

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDELY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, MARCH 19, 1915

NO. 15

ANOTHER GROCERY STORE PUT IN SINCE LAST ISSUE

Watch Hedley grow. This time it is another grocery store opened last Saturday in the Bond Johnson building by T. C. Lively, to be known as the Lively Grocery Co. This new firm put in a nice stock of staple and fancy goods, and invites the public to patronize them. Mr. Lively was in the grocery business here some months ago. Read their ad in this issue.

CLAUDE HAS ANOTHER BIG FIRE

Monday night about 10 o'clock Claude was visited by another disastrous fire. This being the second fire there within ten days. The loss is estimated at about \$45,000.

The fire started in the J. E. Brook drug store which occupied a portion of the Martin Brothers building. This building and the adjoining each 25x125 feet and both belonging to Martin Bros. were completely destroyed together with their contents.

Martin Bros. occupied one of their buildings and the back portion of the other with a general merchandise store. From this building the fire spread to the north and east to a new building 25x100 feet belonging to Frank Slay and occupied by him with a large stock of hardware went up in flames together with all its contents.

One of the Martin buildings was two stories high and was occupied as a Masonic lodge room.

When one of the walls of the hardware store went down it struck the corner of the First State Bank building and damaged it to the extent of about \$200.

Some of those suffering losses carried a small amount of insurance. J. Frank Slay was among those carrying insurance, but we understand that Mr. Brook who lost his drug stock, fixtures, soda fountain and everything, carried no insurance at all.

This loss, with the heavy loss in the Warner fire of last week, will total about \$70,000.

THE PANHANDLE MAKES PROGRESS

The following article was taken from Farm & Ranch, written by Frank Clark of this place, and it describes conditions so well that we take the liberty of reproducing it in the Informer.

Sorry to say, but last fall when so much plowing should have been done, there was scarcely any such work—even many of us failed to sow rye, wheat or oats for a winter pasture, or even break ground for spring pasture, until grain advanced so much we saw we must cheapen our stock ration. So quite an acreage of spring grain has been sown, especially for hogs, with the idea of diversifying more than we have heretofore.

Many people are well advanced with their spring work. Our land is sandy and we list mostly, then harrow, if not too sandy,

the ridges down just as we would if we were cultivating a crop; and we cultivate just as often as we can before we plant. In other words we work the crop before we plant, then the balance is easy, for we've conserved moisture, kept down vegetation and enriched the soil by cultivation.

There is quite a lot of different planning this spring from the usual. The cotton farmers, for some reason, are talking a few hogs, chickens, and a living at home. I think the cotton acreage will be halved in this end of the state this year. Many farmers are fencing their weedy and shinnery pastures preparing to clean them out with sheep and goats. The goats will be placed on the shinnery where they should do their part in ridding the land of bushes and rag weeds while the sheep will take care of the broom weeds on the tighter land. For the last two or three years the broom weed has been making rapid strides in the Panhandle.

The folks of the Panhandle are beginning to realize that they have a part to perform in producing meat for the world. Everything is in their favor. One man can cultivate and raise enough forage and grain to full feed 100 grown cattle 150 days, following them with 50 head of pigs. He knows he has made the value of his hogs—and a nice profit on his cattle invariably—and then we've learned from experience on a small scale that we've got several hundred tons of mighty good manure to repay the soil.

We know we have a natural stock country and the climate is right. The farmer is taking every advantage of the natural adaptation of the Panhandle and from the way Northern feeders come here to buy their feedstock we have the cattle. Now we farmers have the idea, sheep, forage, grain, cattle and hogs—and watch the Panhandle grow. Frank M. Clark.

MISSION STUDY CLASS

Mission Study Mar. 25. Aborigines who are not Red men. Chap. V.

Devotional Service—Theme, "The Life more abundant" Scripture, Job 37: 6-13, 35: 22, 29-30, Luke 12: 19, Titus 3: 3-7.

