

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JANUARY 29, 1915

NO. 8

Meeting Last Monday Night

Last Monday night another good crowd of citizens met at the Opera House. Committees on Incorporation were not ready to report, but the committee on changing the school district into an Independent District reported. The required number of signers were secured, and the committee sent the petition to our representative and senator for action by the State Legislature.

Election of officers of the Hedley Commercial Club resulted as follows: Chairman, J. L. Bain; Secretary, L. A. Stroud; Treas-

urer, C. D. Akers; Advisory Board, Bond W. Johnson, G. R. Cash and T. R. Moreman.

The doors of the Club were opened and "jiners" invited. Quite a number of new names were secured. Several farmers were among the number, and the invitation remains open for everybody to join.

Another meeting will be held next Monday night at which time it is expected that all committees on incorporation will be ready to report. Let every citizen attend, and join the club.

DOINGS AT THE STATE CAPITOL

The Legislature met on the 12th of January and organized. The house of Representatives elected the Hon. Jno. W. Woods, of Fisher county, a West Texas man, as Speaker of the House and for once in the history of the State the West has a fair show in the Legislature. Western men are the chairmen of excellent committees and Western men the leaders in the House of Representatives.

Governor Ferguson was inaugurated on the 19th, and on the 20th of January submitted a message to the Legislature that was short, concise and to the point. He shows that he has a grasp upon what is needed for the State. He wants legislation for the tenant farmer and the country schools and all the institutions of the state that need support.

Mr. Templeton, Representative from the 12th District of the Panhandle, introduced a resolution calling for Constitutional Convention to be held for the year 1915 to write new Constitution of the State. In this way he hopes to get for the west what the west deserves. Also he has introduced Constitutional Amendment providing that the country school districts, if they wish, may vote a higher tax to support their schools than they are now permitted to vote. In addition to this, he has introduced an Anti-Lobby Bill that requires all parties who appear before the Legislature in the interest of bills or against bills to register their names and addresses and give the names of the parties for whom they appear. He also introduced a Compulsory Education Bill that is not too drastic but is made to apply to all sections of the State to meet conditions that may obtain in every part of the State.

A great deal of work will be done at this session of the Legislature in constructive legislation and it is hoped that sixty days will be sufficient time for the Legislature to enact enough laws for the State.

Agriculture has sunk its roots deeply into government and industry during the past decade, and in our mad rush to increase production, the marketing side of our farm problems has been overlooked. Production without profit is no incentive to the farmer.

COW FEED

We keep all kinds and will appreciate your trade. Phone 80. Wood & Plaster.

The Informer \$1.00 per year.

THE DEMON OF WOE WANT AND POVERTY

BY S. W. ENGLISH, STATE FIRE MARSHAL

There is no poetry in a fire that destroys. There is no warmth of good cheer in a blazing house. Only misery and want and woe can echo from homes destroyed, from business houses wrecked, from savings vanished via the fire route.

And fires are the fruits of human acts of commission and omission. They do not start of their own accord. They must always have a human being for a partner!

This being the case, why not cultivate a little foresight? Why

not keep your premises clear of trash, of litter, of waste and such things that are excellent fire food? When property curbed and circumscribed, a cheering fire is a thing that makes a most excellent servant, contributing greatly to the comforts of man. But to keep fire a servant requires constant and unceasing vigil, while a good servant it is a most exacting master! Are you doing your full share toward preventing fires? If you are you merit the thanks of your neighbors. Every time a house is destroyed your neighbors must stand their full part of the fire insurance you may collect.

"WEDDING"

Yesterday while out searching for news for this issue the writer ran across Capt. McGee. He said "Did you hear about the wedding at my house Tuesday?" Note book and pencil were forth coming; "No, tell me about it." He said, "We had such a late breakfast that we decided to unite dinner and supper—a wedding." Well, we jotted it down for we always want to tell our readers about the happenings of the community, such as visitors, accidents, births, deaths, and—weddings.

Meal and Chops

I have meal and chops for sale at all times at my mill. And will grind, chop or crush any and every day. When you want good good meal just try mine, you will like it. N. M. Hornsby.

SMALL FIRE HERE LAST SUNDAY

Fire was discovered in Mrs. Dishman's brick building Sunday afternoon, and a crowd soon gathered, breaking in the door of King's barber shop wherein the fire had started, and when enough smoke had cleared away so that they could enter, a hand extinguisher and bucket of water soon had the fire out. Some five square feet of floor and a few planks in the partition wall were burned. All doors and windows being closed kept the fire from getting air, which fact probably saved a disastrous conflagration. Prompt action by the citizens kept the fire from spreading or gaining headway. A bucket brigade trained for such emergencies can do wonders and more fire extinguishers are badly needed over town, besides, we need a good water system. "A stitch in time saves nine" Let's take the stitch NOW.

It is always a wise plan for people to look well to their land titles and see that all papers are duly recorded. It may save serious trouble in the future.

MR. HORN STRUCK WITH PARALYSIS

W. M. Horn, who lives in the Bray community, was stricken with paralysis Wednesday morning while in his field. The family thinking he had gone to town or was with some of his neighbors did not institute a search until next day; they found him unconscious and helpless. It is almost a puzzle that he survived the very cold weather during that time as he did not have on any extra heavy clothing.

At last report this morning he was still in a critical condition, having but little use of himself.

SOME GOOD ROAD WORK BEING DONE

Some splendid road work was done last week between Henley and McKnight, at the latter end of the road, especially in the draw near C. F. Doherty's place. W. E. Day is the overseer.

FOR SALE—Span good work mules. M & M Co.

Under Hedley Church Spires

REPORTED AND CONTRIBUTED

M. E. CHURCH

Quarterly Conference will be held here by Presiding Elder Hicks Wednesday February 3. Rev. Hicks will preach that night.

No preaching service at the Methodist Church Sunday morning. Rev. M. L. Story will preach at McKnight that morning and here that night.

Song practice was held at the B. W. Moreman home Monday night. Practice one night every week at some private residence. No certain night has been decided on yet. All lovers of singing are invited to take part.

W. M. AUXILIARY

Monday 12 of the W. M. Auxiliary met with Mrs. T. R. Moreman in regular business session.

The president read the familiar passage of scripture, "Let not your hearts be troubled if ye believe in God ye believe also in me." etc.

The reports of the officers and new business discussed, half an hour was spent in conversation. The ladies were then invited to the dining room where a delicious two course luncheon was waiting. All expressed themselves as having spent a profitable and delightful afternoon, and declaring Mrs. Moreman an excellent cook and charming hostess.

Minutes of International Conference of Mothers

Promptly at 3 o'clock the house was called to order by Mrs. J. L. Bain, President of the Conference. Opening song "New Royal Ambassador" by congregation. Scripture lesson, Matt. 18: 1-6; 10-14. Prayer by Mrs. Kendall. Vocal duet "Come Let Us Dwell With Our Children," Mrs. B. W. Moreman and Miss Ina Reeves. After which the Secretary called the roll. Delegates from the following countries responding: China, Japan, Persia, Africa, Korea, Moslem lands, Arabia, Syria, England, India, Egypt, Burmah and America.

Topic 1. The condition of motherhood in all lands. Discussion opened by American delegate, and as each representative told of dread, neglect, superstition, ignorance and despair surrounding mother and infant in her country, all rejoiced in the light of Christianity.

Topic 2. The greatest needs of the child was thoroughly discussed from every point and found to be about the same in our Christian land as in the heathen—viz. Christian homes, proper care and diet, education, trained motherhood, pure father-

hood, etc. Topic 3. Home environment was well handled by each delegate. Showing by many sad illustrations the effect of child marriage on the mother and children of lands where Christ is unknown. Also the marvelous change where our missionaries are. The Moslem delegate said "even the presence of a missionary and his home life changes things." The delegate from Africa says, "O yes for us it is heaven." How sad that there are so few to go and so little to send them on, when the need is so great, and cause so much greater. Other Topics, The child at play, at work, at school and at worship were taken up and ably discussed, showing that Christ is the only religious teacher who made a place for the little child. We trust our hearts were stirred to do something more to help dispel the darkness of heathenism, that we may never more be satisfied to live to ourselves alone for "To give is to live, To deny is to die. There being no further business resolutions were read and adopted and the conference closed with special prayer.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. W. H. McKinzie of Good night preached a splendid sermon on "Christian Education" at the Baptist Church last Sunday night.

B. Y. P. U.

B. Y. P. U. program Jan 31. Subject, The B. Y. P. U. and Missions.

Song, Prayer. Scripture lesson, Isaiah 6: 1-8. —Leader.

Song. What the B. Y. P. U. Plans to Do for Missionary Instruction. (1) Missionary Meeting. (2) Study Course Books—Willie Caldwell.

Education and Enrollment in Scriptural Giving—Mellie Richey. The B. Y. P. U. and New Missionaries—Lucile Caldwell.

How to Make Our Work Effective. (1) Missionary Teaching. (2) Co-operate with Church in Its Plans. (3) Literature and Library. (4) Keep in Touch with Missionaries on the Field—Rev. Horschler.

Song. Leader—Ernest Bishop. Closing prayer.

B. W. M. SOCIETY

The B. W. M. Society will meet Monday Feb. 1, 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. A. L. Miller. The entire book of II Kings will be the lesson. A full attendance and good lessons are desired.

News of Hedley Public School

BY SCHOOL REPORTER

MID-TERM EXAMINATION

Some questions asked in the examination, and answers found in the pupils' exam papers:

Q. What is Hygiene? Ans. It is physiology. 2nd Ans. Hygiene is a book that tells how to keep care of the body. 3rd. It is a book—a body book. 4th. The different parts of the body is called Hygiene. 5th. It is a most badly disease.

Q. Name the digestive organs? A. The heart, liver and lungs. 2nd A. The trunk and heart.

Q. How is hookworm disease spread? A. Through the ground catchers.

Q. Why do we need food? A. To make the blood.

Q. Name two kinds of teeth? Baby teeth and western teeth. Wisdom teeth and bottom teeth.

Q. When is it harmful to drink cold water? In the winter.

Q. Name the best way and the worst way to cook food? A. The best way is to have an oil stove; the worst way is to be bothered with a drum.

Q. When and why should we bathe? Every two or three days because it might cause skin disease.

Q. What is the Pylorus? It is in the wrist.

Q. Name the difference between the artery and the vein? There is no difference. 2nd. A vein is that that carries away the bad things and the artery is a large vein.

Q. How would you destroy germs? Pour coaloil on them and they will drink it and they will be killed.

Why do we cook our food? Because we should not eat anything raw.

Q. Why should we study the human body? So we can protect ourselves against old dead germs.

Q. Name two ways disease germs are spread? In many dif-

SCHOOL ITEMS

Our school is still improving. Each pupil realizes more strongly that the opportunities that come their way can come only once and the opportunities that comes to them are being grasped.

Misses Mayme Summerville and E. R. Boone visited home-folks Saturday and Sunday, returning Sunday afternoon.

Our basket ball team is doing some good work. A game is game is scheduled for Saturday with Lelia Lake.

We do things in Hedley High School.

Miss Wiggins was on the sick list Wednesday afternoon, but able to be back at work Thursday.

Hedley is the place for good schooling.

E. R. Boone is giving instructions in vocal music each Monday morning.

The Philomathean Society rendered their program Friday afternoon.

A nice little program is rendered each Monday morning in chapel service.

Hedley has a school that every citizen is proud of.

Two more pupils have entered school this week, Travis Lively and Bill Baker.

ferent ways—by consumption, and drinking at mud holes.

2nd. They bite something that, that has the disease and then bite something else that aint got no disease and gives it germs.

Q. Why is cigarette smoking harmful? It is harmful because it is harmful, and cigarette smoking causes germs.

Q. What disease is spread by mosquitoes? Ans. Hygiene.

Q. What is the most common way to spread consumption?

Ans. Spitting on the floor is the most common cause of consumption.



S. W. ENGLISH

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

MAKING OF CONVERSATION A FINE ART.

"Talk, talk. It does not matter much what you say, but chatter away lightly and gayly. Nothing embarrasses and bores the average man so much as a girl who has to be entertained."

Thus a noted society leader, who had been very successful in the launching of debutantes, was recently advising one of her proteges.

I know of no other one accomplishment which will do so much to advance a girl socially as to become a superb conversationalist. It is indicative of intelligence, education, good breeding and culture. It will make a girl popular in spite of plain features. There is no other one quality which will give a girl such power over others, which will make her so popular, as to be able to fascinate people with her conversation. The good conversationalist is always the center of attraction in any company.

