

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 5, 1915

NO. 9

Meeting Last Monday Night

The Commercial Club meeting last Monday night was productive of results.

The committee on census of Hedley reported 546 inhabitants in the proposed incorporation boundary which gives Hedley a population of about 600, counting the additions and townsite acreage.

The incorporation petition goes before the Commissioners' Court next Monday.

The Club, being homeless, was tendered the Bond Hall by Mr.

Bond, which was accepted with thanks.

As Trade Day is an important movement in Hedley affairs a committee was appointed to arrange for a program and advertise for next Trade Day.

Next Tuesday night at Bond Hall will be the next meeting, and every citizen of the town and community is extended an invitation to attend and enroll as a member of the Club.

If you like to "jine" things, "jine" the Commercial Club.

DOINGS AT THE STATE CAPITOL

By R. L. T.

The Legislature has closed its third week of work. The committees have been working night and day to get bills in shape for consideration. No bills of very much importance have passed both Houses yet, but some very important measures are ready for consideration by the Legislative bodies. The resolution by Templeton for a Constitutional Convention has been reported from the committee. The friends of the A & M college and the University are making some strong efforts to get the legislature to enact into law their respective views, but the opinion now is that the A & M College and the University will be placed under one governing board. The woman suffrage question has come up but has not been considered by either body of the legislature, however, the woman suffrage amendment has been reported by House committee and it is likely such an amendment will be voted upon very soon; and if a two-thirds majority of the legislature vote to submit such a question to the people, they will have an opportunity to express themselves upon this question during the summer. The bill establishing a school and home for the feeble minded people of the State, other than the insane people, has been reported to the floor of the House and Mr. Templeton, one of the authors of this bill, thinks such a bill will become a law. The committee on Congressional Districts Representatives has reported a most excellent bill for consideration, and it is hoped that the Senate will adopt this bill which will give the Panhandle a good Congressional District.

Senator W. A. Johnson of Hall county has introduced a resolution in the Senate to make West Texas a new State known as "Jefferson." Of course, there are not many people in the west that would like to give up the name of "Texas" for a name even as Democratic as "Jefferson." The Governor has let the legislature know that he is going to scrutinize very closely all appropriation bills. The majority of the Representatives has decided that it would not consider the general appropriation bills during the regular session, but would force Governor Ferguson to call a special session for this. Mr. Templeton made a strong, hard fight against such an act by the House and won the fight on the first day of the contest, although several Representatives

COTTON CROP OF FOUR COUNTIES

Cotton ginned from the 1914 crop to Jan 15, as shown in the report of Director of the Census, Department of Commerce, amounted to 91,510 bales in the four counties of Hall, Donley, Childress and Cottle, Panhandle counties represented in the report. This is a marked increase over the amount ginned the year before, as shown by the following table:

County	1914	1913
Hall	36,794	14,159
Donley	7,204	3,716
Childress	26,738	7,054
Cottle	20,774	3,716

W. M. AUXILIARY

Program for the W. M. Auxiliary Jan 8
Subject: Our Achievement, Our Opportunity, Korea Mountains.
Bible lesson, Matt 6:9-15.
Hymn. Prayer.
Thy Kingdom Come—Mrs. Bolander
Getting Down To It—Mrs. Scales.
Duties of Officers—Mrs. Story.
Sunday, How Spend It—Mrs. J. A. Moreman.
The Print of the Nails—Mrs. Leader—Mrs. Lively.
Hostess—Mrs. Scales

acting under the whip of their leaders changed their vote on the next day and voted to force the Governor to call a special session at the end of the first sixty days. One or two members of the lower House wish to reduce the number of Representatives, but when it is seen how easily bills are passed in the Senate, where there are but thirty-one men, because of what is known as Senatorial courtesy, one is compelled to say that the people are protected from vicious legislation by a representative body of men from every part of the state and closely associated with the people and knowing their wants. Messrs. Crudginton and Templeton have introduced a bill to relieve land owners who have railroads across their land from paying the interest to the state on the railroad right-of-way and making the railroad pay the this school land interest. It is said that the Thirty-Fourth legislature is practicing economy because of the stringent conditions that now exist all over the state. There is an attitude to do legislation for the farmers and the stockmen instead of devoting all of the time to other interests of the state as has been done heretofore.

UNCLE BILL BRINSON DIED THURSDAY

W. C. (Uncle Bill) Brinson died at the home of his son, W. C. Brinson, Thursday 10:30 A. M., Feb. 4, after an illness of several weeks duration during which time he was under the treatment of the best medical men of Texas; was in the Baptist Sanitarium at Dallas for a few weeks, and at his own request, was brought back to Hedley last Sunday that he might die at home with loved ones.

The funeral service was conducted at the home this morning at eight o'clock by Rev. C. W. Horschler, after which the hearse from Clarendon conveyed the body to Clarendon Cemetery for interment. A number of neighbors and friends accompanied the relatives to Clarendon.

The wife, children and close relatives of deceased were all present at the time of his death.

Mr. Brinson was 38 years old Jan. 25, 1815. He was a Confederate soldier, a member of the 36th Alabama Reg't; did some valliant service; was taken prisoner at Mobile, Ala., and guarded by Federal negro soldiers; therefore from that time he had no use for negroes. Several old Confederates were present at the funeral this morning.

The Informer extends sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Naylor Springs

Mrs. J. W. Bland is visiting in the Ring neighborhood this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hefner visited friends in Clarendon Friday.

Roy Kendall is again on his farm on Lake creek. We are informed his family will move out after the close of school.

Miss Lois Naylor who has been quite ill is rapidly recovering.

Little Evelyn Barnett who has very sick is doing nicely.

Byron Alexander who was so badly hurt some days is improving fast.

Grandma Garret who has been sick some weeks is no better.

Dr. C. L. Fleids and family are enjoying a visit from their daughter, Mrs. James Drinnon of Trinidad, this week.

We were glad to welcome the family of J. S. Hall to our midst Sunday.

NELDA.

REV. W. M. HORN DIED SATURDAY

Rev. W. M. Horn, who was paralyzed last week, died at his home in the Bray community last Saturday, and was buried at Rowe Cemetery Sunday with Masonic honors by Hedley Lodge assisted by Masons from Quail, Memphis and Clarendon.

Deceased was about 64 years of age, was a Baptist minister, and an honored citizen, lived in this section of the Panhandle about 15 years, moving here from Wise county. He leaves a wife and seven children, five of whom are married, to mourn his death. One son, Druce Horn, of New Mexico, did not arrive until his burial.

Condolence is extended the bereaved family in their sorrow.

ORGANIZED C. W. B. M.

The ladies of the Christian Church met with Mrs. B. W. Moreman Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a Christian Women's Board of Missions. The meeting was opened with scripture reading and prayer by Mrs. J. M. Elliott, president of the Memphis Auxiliary. After a beautiful and most impressive talk explaining the work of the Society, the organization was perfected. The following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. B. W. Moreman, Vice Pres. Mrs. A. N. Wood, Secretary, Mrs. A. J. Allen, Treas. Miss Anna Alexander. Then followed a social hour. Mrs. Moreman served delicious refreshments, and all pronounced her a charming hostess. Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Allen Wednesday in March.

B. W. M. SOCIETY

The Press Reporter made a mistake last week in announcing that the B. W. M. W. would meet Feb. 1. It should have been Feb. 8.

The B. W. M. W. Society will meet Monday Feb. 8, 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.

The Informer has a Scholarship in the Bowie Commercial College for sale at a bargain. If you expect to attend a business college come in and talk it over.

BOSTON-CALLAWAY

Mr. U. J. Boston and Miss Mary Callaway were married Wednesday February 3, at Fort Worth, and arrived in Hedley Thursday evening to make their home.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Boston of this place, is bookkeeper for the Clossie Smith Lumber Co. yard at Hedley which position he has held a number of years.

The bride has been living in Fort Worth several months. She taught music in the Hedley public school three years, and is a charming and accomplished young lady, who has a host of friends here who will be glad to know she is to again live in Hedley.

The couple will go to housekeeping in one of the Boston residences east of Church block. Congratulations and best wishes are extended.

MYSTIC WEAVERS

Mrs. T. T. Harrison was hostess to the Mystic Weavers Club Wednesday January 27. Despite the wintry weather there were thirteen members and four visitors present. Our hostess introduced a novel language contest which made the afternoon pass all too quickly. Several new patterns in crochet were shown.

Mesdames J. M. Clark and Z. Moore were new members present. At the close of the business session our hostess served date sandwiches, croquettes, fruit salad, pickles, fruit cake and coffee which was very much enjoyed.

The members left wishing Mrs. Harrison would entertain again right soon. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. R. H. Jones Feb. 10 from 3 to 5. Mesdames Rains, Dishman, Bridges and Phillips were guests.

B. Y. P. U.

Program for Sunday, Feb. 7
Song. Prayer. Song.

Subject, With Jesus on the Mountain.
Leader—Marvin Bishop.
Scripture lesson, Luke 9: 28-36—Leader.

Song
What The Transfiguration Meant to Jesus—George Goin.
What The Transfiguration Meant to the Disciples. 1. A New Conception of Heaven. 2. What Heaven Was Thinking About—Mrs. P. C. Johnson.
What The Transfiguration Means to Us. 1. Prayer and Christian Experience. 2. The Nearness of the Spiritual and Unseen—Rev. C. W. Horschler.
Song.
Closing Prayer.

The Informer office force has been busy this week printing new telephone directories, and minutes of the Donley County Singing Convention. Too busy to get out and run down local news. Though some people were thoughtful enough to tell us things over the telephone for which we are thankful.

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.

WOULD MAKE NEW STATE OF THIS PART OF TEXAS

Senator W. A. Johnson introduced a resolution in the Senate to divide the state of Texas and create a new state, that state to be called Jefferson. This state to include the four senatorial districts composed of the 25th, 26th, 28th and 29th. His reason for introducing the resolution is that this part of the state does not receive fair representation in the different functions of state government.

The inspiration of the move for a new state is the failure of the legislature to redistrict the senatorial divisions of the state under the last federal census and accord to the great west and the Panhandle portion representation closer at home to them than is now enjoyed. The preamble recites that two regular and five special sessions of the legislature have passed since the last census and there has been an utter failure to give serious considerations to congressional and senatorial redistricting measures, thus allowing some parts of the state to be greatly out of proportion in reference to population. It adds also that the territory of the proposed new state supplied practically all the public free school land is yet supplying to the state many times more taxes for its support than it is getting back in the way of school funds.



ANNIVERSARY WEEK OF BOY SCOUTS

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8
ANNIVERSARY DAY
4:30 to 6:00 p. m.—Scout Birthday Good Turn.
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 meetings 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.
POST—Watch, size 16, 7 jewel. Return to Informer Office and receive reward. Will Tompt.

**INFORMER WANT-ADS
BRING RESULTS
TRY ONE**

Easy Starts Made Without Much Capital

By A. M. CHRISTIE, New South Wales

Particularly is this true of those who want to take up the cultivation of land. For the most part, I have discovered the lands are in possession of big holders, private owners, who are disinclined to part with it unless they get big profits. This cuts out the majority with small capital.

Nearly all the states of Australia offer attractive opportunities to prospective emigrants from other countries, particularly to those of the city, to take up farms for dairying or stock purposes. New South Wales has been called the land of the small farmer, and properly so, for there are more small land owners, I believe, in that state than in any other community in the world. Much of New South Wales is under irrigation, and the soil and climate are such that any kind of crop can be produced.

In order to get men to take up land the government offers liberal terms. All the irrigation lands are held in perpetual lease in tracts of five to twenty acres, or any amount that one man or family can take care of properly.

The cost of the lease is simply a fair interest on the assessed valuation of the land and the actual cost of the water supplied to it.

