Too much butter makes this dish greasy, so care should be used in the amount. Season with salt and pepper and serve hot.

A little bit of patience
 Often makes the sunshine come
 A little bit of love
 Makes a very happy home.
 A little bit of hope
 Makes a rainy day look gay.
 A little bit of charity
 Makes glad a weary way.—Anon.

FOOD FOR THE CONVALESCENT.

There is no more savory dish of meat to serve, for one who is taking a little hearty food, than a nice, well broiled piece of steak. Have it cut about two inches thick, place it on a greased wire broiler and hold it over the coals, turning it every time you count eight. After it is well seared, so that the juices will not run, it may be cooked slower until of the right stage to suit the individual to be served. Rare broiled steak is easier of digestion than that which is well done. Spread with butter and serve on a hot platter, with a sprig of parsley for a garnish. A teaspoonful of lemon juice may be poured over the steak, to its improvement.

Chocolate Sirup.—Put an ounce of chocolate in a saucepan, add a cupful of boiling water, stir until it begins to boil; then add two cupfuls of sugar and stir until dissolved; cook for three minutes, cool, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and bottle for use. Put two tablespoonfuls of the sirup in a glass, add whipped cream, a half cupful of milk and fill the glass with sparkling water; add ice and serve. It makes a good drink with plain chilled milk.

Nellie Maxwell.

lifetime, but it's only de fool what takes advantage of his willin'ness. You better write dat on de wall an' de cullin' what ain't got no cracks in it!"—F. L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.

Well Corned.
 Bilby—Tomlinson's auto must be very expensive. He's bought six tires this month.
 Wilby—Gracious, ma, he doesn't put them on his car. He uses them for corn pads.



ST. GOTHARD PASS

THE trip by rail over the St. Gothard from Milan to Goeschenen, the first town on the Swiss frontier, occupies but a few hours, and is probably the most of a trancingly beautiful railway journey in Europe. The succession of mountains, valleys, lakes, ravines, villages, precipices and waterfalls keeps one alert each moment for fear of missing some glorious prospect. The only drawback is the long St. Gothard tunnel (nine miles) and the many smaller ones, which not only tantalize one by continually shutting out the view, but at times make the atmosphere in the coaches almost suffocating, writes James Knapp in the Philadelphia Record.

Goeschenen is a charmingly picturesque village situated at an elevation of some 3,500 feet, and surrounded by high peaks. But we have not calculated on the change in temperature that we would find from merely crossing the Alps and getting into a somewhat higher altitude. We were ahead of the season and found that we had the rail quite to ourselves. Although we shivered pretty constantly our stay of two days was not without enjoyment.

Best Hotels in World.
 We had heard that the Swiss hotels were the best in the world, and were not disappointed at this our first experience. We were served with an excellent dinner in a cozy, glass-enclosed dining room looking out upon a pretty garden.

From the windows of our room, big and airy, we had upon two sides majestic views of great snow-capped peaks down whose rocky, many-colored faces fell a dozen musical cascades formed from the melting snowbanks. Our beds were deep and downy, heated with hotwater jugs, and over the counterpane was a small feather bed to give additional warmth.

Goeschenen has two claims upon the attention of the tourist besides its natural scenic beauty—one, that it is the northern terminus of the great tunnel, whose huge black mouth yawns wide at the edge of the village; the other that it is the starting point for the drive to Hospenthal and over the Furka Pass; but we were too early for this, as the mountain passes were yet closed by snow, so had to content ourselves with long tramps over the excellent roads that sometimes led us well up into the hills, and strolls beside the picturesque and turbulent Little river Reuss.

Deciding to try a lower altitude in the hope of warmer weather (for Goeschenen proved rather cold for one who had just come up from the hot plains of Lombardy), yet desiring to stay among the mountains, we went half hour's journey by rail down to the little village of Amsteg. En route we made the famous loop of the St. Gothard, about the hamlet of Wassen, a bit of railway engineering that is worth traveling a long way to see. Here the line passes through three tunnels, all sharply curved, and a wide double loop which runs first below the village (3,055 feet altitude), returning at an equal height with it, and finally passing above; thus attaining (at Goeschenen) the level of the great tunnel.

The mountains above Amsteg are especially attractive in their rugged outlines and color. Here we spent many pleasant days, climbing to their lower levels or wandering along the smooth roads of the narrow valley.