A girl who can talk well, who has the art of putting things in an attractive way, who can interest others immediately by her gift of speech, has a very great advantage over one who may know more than she but who cannot express herself with ease or graciousness.

There is no other one thing which enables us to make so good an impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well. To be a good conversationalist, able to interest people, to rivet their attention, to draw them to you naturally, by the very superiority of your conversational ability, is to be the possessor of a very great accomplishment, one which is superior to all others. It not only helps you to make a good impression upon strangers; it also helps you to make and keep friends. It opens doors and softens hearts. It makes you interesting in all sorts of company. It helps you to get on in the world. It helps you to get on in the world, even though you may be poor.

The way to learn to talk is to talk. The temptation for young people who are unaccustomed to society, and who feel diffident, is to say nothing themselves and listen to what others say; but good talkers are always sought after. Everybody wants to invite Miss So-and-So to dinners or receptions because she is such a good talker. She entertains. She may have many detractors, but people enjoy her society because she can talk well.

Conversation, if used as an educator, is a tremendous power developer; but talking without thinking, without an effort to express oneself with clearness, conciseness or efficiency, mere chattering or gossip, the average society small talk, will never get hold of the best thing in a girl. It lies too deep for such superficial effort.

Nothing else will develop a girl's brain and character more than the constant effort to talk well, intelligently, interestingly, upon all sorts of topics. There is a splendid discipline in the constant effort to express one's thoughts clearly, and in an interesting manner. We sometimes meet people who are such superb conversers that no one would ever dream that they have not had the advantages of the higher schools. Many a college graduate has been silenced and put to shame by people who have never even been to a high school, but who have cultivated the art of self-expression.

MAN WHO CAN DO THINGS IS IN DEMAND.

When Mayor Mitchel of New York was discussing Colonel Goethals, who has won world-wide renown for his masterly construction of the Panama canal, for the head of the police department, he said he wanted the biggest man in America for the job.

The man who is in most demand everywhere today is the man who can do things, the man with a vigorous initiative and the quality of fine leadership, the man who can create something, the man with resourcefulness, the man of productive power.

There are plenty of men who can do routine work, who can follow prescribed lines, carry out in detail a program which others make, but the man of original force, of constructive energy, who can get out of the beaten track and blaze a way for others is as rare as he is valuable.

There is always a big premium on the man of original ideas, progressive methods, the man of productive force, the thinker. There is an advertisement up at the door of every house of human endeavor for such a man. Great business concerns are scouring the country for men of this

stamp; large combinations are looking for them as leaders. Merchants need them, insurance companies are looking for them; they are wanted everywhere in the business world, in all walks of life.

The world wants leaders, men with great executive ability, men with stamina, men who have an abundance of iron in their blood and lime in their backbone. It needs aggressive men, men whose blood is full of positive force, men of grit and stamina—these are the men who make things move.

The man who is wanted everywhere today is a born winner, the man who is victory organized, the man who has the habit of victory. These natural winners have great self-confidence as well as determination. They have colossal self-faith in their ability to overcome obstacles.

These great positive, forceful characters are optimistic. Their ability is not weakened by doubts and fears and hesitations; they do not worry; they are not able to do the things they undertake. These are the sort of men that accomplish the great things of the world, the giants that turn neither to the right nor to the left, who do not go over, around or under obstacles, but through them, and are always equal to the occasion.

If you are ambitious to be something more than an average individual, if you expect to step out of the crowd and stand for something in particular, you must not do things as everybody else does them; you must inject superiority into everything you do; you must be original, inventive, resourceful.

If you expect to become an important figure in the world of commerce, a captain of industry, instead of a common soldier in the field of labor, you must put your shoulder to the wheel.

Some of the best people ever known—good companions, splendid friends and extremely agreeable—have never accomplished anything worthy of their ability, simply because they had no stamina, or grit. They were tame, commonplace; they lacked the fire, force, the originality and the push that accomplish things.

People whose blood is full of positive force are the leaders, the aggressive men who get to the front. They do not lag and loiter behind, waiting to be attacked. They take the initiative and push ahead, regardless of obstacles. They go through life taking it for granted that they shall control their surroundings; they are convinced that there is but one power in the universe, and that they are a part of that power. They act as if they had their trolley pole upon the great trolley wire of infinite power, and that they are equal to any task, no matter how great.

As Others See Us.
The genial professor stood on the hotel veranda, the center of a group of young people, when the office door opened and the business man from Boston hurried down the steps for his usual morning walk.

"Ah, good morning!" beamed the professor. "Glorious morning for a walk, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, certainly—very nice, yes, indeed," replied the other, absently. Then, stopping suddenly, as if arrested by the compelling warmth of the greeting, he called out, "Oh, by the way, professor, here's my Transcript—thought you might like to look at it, you know! Never mind returning it when you're through, for I've finished it. Oh, that's all right. You're quite welcome, I'm sure. Say, read that editorial on the tariff! It's got the whole situation in a nutshell. Well, good morning! It is a nice day, isn't it?"

The spectators watched with amusement as the professor carefully folded the paper and put it in his pocket beside its exact counterpart.

"I couldn't explain to him that I already had one," he remarked, thoughtfully. "It would have deprived him of so much pleasure, and," he added, as if to himself, "he has so little."—Youth's Companion.

Eagle Taken by Fishermen.

While herring fishing about fifteen miles from Filey, Yorkshire, England, a few days ago, the crew of one of the boats observed a large bird approaching, which, after hovering a short time, alighted upon the masthead. One of the lads on board, immediately commenced climbing the mast, thinking to secure a prize, but on the lad approaching it took wing. He had not descended far, however, before the bird returned to its previous position, apparently much exhausted. The lad again sprang up the mast, and on reaching the top attempted to grasp the bird, but his majesty was not to be taken without a struggle, for he stuck his talons deep into the boy's hand, making the blood flow most freely. The boy, clinging tightly to the mast with his legs, threw out the other hand, seized the bird by the throat, and succeeded, after a little fapping of the wing and attempting to bite, in strangling him. He then tied him round his neck, and came down, a bloody victor, to the deck. The bird was an eagle of a darkish brown color, speckled with white, of beautiful plumage, but excessively lean, about two feet long, measuring from tip to tip of wing a little more than five feet.

Too Reminiscent.
"Miss Jennie did not seem to like my song at all."
"No wonder, when she has a telephone job."
"What has her job to do with my singing?"
"Very much, when you selected, 'Hear You Calling Me.'"

Costumes for the Winter Promenade



THAT particular kind of fur-cloth (or "fabric-fur," as some people prefer to call it), known as "Pomoiré," is shown here made up into a costume for the winter promenade. With high collar and cuffs of fitch fur and smart fastenings of cord and buttons, it reflects something of the military modes. But the jacket, or short coat, is strikingly original, topping off the straight scant underskirt and long full tunic with which all the world of fashion is more than familiar.

The coat merits study, as it is unlike any other without departing from the lines that are decreed as correct for this season. It is double-breasted, short in front and sloping downward toward the sides. At the back it is lengthened into a square tab which extends somewhat below the middle of the entire length of the figure. The sleeves are straight and loose and a diminutive cape extends over them and across the back. It terminates at each side of the front in the jacket.

Following the line of the cape a flat, turn-over collar lies below the standing collar of fur. By this arrangement the fur collar may be made separately and not always worn. There is

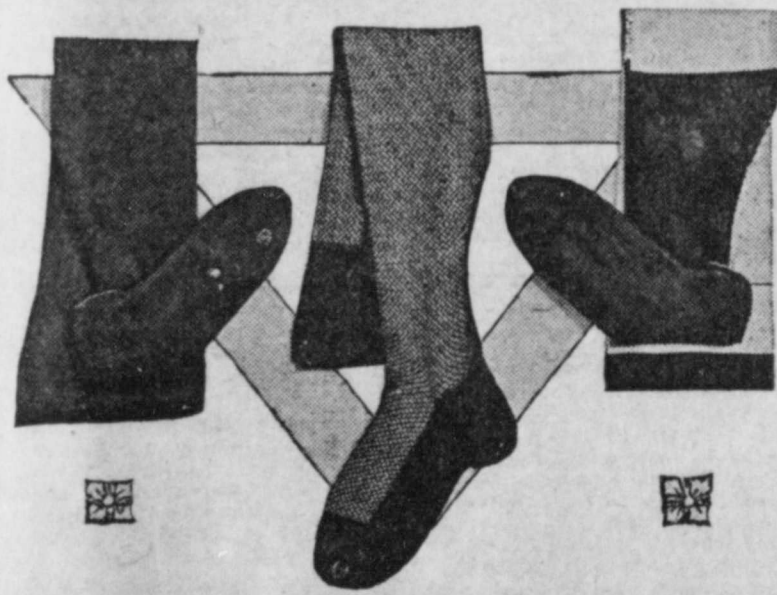
a slight blousing of the front of the jacket at the waist line and the merest hint of a slope inward at the sides.

One could not ask a better or more graceful management of the fashionable silhouette. But the fabric-furs really look best when used with smooth-faced cloths in making up a costume. With skirt or tunic bordered with Pomoiré, and a short coat of it a fine combination results.

One of the smartest of cloth gowns shows a plain skirt with long narrow triangles of the fabric-fur let in, one at each side of the front, one at each side of the back and one at the center back. The short coat of cloth is lengthened by a skirt sewed to it and cut to ripple about the bottom. It extends to the knees, but not across the front of the figure, as it hangs from the sides and back of the short jacket. There is a band of Pomoiré, which forms a border about the skirt of the coat. Cuffs and long revers are also made of it.

For wear in mild climates the costume trimmed with fur-cloth or using fur-cloth with plain cloth in its composition, is the most pleasing of the season's new productions.

A Few Novelties in Hosiery



NOT many novelties in hosiery are in evidence, fashion inclining still to favor the plain, firmly woven stocking of silk. But for those who like a little eccentricity occasionally some new features have been brought out in the weaving of hose, and for dressy wear there is something to report of hosiery woven in lace patterns and in two-color combinations.

Plain hose of black or colored silk with heel, foot and toe re-enforced, and hose similarly woven in helle thread or cotton, of finely twisted thread, are the only varieties that prove interesting to the great majority of women. It is likely, however, that the new silk hose woven in a lace pattern over the instep and ankle will come in for much favorable consideration with the advent of spring. Stockings of this kind show a panel of openwork, usually in striped effects, at the front, that is very pretty.

The catchiest of the novelties in silk hose is a double stocking. The underhose is of plain silk in a color. White, light blue, flesh, lavender, and pink or even light green, supplies the color background. Over this is a stocking of very open-meshed net in black. When flesh or pink is used for the foundation it is hardly noticeable when the stocking is on, and the effect is that of an open-meshed net stocking with the pink flesh of the leg showing through each

mesh. The colored foundations are presumably to be chosen to match the gown, and for summer wear this is a novelty that may flourish. The combination of black and white, worn with oxfords or slippers, ought to look especially well with white dresses.

Another attractive color introduction is managed by weaving the foot and lower part of the leg in black silk, and the upper part (beginning at the middle of the calf) in a color. Stockings showing black combined with all the light colors make an appeal on the strength of pretty color combinations. All the visible portion of this hosiery, with either low or high shoes, is black.

Silk hose in black and all colors, embroidered with small flower designs in self-color are not new but are always in favor. Occasionally small blossoms in contrasting colors are to be found on black stockings. Among the finest hosiery smart white clocking appears as a finish on black silk. But the strongest tendency of the fashion is away from contrasts in the matter of decorations.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

For Shiny Serge.
When a dark serge suit or dress gets shiny-looking with wear, sponge it well with hot vinegar, and press it in the usual way. No odor of vinegar will remain.

Where Amber Comes From

SMALL indeed is the knowledge in America of the amber-bearing district and the lake district of East Prussia, one of the most important parts of the eastern theater of the European war. The National Geographical society gives an interesting description of this region.

Samland is an unending strip of cheerless plain from which the whole known world has purchased for centuries. It is the heart of ancient amberland, and it has remained virtually unknown to the ultimate consumers of its product from early Phoenician times down to the present day. It still supplies the bulk of the world's amber, and the pipe-stem or cigar-holder or jewel that is of this fragrant, translucent substance was likely gathered in its unmanufactured state on the beaches, in the sand mines or from low water around this peninsula, Samland is an oblong arm of East Prussia, 18 miles in breadth, and reaching out 43 miles toward the Baltic sea. It lies some one hundred miles from the Russian frontier, and the soldiers of Russia who recently crossed its flat, southernmost stretches first drew attention toward it.