The only change that may be made in the cost of the rental to the farmer comes through revaluation, but that is made only once every 25 years, so it is nothing to worry about.

The governments of the other states of Australia are equally liberal, and all have a system of loaning money for improvements to reliable and competent farmers.

Many Women Robbed By Purse Snatchers

By D. E. WALTER, Indianapolis, Ind.

Whoever reads the daily newspaper recognizes that the poor are always with us. In good times, when every able-bodied person can get work, poverty is a disease which charity does not cure. Many men and women then prefer to remain unemployed so long as charitable people extend a helping hand. In hard times the unwilling workers are re-enforced by thousands compelled to leave their jobs. These last suffer mainly because they have not learned to save or to practice economy, and, by their own fault, have become dependent upon charity.

Within three months one industrial concern laid off, temporarily, 1,000 employees earning ordinarily from \$3 to \$4 per day. After a few weeks these men were restored to work, and immediately a large percentage of them applied for advance payment of wages to pay the grocers' and butchers' bills created during their enforced vacation.

Is it not evident that in good times the average well-paid employee saves nothing for a rainy day, and his family practices none of the desirable household economies in either good or bad times?

Wage Earners Not Inclined to Thriftiness

By T. H. RIFT, Providence, R. I.

What has become of the agitation in favor of continuation schools and vocational training? A year ago there was much agitation of this topic here in Chicago, but it appears to have accomplished little. Bills were presented to the legislature at the session of two years ago, but because the sponsors of different systems were unable to agree, seemingly, the matter was abandoned.

It is highly important that this topic be considered further, that intelligent thought be given it and that constructive action be taken as soon as possible.

Children, as soon as they are past the compulsory school age, are more and more, by reason of industrial competition, forced into the ranks of the wage earners.

It is a crime against them that they must therefore be denied any opportunity of additional education, and especially education in the trades and crafts, thus denying them the chance of earning good wages and forcing them into the ranks of the unskilled.

Children in Need of Vocational Training

By J. P. MORELAND, Chicago

That the medical profession is far from being unanimous that vaccination prevents smallpox may be seen from the following extracts from the opinions of some of our most eminent physicians and scientists: Dr. E. B. Foote of New York says: "Thoroughly vaccinated persons may take smallpox, which many unvaccinated ones never do. It is always a risky practice, the fatalities resulting from it being covered up. Compulsory vaccination is tyrannical and should not be tolerated. Doctors who know most of the brutal practice think the worst of it."

Sir Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent British scientist, presents instances covering more than one hundred pages showing that smallpox commits the worst ravages among the "successfully vaccinated" and that cities having had the least vaccination had the fewest cases of this disease.

The London Medical Times and Gazette declares that "consumption has widely spread and greatly increased since the introduction of vaccination."

Does Vaccination Prevent Disease Spread

By Hermann Wetstein, San Francisco

In this country, where everybody is supposed to have an equal chance, it is much more difficult to get a start without capital than it is in Australia, New Zealand, or even in Canada. The lands are in possession of big holders, private owners, who are disinclined to part with it unless they get big profits. This cuts out the majority with small capital. Nearly all the states of Australia offer attractive opportunities to prospective emigrants from other countries, particularly to those of the city, to take up farms for dairying or stock purposes. New South Wales has been called the land of the small farmer, and properly so, for there are more small land owners, I believe, in that state than in any other community in the world. Much of New South Wales is under irrigation, and the soil and climate are such that any kind of crop can be produced. In order to get men to take up land the government offers liberal terms. All the irrigation lands are held in perpetual lease in tracts of five to twenty acres, or any amount that one man or family can take care of properly. The cost of the lease is simply a fair interest on the assessed valuation of the land and the actual cost of the water supplied to it. The only change that may be made in the cost of the rental to the farmer comes through revaluation, but that is made only once every 25 years, so it is nothing to worry about. The governments of the other states of Australia are equally liberal, and all have a system of loaning money for improvements to reliable and competent farmers.

In the face of the fact that the daily newspapers teem with accounts of women having been robbed by purse snatchers it would seem that the deed itself would be suggestive of a necessity for carrying purses openly in public as women persist in doing. Recently a newspaper contained an account of an eight-year-old boy being a purse snatcher, with the statement that it was not his first offense and that the art had been taught him by other boys.

Surely it is a sad condition of affairs when such temptations are permitted to be flaunted in the very faces of boys of this age.

Men, driven to desperation by want, have sometimes taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by purses carried openly; therefore is it any great wonder that the undeveloped reasoning powers of an eight-year-old child should grasp the means so openly offered?

Laws prevent the carrying of concealed weapons, because they are a menace to the community, and yet they are little more dangerous in their entirety than purses carried openly.

In sincerity I should suggest laws compelling the carrying of concealed purses in public.

Whoever reads the daily newspaper recognizes that the poor are always with us. In good times, when every able-bodied person can get work, poverty is a disease which charity does not cure. Many men and women then prefer to remain unemployed so long as charitable people extend a helping hand. In hard times the unwilling workers are re-enforced by thousands compelled to leave their jobs. These last suffer mainly because they have not learned to save or to practice economy, and, by their own fault, have become dependent upon charity.

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Royal Ermine in a Chic Matched Set



ERMINES is for those who may indulge in luxuries and buy other furs for real utility. Not that the royal fur is not durable enough, but because its creamy whiteness makes it impractical for the workaday world. It is a fur for occasional wear and, since it will last for a long time, should be selected in shapes of muffs and neckpieces that are always in style. The rather large flat ruff and the plain straight scarf are never passe, and therefore the safest choice in the richest furs.

Narrow boas of ermine and small neckpieces are really more chic than any other finish to the pretty midwinter promenade or visiting toilette. Muffs, whether made to wear with large or small scarfs and neckpieces, are usually rather large. But ermine is one of those splendid things that look best when sparingly used. Like diamonds that are too large, and rich lace recklessly used, as if it were of little account, something is lost of the best effects when ermine is made into entire coats or very ample capes and scarfs.

In the picture an attractive set is shown, with the neckpiece only two skins in width and the muff an excellent shape. The set is exquisitely made. The setting-in of the brilliant blackpoints of the tails is a feature that shows how expert workmanship can add to the beauty of that which is already beautiful.

There are certain types among women to which ermine is especially well suited. There must be something in the wearer to match up with the eminence of that fur which is the wear of queens.

Beautiful Fur Set.

A beautiful fur set is of taller ermine—a quaint pointed caplike toque with one long slender quill held in place by a cluster of black crystals a long, wide stole, with much elongated pointed ends and a bunch of tails forming a tassel to finish them off, and a heart-shaped muff.

Two Views of Velvet Turban, and a Hat



SOON those deft fingers that carry out inspirations and translate fancy into headwear will be busy with flowers and straws and ribbons with which we shall salute the spring. Just now they are making ready for this and fashioning some of the between-season and midwinter hats for which they must depend upon the tourist to make the demand. Gladly those who create millinery turn to the fabrics and novelties that inspire them. The story of the winter is almost told, but occasionally one sees a new development of the most familiar materials.

Two views of a rich velvet turban are shown here, and with them a picture of a brimmed hat. The turban is trimmed with two fish skins and is noticeably original in draping and lovely in color scheme. The frame is brimless and the velvet sweeps toward the back in a full puff which is extended into a wing. It fits closely about the head. Its outlines and the rich depth of color in the king's blue velvet make it rich and becoming before the handsome furs are added. The two skins are mounted with heads posed at the left front. One of them runs over the crown and the other follows the line of the velvet draping on the side crown.

The reverse view shows the velvet draping on the right side and the pose of the hat on the head.

A handsome brimmed hat has a soft crown, with collar of velvet and a moderately wide brim that lifts at one side. A short plume at the right side curls downward from the collar to the brim, and a second plume at the left is mounted to stand and curl downward. Hat and plumes are in black and made just the right sort of background for the wealth of small brilliant, metallic flowers that encircle the crown. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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PICKING UP KNOWLEDGE BY THE WAY.

I often receive letters from young people, complaining that it is impossible for them to attend school or college because they have to work, and therefore have no opportunity to acquire an education.

Did you ever stop to think, my young complaining friends, that a great many of the most prominent men of today have been self-educated? I do not mean that they have worked their way through school or college, but that they have actually gained an education in its widest and best sense by their own efforts, with little or no actual schooling.

Thomas A. Edison had only a few months' regular schooling for his parents were poor, and at twelve years of age he had to earn his own living. But he began reading "solid books" very early. When only ten he was absorbed in Gibbons' "Rome" and Hume's "England," and had already read the biographies of many great and noble men.

Andrew Carnegie had only an elementary school education, but by reading and studying in his leisure moments he acquired the culture that has fruited in several books and many magazine articles on topics of world-wide interest, to say nothing of his business achievements.

Prof. William J. McGee, who recently left the United States bureau of ethnology after remarkable geologic and ethnological achievements, was a blacksmith in Iowa when he began to study geology, the higher mathematics and languages. He was chief of the department of ethnology at the Louisiana Purchase exposition. He is now editor of the National Geographical Magazine.

You who complain that you have no opportunity to get an education, read the lives of men who have lifted themselves into place and power by self-education, biographies like that of Franklin, of Lincoln, of Vice-President Marshall, men who from the direct poverty, by sheer force of their own will power, have lifted themselves into the highest stations of life.

Did it ever occur to you that you are right now in the greatest of all universities, the university of life, where you are meeting people every day from whom you can learn something valuable, no matter how humble they may be?

If you are ambitious you can absorb knowledge every moment of your life; every piece of work you do, every human being you meet is a study for you.

If the young people who long for knowledge and think they are deprived of it because of their unfortunate position as wage-earners could only realize what a marvelous opportunity is theirs to drink in wisdom at every breath, to absorb invaluable knowledge through their very pores. The results of all the schools, of all the colleges and universities of the past are spread out here before our eyes in the civilization that now is. There never was such a time for gaining an education as the present.

To the busy worker our free public libraries, art galleries and museums, which are now opening their doors to evening visitors, offer splendid advantage for picking up knowledge.

The greatest characters in history have been noted for their perpetual self-improvement habits; they were always absorbing knowledge, power, from their experiences and surroundings, treasuring up gems of thought, valuable deductions.

It does not matter what your occupation may be, determine that every day, no matter how busy you may be, you will add a little something to your general improvement, you will absorb something that will make you a little larger, fuller, broader man or woman. Keep your eyes and ears and your mind open and you will be astonished at the number of useful things you will learn every day.

If you want to improve yourself form the habit of carrying a pad or notebook and pencil and jot down things you would like to be able to remember. You will be surprised to see how much you will gain in this way in a single year.

It is astonishing what the passion for self-improvement, the determination to get an education, will do for one in the course of a few years.

MOST PEOPLE THEIR OWN WORST ENEMIES.

This is John Wanamaker's recent advice to men: "Don't be blue, if I only thought of my mistakes I would be miserable all the time."

Many a once prosperous man has gone down in financial ruin because he dwelt so much on his mistakes and gave way to discouragement and the blues.

The so-called "hard times" which we have been passing through and which have distressed business men for many months were not so much due to the actual financial condition of the country as to the mental condition of the people.

I have in mind a man who suffers

so terribly from "blue" fits that his whole appearance is completely changed while under their influence. He does not look like the same man. He is absolutely unfit to attend to business, and even his best friends try to avoid him. His whole appearance is that of utter despair, of intense mental suffering.

You would think by his expression that he was bearing on his shoulders all the troubles of mankind. It is difficult to smile or feel serene in his presence. No matter how enthusiastic or joyful you may be, his icy expression and discouraging conversation, his doubts and pessimism, chill you. Every time I go near him I feel as though I were running out of the sunshine into a dungeon.