Roll call, A trip to Alaska (name cities, rivers etc. passed on the way)

Reading, Prelude (105 106). Topic, Eskimos, physical characteristics, mental and moral traits, sex relations and family life, occupations, influence of white men, schools and their results—Mrs. Lively.

Aleuts, Location and history characteristics—Mrs. Masterson Athapascans, Thlingits, and other tribes. Metlakatla—Mrs. Allen.

Introduction of Reindeer, plan and results—Mrs. Wimberly. Government of Alaska—Mrs. Kennedy.

Mission Work in Alaska—Mrs. Bain. Paper, Value of Alaska from a commercial standpoint—Mrs. Kendall.

Current events, Alaska and the U. S. government today—Mrs. Harrison.

Story, Ishnuk and Iuka at the World's Fair—Mrs. Story.

Special

Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record and Hedley Informer both one year for \$1.50.

Hedley Commercial Club Has Interesting Meeting

At the Commercial Club meeting last Tuesday night a representative crowd was present and considerable interest manifested.

A. W. Read, secretary of Memphis Commercial Club, and Sam Harrison, one of Memphis' aldermen, came up that night and both made interesting talks on the advantages to be derived from city government, and pointed out the bad features that may be avoided by right action in the beginning. Both men claimed that the advantages brought about by incorporation over-balance any tax the people might pay.

After disposing of other business the foremost question of the evening was brought up, namely: the selection of candidates to be

elected Tuesday April 6, as officers for the ensuing year for Hedley. One mayor and five aldermen will be needed. A motion was made, seconded and carried that the chair appoint a committee of five to select a ticket subject to the approval of the citizenship at the meeting next Tuesday night.

After which the question of enclosing the tabernacle was brought up and a committee was selected to ascertain the cost of enclosing same, circulate a subscription list and be ready to report next Tuesday night.

It is very necessary that every citizen attend the next meeting, and all are urged to do so. You will enjoy the "doings" and your co-operation is much desired.

"Have you seen what cotton is doing this morning? Nearly nine cents a pound and if she holds at that figure very long, I'm going to plow up every foot of my small grain and plant it in cotton." The quotation is taken from an interview between a Central Texas farmer and a government crop demonstrator. The occurrence was two or three weeks ago. Is it any wonder that such people are continually in debt? None whatever. One may solve all the severe wonders of the world and

yet balk at the stupendous task of understanding the reasoning of a farmer who believes he is wise in buying all his living necessities and raising a crop that the world can almost do without. We are glad to say that the farmer who reasoned as is shown in the quotation at the head of this story lives in Central Texas instead of the Panhandle—we would be better pleased if he lived in Hong Kong or Timbuctoo. We have too many such farmers in Texas, possibly some of them in

Program

Tonight at Presbyterian Church

- Duet—Boheme op 28 Ascher
Misses Moreman and Brinson
Reading, "I'm Going Back to Grandpa's"—Rab Harrison
Solo (a)—Tyrolienne Wandelt
(b) Autumn Idyle Renard
Miss Mamye Simmons
Solo—Im Kornfeld Englemann
Cleo Moreman
Reading, "She Didn't Want Much" Emilye Phillips
Duet—La Mozelle Ilgenfrits
Misses Ina and Myrtle Reeves
Reading, "When the World Bursts Thru"—Fay Moreman
Solo (a)—Katie Waltz Pearis
(b)—Moth Cochran
Melba Johnson
Solo—Valse Brillante De Concert Egging
Miss Elvia Wiggins
Reading, "Papa and the Boy" Ila Pool
Solo (a)—Hope Mendelssohn
(b)—Sextette from Lucia De Lammoor Donizette
Mr. Newt Waldron
Oration—Spartics to the Gladiators Mr. Scoggins
Trio—La Secret Gautier
Misses Moreman, Wiggins and Reeves
Solo—Wild Rose Streabog
Elizabeth Phillips
Reading, "Father's Sunday Morning" Fay Moreman
Solo—Valse Durand
Lena Mae Brinson
Duet—My Mamma's Waltz Streabog
Misses Elizabeth Phillips and Melba Johnson
Reading, (a)—Christmas Experience. (b) Intensely utter
Miss Myrtle Reeves
Duet—Jagerchor Hiller
Misses Simmons and Reeves
Solo—Marzurka Caprice Englemann
Miss Mellie Richey
Reading (a)—"Wouldn't You". (b) "Christmas Kid"
Walter Moreman
Solo—March D Flat Pierce
Miss Myrtle Reeves
Solo—In the Nursery Bergmann
Pauline Caldwell
Reading,—"The Man in the Moon" Ila Pool
Vocal Duet Casey
Misses Lacy and Reeves
Duet—Galop Militaire Mayer
Newt Waldron and Mellie Richey
Solo—Twilight on the Mountains Rathburn
Ina Moreman
Reading, Selected Mary Helen Bain
Miss Ina Reeves, Music Miss Lola Lacy, Expression