Koenigsberg the Amber Center. Koenigsberg, the capital of East Prussia and the central amber market, is situated at the southwestern corner of the amber-producing territory upon the Pregel river. Much of the amber produced is worked in Koenigsberg, and quantities are sent to Vienna, where it was manufactured into all sorts of smoking appliances. Amber heads form an especially large item in the Koenigsberg trade, and

has been taken dissolved in alcohol. Amber was one of the principal things which served to keep a sturdy curiosity alive in the breasts of the Phoenician, the Greek and the Roman, concerning the dreary North. The greatest supply of this product is found on the coasts of the Baltic, where the coniferous trees of amber-resin grew in ages past, and most of it comes from Samland. Inferior ambers are found elsewhere in the world; some are found in the green sands of New Jersey; but genuine amber, fragrant when rubbed, comes from Samland and other places along the southern Baltic coast. It occurs in the sands and in shallow waters in the form of lumps or in drops. Very rarely lumps have been gathered weighing as much as 12 pounds or more.

Insects, leaves and flora of a long-decayed world are preserved in many pieces of amber. Pieces containing these insects are very valuable, one perfect leaf having sold for \$250. A museum at Koenigsberg has a priceless collection of amber-encased memorials, containing more than 50,000 specimens.

Masurenland Lake District.
A tangled land of marsh and brake, of forests of pine and fir and birch, of canals and sluggish rivers, sprinkled over all with lakes of every size and figure, lakes similar to the glacier-scoped basins in northern Ohio where summer vacationists go, big lakes, little-lakes, frog ponds—this is the Masurenland lake district. It makes up the southern part of East Prussia and forms one of the most difficult of military districts to be found upon the war map. Masurenland is a great natural barrier of



VIEW OF KOENIGSBERG

are chiefly sold to the Poles, Russians and people of the East. There is a superstition among the folk of Russia and Poland that amber beads worn by an infant make teething easier, and that amber beads worn by the baby's nurse draw all contagious diseases to them and away from their charges, thus guarding the baby's health. So it is that one hardly ever sees a Polish or West Russian nurse without heavy chains of these ornaments.

To its uncanny or at least mysterious virtues, the value of amber has been largely owing. According to ancient lore, it was the substance of the tears of the sisters of the incompetent sun-charioteer, Phaethon, who, after their brother's death, were changed to poplars. The old Greeks and Romans set an immense value upon it, and in the days when Scythia and the Alps marked the ends of the earth, Greece and Etruria traded with Samland's amber fishermen.

Orient Buys Amber Charms.
Even today amber is sold because of its mystic qualities. The people of the East value it as a stuff of proper potency for amulets, and amber charms against death, disease and the devil are made in practical Prussian Samland for the eastern markets.

Thales of Miletus, an ancient Greek philosopher, first of the physicists, established the mystic powers of amber, and incidentally dabbled in electricity when he found that it would attract things after a little rubbing. From history's dawn to the present day many people have had faith in amber's curative properties. As a medicine it has been worn around the neck and

marsh and water against the Russian border, and a natural defense of her eastern frontier. It is, however, not the dismal country of damp and depression which so many have pictured it to be.

Well Worth a Visit.
East Prussia's lake region is worth a visit. It has nothing of the impressive grandeur of the Alps, where one never does get upon familiar terms with surrounding nature, but it is a place—and, in this characteristic, it stands in sharp contrast to the rest of East Prussia—which receives the stranger upon the easy terms of old friendship on his first day out.

Poles migrated in large numbers to this region in the fifteenth century, and of its some 400,000 population many are the descendants of these early immigrants. These people speak a Polish language which bears about the same relationship to good Polish as Pennsylvania "Dutch" bears to pure German. The Polish peasants live scattered through the marsh and lake lands; the German settlers are found mostly in the larger cities. Among these cities are Angerburg, Johannisburg, Lonsburg, Loetzen, Lyck, Ortelsburg and Neidenburg.

Many of the lakes are bound together by canals, and, thus form far-reaching navigable avenues. Lake Spirding is the largest inland water sheet in the Prussian kingdom. It is about forty-six square miles in extent and the depth varies to eighty feet. Masurenland is frozen over now, freezing occurring between November 16 and December 16. Ice holds until some time in March.

The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS

BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

CHAPTER I.

Close to the serrated backbone of the Cumberland ridge through a sky of mountain clarity, the sun seemed hesitating before its descent to the horizon. The sugar-loaf cone that towered above a creek called Misery was pointed and edged with emerald tracery where the loftiest timber thrust up its crest plumes into the sun. On the hillside it would be light for more than an hour yet, but below, where the waters tossed themselves along in a chorus of tiny cascades, the light was already thickening into a cathedral gloom. Down there the "furriner" would have seen only the rough course of the creek between moss-velveted and shaded bowlders of titanic proportions. The native would have recognized the country road in these tortuous twistings. A great block of sandstone, to whose summit a man standing in his saddle could scarcely reach his fingertips, towered above the stream, with a gnarled scrub oak clinging tenaciously to its apex. Loftily on both sides climbed the mountains cloaked in laurel and timber.

Suddenly the leafage was thrust aside from above by a cautious hand, and a shy, half-wild girl appeared in the opening. For an instant she halted, with her brown fingers holding back the brushwood, and raised her face as though listening. As she stood with the toes of one bare foot twisting in the gratefully cool moss she laughed with the sheer exhilaration of life and youth, and started out on the table top of the huge rock. But there she halted suddenly with a startled exclamation and drew instinctively back. What she saw might well have astonished her, for it was a thing she had never seen before and of which she had never heard. Finally, reassured by the silence, she slipped across the broad face of the flat rock for a distance of twenty-five feet and paused again to listen.

At the far edge lay a pair of saddle-bags, such as form the only practical equipment for mountain travelers. Near them lay a tin box, littered with small and unfamiliar-looking tubes of soft metal, all grotesquely twisted and stained, and beside the box was a strangely shaped plaque of wood smeared with a dozen hues. That this plaque was a painter's sketching palette was a thing which she could not know, since the ways of artists had to do with a world as remote from her own as the life of the moon or stars. It was one of those vague mysteries that made up the wonderful life of "down below." Why had these things been left here in such confusion? If there was a man about who owned them he would doubtless return to claim them. She crept over, eyes and ears alert, and slipped around to the front of the queer tripod, with all her muscles poised in readiness for flight.

A half-rapturous and utterly astonished cry broke from her lips. She stared a moment, then dropped to the moss-covered rock, leaning back on her brown hands and gazing intently. "Hit's purty!" she approved, in a low, musical murmur. "Hit's plumb, dead beautiful!"

Of course it was not a finished picture—merely a study of what lay before her—but the hand that had placed these brush strokes on the academy board was the sure, deft hand of a master of landscape, who had caught the splendid spirit of the thing and fixed it immutably in true and glowing appreciation. Who he was; where he had gone; why his work stood there unfinished and abandoned, were details which for the moment this half-savage child-woman forgot to consider. She was conscious only of a sense of revelation and awe. Then she saw other boards, like the one upon the easel, piled near the paint box. These were dry, and represented the work of other days; but they were all pictures of her own mountains, and in each of them, as in this one, was something that made her heart leap.

To her own people these steep hillsides and "coves" and valleys were a matter of course. In their stony soil they labored by day, and in their shadows slept when work was done. Yet someone had discovered that they held a picturesque and rugged beauty; that they were not merely steep fields where the plow was useless and the hoe must be used. She must tell Samson—Samson, whom she held in an artless exaltation of hero worship; Samson, who was so "smart" that he thought about things beyond her understanding; Samson, who could not only read and write, but speculate on problematical matters.

Suddenly she came to her feet with a swift-darting impulse of alarm. Her ear had caught a sound. She cast searching glances about her, but the tangle was empty of humanity. The water still murmured over the rocks undisturbed. There was no sign of human presence, other than herself, that her eyes could discover—and yet to her ears came the sound again, and this time more distinctly. It was the sound of a man's voice, and it was moaning as if in pain. She rose and searched vainly through the bushes of the hillside where the rock ran out

from the woods. She lifted her skirts and splashed her feet in the shallow creek water, wading persistently up and down. Her shyness was forgotten. The groan was a groan of a human creature in distress, and she must find and succor the person from whom it came.

Certain sounds are baffling as to direction. A voice from overhead or broken by echoing obstacles does not readily betray its source. Finally she stood up and listened once more intently—her attitude full of tense earnestness.

"I'm shore a fool," she announced, half aloud. "I'm shore a plumb fool." Then she turned and disappeared in the deep cleft between the gigantic bowlder upon which she had been sitting and another—small only by comparison. There, ten feet down, in a narrow alley littered with ragged stones, lay the crumpled body of a man. It lay with the left arm doubled under it, and from a gash in the forehead trickled a thin stream of blood. Also, it was the body of such a man as she had not seen before.

Although from the man came a low groan mingled with his breathing, it was not such a sound as comes from fully conscious lips, but rather that of a brain dulled into coma.

Freed from her fettering excess of shyness by his condition, the girl stepped surely from foothold to foothold until she reached his side. She stood for a moment with one hand on the dripping walls of rock, looking down while her hair fell about her face. Then, dropping to her knees, she shifted the doubled body into a leaning posture, straightened the limbs, and began exploring with efficient fingers for broken bones.

She had found the left arm limp above the wrist, and her fingers had diagnosed a broken bone. But unconsciousness must have come from the blow on the head, where a bruise was already blackening, and a gash still trickled blood.

She lifted her skirt and tore a long strip of cotton from her single petticoat. Then she picked her bare-footed way swiftly to the creek bed, where she drenched the cloth for bathing and bandaging the wound. When she had done what she could by way of first aid she sat supporting the man's shoulders and shook her head dubiously.

Finally the man's lids fluttered and his lips moved. Then he opened his eyes.

"Hello!" said the stranger, vaguely. "I seem to have—" He broke off, and his lips smiled. It was a friendly, understanding smile, and the girl, fight-



A Low Groan Mingled With His Breathing.

ing hard the shy impulse to drop his shoulders and flee into the kind masking of the bushes, was in a measure reassured.

"You must hev fell offen the rock," she enlightened.

"I think I might have fallen into worse circumstances," replied the unknown.

"I reckon you kin set up after a little."

"Yes, of course." The man suddenly realized that although he was quite comfortable as he was he could scarcely expect to remain permanently in the support of her bent arm. He attempted to prop himself on his hurt hand and relaxed with a twinge of extreme pain. The color, which had begun to creep back into his cheeks, left them again, and his lips compressed themselves tightly to bite off an exclamation of suffering.

"That air left arm air busted," announced the young woman, quietly. "Ye've got ter be heedful."

Had one of her own men hurt himself and behaved stolidly it would have been mere matter of course; but her eyes mirrored a pleased surprise at the stranger's good-natured nod and his quiet refusal to give expression to pain. It relieved her of the necessity for contempt.

"I'm afraid," apologized the painter, "that I've been a great deal of trouble to you."

Her lips and eyes were sober as she replied.

"I reckon that's all right." "And what's worse, I've got to be more trouble. Did you see anything of a brown mule?"

She shook her head.

"He must have wandered off. May I ask to whom I am indebted for this fret aid to the injured?"

"I don't know what ye means."

She had propped him against the rocks and sat near by, looking into his face with almost disconcerting steadiness; her solemn-pupilled eyes were unblinking, unsmiling.

"Why, I mean who are you?" he laughed.

"I hain't nobody much. I jest lives over yon."

"But," insisted the man, "surely you have a name."

She nodded.

"Hit's Sally."

"Then, Miss Sally, I want to thank you."

Once more she nodded, and, for the first time, let her eyes drop, while she sat nursing her knees. Finally she glanced up and asked with plucked-up courage:

"Stranger, what mout yore name be?"

"Lescott—George Lescott."

"How'd ye git hurt?"

He shook his head.

"I was painting—up there," he said; "and I guess I got too absorbed in the work. I stepped backward to look at the canvas and forgot where the edge was. I stepped too far."

The man rose to his feet, but he tottered and reeled against the wall of ragged stone. The blow on his head had left him faint and dizzy. He sat down again.

"I'm afraid," he ruefully admitted, "that I'm not quite ready for discharge from your hospital."

"You jest set where yer at." The girl rose and pointed up the mountainside. "I'll light out across the hill and fetch Samson an' his mule."