Isn't it pathetic to see a strong, vigorous man, made to be a giant among the forces of the world, cowering, the abject slave of mental clouds which cast dark shadows over his life?

Think of a man capable of leading hundreds or thousands of employees in a great enterprise—a man of achievement, born to do great things—the victim of the "blues," in the clutch of mental demons which he ought to be able to throttle in five minutes!

Think of the life force wasted every time he talks of failure, of hard luck, of troubles and trials, of past errors and mistakes!

There is no place in civilization for the morose, gloomy or despondent man. Nobody wants to live with him or do business with him. Everybody is dejected and depressed in his presence and tries to get away from him.

When you look at it squarely it is a very foolish, almost criminal thing to go about this beautiful world, crowded with things to delight and cheer us, with splendid opportunities, showing a sad, dejected face, as though life had been a disappointment instead of a priceless boon. Just say to yourself, "I am a man and am going to do the work of a man. It's right up to me and I'm going to face the situation."

No one is capable of correct judgment, of using good sense, when there is fear or doubt or despondency in his mind. Discouragement colors the judgment. People will do all sorts of foolish things under the pressure of fear. I have known men who own their own homes to sell property or do the most ridiculous things, in order to raise money, because they were afraid they would come to grief in their business if they did not have it, when, as a matter of fact, there was no real cause for anxiety whatever. When you are at your wit's end and do not know which way to turn, you are in danger, for you are in no condition to plan anything or to do the best thing. You should do your planning when you are cool and calm.

Most people are their own worst enemies. We are all the time "queering" our life game by our vicious, bearing-down thoughts and unfortunate moods. Everything depends upon our courage, our faith in ourselves and others, and in our holding a hopeful, optimistic outlook.

When you are low-spirited and feel the "blues" getting a grip upon you, just stop whatever you are doing and make a business of driving these enemies out of your mind, neutralizing them, killing them, by their opposite suggestions. You know perfectly well that a cheerful, beautiful thought, no matter how difficult it may be for you to hold it when you are suffering, will soon bring you relief. Assume the cheerful, hopeful virtue, if you have it not, and it will soon be yours.

Among the Highbrows.

A famous baseball man is a prolific story teller, and oftentimes his yarns are the source of amusement to his friends. Here is one of his new ones:

"A friend of mine, a metropolitan merchant, who had amassed quite a fortune by close application to his business, was being entertained one evening at a friend's house, where he encountered a number of young woman graduates, whose conversation suddenly turned to a discussion of the development of the English novel.

"The merchant speedily experienced a feeling within which told him that he was 'out of it.' After a few minutes of animated colloquy, during a brief respite, one of the young women turned to him sweetly and asked:

"What do you think of Fielding, Mr. Ellis?"

"Oh, Fielding is important, of course," our friend quickly responded, "but it isn't worth much unless you've got good pitchers and men who can hit the ball."—Harper's Magazine.

Oldest Old Oaken Bucket.

Gardens in Palestine are found mainly in the environs of the larger towns and owe their existence to springs and fountains whose precious waters give life to the fruits and flowers, orchards, parks and pleasure grounds which enter into the oriental conception of Paradise. Where no running stream exists they depend for life upon capacious cisterns which "drink water from the rain of heaven." They are always carefully inclosed and protected by hedges, walls and ditches, and the traveler is surprised amid the heat and glare of the Syrian sun to enter their pleasant pathways and find retired and shady nooks under embowering greenery. Their secluded recesses have always been a favorite resort for purposes of devotion. They are often the gathering place of families and friends and the token of peace and security is when a man may sit in safety under his own vine and fig tree.—Christian Herald.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misy creek, at the foot of a rock from which he has fallen, Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious, and after reviving him, goes for assistance. Samson South and Sally, taking Lescott to Samson's home, are met by Spicer South, head of the family, who tells them that Jesse Purvy has been shot.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"I hain't a wantin' ter suspicion ye, Samson, but I know how ye feels about yore pap. I heered that Bud Spicer come by hyar yistiddy plumb full of liquor an' 'lowed he'd seen Jesse an' Jim Asberry a-talkin' ter-gether jest afore yore pap was kilt." He broke off abruptly, then added: "Ye went away from hyar last night, an' didn't git in twell after sunup—I jest heered the news, an' come ter look for ye."

"Air you-all 'lowin' that I shot them shooters from the laurel?" inquired Samson, quietly.

"Ef weall hain't 'lowin' hit, Samson, we're plumb shore that Jesse Purvy's folks will 'low hit. They're jest a-holdin' yore life like a hostage for Purvy's, anyhow. Ef he dies they'll try ter git ye."

The boy flashed a challenge about the group, which was now drawing rein at Spicer South's yard fence. His eyes were sullen, but he made no answer.

One of the men who had listened in silence now spoke:

"In the fust place, Samson, we hain't a-sayin' ye done hit. In the nex' place, ef ye did do hit we hain't a-blamin' ye—much. But I reckon them dawgs don't lie, an', ef they trails in hyar ye'll need us. That's why we've done come."

The boy slipped down from his mule and helped Lescott to dismount. He deliberately unloaded the saddlebags and kit and laid them on the top step of the stile, and, while he held his peace, neither denying nor affirming, his kinsmen sat their horses and waited.

Even to Lescott it was palpable that some of them believed the young heir to clan leadership responsible for the shooting of Jesse Purvy, and that others believed him innocent, yet none less in danger of the enemy's vengeance. But, regardless of divided opinion, all were alike ready to stand at his back and all alike awaited his final utterance.

Then, in the thickening gloom, Samson turned at the foot of the stile and faced the gathering. He stood rigid, and his eyes flashed with deep passion. His hands, hanging at the seams of his jeans breeches, clinched, and his voice came in a slow utterance through which throbbled the tenacity of a soul-absorbing bitterness.

"I knowed all 'bout Jesse Purvy's ain' shot. . . . When my pap lay 'dyin' over thar at his house I was a little shaver ten years old."

"Jesse Purvy hired somebody ter kill 'im. . . . an' I promised my pap that I'd find out who that man was, an' that I'd git 'em both—some day. So help me, God Almighty, I'm a-goin' ter git 'em both—some day!" The boy paused and lifted one hand as though taking an oath.

"I'm a-tellin' you-all the truth. . . . But I didn't shoot them shooters this mornin'. I hain't no truce buster. I gives ye my hand on hit. . . . Ef them dawgs come hyar they'll find me hyar, an' ef they hain't liars they'll go right by hyar. I don't 'low ter run away, an' I don't 'low ter hide out. I'm a-goin' ter stay right hyar. There's all I've got ter say ter ye."

For a moment there was no reply. Then the older man nodded with a gesture of relieved anxiety.

"That's all we wants ter know, Samson," he said, slowly. "Light, men an' come in."

CHAPTER III.

In days when the Indian held the Dark and Bloody Grounds a pioneer, felling oak and poplar logs for the home he meant to establish on the banks of a purring watercourse, let his ax slip, and the cutting edge gashed his ankle. Since to the discovered belongs the christening, that watercourse became Crippleshin, and so it is today set down on atlas pages. A few miles away, as the crow flies, but many weary leagues as a man must travel, a brother settler, racked with rheumatism, gave to his creek the name of Misyery. The two pioneers had come together from Virginia, as their ancestors had come before them from Scotland. Together they had found one of the two gaps through the mountain wall, which for more than a hundred miles has no other passable rift. Together, and as comrades, they had made their homes and founded their range. What original grievance had sprung up between their descendants none of the present generation knew—perhaps it was a farm line or disputed title to a pig. The primary incident was lost in the limbo of the past; but for fifty years, with occasional inter-

vals of truce, lives had been snuffed out in the fiercely burning hate of these men whose ancestors had been comrades.

Old Spicer South and his nephew Samson were the direct lineal descendants of the name of Misyery. Their kinsmen dwelt about them: the Souths, the Jaspers, the Spicers, the Wileys, the Millers and McCagers. Other families, related only by marriage and close association, were, in feud alignment, none the less "Souths." And over beyond the ridge, where the springs and brooks flowed the other way to feed Crippleshin, dwelt the Hollmans, the Purvises, the Asberries, the Hollises and the Daltons—men equally strong in their vindictive fealty to the code of the vendetta.

By mountain standards old Spicer South was rich. His lands had been claimed when tracts could be had for the taking, and, though he had to make his cross mark when there was a contract to be signed, his instinctive mind was shrewd and far seeing. The tinkle of his cowbells was heard for a long distance along the creek bottoms. His hillside fields were the richest and his covers the most fertile in that country. Some day, when a railroad should burrow through his section, bringing the development of coal and timber at the head of the rails, a sleeping fortune would yawn and awake to enrich him. There were black outcroppings along the cliffs, which he knew ran deep in veins of bituminous wealth. But to that time he looked with foreboding for he had been raised to the standards of his forefathers and saw in the coming of a new regime a curtailment of personal liberty. For new-fangled ideas he held only the aversion of deep-rooted prejudice. He hoped that he might live out his days and pass before the foreigner held his land and the law became a power stronger than the individual or the clan. The law was his enemy, because it said to him, "Thou shalt not," when he sought to take the yellow corn which bruising labor had coaxed from scattered rock-strewn fields to his own mash vat and still. It meant, also, a tyrannous power usually seized and administered by enemies, which undertook to forbid the personal settlement of personal quarrels. But his eyes, which could not read print, could read the signs of the times. He foresaw the inevitable coming of that day. Already he had given up the worm and mash vat, and no longer sought to make or sell illicit liquor. That was a concession to the federal power, which could no longer be successfully fought. State power was still largely a weapon in factional hands, and in his country the Hollmans were the office holders. To the Hollmans he could make no concessions. In Samson, born to be the fighting man, reared to be the fighting man, equipped by nature with deep hatreds and tigerish courage, there had cropped out from time to time the restless spirit of the philosopher and a hunger for knowledge. That was a matter in which the old man found his bitterest and most secret apprehension.

It was at this house that George Lescott, distinguished landscape painter of New York and the world at large, arrived in the twilight.

Whatever enemy might have to be met tomorrow, old Spicer South recognized as a more immediate call upon his attention the wounded guest of today. One of the kinsmen proved to have a rude working knowledge of bone setting, and before the half hour had passed Lescott's wrist was in a splint, and his injuries as well tended as possible, which proved to be quite well enough.

While Spicer South and his cousins had been sustaining themselves or building up competences by tilling their soil the leaders of the other faction were basing larger fortunes on the profits of merchandise and trade. So, although Spicer South could neither read nor write, his chief enemy, Micah Hollman, was to outward seeming an urbane and fairly equipped man of affairs. Judged by their heads, the clansmen were rougher and more illiterate on Misyery, and in closer touch with civilization on Crippleshin. A deeper scrutiny showed this seeming to be one of the strange anomalies of the mountains.

Micah Hollman had established himself at Hixon, that shack town which had passed of late years from feudal county seat to the section's one point of contact with the outside world; a town where the ancient and modern orders brushed shoulders; where the new was tolerated, but dared not become aggressive. Directly across the street from the courthouse stood an ample frame building, on whose side wall was emblazoned the legend, "Hollman's Mammoth Department Store." That was the secret stronghold of Hollman power. He had always spoken deplorably of that spirit of lawlessness which had given the mountains a bad name.

When the railroad came to Hixon it found in Judge Hollman a "public-spirited citizen." Incidentally, the timber that it hauled and the coal that its flat cars carried down to the Bluegrass went largely to his consignees. He had so astutely anticipated coming events that, when the first scouts of capital sought options they found themselves constantly referred to Judge Hollman. No wheel, it seemed, could turn without his nod. It was natural that the genial storekeeper should become the big man of the community and inevitable that the one big man should become the dictator. His inherited place as leader of the Hollmans in the feud he had seemingly passed on as an obsolete prerogative.