This little town, with absolutely no attraction for tourists besides the mountains, has four hotels, and finds itself thronged in midsummer. At any one of these inns good comfortable accommodations may be had at 6 to 7 francs per day—clean, pleasant rooms, wholesome, palatable food and courteous attendance which seems at least to have some real concern as to your welfare. We stopped at a rather famous old place whose beamed kitchen, with its great array of spotted and polished brass utensils, was a never-ending delight. The dining room, too, boasted a unique possession—a big tile stove with the date of 1765, which warmed both our bodies and our souls with its cheery comfort.

I have said that this village possesses none of the ordinary attractions for tourists. This is quite true. There are no shops for the sale of "native handwork," no dealers in recent made-in-Germany "antiques," no curio shops, even, except one small booth kept by a little bright-eyed old lady who will

offer you a choice between a pair of chamois horns and a handful of glittering semi-precious stones, which she will assure you came from the great granite heights of the Bristenstock, frowning far above.

One should give thanks that this is so, for in Switzerland, and, in fact, in all Europe, the places are all too few where one may seek the beauties of nature untrammelled by the curio-seller, the post card hawk and the other unpleasant outcroppings of civilization and its attendant commercialism.

Glimpses of Native Life.

In the place of these things one may get here glimpses of native life that compensate. When night begins to draw close about the narrow valley, the people of the village (it has some three hundred souls) and from the little farms in the nearer hills, gather in the taprooms of the hotels and make merry, in a quiet, orderly fashion, sitting at the long bare tables, smoking, drinking beer or the light wine of the country, and exchanging the news and gossip of the day. Men and women are there, and youths and maidens, and the revel holds passing late, for sometimes it is almost 10 o'clock before the last light is out. Quiet pleasures suffice for these narrow and hemmed-in lives.

Perched away up on the hills, some seemingly where only the sure-footed goats can reach them, stand the picturesque white-roofed chalets of the small mountain farmers. Surely, they live the simple lives there. "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and —"

Coming down the narrow path that leads over the mountain from the Maderanental valley we met two peasants going up, with alert long strides that were our envy and humiliation. One was a woman, old, lean, bent and withered, but sinewy and strong withal. On her back was fastened the wooden crache, a sort of long and heavy basket in which these people carry their burdens of every sort. It was filled to the brim with loaves of bread from the baker's shop down in the village. Beside her trudged a youth of perhaps twelve, her grandson, maybe, likewise bearing a crache on his small back, and in it a huge wicker-covered demijohn of wine. "Only these and nothing more," their staples of food and drink. Verily the poet's verse come true, yet I doubt very much if they ever had heard of old Khayyam.

ARE TO FIX BOUNDARY LINE

International Commission of Prominent Men Have Been Assigned to Important Task.

The Turco-Persian boundary has heretofore been one of the problematical features on the map of Asia. As far back as 1843, a mixed commission attempted to define this frontier with only partial success, and since that time repeated efforts have been made by the great powers as well as the two countries immediately concerned, to complete the task, but the boundary has remained rather a zone of debatable territory than a definite line. Finally in November of last year, a complete understanding on the subject was reached, and a protocol was signed in Constantinople in accordance with which a commission consisting of British, Russian, Turkish and Persian delegates will undertake a survey of the boundary. This is expected to require at least 18 months, and will doubtless be productive of interesting geographical results.

A Century Ago.

One hundred years ago a vessel flying the stars and stripes was cruising boldly in the chops of the English channel, almost within hailing distance of England's shores. The vessel, which on the morrow was to achieve one of those brilliant victories in the War of 1812, was the new sloop Wasp, recently completed at the navy yard in Portsmouth, N. H., and named after the gallant little craft that had been taken by the British after her capture of the Frolic. The new Wasp was a stanch three-master, carrying 11 guns to a broadside. Her crew of 173 men was purely American, not a foreigner among them. She was in charge of the gallant Capt. Johnston Blakely, who recently had been in command of the Enterprize.

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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.

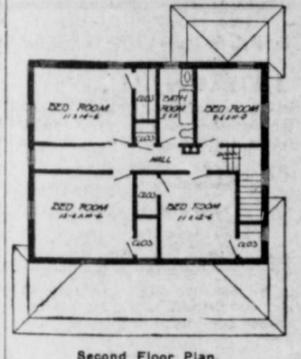
By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

A cement block house 25 feet long by 31 feet wide, including the porches, is given in this plan. The first cement block houses were expensive and unsatisfactory, because no one knew how to make the blocks or how to avoid the many little difficulties that presented themselves. Mechanical ingenuity, however, and our acquired knowledge of mixing cements, gravel, broken stone, and cinders, with improved block-making machines, have simplified matters until it is now quite possible to build a better house of cement, for less money, than the ordinary wooden houses cost.