"Who and where is Samson?" he inquired. He realized that the bottom of the valley would shortly thicken into darkness, and that the way out, unguided, would become impossible. "It sounds like the name of a strong man."

"I means Sameon South," she enlightened, as though further description of one so celebrated would be redundant. "He's over thar 'bout three-quarters."

"Three-quarters of a mile?"

She nodded. What else could three-quarters mean?

"How long will it take you?" he asked.

She deliberated. "Samson's hoin' corn in the fur hill field. He'll hev ter catch his mule. Hit mout tek a half-hour."

"You can't do it in a half-hour, can you?"

"I'll jest take my foot in my hand, an' light out." She turned, and with a nod was gone.

At last she came to a point where a clearing rose on the mountainside above her. The forest blanket was stripped off to make way for a fenced-in and crazily tilting field of young corn. High up and beyond, close to the bald shoulders of sandstone which threw themselves against the sky, was the figure of a man. As the girl halted at the foot of the field, at last, panting from her exertions, he was sitting on the outstretched panorama below him.

Samson South was not, strictly speaking, a man. His age was perhaps twenty. He sat loose-jointed and indolent on the top rail of the fence, his hands hanging over his knees, his hoe forgotten. Near by, propped against the rails, rested a repeating rifle, though the people would have told you that the truce in the "South-Hollman war" had been unbroken for two years, and that no clansman need in these halcyon days go armed afield.

CHAPTER II.

Sally clambered lightly over the fence and started on the last stage of her journey, the climb across the young corn rows. It was a field stood on end, and the hoed ground was uneven; but with no seeming of weariness her red dress flashed steadfastly across the green spears, and her voice was raised to shout: "Hello, Samson!"

The young man looked up and waved a languid greeting. He did not remove his hat or descend from his place of rest, and Sally, who expected no such attention, came smiling on. Samson was her hero. Slow of utterance and diffident with the stranger, words now came fast and fluently as she told her story of the man who lay hurt at the foot of the rock.

"Hit hain't long now tell sundown," she urged. "Hurry, Samson, an' git yore mule. I've done give him my promise ter fetch ye right straight back."

Samson took off his hat, and tossed the heavy lock upward from his forehead. His brow wrinkled with doubts.

"What sort of lookin' feller air he?" While Sally sketched a description, the young man's doubt grew graver.

"This hain't no fit time ter be takin' in folks what we hain't acquainted with," he objected. In the mountains any time is the time to take in strangers unless there are secrets to be guarded from outside eyes.

"Why hain't it?" demanded the girl. "He's hurt. We can't leave him layin' thar, kin we?"

Suddenly her eyes caught sight of the rifle leaning near by, and straightway they filled with apprehension. Her militant love would have turned to hate for Samson, should he have proved recreant to the mission of reprisal in which he was biding his time, yet the coming of the day when the truce must end haunted her thoughts. She came close, and her voice sank with her sinking heart.

"What air hit?" she tensely demanded. "What air hit, Samson? What fer hev ye fatched yer gun ter the field?"

The boy laughed. "Oh, hit ain't nothin' pertic'lar," he reassured. "Hit hain't nothin' fer a gal ter fret herself 'bout, only I kinder suspicious strangers jest now."

"Air the truce busted?" She put the question in a tense, deep-breathed whisper, and the boy replied casually, almost indifferently.

"No, Sally, hit hain't jest ter say busted, but 'pears like hit's right smart cracked. I reckon, though," he added in half-disgust, "nothin' won't come of hit."

Somehow reassured, she bethought herself again of her mission.

"This here furriner hain't got no harm in him, Samson," she pleaded. "He 'pears ter be more like a gal than a man. He's real puny. He's got white skin and a bow of ribbon on his neck—an' he paints plectchers."

The boy's face had been hardening with contempt as the description advanced, but at the last words a glow came to his eyes, and he demanded almost breathlessly:

"Paints plectchers? How do ye know that?"

"I seen 'em. He was paintin' one when he fell offen the rock and busted his arm. It's shore es beautiful es—"

she broke off, then added with a sudden peal of laughter—"es er plectcher."

The young man slipped down from the fence, and reached for the rifle. The hoe he left where it stood.

"I'll git the nag," he announced briefly, and swung off without further parley toward the curling spiral of smoke that marked a cabin a quarter of a mile below. Ten minutes later his bare feet swung against the ribs of a gray mule and his rifle lay balanced across the unsaddled withers. Sally sat mountain fashion behind him, facing straight to the side.

So they came along the creek bed and into the sight of the man who still sat propped against the mossy rock. As Lescott looked up he closed the case of his watch and put it back into his pocket with a smile.

"Snappy work, that!" he called out. "Just thirty-three minutes. I didn't believe it could be done."

Samson's face was masklike, but as he surveyed the foreigner, only the ingrained dictates of the country's hospitable code kept out of his eyes a gleam of scorn for this frail member of a sex which should be stalwart.

"Howdy," he said. Then he added suspiciously: "What mout yer business be in these parts, stranger?"

Lescott gave the Odyssey of his wanderings, since he had rented a mule at Hixon and ridden through the country, sketching where the mood prompted and sleeping wherever he found a hospitable roof at the coming of the evening.

"Ye come from over on Cripple-shin?" The boy flashed the question with a sudden hardening of the voice, and when he was affirmatively answered, his eyes contracted and bored searchingly into the stranger's face.

"Where'd ye put up last night?"

"Red Hill Hollman's house, at the mouth of Meeting House fork; do you know the place?"

Samson's reply was curt.

"I knows hit all right."

There was a moment's pause—rather an awkward pause. Lescott's mind began piecing together fragments of conversation he had heard, until he had assembled a sort of mental jigsaw puzzle.

The South-Hollman feud had been mentioned by the more talkative of his informers, and among them his host of last night. It now dawned on him that he was crossing the boundary and coming as the late guest of a Hollman to ask the hospitality of a South.

"I didn't know whose house it was," he hastened to explain, "until I was benighted and asked for lodging. They were very kind to me. I'd never seen them before. I'm a stranger hereabouts."

Samson only nodded. If the explanation failed to satisfy him, it at least seemed to do so.

"I reckon ye'd better let me help ye up on that old mule," he said; "hit's a-comin' on ter be right."

With the mountaineer's aid, Lescott clambered astride the mount, then he turned dubiously.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he ventured, "but I have a paint box and some materials up there. If you'll bring them down here, I'll show you how to pack the easel, and, by the way," he anxiously added, "please to handle that fresh canvas carefully—by the edge—it's not dry yet."

He had anticipated impatient contempt for his artist's impedimenta, but to his surprise the mountain boy climbed the rock and halted before the sketch with a face that slowly softened to an expression of amazed admiration. Finally he took up the square of academy board with a tender care of which his rough hands would have seemed incapable and stood stock still, presenting an anomalous figure in his rough clothes as his eyes grew almost idolatrous. Then he brought the landscape over to its creator, and, though no word was spoken, there flashed between the eyes of the artist, whose signature gave to a canvas the value of a precious stone, and the jeans-clad boy whose destiny was that of the vendetta, a subtle, wordless message. It was the counter-tension of brothers-in-blood who recognize in each other the bond of a natural passion.

The boy and the girl, under Lescott's direction, packed the outfit and stored the canvas in the protecting top of the box. Then, while Sally turned and strode down creek in search of Lescott's lost mount, the two men rode

upstream in silence. Feady Samson spoke slowly and diffidently.

"Stranger," he ventured, "ef hit hain't askin' too much, will ye let me see ye paint one of them things?"

"Gladly," was the prompt reply. Then the boy added covertly:

"Don't say nothin' 'bout hit ter none of these folks. They'd devil me."

The dusk was falling now, and the hollows choking with murk.

"We're nigh home now," said Samson at the end of some minutes' silent plodding. "Hit's right beyond that thar bend."

Then they rounded a point of timber and came upon a small party of men whose attitudes even in the dimming light conveyed a subtle suggestion of portent.

"That you, Samson?" called an old man's voice, which was still very deep and powerful.

"Hello, Unc' Spencer!" replied the boy.

Then followed a silence unbroken until the mule reached the group, revealing that besides the boy another man—and a strange man—had joined their number.

"Evenin', stranger," they greeted him, gravely; then again they fell silent, and in their silence was evident constraint.

"This hyar man's a furriner," announced Samson, briefly. "He fell

often a rock an' got hurt. I 'lowed I'd fetch him home ter stay all night."

The elderly man who had hailed the boy nodded, but with an evident annoyance. It seemed that to him the others deferred as to a commanding officer. The cortege remounted and rode slowly toward the house. At last the elderly man came alongside the mule and inquired:

"Samson, where was ye last night?"

"That's my business."

"Mebbe hit ain't." The old mountaineer spoke with no resentment, but deep gravity. "We've been powerful oneasy 'bout ye. Hev ye heered the news?"

"What news?" The boy put the question noncommittally.

"Jesse Purvy was shot this mornin'."

The boy vouchsafed no reply.

"The mall rider done told hit. . . . Somebody shot five shoots from the laurel. . . . Purvy hain't died yet. . . . Some says as how his folks has sent ter Lexington fer blood-hounds."

The boy's eyes began to smolder hatefully.

"I reckon," he spoke slowly, "he didn't git shot none too soon."

"Samson!" The old man's voice had the ring of determined authority. "When I dies ye'll be the head of the Souths, but so long es I'm a-runnin' this hyar family I keeps my word ter friend an' foe alike. I reckon Jesse Purvy knows who got yore pap, but up till now no South hain't never busted no truce."

The boy's voice dropped its softness and took on a shrill crescendo of excitement as he flashed out his retort.

"Who said a South has done busted the truce this time?"

Old Spicer South gazed searchingly at his nephew.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Queerest Dance in the World.

The Godavari dance of the malayans, or drummers, of Malabar is a very popular function when the native farmers are taking their ease after the hard work of harvest. The principal character is a weird figure supposed to represent the sacred cow of the gods, Kamachenu. A small boy carries this about while the other performers, decked out in primitive fashion with painted bodies and hideous masks, go through a weird dance, accompanied by much drum beating and singing. Wherever it goes the cow is supposed to shower blessings and prosperity, and so, ostensibly to please the animal, but in reality to satisfy the dancers, presents of money, paddy or rice are given to the performers. This custom has been in existence from time immemorial and is likely to continue as long as agriculture endures among the Hindus of Malabar.—Wide World Magazine.

What Attracted Him.

A mother took her four-year-old son to a restaurant for his first luncheon outside of the nursery at home. He behaved with perfect propriety, and watched the elaborate service with keen interest. When the finger bowls were placed on the table, he noticed the square white mint on the plate at the side of the bowl, and exclaimed: "Oh, mother, look at the cunning little cakes of soap he brought us!"—Harper's Magazine.

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Bacteria in Coal.

Mr. C. Potter has recently shown before the Royal society in London that in certain conditions of exposure to the air charcoal, coal, peat and other amorphous forms of carbon undergo a slow process of oxidation produced by bacteria. It is suggested that this fact may account for the deterioration of stored coal, its gradual loss of weight, and its occasional spontaneous heating in ship's bunkers. If the bacteria are not the sole cause of these things they may induce them, chemical oxidation accompanying and continuing that begun by the organic agents. The carbonization of vegetable coals, says a French writer, is due to the intervention of microbes at the beginning of their fossilization. When the coal reaches the air again, other bacteria take up the work of fermentation that was interrupted millions of years ago.—Youth's Companion.

SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger. Adv.

Not a Can-nibal.

Little Dorothy, whose father owned a canning factory, went to Sunday school for the first time, but soon came running home screaming at the top of her voice.

"Why, Dorothy," said the father, "what is the matter?"

"O, daddy!" she cried. "Don't let them do it, will you?"

"Do what, my child?"

"Don't let them can me!" she sobbed.

"Can you? What do you mean?"

"Why, the teacher said for everybody to sing 'Can a little child like me,' and then I ran away 'fore they did it!"

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"Pape's Diapiesin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, or foul breath.

Pape's Diapiesin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapiesin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known. Adv.

After the War.

The manufacture of wooden legs is a useful industry, but extraordinary activity in their production is not a sign that the world is industrially prosperous.—Kansas City Journal.

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, Advertising Church or Society doings when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

Subscribe for the Informer.

Join the Commercial Club.

Once more—plant trees. Once again—plant two trees.

When you plant trees you are making an investment that will bear interest or oil stock dividends all hollow.

Some sure enough cold weather has been happening since Thursday night of last week. Some snow and lots of cold wind.