Yet, in business matters, he was found to drive a hard bargain, and none came to regard it the part of

good policy to meet rather than combat his requirements. It was essential to his purposes that the officers of the law in his country should be in sympathy with him. Sympathy soon became abject subservience. When a South had opposed Jesse Purvy in the primary as candidate for high sheriff he was found one day lying on his face with a bullet-riddled body. It may have been a coincidence which pointed to Jim Asberry, the judge's nephew, as the assassin. At all events, the judge's nephew was a poor boy, and a charitable grand jury declined to indict him.

In the course of five years several South adherents, who had crossed Hollman's path, became victims of the laurel ambushade. The theory of coincidence was strained. Slowly the rumor grew and persistently spread, though no man would admit having fathered it, that before each of these executions star-chamber conferences had been held in the rooms above Micah Hollman's "Mammoth Department Store." It was said that those exclusive sessions were attended by Judge Hollman, Sheriff Purvy and certain other gentlemen selected by reason of their marksmanship. When one of these victims fell John South had just returned from a law school "down below," wearing "fotched-on" clothing and thinking "fotched-on" thoughts. He had amazed the community by demanding the right to assist in probing and prosecuting the affair. He had then shocked the community into complete paralysis by requesting the grand jury to indict not alone the alleged assassin, but also his employers, whom he named as Judge Hollman and Sheriff Purvy. Then he, too, fell under a bolt from the laurel.

That was the first public accusation against the bland capitalist, and it carried its own prompt warning against repetition. The judge's high sheriff and chief ally retired from office and went abroad only with a bodyguard. Jesse Purvy had built his store at a crossroads 25 miles from the railroad. Like Hollman, he had won a reputation for open-handed charity, was liked—and hated. His friends were legion. His enemies were so numerous that he apprehended violence not only from the Souths but also from others who nursed grudges in no way related to the line of feud cleavage. The Hollman-Purvy combination had retained enough of its old power to escape the law's retribution and to hold its dictatorship, but the efforts of John South had not been altogether bootless. He had ripped away two masks, and their erstwhile wearers could no longer hold their old semblance of law-abiding philanthropists. Jesse Purvy's home was the show place of the countryside. Commodious verandas looked out over pleasant orchards, and in the same inclosure stood the two frame buildings of his store—for he, too, combined merchandise with baronial powers. But back of the place rose the mountain side, on which Purvy never looked without dread. Twice its impenetrable thickets had spat at him. Twice he had recovered from

laxed vigilance. He stood there possibly thirty seconds, then a sharp fusillade of clear reports barked out and was shattered by the hills into a long reverberation. With a hand clasped to his chest, Purvy turned, walked to the middle of the floor, and fell.

The henchmen rushed to the open sash. They leaped out and plunged up the mountain, tempting the assassin's fire, but the assassin was satisfied. The mountain was again as quiet as it had been at dawn. Inside, at the middle of the store, Jesse Purvy shifted his head against his daughter's knee and said, as one stating an expected event:

"Well, they've got me."

An ordinary mountaineer would have been carried home to die in the darkness of a dirty and windowless shack. The long-suffering star of Jesse Purvy ordained otherwise. He might go under or he might once more beat his way back and out of the quicksands of death. At all events, he would fight for life to the last gasp.

Twenty miles away in the core of the wilderness, removed from a railroad by a score of semi-perpendicular miles, a fanatic had once decided to found a school.

Now a faculty of ten men taught such as cared to come such things as they cared to learn. Higher up the hillside stood a small, but model hospital, with a modern operating table and a case of surgical instruments, which, it was said, the state could not surpass.

To this haven Jesse Purvy, the murder lord, was borne in a litter carried on the shoulders of his dependents. Here, as his steadfast guardian star decreed, he found two prominent medical visitors, who hurried him to the operating table. Later he was removed to a white bed, with the June sparkle in his eyes, pleasantly modulated through drawn blinds, and the June rustle and bird chorus in his ears—and his own thoughts in his brain.

Conscious, but in great pain, Purvy beckoned Jim Asberry and Aaron Hollis, his chiefs of bodyguard, to his bedside and waved the nurse back out of hearing.

"If I don't get well," he said feebly, "there's a job for you two boys. I reckon you know what it is?"

They nodded, and Asberry whispered a name:

"Samson South?"

"Yes," Purvy spoke in a whisper; but the old vindictiveness was not smothered. "You got the old man, I reckon you can manage the cub. If you don't he'll get you both one day."

The two henchmen scowled.

"I'll git him to-morrow," growled Asberry. "Thar hain't no sort of use in a-waitin'."

"No!" For an instant Purvy's voice rose out of its weakness to its old staccato tone of command, a tone which brought obedience. "If I get well I have other plans. Never mind what they are. That's my business. If I don't die, leave him alone, until I give other orders."

"If I get well and Samson South is killed meanwhile I won't live long either. It would be my life for his. Keep close to him. The minute you hear of my death—get him." He paused again, then supplemented, "You two will find something mighty interestin' in my will."

It was afternoon when Purvy reached the hospital, and, at nightfall of the same day, there arrived at his store's entrance, on stumbling, hard-ripped mules, several men, followed by two tawny hounds whose long ears flapped over their lean jaws, and whose eyes were listless and tired, but whose black muzzles wrinkled and sniffed with that sensitive instinct which follows the man scent. The ex-sheriff's family were instituting proceedings independent of the chief's orders. The next morning this party plunged into the mountain tangle and beat the cover with the bloodhounds in leash.

The two gentle-faced dogs picked their way between the flowering rhododendrons, the glistening laurels, the feathery pine sprouts and the moss-covered rocks. They went gingerly and alertly on ungainly, cushioned feet. Just as their masters were despairing they came to a place directly over the store, where a branch had been bent back and hitched to clear the outlook and where a boot heel had crushed the moss. There one of them raised his nose high into the air, opened his mouth, and let out a long, deep-chested bay of discovery.

CHAPTER IV.

George Lescott had known hospitality of many brands and degrees. He had been the lionized celebrity in places of fashion. He had been the guest of equally famous brother artists in the cities of two hemispheres, and, since sincere painting had been his pole star, he had gone where his art's wanderlust beckoned. He had followed the lure of transitory beauty to remote sections of the world. The present trip was only one of many like it, which had brought him into touch with varying peoples and distinctive types of life. He told himself that never had he found men at once so crude and so courteous as these hosts who, facing personal perils, had still time and willingness to regard his comfort.

The coming of the kinsmen, who would stay until the present danger passed, had filled the house. The four beds in the cabin proper were full, and some slept on floor mattresses. Lescott, because a guest and wounded, was given a small room aside. Samson, however, shared his quarters in order to perform any service that an injured man might require. It had been a full and unusual stay for the painter, and its incidents crowded in on him in retrospect and drove off the

possibility of sleep. Samson, too, seemed wakeful, and in the isolation of the dark room the two men fell into conversation, which almost lasted out the night. Samson went into the confessional. This was the first human being he had ever met to whom he could unburden his soul.

The thirst to taste what knowledge lay beyond the hills; the unnamed wanderlust that had at times brought him a restiveness so poignant as to be agonizing; the undefined attuning of his heart to the beauty of sky and hill; these matters he had hitherto kept locked in guilty silence.

In a cove or lowland pocket, stretching into the mountain side, lay the small and meager farm of the Widow Miller. The Widow Miller was a "South;" that is to say, she fell, by



"I Couldn't Live Withouten Ye, Samson. I Jest Couldn't Do Hit."

tie of marriage, under the protection of the clan head. She lived alone with her fourteen-year-old son and her sixteen-year-old daughter. The daughter was Sally.

The sun rose on the morning after Lescott arrived, the mists lifted, and the cabin of the Widow Miller stood revealed. A touse-headed boy made his way to the barn to feed the cattle, and a red patch of color, as bright and tuniced as a Kentucky cardinal, appeared at the door between the morning-glory vines. The red patch of color was Sally.

She made her way, carrying a bucket, to the spring, where she knelt down and gazed at her own image in the water.

Before going home she set down her bucket by the stream, and, with a quick glance toward the house to make sure that she was not observed, she climbed through the brush and was lost to view. She followed a path that her own feet had made, and after a steep course upward came upon a bald face of rock, which stood out storm-battered where a rift went through the backbone of the ridge. This point of vantage commanded the other valley. Down below, across the treetops, were a roof and a chimney from which a thread of smoke rose in an attenuated shaft. That was Spicer South's house and Samson's home. The girl leaned against the gnarled bowl of the white oak and waved toward the roof and chimney. She cupped her hands and raised them to her lips like one who means to shout across a great distance, then she whispered so low that only she herself could hear:

"Hello, Samson South!"

She stood for a space looking down, and forgot to laugh, while her eyes grew religiously and softly deep, then, turning, she ran down the slope. She had performed her morning devotions. That day at the house of Spicer South was an off day. The kinsmen who had stopped for the night stayed on through the morning. Nothing was said of the possibility of trouble. The men talked crops and tossed horseshoes in the yard; but no one went to work in the fields, and all remained within easy call. Only young Tamarrack Spicer, a raw-boned nephew, wore a sullen face and made a great show of cleaning his rifle and pistol.

Shortly after dinner he disappeared, and when the afternoon was well advanced Samson, too, with his rifle on his arm, strolled toward the stile.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Suckers Bite.

One Sunday morning, on his way to church, a deacon observed a boy industriously fishing. After the lad had landed several, he approached and said: "My son, don't you know it is very wrong to catch fish on the Sabbath day? And, besides, it is very cruel to impale that poor, helpless beetle upon that sharp hook." Said the boy: "Oh, say, mister, this is only an imitation! It ain't a real bug." "Bless me!" replied the deacon. "Well, I thought it was a real bug!" The boy, lifting a fine string of fish out of the water, said: "So did these suckers!"

Friend of the Farmer.

Dr. Marion Dorset, bi-chemist of the federal bureau of animal industry, is the scientist who first isolated the germ responsible for that farm scourge cholera in the hog. That accomplished, he perfected a serum to combat it, protected his processes by patents and then turned, them over to the public, to be used without charge.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

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

Get a 10-cent box now.

No eddy how bad your liver, stomach or bowels, how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

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

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

Mysteries of Golf.

Joseph Daniels, secretary of the navy, was invited the other day to go out and play golf.

"I can't play it," said Daniels; "I made up my mind some time ago not to go in for golf until they change the rules."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, until they change the rules and make it as good a game as shinny."

That recalls the tale they tell about the time Franklin K. Lane, now secretary of the interior, first undertook the mastery of golf.

Two enthusiastic over the game lent a large set of clubs to Lane and they played a round. When they had reached the last hole, Lane walked over to the nearest teeing place and began attempts to drive off with each club in his back, one after another.

"The game's all over," they explained.

"Well," said Lane, picking up another kind of club, "can't I play my hand out?"—New York Sun.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girl's Beauty Your Hair! Make It Soft, Fine and Luxuriant—Try the Moist Cloth.

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

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

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

Platform.

At the Marshall home there was much discussion of woman suffrage and other political questions, and little Vera had always been a very much interested listener.

"What will you do when you can vote?" a visitor asked her.

"Help to put candy on the free list," was the unexpected reply.—Youth's Companion.

DON'T ITCH! USE RESINOL

Just put on a little of that soothing, antiseptic resinol ointment and the itching and burning stop at once. Soon all trace of eczema, ringworm, rash, or other tormenting skin trouble is gone. Every druggist sells resinol ointment and Resinol soap. Prescribed by doctors for 10 years.—Adv.

Unnecessary Effort.