the Panhandle. They are afflicted with a sort of stibismus that enables them to see a dollar only when it is earned sixteen times and wrapped in cotton. If no cotton were grown in the United States in 1915 the price of that on hand would be worth as much as all of it and the new crop combined will sell for 1916. Him that hath ears let him hear, and him that hath eyes let him see—Daily Panhandle.

Plant a tree.

MYSTIC WEAVERS

The Mystic Weavers held its last regular meeting Wednesday March 10 with Mrs. Polly Rains as hostess. A very pleasant afternoon was spent in various kinds of needle work and conversation.

Delicious refreshments consisting of sandwiches, pickles, croquettes, fruit salad, cake and coffee were served to the following: Mesdames J. B. Bain, T. T. Harrison, P. C. Johnson, R. H. Jones, J. B. Masterson, B. W. Moreman, U. J. Boston, W. C. Bridges, Zeb Moore and Ed Dishman. The hostess was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. W. I. Rains.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. J. B. Masterson March 24.

B. Y. P. SENIORS

- Doctrinal Meeting Power for Service
Song
Prayer
Business
Leader—Willie Caldwell
Song
Scripture reading, John 15:7-14
--Lucile Caldwell
Introduction—Leader
Power of Our God's Handwelling
--Spurgeon Bishop
How Can We Let God Dwell in Us—Mellie Richey
The Practical Value of Plain Obedience—Herman Horschler
Song
What Our Obedience Permits God to Do—Claude Bishop
Prayer and Power
Sentence Sermons Only until 2 God will fairly flood your life with all the power you will use for his glory—K. W. Howell
Power, to be effectively used must be utilized intelligently—W. D. Bishop
Song
Closing Prayer

JUNIOR

- Song
Prayer
Study story told by Juniors.
Paul goes to Ephesus—Annie Richey
The Missionaries at the synagogue—Mary Horschler
Preaching in a school house—Walter Bishop
Opposition—Lena Mae Brinson
Progress—Joe Nipper
Ephesus aroused against Paul—Robert Horschler
Paul protected—Claude Nipper
Some great results from small beginnings—Willie Johnson
Some tests of conversion—Mary Horschler
Love for money and love for God—Walter Bishop
Blind to the best—Claude Moreman
Let us come to Jesus, confess our sins and declare ourselves—Alva Alexander
Prayer.

EXTENSION OF THE MOREMAN BRICK BEING DONE

Cleve Floyd has been doing some rapid work on the Moreman brick this week. Tore out the rear wall and boarded the opening up, and has the south wall of the addition nearly up, the north and end wall a good way up. Today is most too windy and cold for them to work, else the brick work would have been about completed this week. This additional 50 feet to the original 80 will make more roomy quarters for Moreman & Battle.

WINDY VALLEY ENJOYS NICE RECITAL

At the home of her parents, Miss Annie Belle Rice gave a recital Saturday March 13 at 3 p. m., which was enjoyed by the parents of her pupils and several others.