Of course there are many side issues which affect this general statement. In some parts of the country, the right kind of sand and stone is abundant; in other places it must be brought from a distance. In cement construction, one of the greatest problems is the cost of teaming the heavy materials necessary to make the blocks; but there are locations where the block machine may be set down on the lot on which the houses is to be built, and the gravel or sand from the cellar excavation used in the mixture that goes through the block machine. In a case of this kind, the only teaming necessary is for delivery of the bags of cement, the millwork

Hollow cement much the best, and the open space in the benefit, as it permits the construction of hollow walls, which are universally preferred because of their air-space insulation against dampness and rapid changes of temperature.

Provision is made in this plan for a cement floor in the cellar, as well as a cement outside entrance, the walls of which and the stair are built together and when finished really make one big solid stone. The composition for the cellar bottom consists of four inches of grouting, which is composed of one part Portland cement, two



Second Floor Plan.

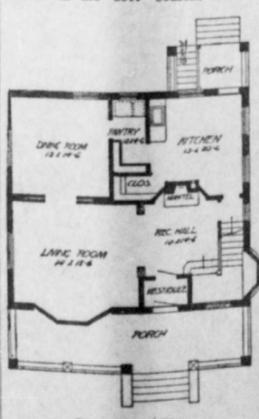
parts clean, sharp sand, and four parts small, clean broken stone. The word "clean," to a cement man, means that the sand and stone used must be free from all but very small traces of clay or ordinary earth, because clay or loam will not combine, and, if used, the cement will be crumbly. The manner of mixing differs somewhat with different workmen, but the old method of mixing the materials thoroughly dry, then mixing again thoroughly wet, has never been improved upon.

If the owner understands some of the general principles of cement construction, he is in much better position to talk and deal with contract-



joists and lumber necessary for the floors, and the shingles and rafters for the roof.

In building a cement block house where stone is plentiful, it is a good plan to lay up a stone wall to the grade line, and to plaster the wall on the outside with a layer of cement mortar to keep the dampness from the ground from striking through into the cellar. The top of this stone wall also receives a coat of cement mortar; in fact the stones that compose the walls are laid in cement, and the interstices are filled with spalls embedded in the soft cement mortar.



First Floor Plan.

This makes a very solid stone wall, and a splendid foundation for the cement blocks.

One difficulty that has now been overcome is the designing of cement blocks which fit in around windows and doors, and which match right at the corners without the necessity of making a whole lot of blocks of special sizes. Cement blocks are large, compared with brick; and the wall goes up quickly when everything goes together right; but when you have to stop and chisel blocks to fit, then the expense for labor mounts at a lively rate.

Before signing the contract, find out positively if the builders know exactly how to design and manufacture blocks that will go together without this or

ors, and with much better satisfaction on both sides. It is an important piece of work to start to build a house that one expects to live in for probably a number of years; and it pays well to read up, and know for certain whether things are just as others represent them or not.

One point in making a cellar bottom that every one should know, is the manner of leveling the ground. A cellar bottom usually is not put in until after the first-floor joists are in place. The joists, of course, are level; and it is easy to level the cellar bottom to the joists by using a measuring stick of the proper length; but the floor should be lower in one corner, enough to drain readily. Every cement cellar bottom should have a drain to carry off the water when the cellar is being cleaned. A clean cellar is necessary for health; and if provision is made for easy washing when the cellar is built, the cleaning will be done much oftener than it will be if this precaution is neglected.

Another point that should be remembered is the cement top surface, which should be about three-quarters of an inch thick, composed of cement, one part to three parts clean, sharp sand, first thoroughly mixed dry, then thoroughly mixed wet, enough so that water will follow the trowel in smoothing. This coat should be put on the concrete foundation while the concrete is still damp; otherwise it may not stick properly, and you will have a floor that sounds hollow.

Another point in cement construction is the opportunity to make the cellar window sills of cement, and to imbed the frames thoroughly and carefully in the wall. In the northern parts of the country, where the cold is extreme, this precaution will help a great deal in making a frost-proof cellar.

Lost Her Reason.

"I understand that Richun's wife has gone crazy."
 "That is not so. I saw her just a few minutes ago."
 "But I am quite sure that Jinks told me she had lost her reason."
 "That is true. You know her reason for marrying Richun was his beautiful and costly home; well, a cyclone visited their place yesterday and they were out for a spin."