His Wife—This paper says an army of 100,000 men was wrecked a railroad in Belgium. Railroad Manager—What a waste of energy! A herd of five directors could have done it just as thoroughly.—Life.

Important to Mothers.

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

Stock Exchange.

"What does your husband do? I heard he was something about the stock exchange." "He's a horse trader."

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.

Plant trees.

Sand storms don't taste good in February—three a week.

If you like to "jine" things, "jine" the Commercial Club.

May wheat advanced to \$1.65 Tuesday. First thing we know biscuit will be a Sunday morning and company occurrence.

Some changes in weather have been taking place the past few days. All kinds, from balmy days to Panhandle showers, with northerly, snow storms, and one or two March sand storms.

Mr. Ground Hog came out of his winter quarters to look around Tuesday and found the sun shining enough to cast his shadow. So he went back into his hole for another nap of six weeks duration.

Good morning! Have you used—not Pear's Soap—but good business judgment by putting out shade or fruit trees. Today is the day of doing—not waiting. And trees planted now will be one year ahead of those planted next year.

Dr. R. C. Rankin, noted leader in Methodism in the Southwest, died Tuesday of heart failure. He was 86 years old, and at the time of his death was editor of the Texas Christian Advocate. He was one of the strongest prohibition leaders in Texas.

Last Saturday was Trade Day and quite a crowd was on hand. A number of horse traders from other sections were here, and some few trades were made. Next Trades Day promises to be bigger and better, as Hedley business men are getting in the harness to make it better.

The Commercial Club meets next Tuesday night in Bond Hall and every citizen of Hedley trade territory, Hedley, and every member of the Club cordially invited to attend, and if not a member already you are extended an invitation to join. The Club is lining up in a way that it can do lots of good if the citizenship will fall in line and help push.

Senator Johnson wants to get more representation for the Panhandle even if he has to divide the state. And another senator wants to go him one better by cutting Texas into three parts—North Texas, South Texas, and West Texas. From some points of view it might be better for the state to be divided; but from his toric and sentimental reasons we don't want to divide the grand old Lone Star State.

M. Sarvis, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Hedley Drug Co.
Phone: Office 27, Res. 28
Hedley, Texas.

J. B. Ozier, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office North of Harris Bros.
Phone No. 45-3r
Residence Phone No. 45-2r.
Hedley, Texas.

B. YOUNGER
DENTIST
Clarendon, Texas.

J. W. EVANS
DENTIST
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BRICK, STONE, CEMENT
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R. JONES
Optometrist
Eye Glasses and Spectacles
Made to Order.
At HEDLEY DRUG CO.
1st and 2nd Thursdays in Each Month

From different parts of the country come stories of a swindler who thought they were going to get cheap groceries. Two smooth strangers went through the communities taking orders for a house in Chicago, pretending to sell a standard brand of sugar and flour so cheap that every farmer visited took from \$10 to \$80 worth, and other things besides. Because of the low prices the flour and sugar had to be "paid in advance." It is alleged that in one community the swindlers picked up some \$1000 and no groceries delivered.

LOST—Watch, size 16, 7 jewel. Return to Informer Office and receive reward. Will Tompt.

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 Monday except Church hours. Terms: Strictly Cash.
CROW & ALDRIDGE

Does a saving of \$150 appeal to you? I have a \$350 piano that I just sell. Will take \$175 cash, \$200 part cash and trade. This instrument is as good as new, been used about 9 months. Call and write.
Art Jaynes,
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RY 'EM
Whiskers punched without pain; Clothes washed without stain; Hot or cold baths—it's all the same; Great 'em right? That's my name
J. B. King, the Barber.

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

FOR SALE—Black Locust
trees 6 years old, 25c each.
Mrs. Effie Dunn.

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

Farmers' Union Department

ROLL OF CIVILIZATION MET BY FARMER

WANTS NO "DEADHEADS" ON LIST OF EMPLOYEES.

A Call Upon the Law Makers to Prevent Useless Tax on Agriculture.

There is no payroll in civilization that does not rest upon the back of the farmer. He must pay the bills—all of them.

When a farmer buys a plow he pays the man who mined the metal, the woodman who felled the tree, the manufacturer who assembled the raw material and shaped it into an article of usefulness, the railroad that transported it and the dealer who sold him the goods. He pays the wages of labor and capital employed in the transaction as well as pays for the tools, machinery, buildings, etc., used in the construction of the commodity and the same applies to all articles of use and diet of himself and those engaged in the subsidiary lines of industry.

The total value of the nation's annual agricultural products is around \$12,000,000,000, and it is safe to estimate that 95 cents on every dollar goes to meet the expenses of subsidiary industries. The farmer does not work more than thirty minutes per day for himself; the remaining thirteen hours of the day's toil he devotes to meeting the payroll of the hired hands of agriculture, such as the manufacturer, railroad, commercial and other servants.

The Farmer's Payroll and How He Meets It.

The annual payroll of agriculture approximates \$12,000,000,000. A portion of the amount is shifted to foreign countries in exports, but the total payroll of industries working for the farmer divides substantially as follows: Railroads, \$1,252,000,000; manufacturers, \$4,365,000,000; mining, \$555,000,000; banks, \$200,000,000; mercantile, \$3,500,000,000, and a heavy miscellaneous payroll constitutes the remainder.

It takes the corn crop, the most valuable in agriculture, which sold last year for \$1,692,000,000, to pay off the employees of the railroads; the money derived from our annual sales of livestock of approximately \$2,000,000,000, the yearly cotton crop, valued at \$920,000,000; the wheat crop, which is worth \$610,000,000, and the oat crop, that is worth \$440,000,000, are required to meet the annual payroll of the manufacturers. The money derived from the remaining staple crops is used in meeting the payroll of the bankers, merchants, etc. After these obligations are paid, the farmer has only a few bunches of vegetables, some fruit and poultry which he can sell and call the proceeds his own.

When the farmer pays off his help he has very little left and to meet these tremendous payrolls he has been forced to mortgage homes, work women in the field and increase the hours of his labor.

We will devote this article to a discussion of unnecessary expenses and whether required by law or permitted by the managements of the concerns, is wholly immaterial. We want all waste labor and extravagance, of whatever character, cut out. We will mention the full crew bill as illustrating the character of unnecessary expenses to which we refer.

Union Opposes "Full Crew" Bill.
The Texas Farmers' Union registered its opposition to this character of legislation at the last annual meeting held in Fort Worth, August 4, 1914, by resolution, as follows:

"The matter of prime importance to the farmers of this state is an adequate and efficient marketing system; and we recognize that such a system is impossible without adequate railroad facilities, embracing the greatest amount of service at the least possible cost. We further recognize that the farmers and pro-

ducers in the end pay approximately 95 per cent of the expense of operating the railroads, and it is, therefore, to the interest of the producers that the expenses of the common carriers be as small as is possible, consistent with good service and safety. We, therefore, call upon our lawmakers, courts and juries to bear the foregoing facts in mind when dealing with the common carriers of this state, and we especially reaffirm the declarations of our State Union, opposing the passage of the so-called "full crew" bill before the thirty-third legislature of Texas."

The farmers of Missouri in the last election, by an overwhelming majority, swept this law off the statute book of that state, and it should not be put on the statute book of Texas and no legislature of this nation should pass such a law or similar legislation which requires unnecessary expenditures.

This applies to all regulatory measures which increase the expenses of industry without giving corresponding benefits to the public. There is oftentimes a body of men assembled at legislatures—and they have a right to be there—who, in their zeal for rendering their fellow-associates a service, sometimes favor an increase in the expenses of industry without due regard for the men who bow their backs to the summer's sun to meet the payroll, but these committees, while making a record for themselves, rub the skin off the shoulders of the farmer by urging the legislature to lay another burden upon his heavy load and under the lash of "be it enacted" goad him on to pull and urge at the traces of civilization, no matter how he may sweat, pain and gall at the task. When legislatures "cut a melon" for labor they hand the farmer a enon.

The farmers of the United States are not financially able to carry "dead heads" on their payrolls. Our own hired hands are not paid unless we have something for them to do and we are not willing to carry the hired help of dependent industries unless there is work for them. We must, therefore, insist upon the most rigid economy.

Legislative House-Cleaning Needed.
While the war is on and there is a lull in business, we think the legislature should take an inventory of the statute books and wipe off all extravagant and useless laws. A good house-cleaning is needed in Texas and economies can be instituted here and there that will patch the clothes of indigent children, rest tired mothers and lift mortgages from despondent homes. Unnecessary workmen aken off and useless expenses hopped down all along the line will add to the prosperity of the farmer and encourage him in his mighty effort to feed and clothe the world.

If any of these industries have surplus employes we can use them on the farm. We have no regular schedule of wages, but we pay good farm hands on an average of \$1.50 per day of thirteen hours when they board themselves; work usually runs about nine months of the year and during the three months dead time, they can do the chores for their board. If they prefer to farm in their own account, there are more than 14,000,000,000 acres of idle land on the earth's surface waiting the magic touch of the plow. The compensation is easily obtainable from Federal Agricultural Department statistics. The total average annual sales of a farm in the continental United States amount to \$516.00; the cost of operation is \$340.00; leaving the farmer \$176 per annum to live on and educate his family.

There is no occasion for the legislators making a position for surplus employes of industry. Let them come "back to the soil" and share with us the prosperity of the farm.
W. D. Lewis, President, Farmers' Educational & Co-operative Union of Texas.
Peter Radford, National Lecturer Farmers' Educational & Co-operative Union of America.



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No other like it No other as good

The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.

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Modern Priscilla, Pictorial Review and Ladies World, all three \$3.00, and Informer \$1; all four for the extraordinary price of \$2.85.

Texas Senator comments
The Gov. of Oklahoma said the Ex-Gov. of Ark. told him the Atty. Gen. of a state that the Treas. of N. Mex. overheard Lucindy tell Safrony that Jeems heard Senator Culberson 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)

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Every 2nd and 4th Monday nights
J. M. Bozeman, C. C. L. A. Stroud, Clerks

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. Stery, 1st 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 prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m.

CHURCH OF CHRIST meets every Lord's day morning 10:30, and also preaching every first Lord's day morning and night.

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. C. Kibbort
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, G. R. Doster
Treasurer, E. Dubbs
Assessor, H. E. Naylor
County Attorney, W. T. Link
Justice of the Peace Precinct 2, 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.

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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.

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PAID JUNE 22 04

DREADFUL PAINS GREAT SUFFERING

Was the Lot of This Lady Who
The Story of How She Re-
covered Her Health.

Dallas, N. C.—Mrs. Thomas Lewis, of this place, says: "About two years ago, when I was eighteen years old I was in a bad condition from womanly troubles. I fell off until I weighed not more than 85 lbs.

I suffered dreadful pains in my hips, sides and abdomen, for about 5 days out of every month.

I couldn't sleep at night, and the pains were so dreadful I couldn't lie down for the blood would seem to rush to my head.

I felt I must have some relief for it seemed that the awful suffering would surely kill me.

I had read of what Cardui had done for others, and thought I would try it.

After the use of one bottle, the pains had entirely stopped and I was able to sleep.

After using four bottles, I was a well woman. I was regular, I got back my flesh, and I now weigh 126 lbs.; and am able to do all my work without any trouble.

I certainly recommend Cardui to suffering women, for I know it cured me.

My friends who saw me when I weighed 85 pounds and would see me now, would know what Cardui had done for me."

Try Cardui.—Adv.

AS IT APPEARED TO EBEN

Surely Was Something of a Miracle
Event Was Explained by
the Minister.

Here is one of George W. Cable's good southern stories:

"In a town in Georgia lives an old colored fellow who is a real thorn in the side of the local ministers, for the old fellow is always asking embarrassing questions of them touching mooted theological points," says Mr. Cable.