Saturday is Trade Day. Let every citizen strive to make it a day of pleasure and profit to the visitors. Several stores have on sales wherein some exceptional bargains are offered.

If you have something you do not want, or if you want something the other fellow has and does not want, an Informer want ad will dispose of that which you do not want and bring that which you do want from the one who has it and does not want it.

The small fire Sunday ought to open our eyes to the fact that an organized fire fighting system is needed in Hedley, if nothing but a bucket brigade. Such a band of workers with practice and proper leadership would do ten times more and effective service than ten times the number of untrained men.

The moon will stay on the water wagon all during February. It will not, in other words, be full, a thing that has not occurred since 1866 and will not occur again until 2,500,000 years from now, some few years longer than the present generation will live. January and March have two full moons, 1st and 30th, each.

Cotton and feed continues to come in. Crop gathering is not over by a lot. It shows that this country raised the stuff this year same as it does every year. The price paid for cotton has been low enough, but feed has been bringing a good price with a steady increase. The man who planted less cotton and raised more feed last year, is the man who is not grumbling about hard times.

Don't think that the Commercial Club is for the benefit of the merchants of Hedley. It is for the purpose of advancing the interests of the whole town and the whole community at large. And every citizen of the town and the community, if interested in its welfare, should belong to the club, no matter whether you are a merchant, clerk, farmer, hired hand, or stockman. In unity there is strength, and by a combined citizenship working most anything can be accomplished. Join the Club and put your power with others—co operate.

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**COTTON POOL
A DISASTER**

Fort Worth, Texas—Peter Radford, National Lecturer of the Farmers' Union, when asked by a representative of the press if the farmers of the South would apply for loans under the terms of the \$135,000,000 cotton pool, said:

"I do not know of a banker in Texas or elsewhere who is willing to lend money to the farmers at six per cent under the provisions of the pool, and I do not think many farmers would care to qualify for a loan. It is to be regretted that the officers of that movement are not frank enough to admit that the failure of the pool is due to inherent defects of the plan. It has not only failed completely, but it has indirectly cost the Southern cotton producers millions of dollars. I think it can be truthfully said that had the plan never been suggested, several millions of dollars would have been loaned against cotton in the South by many banks who subscribed to the fund in good faith, and naturally, with such a pledge becoming a liability they might be called upon to assume, they did not give consideration to making direct loans as the Southern bankers have always done, and as a result the pool cut off the local money supply and forced the cotton on the market. I have no doubt the promoters acted in good faith, but the movement has been a serious disaster to the South."

NEW OWNERS

We wish to announce to the public that we are in the Restaurant and Meat Market business in Hedley, and ask for your patronage. We will try our very best to please you. Open on Sunday except Church hours. Our terms: Strictly Cash.
CROW & ALDRIDGE

POSTED NOTICE—My place 1 1/2 miles southwest of Hedley, Sec. 92 Block 20. Any trespassing will be prosecuted.

T. R. Moreman, Owner.
W. J. Luttrell, Lessee.

Does a saving of \$150 appeal to you? I have a \$350 piano that I must sell. Will take \$175 cash, or \$200 part cash and trade. This instrument is as good as new, been used about 9 months. Call or write Art Jaynes, Memphis, Texas. 6tf

TRY 'EM

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STARTS THIS WEEK



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Remarkable Sale of "The Call of the Cumberlands," Written by Charles Neville Buck.

Although only thirty years old, Charles Neville Buck, author of "The Call of the Cumberlands," has traveled far and done much. Although a law-



Charles Neville Buck.

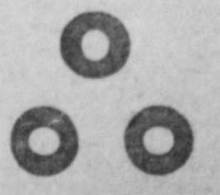
yer by profession, it was newspaper work that brought him into connection with the lawless feudists of the Kentucky mountains and that is to a certain extent responsible for the plot of his story.

It is rare for a man of Mr. Buck's youth to be the author of a hundred thousand seller, but "The Call of the Cumberlands" has already passed that amount.

The story has been dramatized and the play has met with unusual success throughout the country.

We have secured "The Call of the Cumberlands" as our next serial and the first installment will be run in

Read it--It's good.



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SPECIAL OFFER—For only 5 cents we will send you postpaid the two latest numbers of *Today's*. This is so you can see for yourself that for Latest Styles, Newest Fancywork, Fascinating Stories, Best Recipes, Household Labor and Money Savers, Recreation and Good Cheer, *Today's* is superior to any magazine you ever saw. Send 5 cents now.

Farm & Ranch and Holland's \$2.00 and Informer \$1, three for \$1.75

J. L. Tims will pay the highest market price for chickens, eggs and butter. adv.

Modern Priscilla, Pictorial Review and Ladies World, all three \$3.00, and Informer \$1; all four for the extraordinary price of \$2.65.

Texas Senator comments

The Gov. of Oklahoma said the Ex-Gov. of Ark. told him the Atty. Gen. or La. stated that the Treas. of N. Mex. overheard Lucindy tell Safrony that Jems heard Senator Culbertson assert in the Senate that J. B. King's place is the most up-to-date, modern equipped, and gives the best service of any in Hedley. (adv)

The only way to get the genuine **New Home** Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time. No other like it. No other as good. The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS. Reliable Dealer wanted in this Territory

City Directory

Every 2nd and 4th Monday nights
J. M. Bozeman, C C
L. A. Stroud, Clerk
I. O. O. F. Lodge meets on every Tuesday night.
J. M. Killian, N. G.
H. A. Bridges, Secretary
Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon.
R. A. Bayne, W M
Gene Dishman, Secretary Pro Tem
EASTERN STAR CHAPTER meets on each First Monday night at 7:30.
Mrs C W Kinslow
W. M
Mrs. S. L. Guinn, Secretary

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

METHODIST - M. L. Story, pastor. Preaching every Sunday. SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday 10 a. m. F. Kendall, Supt PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening

MISSIONARY BAPTIST
C. W. Horschler, Pastor. Telephone No. 77 Services 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 o'clock. Also services at 7:30 p. m. same night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. G. C. Meadows, Supt.

Regular weekly prayermeeting Thursday 7:30 p. m.

CHURCH OF CHRIST meets every Lordsday morning 10:30, and also preaching every first Lordsday morning and night.

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. C. Killough
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, G. R. Doshier
Treasurer, E. Dabbs
Assessor, H. F. Naylor
County Attorney, W. T. Link

Justice of the Peace Precinct 5, J. A. Morrow

Constable, W. W. Gammon
District Court meets third week in January and July

County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

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 that any similar publication. The latest market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the woman and the children.

THE 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 express the opinions 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 the contribution of a woman reader of the News about farm life and matters of general interest to women.

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

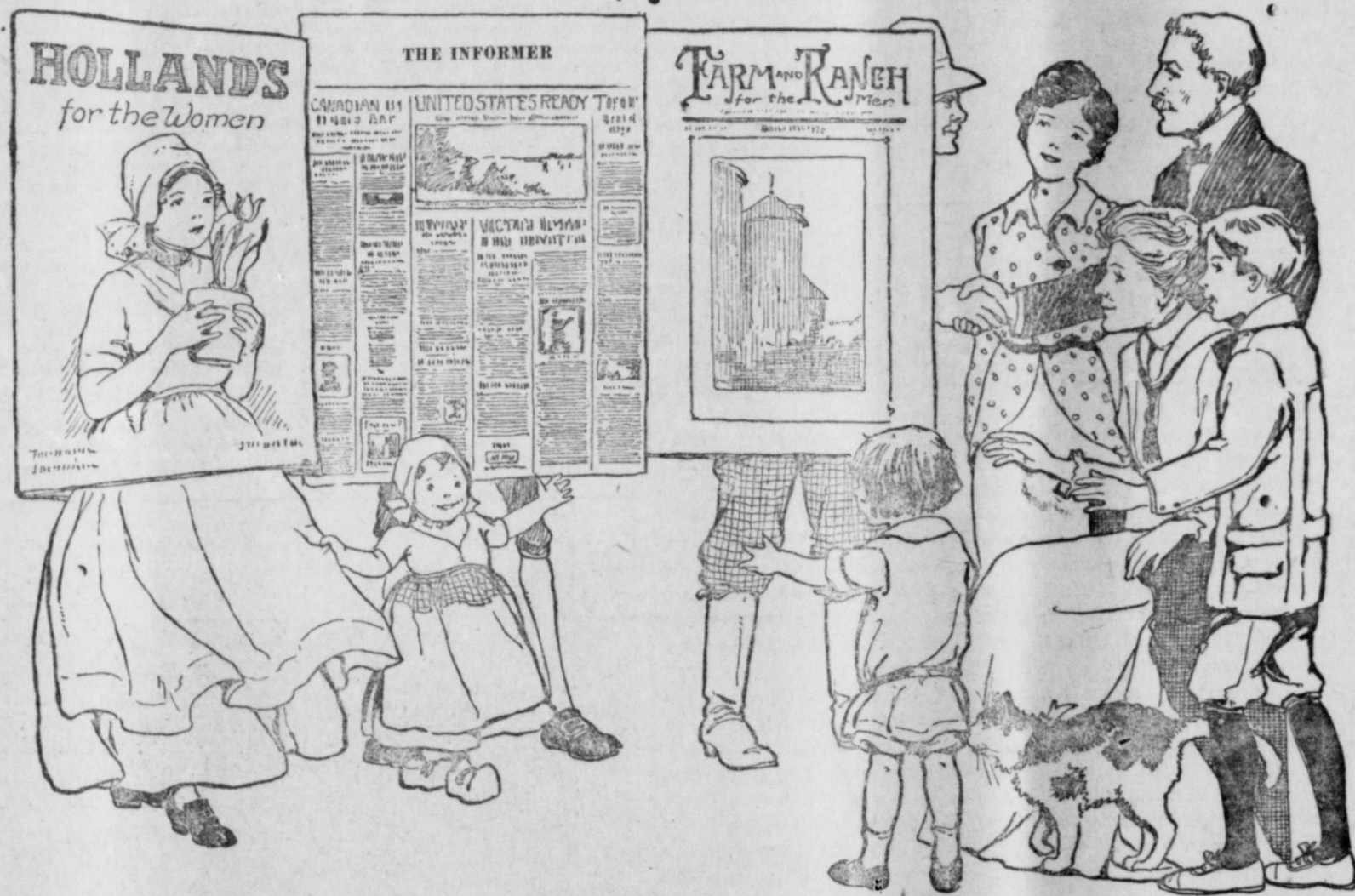
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THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

AND THE

HEDLEY INFORMER
ONE YEAR FOR \$1.75

All Three for \$1.75 for One Year



Are You Aware That You Can Buy Happiness?

It is Possible to purchase Happiness, Sunshine, Wider Vision and Increased Knowledge in great quantities, at a price entirely within your reach.

Does This Mean Anything to You?

HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE, appearing every month, is a veritable ray of sunshine to every member of the household. Each number contains plenty of wholesome, inspiring stories for the grown-ups, a well maintained Children's Department, a section devoted to practical help along the lines of cooking, sewing, embroidery, and various other lines of housekeeping. "The Mail Bag," containing letters on subjects of public interest from readers all through the South, is eagerly watched for from month to month. Every one that appreciates the real worth of a truly good magazine knows the value of Holland's.

EVERY MAN interested in farming, whether as a profession or as a matter of pastime, will find much of interest and profit in Farm and Ranch. Besides being of real

value in the solving of his many problems and offering to him new and practical ideas in the carrying out of his work, the paper is a catalogue of nationally advertised goods that may be relied upon. Each number contains a department called "Our Farmers' Directory," which is a market and exchange place of Southwestern farm needs and products, and is watched by half a million readers weekly.

THIS family newspaper will keep you posted on all the local happenings. Telling you of the joys and sorrows of your friends and neighbors, and in fact, serving as a medium of information about everything going on in this community. Such state and foreign news as we think will be of interest is also published, and no home is complete without a copy of this paper each week.

If subscribed to singly the subscription price of the above three publications is \$3.00.

Order now and we will send all three of them to you regularly one year for only \$1.75.

Can you afford to neglect this opportunity?

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

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

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

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

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

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

POINT IN CHILD EDUCATION

Before Punishment of Faults There Should Be Careful Weighing of Motives.

Is it not true that parents often seek their own peace and comfort rather than the welfare and reformation of a child in the punishment of faults? "Let us do the easiest and have it over." One of the most vital points in child education is the careful weighing of motives and temperaments. Be firm and calm—and that is reasonable. The close relationship of body, mind and soul demands a consideration of this trinity of each individual in order to have a healthful unit. Poor digestion makes an irritable temper, a defect of vision may be at the root of a moral obliquity, and deafness makes for seeming idiosyncrasy. Many physicians have failed to help solve a mother problem because they have not understood the child's defect, which was far removed from the superficial symptoms.—Modern Priscilla.