Following is an outline of the program:

Invocation by Rev. C. W. Horschler. Piano solos, by Misses Ruth Sliger, Ethel Sliger, Mattie Rice, Mary Ray, Manillo Cunningham, and Dessie Cunningham.

Duets, by Misses Ruth and Ethel Sliger, Mary Ray and Dessie Cunningham, Ruth Sliger and Annie Belle Rice, Mattie and Annie Belle Rice, Dessie and Manillo Cunningham.

Song, by Master Lum Rice.

Song, by six girls.
Recitations by Miss Mary Ray. The pupils all showed that good training had been given them.

After the program dainty refreshments were served to about fifty. Everyone expressed themselves as having spent a most enjoyable evening.

Reporter.

W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary meets with Mrs. U. J. Boston Monday March 22. Business meeting.

Officers please be ready with reports and any member in arrears with dues come prepared to pay same. All members requested to be present. We will not have the social meeting at that time as the W. M. Auxiliary will give a reception to the ladies of the church (and any others interested in the work) at the home of Mrs. G. A. Wimberly Monday March 29, from 2:30 to 4:50. All the ladies cordially invited to attend.

Publicity Supt.

EPWORTH LEAGUE

Program for Sunday Mar. 21. Same as published last week.

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.

Cotton seed meal, Dixie Cream, Cake, Maize, Chops, Bran, Short's Chicken feed and Hay. Everything delivered within city limits. Give us your orders and oblige. Wood & Plaster.

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

Compliment That Went Astray. "I love to hear you speak French," remarked the sweet young thing.

"Indeed!" said the pompous youth who plumed himself on his linguistic ability. "And why?"

"Because it is so different from most people's French," explained the young thing. The youth plumed himself some more. But only for a moment, because the sweet young thing continued:

"Yes, so different from most people's French—especially French people's."

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Dandierine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Dandierine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you will have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Dandierine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Dandierine from any store and just try it. Adv.

A Selfish Idea.
"There goes an irascible old gentleman who is a noted woman hater, yet he's in favor of votes for women."
"Well! Well! That's a compliment to the persuasive powers of the fair sex."

"I don't know whether it is or not. He says he'd give them anything to keep them quiet."

OUCH! BACKACHE, RUB LAME BACK

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

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right on your back, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil takes the ache and pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly and surely. It never disappoints!—Adv.

Really Wasting Time.
Plaintiff's Counsel—My lord, unfortunately in this case I am opposed by the most unmitigated scoundrel—

Defendant's Counsel—My learned friend is such a notorious perverter— Judge—Will counsel kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute?

Settled.
Tom—Her father says that she shall never marry you.
Jack—Hurray! She's mine!

The man who thinks that it is easy to live down a jail record does not understand the human family very well.

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By DR. BRISON SWETT MARDEN.

Copyright by McClure Newspaper Syndicate

THE GREAT SECRET OF ACHIEVEMENT.

A cobbler, when asked how long it takes to become a good shoemaker, answered, "Six years—and then you must travel." That cobbler had the artist's eye. I told a friend the story, and he asked another cobbler the same question: "How long does it take to become a good shoemaker?" "All your life, sir." That was still better—he was Michel Angelo of shoes!

Persistence is characteristic of all men who have accomplished anything great. They may lack in some other particular, have many weaknesses or eccentricities, but the quality of persistence is never absent from a successful man. No matter what opposition he meets or what discouragements overtake him, he is always persisting. Drudgery cannot disgust him, obstacles cannot discourage him, labor cannot weary him. He will persist, no matter what comes or what goes; it is a part of his nature. He could almost as easily stop breathing.

Money, position, influence—these are no match for energy and perseverance.

With what delight we read Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," probably the most powerful romance that ever came from an American pen. It seems impossible that such beauty of diction, such facility of expression and delicate touch could be elaborated by any amount of drudgery. But the notebooks of this shyest and most bashful of mortals reveal the secret of the genius. Drudgery, drudgery, drudgery, is written all over his efforts. Nothing was too trivial for record in his notes. Everything he saw or heard or touched or felt was impressed in his notebook and compelled to pay tribute to his fiction.