"One day old Eben had a long and earnest discussion with his pastor in reference to just what constituted a miracle. The minister found it no easy matter to make his ideas clear to Eben.

"'Tpose, now,' said the preacher, 'dat de greatest of all de miracles was dat de loaves and fishes. Now 'member, of 'co, dat dere was five thousand loaves and two thousand fishes which was eaten by the twelve apostles.'

"'Sho, I 'member,' replied old Eben, 'with a smile, 'an' it always 'peared to me dat de miracle was dat dey didn't bust!'"—The Sunday Magazine.

Limited Dissipation.

A small, henpecked little man was about to take an examination for life insurance.

"You don't dissipate, do you?" asked the physician, as he made ready for tests. "Not a fast liver, or anything of that sort?"

The little man hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a small, piping voice: "I sometimes chew a little gum."—Collier's Weekly.

Slow Delivery.

Mrs. Gotham—Who spoke at the dinner tonight, dear?

Mr. Gotham—Well, one of the speakers was the owner of that big department store.

"No wonder you're late, then?"

"Why?"

"I happen to know his delivery is awfully slow."

BAD DREAMS Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, here or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare.

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavor and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wear every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug-drink—coffee.

"People do not really appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of coffee would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned. Yours for health."

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

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 40c tins.

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

"There's a Reason" for Postum—said by George W. Cable.

GET RID OF THE HOG LICE AND CHOLERA



Healthy Sow and Litter.

(By H. M. COTTRELL.)

Hog cholera is severe again in many large districts. Get rid of the lice on your hogs. Dr. A. T. Peters, a veterinarian of national reputation, has had a wide experience with hog cholera. He says that there is much smaller loss from cholera in those herds that are free from lice. When a hog is lousy the lice make him unthrifty and out of condition and he is easily susceptible to disease. The weak, lousy hog gets the cholera and lice spread the disease from him to the hogs that sleep with him.

Feed is high and is likely to be higher. A lousy hog is unthrifty and does not make the gains from his feed that are made by hogs free from lice. Many herds of young hogs are not making money from their feed because they are lousy. Lice retard fattening and injure the health of breeding sows. Get rid of the lice.

An easy way to get rid of lice when they are not too thick on hogs is to set a number of short posts in the yard or field where the hogs run and wrap these posts with old gunny sacks. Once a week soak the sacks with either crude oil or coal oil and

machine oil mixed half and half. The hog rubs against the post and the oil kills the lice.

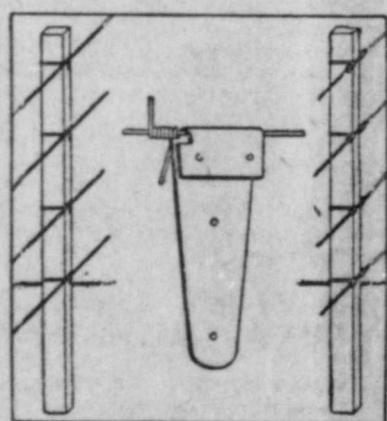
Make a cement wallow or bath 10 by 10 feet and 16 inches deep. Fill this to a depth of 12 inches with water and cover the water with coat of crude oil. The hogs will bathe in this and the oil will cover them and kill the lice. Renew the oil and water as necessary and every two weeks clean out the bath with a shovel. Where expense of cement cannot be afforded, dig a hole the same size as for a cement wallow and puddle it with clay. Put in the water and crude oil. Before this hole gets filthy dig another. Hogs can be sprayed with a hand sprayer.

It is hard to get rid of the lice around the sheds and yards. All bedding should be hauled off or burned, all trash cleaned up and fence, shed and ground treated with oil or a coal tar dip. This may be sprinkled with a broom or put on with a hand sprayer. It is a good plan to make temporary sheds and put the hogs on new ground for 30 days. If hog cholera is in your county, get rid of the lice quick.

MANNER OF FASTENING WIRE GRASS CULTURE IN VIRGINIA

Simplest, Easiest and Cheapest Way
is by Encircling Post With Wire
of Smaller Size.

There are numerous methods of attaching wire fencing to concrete posts. Some makers place staples or wire loops in the green concrete; others make holes in the posts. The former method is not desirable because the fastener cannot be located exactly where the wire of the fencing will come when the post is set in the ground; then, too, the fastener will eventually rust or break off and will thus injure the looks of the post. On



Wire Fastenings.

the other hand, holes through the posts weaken them and therefore this method is, in general, unsatisfactory.

The simplest, easiest, and cheapest way of fastening a wire fence to a concrete post is by encircling the post with a wire one size less than the corresponding wire in the fence proper and by twisting this wire around the strand of the fence wire, and the free end is then carried around the post and twisted on the other side to the same wire. The latter method is known as "the Western Union twist." Either plan is good, but care must be taken to draw the fastening wire tight, or else stock trying to get through the fence may loosen it.

MEANING OF THOROUGHBRED

Word in Strictest Term Means English Race Horse—Pure-Bred is What is Often Meant.

The more common of the terms used to indicate lineage are thoroughbred, pure-bred, cross-bred, grade and scrub. Thoroughbred in its strictest term means the English race horse. The term pure-bred is used synonymously with full-bred. It indicates animals of well-defined breeding without admixture of other blood. In speaking of pedigreed Shorthorns, for instance, one should not say, "thoroughbred," but pure-bred.

If you want to start an argument among the fanciers just call a Percheron stallion, a Jersey bull or a Leghorn cock a "thoroughbred."

Report of Interesting Experiments
Made With Various Hay Crops—
Lime Increases Yield.

Among the many reports from experiment stations received by the department of agriculture is one of tests made by the Virginia station in grass culture. The report shows that orchard grass and clover mixed averaged 2,460 pounds per acre in yield of hay, as compared with 1,575 pounds from orchard grass alone. Timothy red-top, and clover mixed yielded 5,440 pounds, as compared with 4,460 pounds of timothy and red-top, 3,307 pounds of timothy alone. Spring and August seedings yielded 1.86 and 2.1 tons per acre respectively of a mixture of clover, timothy and red-top.

An application of one ton of burnt lime and 300 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre was followed by an average hay yield of 4,402.5 pounds per acre. Applications of 300 pounds of nitrate of soda and one ton of burnt lime produced yields of 2,127 pounds and 3,639 pounds respectively as compared with 2,215.5 pounds on the check plot, per acre. The same applications alone were followed by yields of 3,375, 2,655 and 1,950 pounds of hay per acre respectively.

Applications of (one) 100 pounds of muriate of potash and 150 pounds of dried blood and (two) 100 pounds of muriate of potash, 200 pounds of acid phosphate, and 150 pounds of dried blood were followed by yields of 3.12 and 3.18 tons of cured hay per acre. The following year it was found that the highest yield followed an application of 200 pounds of 16 per cent acid phosphate. Slightly increased yields also followed applications of one ton of burnt lime and 100 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre.

HOW TO LOAD CORN FODDER

Where Farmer Has Product of Many Acres to Handle Operation Becomes Quite Formidable.

Loading corn fodder may not be very hard work to the small farmer, but when one has the product of many acres to load it becomes a formidable operation. The work can be much more easily done if the following device is used: Make a loader by using a two-inch plank ten feet long with cleats of inch stuff nailed on one side at short intervals. At one end nail a cleat on the underside, which will be three inches wider than the board on each side. Tie small ropes to this cleat and with them fasten the rack to the back part of the wagon rack, the lower end of the plank-rack resting on the ground.

This makes a step-ladder up which it is easy to walk, and if strongly made a man can readily carry up it all he can get his arm around. With this plan one man can do the work of loading a wagon easily without spending the time necessary to bind the band dies.

At the Tomb of Jonah

AS A BOY—when I read of Jonah and the whale—I never dreamed that one day I was to stand at Jonah's tomb and see Arabs worship him as a saint, writes Frederick Rispuch in the Los Angeles Times.

The famous old prophet who rode in the fish is buried at Mosul, in far-off Mesopotamia. Mosul itself, from which our word "muslin" came, stands on the foaming Tigris opposite old Nineveh. And here is a sketch of what life is like today in the town where Jonah rests.

It is a dirty, crowded town, is Mosul, with 50,000 people jammed inside its medieval walls. Its narrow, warped streets are no more than crooked alleys that wander aimlessly through the town—dusty in summer and seas of mud in winter. So narrow are these passages that two loaded donkeys, if they chance to meet, cannot pass till one donkey has been backed into a doorway.

Mosul's houses are Moorish style—two stories, few windows, an open court inside and flat roofs with parapets—so that the family may sleep on the roof in summer. The main door to each house is a huge affair, studded with great bolts and barred at night like the gate to a fortress—suggesting the old days of Mongol invasions.

To accommodate its important caravan trade, Mosul has built up many caravanserais, or "resthouses." With Naomi, my Baghdad boy, I spent my first night at Mosul in one of these singular khans, as the natives call them. The khan is a sort of compound or stockade of mud walls, without a roof. Around the inside of the walls runs a row of little cells, to which travelers are assigned.

In the middle of the inclosure is a great platform, on which are piled the bales of freight taken from the pack

days warriors used to cross the Tigris, even in heavy armor, by swimming on inflated goat skins; but I had no idea that the practice still survived. So I was astonished on arriving at the river bank to see an old man walk calmly down to the water's edge, blow up a goat skin which had hung over his shoulder, wade out into the river waist deep and then lie down on the inflated skin and begin to paddle leisurely across. While I still watched him, two women came down, carrying skins, already blown up, and followed the old man's course across the Tigris; somehow they seemed to keep the bobbing skins easily balanced under their bodies, and thus supported swam slowly, without tiring.

Mosul Washerwomen. And all up and down the river banks were hundreds of round-limbed Kurdish women washing clothes. There must have been half a thousand, all shouting, plunging and wringing a multitude of garments. With skirts tucked high above their knees and no sign of yashmak or veil, they were a noisy, easy-going set, dispelling the illusion that in the East all women are secluded or eternally draped from head to foot.

Long strings of pack donkeys, driven by noisy, swearing Kurdish muleteers, came down to the river to drink, and fusillades of jocular abuse passed between these ruffians and the washerwomen. Higher up the river bank, and all along the waterfront, ran a long row of coffee shops, dance halls and other resorts. Till late at night these places are running full blast, the din of tomtoms, native fiddles and the harsh voices of the painted women who dance and sing, making amusement for the men of Mosul. They like excitement, these Kurds and Arabs, and crude and amateurish as their methods seem to us, they have



IN A MOSUL COFFEE HOUSE

animals, and around the edge of this platform runs a mud manger, from which the beasts are fed.

These historic caravanserais form one of the most picturesque features of middle eastern life. No traveler, from Marco Polo down to date, has crossed Mesopotamia without recording his impression of the unspeakably filthy and noisy "khans."

Naomi and His Sisters. Next morning early Naomi and I left the pesthouse that had sheltered us, and started out afoot to do Mosul. Naomi hunted up his Telkafi relatives, whom he had not seen for many years, and of course the master then became the servant's guest, for a few hours at least. We ate preserved sweets, pistachio nuts, manna, nougat, and many such delicacies for which Mosul is noted; we drank sweetened rose-water and smoked countless cigarettes, and I gave away to these curious, prying, but polite people all the secrets of my family for three generations back.

Naomi's numerous sisters, unvelled and good to look at, came shyly out and sat cross-legged on the rug he placed for them at a proper distance from me. Being native Christians, they could show their faces without being disgraced. They wore baggy blue trousers long Mother Hubbard gowns of some dark color, yellow stockings and fancy slippers all covered with beads. Their big brown eyes gazed steadily at me with that luster that is bought in western worlds at the price of belladonna, and their white teeth glistened in beautiful perfection—in a land where no dentifrice was ever seen.