SALTS IF BACKACHE OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat if Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells, your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

The Wise Fool.
"Time works wonders," observed the sage.
"So could I if I were as tireless as time," responded the fool.

Next Gentleman, Please.
Said He—Mrs. Threemites is a widow, is she not?
Said She—Yes, temporarily.

Liberal Doses.
Subbs—How often is this medicine to be taken?
Doctor—Between cooks.

Fitting Ejaculation.
"Here that mean fellow has sent me a lip stick."
"Can you beat it!"

Hicks' CAPUDINE
CURES HEADACHES AND COLDS
—Easy To Take—Quick Relief.—Adv.

A man hasn't a very good religion when he regards Sunday as the longest and dreariest day in the week.

Why is it that the average man will economize on his luxuries rather than on his necessities?

There are lots of people who speak twice before they think.

All the world's a stage, and most of us think we are stars.

Educating the Boys in Feminine Pursuits

By C. G. ENTZMINGER, Baltimore, Md.

To educate schoolboys in the feminine pursuits is nothing short of ridiculous, unless his ambition in life is to become a seamstress, or, more correctly speaking, a "seamster," or perhaps to pursue the vocation of "professor" of "mendology" in a "first aid to bachelors" home.

No one will deny that the accomplishment of properly plying needle and thread is to be desired by both sexes, but the necessary instruction could be just as well taught at home.

Possibly there may be some connection between the woman suffrage movement and this "industrial art" innovation. It would be unjust to accuse the suffragists of any selfish motive in educating our boys in feminine pursuits, yet anyone possessed of ordinary foresight can readily understand that with husbands trained in domestic pursuits the wife would have more time to devote to the duties which would be developed in the event of universal suffrage.

Allowing our "industrial arts" defenders the benefit of the doubt, we will add that possibly they are prompted by some philanthropic motive in teaching our boys to construct the many feminine accessories and adornments of which we have seen samples.

When Johnny has become sufficiently proficient in the manipulation of the crochet needle it will no longer become necessary for him to betake himself to the fancy goods department for a Christmas gift for his lady fair. All that he need do is to purchase the necessary material and ply his trade, and, lo! on Christmas morning my lady beholds a man-made sweater coat protruding from her suspended hose! Wonderful foresight on the part of our twentieth-century educators, indeed!

Despite the publicity given the "industrial arts" plan and the rapidity with which the scheme is progressing, we have failed to notice any concern on the part of the manufacturers of bachelor buttons, shingle nails and safety pins, upon which men have always relied in emergencies during the absence of feminine assistance.

Chicago Has Disease Called "Rubberneckitis"

By WILLIAM E. MOONEY, Chicago

Curiosity seems to be an important characteristic of Chicagoans. It is peculiar that the people of the city that is noted for its hustle should be noted for their inquisitiveness. A person cannot very well travel a block in the busy section of Chicago without seeing a crowd of typical natives. What wonderful things are they looking at? Some one is selling perfumed toothpicks, a driver may be having trouble with a horse, or a policeman may be giving some information to a visitor. In most cases there is no good reason for the crowd.

Chicago develops the biggest crowd of "rubbernecks" in the world. Stand on any corner and take your watch out and gaze up abstractedly at some indefinite point. In about three minutes there will be about a hundred gaping sightseers grouped neatly about, and if you don't move on about that time you will either be arrested for blocking traffic or the crowd will mob you.

It is said the farmer is a rubberneck, but the true Chicagoan has the farmer beaten in endurance contests at low and lofty gazing and in ability to lose his thoughts and gaze nonsensically at nothing.

The farmer will gaze to learn, not because there is a crowd; but the average Chicagoan will stand before a window with a mechanical toy in it and actually push the small boy from a place of vantage.

This curiosity is not a desire for information. It is but a disease called "rubberneckitis," and it may or may not be caused by the hookworm.

Can the Chicagoan laugh at the interested farmer without having his laugh become a boomerang? It does not seem so.

Character Building Is of Importance

By ALLEN STEVENS, St. Louis, Mo.

Is there not a reflection cast upon an educational institution when one of its graduates goes wrong or becomes identified with fraudulent schemes of different kinds? From the college from which I graduated not one who has obtained a degree has turned out to be a criminal. I can truthfully say that young men who were given up as hopeless cases even by their parents were sent, as a last resort, to this small college, where they were given good moral characters as well as degrees.

Should not character building be as important a part of the curriculum as the degree itself? Educated rascals are the greatest menace to society, therefore why don't our good institutions of learning revoke diplomas and degrees when graduates, later in life, prove their unworthiness.

How are we to expect children to look up to our educational institutions when college heads set a poor example for them by refusing to revoke diplomas of criminals? Must the stamp of approval remain with rascals by the silence of college faculties when churches have their trials and throw out their undesirables, when lodges and societies expel members who are guilty of crimes?

It seems to me that college faculties or trustees owe something more to them than merely granting diplomas.

Telephone Nuisance Should be Abated

By N. McGOORTY, St. Louis, Mo.

There is one nuisance in this and other large cities which has become well-nigh intolerable, and something should be done to end it. I am referring to the "telephone hog," the person who will hold long-extended conversations on a party line, thus preventing others who really have occasion to use the line from doing so.

I had an experience of this sort a day or so ago. I desired to communicate with my wife on a matter of considerable moment. I tried to get my home phone for over twenty-five minutes. I appealed to the "central manager" of the telephone exchange. I kept ringing my number at intervals of a minute or two, all without avail.

I do not know the people who are on our line—it is a "two-story" line—but I do know that they are addicted to long conversations which judging from such scraps as I hear when I pick up our receiver at home in an attempt to get the line, are of such absorbing moment as the discussion of a new waist, the latest scandal in their set, the charms of their male friends and matters of similar import.

I believe there is some rule of the company to prevent this hogging of party lines, but this rule appears more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is high time that something was done to abate this nuisance.

DESIGNED FOR SMALL FAMILY

Style of Bungalow for Which There Will Always Be a Good Demand.

FIVE ROOMS, WITH BASEMENT

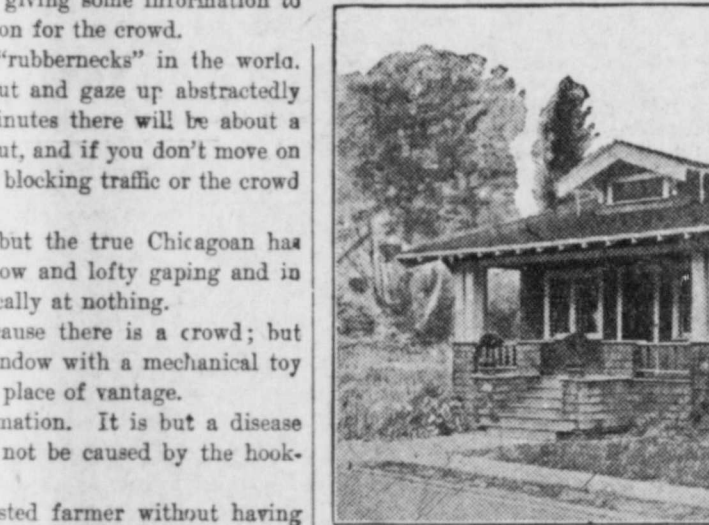
Plenty of Space, Properly Laid Out, and Artistic Appearance, Combine to Make This Residence a Highly Desirable Place of Abode.

By WILLIAM 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. 1327 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

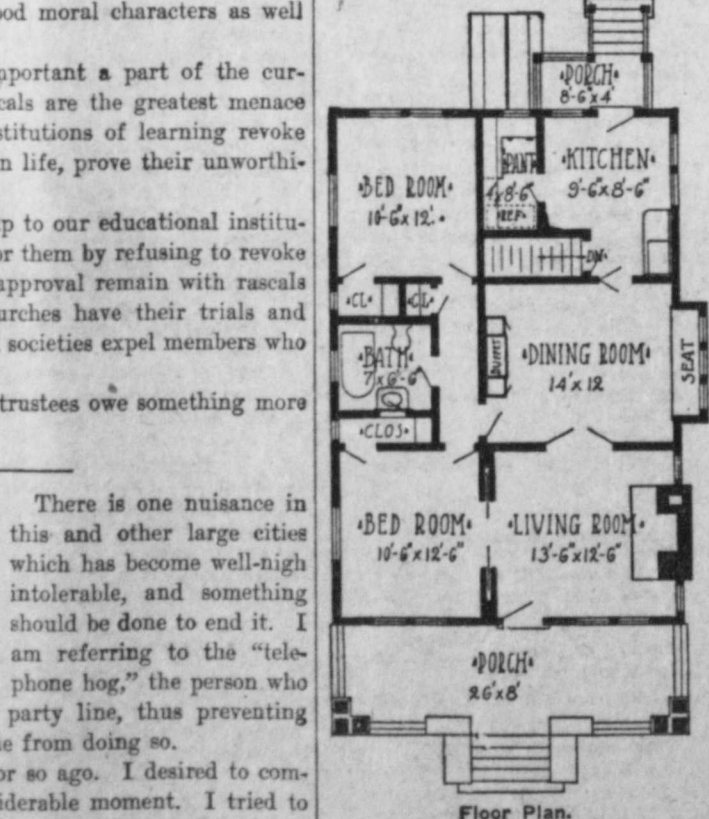
A bungalow for a small family, containing five rooms with a good basement, is much in demand. The perspective and floor plan herewith illustrated show a very artistic bungalow arranged for comfort as well as looks.

The best architectural practice demands that houses shall be neat and pretty in appearance, as well as practical and comfortable, and the tendency always is for more comfort at less expense. Modern architects are inventors of luxuries. A home like this not only embodies the means of obtaining luxuries, but it combines the artistic with every-day utilitarian economy.

This bungalow is supported by a solid basement wall, which extends well above ground, to give plenty of head-room. Small furnaces are heated by warm-air furnaces. Seven and one-half feet of head-room is necessary to get the proper angle to the pipes which convey the heat from the



furnace to the registers above. One of the small-sized furnaces is sufficient to heat a bungalow of this size and shape. The furnace may be placed under the center of the house, so the heat is conveyed to the different rooms by means of short pipes. The front end of the cellar is supposed to be partitioned off for cold storage to keep vegetables and fruit through the winter. The one plain, straightaway roof covers the house and front veranda. It is all straight work which was designed to save expense in build-



ing. For looks, and to light the low attic, a dormer is built on the front slope of the main roof, but it is not large enough to add very much to the cost.

The living room and front bedroom make a combination that may be changed to suit the requirements of the family. In a family of two, where only one bedroom is required, the two front rooms can be made into one large living room. Occasionally when this front bedroom is used for sleeping, a bed davenport that folds up in the daytime permits the use of this end of the big room for two purposes.

The double-door archway is wide enough to throw the two doors together when required. Furniture to correspond helps to carry out this combination plan.

The large chimney, built of rough, dark-colored brick, adds to the appearance of the gable end of the building. The projection, which forms a seat in the dining room, also adds to the attractiveness of this end of the house. There is a triple mullion window in this extension designed to admit plenty of light to the dining room.

The manner of placing the house on the ground is interesting. The lot slopes away to the back, so that the low bungalow effect is given to the front part of the house, but the basement wall at the rear is high enough for good-sized windows above the ground. The manner of building shingle siding down to the ground in front also adds to the bungalow effect.

The planting of a house properly on the lot has a good deal to do with its artistic appearance. A pretty house should be placed some distance back from the street line, for the same reason that you stand some distance away to survey a picture on the wall; you want to get the right perspective.

The manner in which a house is surrounded with trees, shrubbery and flowers also has a great deal to do with its artistic appearance when viewed from the street.

The best house designed may be improved or spoiled by its immediate surroundings.

Likewise the neighborhood has a great deal to do with the fitness of the house. A house that would look well in one section of town would be out of place on another street.

Houses to fit wide lots have a crowded look when built on a narrow lot. There are many things to consider before selecting plans for a house.

GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN UTOPIA

Little Chance of Conversation Like the Following Being Overheard in Any Other Country.