Thousands of men have been failures in life because they did not go quite far enough. They did not quite learn a trade to the point of efficiency; in other words, they stopped just this side of success.

The patent office in Washington is full of contrivances which are almost successes; if the inventors had had the persistence to hold on a little longer, they might have achieved the longed-for success and died rich instead of poor.

A poor boy started out, determined to visit every office and place of business until he found a situation, no matter how long it might take. After persisting in this for a time which would have utterly discouraged most boys, he called at an office, where he was told they never took boys who had no experience, and was asked where he had been.

The old gentleman was so pleased at the boy's pluck when he told him that he was calling at every office and should continue to do so until he found a situation, that he told him to go home and write him a letter in his best hand, and he would see what he could do for him. Many a boy has lost a situation by bad handwriting, bad spelling, or an unbusinesslike letter. But this boy's letter was neat, concise and intelligent, and he got the situation. He proved valuable and has been with the firm ever since.

Keep at it, whatever your work may be with a dogged determination. Set your teeth and say, "I will." Let your motto be, "Tenacity of purpose!" When you hear it, it should act on you as the bugle call does on a war horse.

Failure is the final test of persistence and of an iron will; it either crushes a life or solidifies it.

If you have not this persistence by nature, you must cultivate it. With it you can succeed, you can make difficulties bend, you can make opposition give way, doubt and hesitancy yield to confidence and assurance. Without these more shining qualities of nature will not insure your success, and will very likely bring nothing but failure.

This lesson after lesson with the scythe, blow after blow with the laborer, crop after crop with the farmer, picture after picture, and mile after mile with the traveler, that secures what all so much desire.

EFFECT OF THE IMAGINATION ON HEALTH.

A medical journal reports the case of an elderly man who was sent to a hospital suffering terribly. He said he had swallowed several false teeth and a plate, and that he felt the horrible stinging and cutting of these in his stomach.

The physician in attendance tried to talk him out of this idea, but to no purpose. A little while later a telegram from his wife informed him that the teeth had been found under the bed.

Mortified and chagrined at having made such a fool of himself, the elderly man, free from his imaginary suffering, immediately got up, dressed himself, paid his bill and went home without assistance.

As long as the man was convinced that the false teeth were in his stomach, all the talking in the world could not have made him believe that his suffering was a delusion. This conviction had to be changed first.

Medical history shows that thousands of people have died the victims of their imagination. They were convinced they had diseases which in reality they never had. The trouble

was not in the body, but in the mind. Few of us realize the almost superhuman power of the imagination in its effect upon the body. Nothing is better known than that many people every year die with imaginary hydrophobia. It is a very common thing to regard a dog as mad which simply has a fit, or is so frightened at being pursued by those who are afraid of it, and who project their state of mind to its brain that it appears to be mad.

Physicians tell us that susceptibility to contagious diseases depends very largely upon the mental condition, that it is possible for a person during great excitement to work with perfect immunity among patients suffering from the most malignant diseases.

I have seen a vigorous, athletic man so completely paralyzed by the shock from an accident that he could scarcely lift a pound weight. He was as weak and nerveless as a child. No material substance had touched him or opposed him—just a terrifying thought, which came like lightning, did the work, made a pygmy of a giant in an instant.

Well-authenticated cases have been recorded by physicians where patients, who had a mortal fear of chloroform, went into a syncope before a whiff of chloroform had been given. They became perfectly unconscious through the suggestion of their own minds.

I know of a physician who, while away from home on a fishing trip, was summoned to attend a patient who was suffering indescribable agony. He had no medicine case, no drugs with him; but the tacitful physician, knowing the power of suggestion, made small powders out of ordinary flour and gave instructions with the greatest care as to the exact time and manner of taking. They were to be given every few minutes.

The patient was told that he was being treated by a noted physician, and his great faith in the physician and the remedy in a short time wrought a marvelous change in his condition. He said that he felt the effects of the medicine throughout his entire being. Flour and faith did the work.