From the main bazaar I wandered on through the town, followed by the usual crowd of curious Arabs and Kurds, and then continued on my walk toward the river. And here I beheld an odd spectacle.

I had read that in early Assyrian

never seen anything better and hence are pleased. Over Odd Bridge to Jonah's Tomb. A unique bridge spans the Tigris at Mosul for which a parallel cannot be found anywhere in the world. It is built partly of masonry, partly of wood, and for some distance is of the pontoon type. First comes a 100-foot stretch of masonry pier, then a bridge of boats 400 feet long and crossing the main channel; then comes another stone pier of 150 feet, leading to an 800-foot stretch of brick arches, followed at last by another stone pier nearly 200 feet long. It seems as if the builders changed their minds several times before finishing the odd structure.

It is across this bridge that one goes to explore Nineveh, where Botta and Layard made their sensational discoveries 50 years ago. The whole dry, brown plain about Mosul is a vast forest of ancient mounds, thick with signs of long-forgotten inhabitants.

Ninevah is not even a memory with the wild, ignorant tribes who roam the desert of old Assyria. At one edge of its ruins stands the little village of "Nebi Yunus," and the reputed tomb of Jonah. The identity of Jonah seems alone preserved—and he was one of the least in his day.

At night I walked back to Mosul. I looked back once, and the setting sun was reflected from the dome of Jonah's tomb. What fame this man won, by riding in a fish! Sennacherib is forgotten, but all the natives know "Yunus" and the tale of the big fish. On the morning of the Great Day, Jonah may be put in the dock with Doctor Cook. But for the present, the people are with him and he wears his medals unchallenged.

Telephones in Chile. Chile has 8,000 miles of telephone operated by an English company.

SEEKING HEALTH?

This means taking better care of the Stomach and helping the Liver and Bowels in their daily work. If assistance is needed, try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It has proven very beneficial in such cases.

The Martini Bercosse.

A young lady was dining with some friends at their home. The host had concocted some seductive cocktails and she had joined the others in drinking to his health. Before the dinner was over she was experiencing that much-talked-of wobbly feeling that is said to follow a cocktail.

While coffee was being served in the drawing room the three-months-old son of the family was brought in to the room and the young guest insisted on holding him.

"I am surprised that he is so contented in your lap," her hostess told her. "He doesn't usually care for strangers."

"Well, you may not know it," was the reply, "but he is being rocked."—New York Evening Post.

BIG EATERS HAVE BAD KIDNEYS AND BACKACHE

Take a Glass of Salts at Once If Your Back Is Hurting or Kidneys and Bladder Trouble You.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, 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 flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.—Adv.

The Chances.

"Do you think the chances of the hobble skirt are promising?"

"I think they are very slim."

Winter Picnics.

"Do you enjoy winter picnics?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, but they hardly seem like picnics without spiders."

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to predict the weather with a goose bone?

You can always tell when a girl is jealous by the way she says she isn't.

True Economy
Every man who is seeking to save by smoking 5c cigarettes, should see how much more satisfaction in better value he can get by paying 15c for 20 FATIMAS.

Lippitt & Myers Tobacco Co.



MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

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

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

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

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

Poor Fido!

Knicker—Do they lead a cat-and-dog life?

Bocker—Yes, only the dog is muzzled.

The Natural Kind.

"What kind of ships do they have dog watches on?"

"Why, barks, of course."

—Take CAPUDINE—

For HEADACHES and GRIPPE. It's Liquid—Prompt and Pleasant—Adv.

The wide-awake man doesn't wait for opportunity to knock at his door; he meets her at the gate.

One remedy with many uses—Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Adv.

Close relatives can be very distant if they are rich.

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Louisville, Ky.—"I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered from a female trouble, and the doctors decided I had a tumorous growth and would have to be operated upon, but I refused as I do not believe in operations. I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did, for I am now a well woman. I sleep better, do all my housework and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."—Mrs. J. M. RESCH, 1900 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner? If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work, of mind or body, drink or exposure in...

MALARIAL DISEASE, or any other ailment, will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

WHY NOT TRY POPHAM'S ASTHMA MEDICINE

Offers Prompt and Positive Relief in Every Case. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00. Trial Package by Mail 50c.

WILLIAMS MFG. CO., PROP., CLEVELAND, O.

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blacking Pills. Laxative, fresh, soluble; preferred by veterinarians because they prevent where other remedies fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-cent package. Blacking Pills \$1.00. 50-cent package. Blacking Pills 50c.

The star ingredient, but Cutter's best remedy of specializing in venereal and venereal diseases, is due to every man of the CUTLER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

Build Up With Wintersmith's Tonic

50 year tested appetizer and general tonic. Remedy for malaria, chills and grip. 50c.

Wintersmith E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Name unobtainable. Highest references. Best medicine.

DADDY THE DAIRY

PERSONAL FACTOR IN DAIRY

Product From One Dairyman Who Neglects His Utensils Will Spoil Output of Hundred Good Ones.

(By MILLER FURVIS.)

If dairyman could be taught to think of the personal factor in the dairy business, the quality of the dairy products of this country would improve at once. The quality of the products of any given creamery or butter factory depends on the quality of the poorest cream or milk that is received at that factory to a considerable extent.

If among the patrons there is one who neglects to keep his milk things clean, who fails to properly clean his hand separator, who allows his milk to absorb foul odors, the product of that farm will affect the products of all the well managed farms that sell to the same factory.

One unclean dairy will spoil the product of a hundred good ones. It would seem that a law compelling unclean dairymen to improve their methods is the only solution.

I visited a creamery in Illinois where a method had been adopted



Champion English Shorthorn Cow.

which seemed to work effectively. There were three creameries in the same town. The one I visited I went to see because it had the reputation of being the most particular one in the state of Illinois. The owner absolutely declined to accept a can of milk which was not in perfect condition.

When the milk was delivered the butter maker was the sole judge as to its condition. I watched him take in milk all one morning. As a can was unloaded he lifted the lid, smelled of the contents and if he had any doubt about the quality he set it aside and it was sent back to the farm.

I asked the owner if he did not lose customers occasionally and he answered that he did. He said that not infrequently one of his customers became offended and took his milk to one of the other creameries and he was glad to have him do so.

The butter from the milk he took in was sold to a single Chicago firm and the receipts were divided among the patrons of the creamery, on a co-operative basis.

This method of selection put every patron on his guard. He knew that the day he took in bad flavored milk he was going to be cut out. Two or three of the patrons whose milk was rejected the day I watched the delivery took the rejection in good part, saying they would find out where the trouble lay. One or two grumbled a little and took their milk back, but not one gave any indication that he would not be back the next day.

This putting the quality of the milk on a financial basis and refusing to accept it unless it was beyond suspicion was not highly ethical, but it seemed to accomplish its purpose. The patrons were protected against uncleanly methods and paid for taking pains to furnish perfect milk. The butter from this factory has made a place for itself and the careless or incompetent dairyman has been put in the place in which he belongs.

FALL FRESHENING IS BEST

Arizona Expert Advises Having Majority of Calves Dropped in Fall—Scours Easier to Control.

A new settler who wishes to start in the dairy business asks when the calves should be dropped. Prof. G. W. Barnes, farm adviser on live stock service of the University of Arizona, answers: "When there is a constant demand for dairy products, it would be advisable to have cows freshening all during the year. The majority of the calves should be dropped in the fall. By such an arrangement the calves would not be bothered with flies, and scours is easier to control in the cool months; then by spring they are large enough to go through the hot months without slackening in growth. Cows, when freshened in the fall, will increase their milk flow when green fields come out in spring, thereby increasing the lactation period."

An Ohio Druggist

Wm. Vogel, 867 May St., Akron, Ohio, writes:

"Through cold and exposure and improper food during the winter, I was taken with appendicitis and acute intestinal catarrh. In June and July my life was despaired of, but recovered sufficiently to be up and around. My bowels seemed paralyzed. Could eat no solid food.

"The first of last December I decided to try Peruna. My appetite improved, and very soon solid foods could be taken. In two months time I gained 18 pounds. Now I am heavier than I ever was before. When I began to use Peruna my bowels commenced to move at once."

Those who object to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna in Tablet form.

FARMERS NEED THE BIRDS

For Purely Selfish Reasons the Destruction of Feathered Songsters Should Be Stopped.

Birds are the chief protectors of our trees. Who ever heard of codling moth and San Jose and other scales when the orchards were full of birds? Now that these feathered helpers have been driven out of wood and field, man is compelled to resort to all sorts of vexatious and difficult struggles against the enemy of fruit and trees.

The birds are the very best destroyers of weeds. Native sparrows, finches, grosbeaks, redpolls, longspurs, cowbirds, mourning doves and similar birds feed hungrily upon the fall weed seeds at a time when the crops have been gathered and they can do no harm to it.

The best helper a farmer can have is a host of birds. But instead of recognizing these efficient helpers, so generously provided by nature, we wantonly slay them by the hundreds for fun.—Kendallville News-Sun.

CARE FOR CHILDREN'S

Hair and Skin With Cuticura. Nothing Easier. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify the skin and scalp, the Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itching, redness, roughness, dandruff, etc. Nothing better than these fragrant super-creamy emollients for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp and hair.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Women Royalists Made Army Officers.

For the first time in English history four royal women have been gazetted as colonels in chief of English regiments.

Heretofore several of them, including Queen Mary herself, and Queen Victoria naturally was the head of the British army, but now Queen Mary has been appointed colonel in chief of the Eighteenth Hussars of Historic fame, while the Queen Mother Alexandra is associated with the Nineteenth Hussars.

GAS, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" settles our gassy stomachs in Five minutes—Time It!

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach troubles has made it famous the world over.

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

The Bore.

"I hate to ask Jinks about his health."

"Why?"

"He promptly tells me all about it."

For sprains and bruises apply Hanford's Balsam thoroughly. Put it on, and rub it in. Adv.

Men with a keen sense of humor never try to tell funny stories.

NO CUSTARD FOR REGINALD

Young Wife Had Done Her Best, But Probably the Cook Book Was at Fault.

Reginald loved his wife tenderly and devotedly, but he had to acknowledge in the inmost recesses of his heart that the hand that wielded the powder puff lost its art in the pudding basin.

"What pudding would you like tonight, love?" she cooed at breakfast time.

"Oh, anything!" he whispered desperately.

"Anything?" she reiterated, in a pained tone.

"Well, you know, old girl; anything light—only don't tire yourself out."

"You shall have your favorite—custard, dear," she promised.

Toward seven o'clock Reginald returned, but the sound of weeping and gnashing of teeth greeted his trained ear.

"Whatever is it, my dear girl!" he implored, as he rushed into the kitchen.

"O-o-o-oh!" she sniveled on his waistcoat, "I've been making you custards all the afternoon and—"

"And what, pet?"

"They all t-turned out sponge cakes!"

RUB PAINS FROM SORE, LAME BACK

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

Back hurt you? Can't straighten up without feeling sudden pains, sharp aches and twinges? Now listen! That's lumbago, sciatica or maybe from a strain, and you'll get blessed relief the moment you rub your back with soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Nothing else takes out soreness, lameness and stiffness so quickly. It is perfectly harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Limber up! Don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle from any store, and after using it just once, you'll forget that you ever had backache, lumbago or sciatica, because your back will never hurt or cause any more misery. It never disappoints and has been recommended for 60 years. Adv.

Austria Protects Workers.

In order to prevent the wholesale dismissal of employees of private firms, the Austro-Hungarian ministry of war has directed that army contracts will only be given to those firms who have maintained their staffs at the ordinary full number, and without any reduction in wages. Manufacturers acting in a contrary manner will be rigidly excluded from all further contracts, and they may also expect to have existing contracts canceled.