"Here is the wash, madam," said the driver of the laundry wagon politely. "It includes the handkerchief

bundle and a written apology from the proprietor for our carelessness."
"Are all my husband's collars here?"
"All but two, which were discovered by our inspector to be worn through prematurely. Entirely his fault of the laundry. New ones—same brand and size will be delivered to you tomorrow."
"I suppose," sighed the lady, "that I can put in a busy morning taking the pins out of Mr. Glue's shirts."
"Pins are an unknown factor in the laundry life of Utopia," replied the driver. "After the button holes are inspected for possible tears and have been softened so as to admit the collar buttons freely, the shirts are inclosed in transparent, dust-proof envelopes so that they may be laid away for an indefinite period without becoming soiled."
"Did you bring the bill?" asked the housewife.
"Yes, madam. It is neatly typed and the figures are plain. You will find that we have charged for the light, fluffy things by weight and the heavy, flat work by the piece. In case of error kindly make your own deductions before mailing the check."
"You have a young face," said the lady, "but your hair is gray."
"Prematurely so," replied the laundry driver. "The shock of my grandfather's death many years ago caused that."
"A violent death?" inquired the lady.
"Extremely so," replied the driver. "He was executed in the public square."
"For murder?" said the lady.
"Worse, madam. He, too, was a laundryman, and he was found guilty of starching a customer's silk shirt."

Thesaurus, the Beautiful.
Doesn't sound beautiful. It is a word a man might hesitate to say before a lady. At the same time it has a golden meaning. It means treasure house. A man might get away with it, as regards the dictionary. It would sound all right to speak of a thesaurus of dead languages or living ones, but if you told a girl her heart was a thesaurus you would make no hit with her. If you said instead, "My sweet, your heart is like a treasure house of all earth's jewels," you would have a better chance; besides, it would be the truth to you. We hope this impresses you to use very simple words when you are saying something beautiful. It is not knowing big words that counts, but using small ones well.—Los Angeles Times.

What Do YOU Pay?
Some men, thinking to economize, pay 5 cents for cigarettes. They might enjoy real quality, if they realized that 20 FATIMAS would cost them only 15 cents.



Impressionistic.
Rankin—I understand our friend, Daubensplatter, won first prize at the cubist art exhibition.
Phyle—Yes, he won a thousand dollars.
"But I did not know he belonged to that school."
"He doesn't," but the committee got his picture upside down by mistake and the judges thought it was a masterpiece.—Youngstown Telegram.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

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

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

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

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

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

Perils of the Season.
"Don't you worry about the danger Willie may run into with his new skates and sled?"
"Not as much as we used to. Now we are devoting our worry to what father is going to do with his new automobile."

Why Men Swear.
Georgia Wood Pangborn, writing a story in the Woman's Home Companion, says of one of her characters: "He's a man, and can't cry, so he has to say damn."



HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.
Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00
All Dealers G. C. Hanford, Inc., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WHY NOT TRY POPHAM'S ASTHMA MEDICINE

Gives Prompt and Positive Relief in Every Case. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00. Trial Package by Mail 10c.
WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

Build Up With 50 year tested appetizer and the old Wintersmith's general reliable remedy for malaria, chills and tonic fever, colds and grip. 50c.

WANTED to hear from owner of good cases for sale. Send description and price. Write Business Agency, P.O. Box 100, Chicago, Ill.

YOUR WELFARE

is at stake when you neglect the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Poor health will soon overtake you. Keep up "to the mark" by assisting these organs in their work with the help of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It makes the appetite keen and aids digestion. Try a bottle.

A Bull's-Eye.

E. Berry Wall said at a dinner in New York: "Woman's dress nowadays is beautiful—beautiful but shocking. The slashed skirt, to be sure, has disappeared—but it has only disappeared to make room for the lace panel. "A stupid greenhorn of a butler scored a bull's-eye unconsciously the other day. "Is Mrs. Blanc in?" a late caller asked him. "Yes, sir; she's in," said the butler. "But she ain't at home, sir. She's upstairs undressin' for a dinner dance."—Washington Star.

LOOK YOUR BEST

As to Your Hair and Skin, Cuticura Will Help You. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under conditions which, if neglected, tend to produce a state of irritation and disfigurement. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Third Generation.

John Barrymore tells this story about his little nephew, Samary Colt, the son of his famous sister, Ethel. This story illustrates how the desire of the theatrical artist for "exclusive business" is probably transmitted from one generation to another. "I was present one night last week when my sister was putting her youngsters to bed," says Uncle John. "She has reared them like old-fashioned children, and taught them to say their prayers at night. This night Samary hesitated, and there was a worried look on his face. He had got so further than 'Now I lay me,' when he stopped. "'Say, muvver,' he complained, 'I don't fink I'll say that prayer. I heard another fellow say it today, and if we aren't careful it will get all over town the first thing we know!'"

Of More Importance.

Mr. Arthur H. Engelbach, in his collection of anecdotes of the British bench, tells this story about Lord Braxfield, who was among the last of the Scotch judges who rigidly adhered to the broad Scotch dialect. "Hae ye any counsel, mon?" he said to Maurice Margot, when placed at the bar. "No," was the reply. "Do ye want to hae any appoinntit?" continued the judge. "No," said Margot; "I only want an interpreter to make me understand what your lordship says."

The Meat of Wheat

The average yearly consumption of wheat in the United States is nearly six bushels for every man, woman and child.

But—Much of the nutriment of the wheat is lost because the vital mineral salts stored by Nature under the bran-coat are thrown out to make flour white.

In making Grape-Nuts FOOD

of choice wheat and malted barley, all the nutriment of the grains, including the mineral values necessary for building sturdy brain, nerve and muscle, is retained.

Everywhere Grape-Nuts food has proven a wonderful energizer of brain and brawn, and you may be sure

"There's a Reason"

WICKED OLD MAN

By ROGER JACOB DUNN.

The wickedest old man in town sat at his desk in a room on the fortieth story of a skyscraper. He was fingering a letter which he had just received; after a while he rose and went to a card index catalogue.

"Randall—Randall," he muttered, and began examining the records under that name.

He seemed perplexed, for he could not remember where the Randalls came from, if he had ever known. Somewhere out West, he fancied. He was still examining the catalogue when the boy brought in a card, and he resumed his chair just in time to be able to rise and welcome a girl who entered nervously and with evident signs of agitation.

"Sit down, Miss Randall," said the wickedest old man in town, offering her a chair.

But she refused to be seated, and, opening her reticule, took out a letter and a clipping and flung them angrily upon the desk.

"I received your blackmailing scheme," she cried. "Well, do you think you can do what you threaten and get away with it?"

"Madam, I have been getting away with it for fifteen years," answered the wickedest man in town.

The girl collapsed into the chair and burst into tears. The wickedest man in town seemed really concerned about her.

"Now, now, control yourself," he said soothingly. "This is a simple business proposition. I edit a paper devoted to news of the socially elite. I have received very interesting information about your family which would make good reading. Before printing it I submitted a copy of it to you—a proof, we call it—asking you whether you wish it to appear, and, if not, whether you would care to call here to discuss the matter. Well?"

But as the girl only stared at him in helpless aversion, the wickedest man in town proceeded to read the article slowly, with due enunciation of every word.

"The Randall-Robinson wedding which takes place on the day following the return of the bridegroom from England, next month—"

"Yes, you coward," interrupted the girl. "If Mr. Robinson were here you would not dare to print that. He would thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"Madam," said the wickedest man in town, "I have been thrashed within an inch of my life at least once a year since I became an editor. I thrive on it."

And he continued to read: "Will excite great interest, on account of the interesting past of the Randalls. Coming from—I left a blank there for you to fill in," he continued.

"How much do you want to keep that out of your paper?" demanded Miss Juanita.

"Tush, my child!" answered the wickedest man in town. "You admit its truth, then?"

"How much?" repeated the girl inflexibly.

"I have some other interests besides editing my paper," pursued the wickedest old man in town thoughtfully. "I have a good deal of mining stock."

"How many shares do you want me to buy?" inquired the girl.

"But it is not for sale. However, if you are really thinking of buying mining stock I can put you in touch with a good friend of mine who has some for sale, I believe. I will ask him to call on you tonight. However, Miss Juanita, it would be better for us to be entirely frank with each other. Since I gather that you are averse to having that item inserted, it shall not be inserted. I always try to please my friends. But now, tell me, where do you come from?"

"I won't tell you."

"Your mother's maiden name, then," urged the wickedest old man in town.

"What are you going to do with that information?"

"Keep it, my dear, for a hundred years longer than I live. Come, be as frank with me as you would be with your lawyer. Who are your people?"

"My mother was a Miss Rogers of Austin," answered the girl.

The wickedest old man in town bowed, and, walking to the catalogue, took out the Randall card. He showed it to the girl, and then tore it into tiny pieces, which he let flutter through his fingers into the waste-paper basket.

"Good day, Miss Randall," said the wickedest old man in town. "My friend will not call on you with that mining stock."

"But—but," stammered the girl, "the article—"

"Will never be published," answered the other, taking up the proof and tearing it, likewise, into small pieces. "Good day once more."

"But why did you send for me?" the girl demanded uneasily.

"To verify my suspicions," answered the wickedest old man in town. "You need have no further fears, good day."

When at last the girl was gone the wickedest old man in town sat down at his desk and fell into an abstraction.

"I wonder what Molly Randall would say if she knew who her husband is!" he ejaculated. "Gad, that girl is a hummer! It almost makes one respectable to be able to claim a daughter like that."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bowels. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your

sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children! Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

LITTLE PARABLE OF LIFE

Aply Compared to Journey Through Comfortable Passage Leading to One Small Room.

I will tell you a little parable. Each life is like a wonderful castle, with hundreds of mysterious rooms. Through the whole expanse of that castle runs a broad, comfortable passage—ultimately leading to the small room that contains an honored and peaceful deathbed.

If you would be safe, you must stay in this passage. You just pass by without opening them the hundreds of alluring doors. You must pass without following them the secret winding stairs leading up or down to unknown places—

You will never know all you really own. You will never see the festive hall with its brilliant revels, nor the taper-lit chapel with its mystic ecstasies—you will never find the hidden chamber with its lotus joys, nor the romantic balcony with its bizarre assemblage—you will never reach the tiny tower room with its view across land and sea and up into the skies.

And you will never see the dark cells where weird things are kept—nor the ghastly dungeon deep down below the ground, where one lies sobbing and bleeding and broken, and whence there is no returning.

I have opened many a door in my castle—said Christine—and I fear I shall never find my way back to the broad, comfortable passage.—Smart Set.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

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

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

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Suspicious.

"How about this fare?" demanded the stranger in New York.

"Fare's quite correct, sir," replied the taxi chauffeur. "I haven't overcharged you."

"I know you haven't, and why haven't you? What sort of a game are you up to now?"

Important to Mothers

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

Accelerating the Jump. "It seems quite the fad nowadays for players to jump from 'organized baseball' to the Federal league."

"Yes. It appears that a fat contract makes a fine springboard."

From Man's Standpoint. "What is chaos, pa?" "It is about the third stage in that disease known as housecleaning."

ASKED SPEAKER FOR A SONG

And Bibulous Gentleman Escaped Anger of Dignified Head of British Parliament.

Mr. Balfour is credited with knowing more good stories about the British House of Commons than any other member. One of his best is the following, which he told at a public dinner some time ago:

"I remember hearing of a distinguished gentleman," he said, "who reported in the press gallery just about one hundred years ago. He had had an excellent dinner, washed down with excellent wine. He was bored with the debate. He was wearied with the superfluity of rhetoric, which prevailed just as much one hundred years ago as today. He got bored, and he got up and asked the speaker for a song."

"The speaker of that day was Mr. Addington, a gentleman who was nothing, if not proper. The whole house, except the speaker, was convulsed with laughter."

"The sergeant-at-arms was appealed to. He went to the gallery and he inquired. The culprit retained the presence of mind to point to a respectable Quaker sitting below him, and this unfortunate gentleman was actually taken into custody."

Badly Matched.

Mrs. Yeast—This paper says the matching of colors has been brought down to an exact science by the invention of a machine for the purpose.

Mr. Yeast—You ought to get the people who run the store where you buy your hair to get one of those machines, dear."

The Cause.

In a discussion of modern poets, W. B. Trites, the Philadelphia novelist, condemned Alfred Noyes.

"Noyes' peace poems!" he said. "Oh, those peace poems!"

He then added with a shudder: "It is now universally admitted that the irritation and suffering caused by Noyes' peace poems are responsible for the present world-wide war."

A TREATMENT THAT HEALS MOST SKIN-DISEASES

Don't stand that itching skin humor one day longer. Go to the nearest druggist and, for about 75c, get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. Bathe the eczema patches with resinol soap and hot water, dry and apply a little resinol ointment.

It's almost too good to be true. The torturing, itching and burning stop instantly, you no longer have to dig and scratch, sleep becomes possible, and healing begins. Soon the ugly, torturing eruptions disappear completely and for good.—Adv.

His Choice.

The man of great financial prominence had met with an accident.

"We'll have to probe," said the doctor.

Just at that moment the man recovered consciousness and exclaimed: "If it's a surgical operation go ahead, but if it's another investigation, give me an anesthetic."

Came Natural.

Bacon—They say that president of the bank who got away with a lot of the money began his career as janitor of the institution.

Egbert—Never forgot his early training to clean out the bank, evidently.

Lost.

"Does your husband ever lose his temper?" "Not any more. He lost it permanently about two years after our marriage."

A Difference.

"Authors nowadays don't live in attics, do they?" "No; they prefer best sellers."

When the odds are against a man he always wants to get even with someone.—Deseret News.

Arduous Listening. Grand opera in English has been found as hard to understand as it is in a foreign language. "Still, I prefer to hear it sung in a foreign tongue." "Why so?" "It requires less exertion on my part. When I hear grand opera sung in English I am constantly leaning forward and trying to catch a word."

Accounting for the 'umps. Patrice—I see the sinews of the kangaroo are specially desirable for use in surgery, for sewing wounds and for binding broken bones together. Patrice—That accounts for Joe jumping from one thing to another; I always thought he had some of the kangaroo in him."

Serum Cure for Tetanus. Doctor Doyen, the famous French surgeon, announces the discovery of a serum that will cure tetanus or lockjaw. The inventor is a physician in the Ardennes, and the secret of his success lies in keeping the patient with head downward at an angle of 45 degrees after injecting the serum into his loins. Doyen says he cures 80 per cent of his cases.

Principal Products. Teacher—What is the elephant hunted for, Emerson? Bright Pupil—Magazine articles.—Puck.

—Take CAPUDINE— For HEADACHES and GRIPP, It's Liquid—Prompt and Pleasant—Adv.

Do not expect to surround yourself with good friends if you persist in being unfriendly.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just Eye Soothing. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

But, then, monkeys had the first family trees.

Almost Human. "I'm going on a strike," said the match. "Better not," responded the old pipe. "You'll lose your head if you do."

Very Likely. "I wonder why it is that the man who marries in haste is usually supposed to repent at leisure?" "Because that kind of man wouldn't have brains enough to do it all at once, of course."

Good Cause for Alarm

Deaths from kidney diseases have increased 75% in twenty years. People overdo nowadays in so many ways that the constant filtering of poisoned blood weakens the kidneys. Beware of fatal Bright's disease. When headache or urinary ills suggest weak kidneys, use a tested kidney medicine. Doan's Kidney Pills command confidence, for no other remedy is so widely used or so generally successful.

A Texas Case

Will Cook, 525 Water St., Waukesha, Wis., says: "I suffered from sharp catches in the small of my back, especially when I stooped. My back ached so severely at night I couldn't rest well and mornings I felt tired and unrefreshed. The kidney secretions passed too often. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me as soon as I used them and I know that they live up to representations."

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

ALL OR PART OF 128 A. IN BRAZORIA CO., TEX.; 25 c. cut. all tilable, see outside page 150 a. Dr. W. G. McDeed, Monticello, Ill.

Women Everywhere

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Women from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from all sections of this great country, no city so large, no village so small but that some woman has written words of thanks for health restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No woman who is suffering from the ills peculiar to her sex should rest until she has given this famous remedy a trial. Is it not reasonable to believe that what it did for these women it will do for any sick woman?

Wonderful Case of Mrs. Crusen, of Bushnell, Ill.

BUSHNELL, ILL.—"I think all the trouble I have had since my marriage was caused by exposure when a young girl. My work has been housework of all kinds, and I have done milking in the cold and snow when I was too young to realize that it would hurt me. I have suffered very much with bearing down pains in my back and such miserable pains across me, and was very nervous and generally run down in health, but since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my back never hurts me, my nerves are stronger, and I am gaining in health every day. I thank you for the great help I have received from your medicine, and if my letter will benefit suffering women I will be glad for you to print it."—Mrs. JAMES CRUSEN, Bushnell, Illinois.

A Grateful Atlantic Coast Woman.

HODGSON, ME.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Hodgson, Maine.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 3-1915.

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 3-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM A toilet preparation of merit. Light to feminine texture. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and 60c. at Druggists.

DROPSY TREATER usually gives quick relief. Soon removes swelling and short breath, often gives entire relief in 3 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent FREE. DR. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor to Dr. H. B. Green's Sons, Box A, Chassawhatchee, Fla.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Manfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price 91.00

JANUARY CLEARING SALE

NEW GOODS ARRIVING

The Dixie

January Pre-Inventory and Clearance Sale

EXTENDED UNTIL SATURDAY, FEB. 6

ON ACCOUNT OF BAD WEATHER FOR DISTANT CUSTOMERS SOME OF THE LOWEST PRICES OF ANY SALES MADE ON MANY ARTICLES YOU CAN USE NOW. BIG SAVINGS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. Broken lots, discontinued lines in Sweaters, Underwear, Men and Boys Pants, Misses Coats, Ladies Wear, Shoes for all ages. Overshoes for children go at HALF PRICE. A liberal reduction on complete lines and NEW SPRNG GOODS ARRIVING.

Dress Goods

Serges, Crepes and Novelties in good colors.....One half price.

Outing Flannel

12 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 10 cent values all colors 8 1-3c
Broken lots 1-3 off.

Men's Dress Pants

All sizes up to 34 waist, values up to \$3.50, choice\$2.00

Underwear

Men's two piece fleeced Underwear 50c values, each25c
Misses and Women's broken lots, many sizes, each25c
Ladies Unions, all sizes, 50 and \$1.00 values..... 1 5 off

Embroidery Material

Big assortment in Silcotine Luster and Silco, 3 for.....10c
All skein goods 2 for.....5c
Wrinkled and mused Linens and damasks..... $\frac{1}{2}$ price

Men's Dress Shirts

Big assortment, \$1 values your choice75c

Men's and Boys Hats

Good Hats from50c to \$1.00
Choice of all caps 25c

SHOES

Men's broken lots and discontinued numbers1 3 to $\frac{1}{2}$ off
Boys lace, all sizes, good solid stock.....1-3 off
Ladies broken lines, fine goods 1-3 to $\frac{1}{2}$ off

First showing of new Spring Gingham, consisting of The Red Seal and French Lines. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent values, choice 9 to 10 cents. New Prints, new Percales, new Muslins Embroidries and Laces. We can supply your need for February sewing.

A new car of Belle of Wichita, Winner and White Oak Flour at \$3.50 to \$3.70 per cwt during this sale only. Market value \$2.00 to \$2.25 per sack. You can save from 25 to 50c on the sack. From present conditions the next car will be not less than \$2.50 per sack. Let us save you money on a Grocery list. We carry a nice clean full line. Eggs, Butter and Poultry in exchange. Come and see us.

Center Block **The DIXIE** Hedley Texas

COW FEED

We keep all kinds and will appreciate your trade. Phone 86. Wood & Plaster.

Quarterly Conference will be held here by Presiding Elder Hicks Wednesday February 2. Rev. Hicks will preach that night.

Locals

FOR SALE—Span good work mules. M & M Co.

W. H. Madden went to Memphis this morning.

Mr. Hall of Dallas has accepted a position at the Dixie.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor. advt

Born January 26, a girl to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall.

Born Saturday January 23, to Mr. and T. F. Brown, a boy.

S. A. Shaw was up from Childress Wednesday buying cotton.

FOR SALE—Span good work mules. M & M Co.

C. C. Phelps was down this week from his farm west of Clarendon.

Full-blood Buff Orpington Roosters for sale \$1 each. J. D. McCants.

Dallas Milner left Thursday for Hamlin to visit relatives and friends.

FOR SALE—Full blood Brown Leghorn roosters, \$1 each. 74c J. R. Cox.

J. C. Haley was down from Clarendon first of the week visiting Dr. Sarvis and family.

Have some of the very best Ribbon Cane Syrup on hand at 75c per gallon J. L. Tims.

Mrs. B. L. Knowles of Lelia Lake was here visiting her sister Mrs. W. G. Brinson this week.

FOR SALE—My residence and lots; terms, half cash, balance trade or good notes. J. M. K. Han.

A traveling vaudeville show held forth at the Opera House Wednesday night to a small crowd.

Prepared to do all kinds of barber work, baths and laundry. Give us a trial. King's Barber Shop.

G. S. Vinyard came down from Claude Tuesday night to visit his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Wells, a few days.

FOR SALE—Several teams of coming 3 year old mules. Cash or good notes. W. A. Kinslow, Hedley, Tex.

W. I. Rains has been building additional rooms to his house west of town where Clyde Bridges and wife live.

FOUND—A boys overcoat. Owner can get same by calling at the Informer office and paying for this notice.

J. G. McDougal, J. R. Boston, J. Pool, Ed Dishman, and Chas. Kinslow were business visitors at Clarendon Thursday.

J. D. Newton of Dallas, stock salesman for the Consolidated Oil Co., was here several days this week in interest of that company.

Mesdames J. G. McDougal and P. C. Johnson went to Clarendon Thursday to attend the Auxiliary of the B. W. M. W. The Auxiliary will meet in Hedley in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Melton departed last week for Clovis and Albuquerque, N. M. They will probably locate at Albuquerque.

Rev. C. W. Horschler went up to Clarendon Monday night to attend the annual meeting of the of the Panhandle Baptist Bible class which has been in session there this week.

Mrs. S. A. Killian left Tuesday morning for Fort Worth where she will visit her brother, T. P. Shelton, a few days. Her mother, Grandma Shelton, who has been visiting there several months will return home with her.

W. G. Brinson returned home from Dallas last Sunday night. His father who is in Baptist Sanitarium there, seemed to be doing nicely, but Tuesday night Mr. Brinson received a message to come back, his father was very low. Later reports say he is not expected to live.

Meal and Chops

I have meal and chops for sale at all times at my mill. And will grind, chop or crush any and every day. When you want good good meal just try mine. you will like it. N. M. Hornsby.

Mrs. Clint Phillips prepared a dainty 6 o'clock luncheon Saturday afternoon in honor of her guests, Miss Boone and Mr. Hightower of Lakeview. The table was artistically arranged, and faired splendidly. The guests were then invited into the parlor where music was rendered. This was voted one of the most elegant affairs of the season.

Sam Williams, Farm Demonstrator for Donley county was down to Memphis Saturday. He has been supplied with an automobile and instructed to look after the demonstration work in Hall county. He is an experienced man for the position and is a hustler, is also an enthusiastic supporter of the "Hog Clubs and Baby Beef Clubs" and will help to push that work among the young people.—Democrat.



ANNIVERSARY WEEK OF BOY SCOUTS

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8
ANNIVERSARY DAY
4:30 to 6:00 p. m.—Scout Birthday Good Turn. Troops will visit the sick in hospitals and private homes, taking to them flowers and best wishes of the Scout Movement.
7:30 p. m.—Anniversary Day Meeting. Annual report of troop activities.
8:00 p. m.—Reading of Greetings from the Chief Scout.
8:15 p. m.—Every Scout in the United States will stand at attention with his hand at salute and repeat the Scout Oath.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13
10:00 A. M. Delivery of report on Scout work and Scout greetings to commercial club officials, newspaper offices, members of local Troop Committee. Troop Good Turn. Hike and other activities.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 14
7:15 p. m.—Church Service. Rev. M. L. Story will preach on the work of the Boy Scout Movement; his subject "Service to Others." Scouts will attend this service en masse.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Harrison entertained quite a number of young people Friday evening. The evening passed all too quickly for those present, and all went away saying, "Well we had a splendid time didn't we?" But then that always happens when Mr. and Mrs. Harrison entertain."



LUMBER BUILDERS' MATERIAL
ROPE, CEMENT
BRICK, POST
EVERYTHING....

JC WOOLDRIDGE

Cicero Smith Lumber Company

... LUMBER AND COAL ...

Get Our Prices.--Buy Now

FARM PRODUCTS

MAIZE, KAFFIR, CORN, COTTON, CHICKENS, EGGS, AND ALL FARM PRODUCTS PAID FOR AT HIGHEST MARKET PRICE. REMEMBER OUR SALE CLOSSES FEBRUARY 6TH.

Bain & McCarroll