PIMPLES, BOILS AND DANDRUFF

Disappear by using Tetterine, a sure, safe and speedy cure for Eczema, Tetter, infant's Sore Head, Chubblains and Itching Piles. Endorsed by physicians; praised by thousands who have used it.

"I feel like I owe it to my fellowman this much: For seven years I had eczema on my ankle. I have tried many doctors and numerous remedies which only temporarily relieved. I decided to give your Tetterine a trial. I did so and after eight weeks am entirely free from the terrible eczema."

J. S. Giddens, Tampa, Fla.

Tetterine, 50c per box. Your druggist or J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

The Hyphen Explained.

Mrs. Dearborn—You say that is Mrs. Burke-Martin?

Mrs. Wabash—Yes; Burke was her name and Martin was her husband's name.

Mrs. Dearborn—But why does she use the hyphen between the names?

Mrs. Wabash—To show that she is separated from her husband.

Their Places.

"Where did you go in the theater, Mrs. Comeup?"

"We sat in the mezzotint boxes, but the girls preferred seats in the parakeet."

"Money Back" Medicine.

Our readers never risk a cent when they buy Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh because every dealer in this liniment is authorized to refund the money if the Balsam is not satisfactory. Adv.

The Way He Did.

"How did you catch that cold?"

"How do you suppose? I chased it in my racing car till I caught it."

Hicks' CAPUDINE

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

We hope it isn't true that some of the married men in England went to war for the sake of peace.

A new coffee strainer can be fastened inside any pot by wires inserted in the spout.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU why Marine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids, No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Mary's little lamb sometimes grows up and becomes the goat.

UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK! CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS MY WAY

Just Once! Try "Dodson's Liver Tone" When Bilious, Constipated, Headachy—Don't Lose a Day's Work.

Liven up your sluggish liver! Feel free and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into your system like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

Listen to me! 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 guarantee.



Speaking of Aunt Sarah's "quarian?" "Well, that what her nephew calls here."

Privileged. "Does your wife allow smoking in your house?" "No—only the chimney."

The Attraction. Bacon—I understand in many of the Chilean cities women are employed as street car conductors. Egbert—Now I can understand why men want to crowd the back platforms.

DON'T TAKE CALOMEL

when your liver gets sluggish, and you suffer from Headache, Biliousness, Constipation or Dizziness, get a 25c bottle of BOND'S LIVER PILLS, from your dealer. They are small, mild, safe, effective and inexpensive and they will relieve you. Adv.

Magnificent Volume

The most sumptuous copy of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" in existence was recently sent from England to a purchaser abroad. The value of the book is between \$5,000 and \$7,500. It has been reproduced from an illuminated manuscript of the 16th century, and the volume is notable as being the entire work of one artist, Alberto Sangorski, who was engaged upon it for 18 months. The title page is set in gold, and the covers are embellished with 214 rubies and 36 amethysts.

Parson Knew Better.

Uncle Jim Sugarfoot had a fine rabbit for the entertainment of Parson Heavegrace, who was expected to dinner, but as rabbits were out of season he thought to avoid what might prove an embarrassing situation by making the parson think it was a chicken he was eating.

"Brother Heavegrace," said Uncle Jim, when it came time for a second helping, "what part of the bird would you like now?"

With a merry twinkle in his half-closed eyes, Parson Heavegrace replied: "If you all don't mind, I think Ah'll take de gizzard."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Lock Your Younger! To Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

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

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

His Mission.

The Professor—The first of America, north of the isthmus embrace three classes, 3 families, 1,113 genera, 3,283 species and 133 subgenera. The Student—Well, professor, will let me off today? I'll see if I can get a string

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. Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot sallow. 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.

For BARK EYE

Cures eye and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Best kidney remedy; 50c and \$1.00 a dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or, express paid, by the manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA

Not Supplying the Two. The Angry One—For two cents I'd knock your block off! The Calm One—Well, you won't get your working capital from me.

A Connecticut man has the face to say that he has built a clock that will run without winding.

To quickly cool burns and take the fire out use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Many a great man is never heard of 20 miles from home.

Stop That Backache

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story.

Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney illa. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness.

Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

A Texas Case

Mrs. T. A. Hefner, Hico, Texas, says: "For several years my back ached severely, especially at night. I had to keep changing my position to get relief. Often, sharp twinges darted through my loins, almost taking my breath away. On a friend's advice I used Doan's Kidney Pills and I passed a gravel stone. My suffering then ended and I haven't been bothered since."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Rheumatism For Young and Old

The acute agonizing pain of rheumatism is soothed at once by Sloan's Liniment. Do not rub—it penetrates to the sore spot, bringing a comfort not dreamed of until tried. Get a bottle today.

RHEUMATISM

"I highly recommend your Liniment as the best remedy for rheumatism I ever used. Before using it I spent large sums of money trying to get relief of the misery and pain in limbs and body, so I tried your Liniment both internal and external and I found quick relief, and now am well and strong again."—Geo. Curtis, 255 N. 14th St., Springfield, Ill.

"I wish to write and tell you about a fall I had down fourteen steps, and bruised my neck and hip very bad. I could not sleep at all. I sent my wife for a 25-cent bottle of your Liniment and in two days' time I was on my feet again."—Charles Hyle, 1251 1/2 Prairie Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

for neuralgia, sciatica, sprains and bruises.

All Druggists, 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 4-1918.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs—Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 50.00, retail.

Hedley Drug Co.
All Prescriptions Carefully Compounded
from Pures Drugs. No substitute.

Locals

J. R. Kirkpatrick was town visitor Wednesday.

N. S. Ray was in town from Windy Valley Tuesday.

T. R. Moreman and daughter, Fay, spent Sunday in Clarendon.

G. A. C. Roy was in town Wednesday from Windy Valley.

W. E. Brooks went to Amarillo this week on business.

Have a Flit with Clark, The Tailor.

Mrs. W. M. Dyer was very sick several days this week.

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

R. O. Shannon and wife were in town Tuesday from the Bray community.

FOR SALE—Span of big work mules, 6 and 7 years old. A. J. Sibber.

Mesdames J. B. King and J. M. Clarke spent Wednesday in Clarendon.

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

Mrs. Clint Phillips visited her sister, Mrs. Ellis, in Lelia Lake Wednesday.

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

C. A. Hicks and family moved Wednesday to their farm west of town.

FOR SALE—Two Poland China male pigs. Pedigrees furnished. J. Grooms.

Mesdames Gentry, Ryan and Keys of Clarendon were guests of Mrs. Clint Phillips Tuesday.

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

Naubert Williams and wife of Boyd, Texas, visited their uncle, J. L. Bain, a few days this week.

The Informer \$1 and Woman's Home Companion \$1.50, both for \$2.10.

Mesdames L. H. Humphrey and J. M. Elliott of Memphis visited B. W. Moreman Wednesday.

Misses Zoe and Jack Storm moved Wednesday into the Howell residence vacated by Mr. Hicks.

FOR SALE—Black Locust trees 5 years old, 25c each. Mrs. Effie Dunn.

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

Mrs. G. S. Vinyard and son of Claude came Wednesday night to visit her daughter. Mrs. J. C. Wells.

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

Mrs. G. W. Bolander and little daughter went to Clarendon Thursday to visit her parents a few days.

The Informer \$1.00 and Review of Reviews \$3.00, both one year for \$3.00.

J. G. McDougal, Isaac Harris, T. T. Harrison, W. H. Madden and J. P. Pool were in Memphis Tuesday.

Mr and Mrs. Bert Whittington returned Tuesday night from Spur where they have been several months.

Informers and Semi weekly Ft Worth Record, or Semi weekly Farm News, one year \$1.75.

Mrs. Ed Morgan and brother Grady Starkey of Collingsworth county visited their cousin, Mrs. W. E. Bray Thursday.

Mrs. W. Storm and little son Goodnight came Thursday night to visit her sister in laws, Misses Zoe and Jack Storm.

The Commoner (William J. Bryan's paper) and the Hedley Informer both one year for \$1.50

C. E. Blankenship, wife and baby returned home first of the week from a month's visit with relatives at Sebree, Texas.

FOR SALE—50 bushels pure Mebane Cotton Seed at 75c per bushel. The seed from which this was raised cost me \$1.50 per bushel. Frank Simmons.

Miss Laure Brinson, who is attending the Bowie Commercial College, came home Tuesday night to be at the bedside of her father.

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

TRY 'EM

Whiskers punched without pain; Clothes washed without stain; Hot or cold baths—it's all the same; Treat 'em right? That's my name. J. B. King, the Barber.

**V. R. JONES
Optometrist**

Eye Glasses and Spectacles Made to Order.

At HEDLEY DRUG CO 1st and 2nd Thursdays in Each Month

Some changes in weather have been taking place the past few days. All kinds, from balmy days to Panhandle-breezes, with northerly, snow storms and one or two March snow storms.

The only way to get the genuine **Now Home** Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name **Now 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

**ASK RELIEF FOR
TENANT FARMER**

Farmers' Union Officials Want a Law Enacted that Will Fulfill its Purpose.

Fort Worth, Texas.—The most important problem that confronts the Texas Legislature in its 34th session is relief for the tenant farmer.

Out of the 219,575 tenant farmers the Federal Census Bureau shows that 17,500, or less than 10 per cent, pay cash rent and we estimate that 60 per cent rent on the basis of one-third grain and one-fourth cotton and 30 per cent pay more than a third and a fourth. There are perhaps 65,000 tenant farmers in this State, who, in some form or other, pay a rental of more than a third and a fourth on land. To this number we may add the 17,500 cash tenants, for it is there the worst forms of rental extortion exist, although it might be difficult to prohibit, by law, a willing renter paying a willing landlord an agreed sum for use of property.

Abuses of Tenancy System.

There are many abuses growing out of our tenancy system which should be corrected and prohibited by law if they cannot be corrected peacefully. We will correct a few of them. Out of

the 65,000 tenant farmers who pay more than a third and a fourth land rental, we estimate that 40 per cent, or 26,000, pay direct to the landlord and the remaining 39,000 pay it to brokers and agents who rent lands on a basis of a third and a fourth and then sub-rent at a profit, charging a cash bonus for the farm or advancing the rents beyond the price they pay. Such practices should be broken up by law for they constitute an illegitimate occupation. The owner of property should look after his business personally or hire some one to do so, paying them a reasonable sum out of his own pocket, and not become a party to an injurious system of speculation. We leave the legislature to deal with the iniquitous tenant system, according to their wisdom.

Union Calls Upon Legislature for Building Material.

We believe a rural credit bill, properly drawn, permitting long time loans at a low rate of interest, will place a home within the reach of every tenant farmer and automatically eliminate many of the evils of farm tenancy, as well as help the home owner. We believe that agriculture will receive more substantial benefit from increasing opportunity than in multiplying penalties. We think it a greater legislative achievement to expand the area of opportunity than to increase the zone of crime. It is an important function of government to keep open and enlarge the avenues of choice, but no effort should be made to restrain freedom of judgment and action.

The farmers, like every other class of people, have the weak and incapable. There are some tenant farmers, who, if offered a home in the skies, would prefer to rent so they could move once a year, and no amount of constructive legislation will benefit them. We do not favor restrictive legislation that involves the entire structure of society in order to benefit the incompetent. Give the man who tries a chance and give it abundantly.

We invite the Texas Bankers' Association to appoint a committee to assist in framing a bill that is sound commercially and one they can recommend the securities to their customers. We have too many "still-born" laws on the statute books now and there is no use for the legislature to waste time creating securities which cannot be financed.

W. D. Lewis, President, Farmers' Educational & Co-operative Union of Texas. Peter Radford, National Lecturer Farmers' Educational & Co-operative Union of America.

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