The sick thought must go before the sick condition will depart. When the diseased thought goes, the body at once rebounds and becomes normal.

Not long ago I heard of a young lady who, while at the theater with her fiancé, complained suddenly of feeling faint. Her fiancé, a young doctor, took something out of his pocket and, giving it to her, whispered, "Keep this tabloid in your mouth, but don't swallow it." The young woman did as directed, and immediately felt better. Curious to know what the "tabloid" was, which, although it had not dissolved, had given her such relief, she examined it on her return home, and found—a small button!

Use of the Antennae.

It is certain that spiders can smell, yet they have no antennae, nor any organs that may be compared to the antennal organs of insects. This is another argument against the antennae being organs of smell. All insects either have antennal organs like those of the bees, or modifications of them, yet no two authors who have studied them have agreed concerning their function. Such chaos can be replaced by facts, only when the behavior of the insects investigated is thoroughly studied and when experiments are performed in ways other than on the antennae alone. Then it will be realized that the antennae can no longer be regarded as a possible seat of the sense of smell in insects.

Why Onion Cures Cold.

To eat a raw onion is an old remedy for curing a cold, and many have found that it works well in practice. But why the onion should possess this curative property few have taken the time to ascertain; in fact, not one in a hundred can give the exact reason or reasons. Some may say that the smell drives the cold away, but that is frivolous.

There is an oil found in the onion, chives, radish and horseradish that plays an important part in curing the cold. This oil and the sulphur which is also contained in these plants have a deadly effect upon the harmful germs that flourish in various parts of the body and are the chief cause of the common cold.

Follow the Worm.

A Harvard professor, experimenting with the intelligence of a worm, has discovered that the wriggling invertebrate knows enough, after three trials, to avoid a path that leads to an electric shock and to take the road that leads to comfort.

But vertebrate man will follow the lane to disaster time after time. He knows that it is the way to ruin. He knows that discomfort and disease lie at the end, but with that splendid gift of reason and free will, with which he is endowed, he lets the crawling things of the earth prove their superior wisdom.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Natural Bedding Material.

Natives of British Honduras find that nature has provided them with splendid material for pillows and mattresses in the pollack tree. It is a common soft-wood growth, with a large, pear-shaped fruit, which has a hard shell, changing to almost black when ripe, and contains a short staple brown fluff or silk fiber. The fluff is about a quarter of an inch long, more like the finest of camel's hair than fiber, and is used extensively for filling pillows and mattresses. It will not lump, even after years of service. The natives occasionally expose it to the sunlight for a day or two, and put it back again as good as ever.

Among the New Spring Gowns



BECOMING lines are exemplified in this new spring gown of taffeta, which is simple enough for the home dressmaker to undertake and pretty enough for the most fastidious of women to enjoy. Taffeta lends itself to the new, wide skirts, the horizontal tucks and other quaint features in the new gowns, borrowed from a period more than a half century behind us. The days of the crinoline are recalled by the utterly feminine and fascinating demureness of this modest gown.

The wide tucks running around the skirt with a fullness of three to four yards in the width, combine to make the flare that is to be achieved in this particular style. The fullness is disposed of at the top partly by cutting and partly by shirring or plaits into which the new spring skirts, cut with the requirements of the plump figure in mind, fit smoothly about the hips and are widened gradually toward the bottom, where they ripple at the hem. Another feature of spring styles is the revival of the suspender dress.

And very appropriately accompanying this comes the prominence given to pockets on skirts for street wear. In these fine tailoring plays a most important part. They are all cut ankle length, and the attention given to snappy footwear is not less than that bestowed upon the skirt. Separate skirts are worn with tailored waists of crepe-de-chine.

In either tailored or afternoon gowns there are short jackets and long coats to choose from. The short waist line hardly admits a rival in popularity, and perhaps this accounts for the lack in number of designs which were expected to feature military ideas.

The short jacket that completes the pretty gown pictured here is covered with braiding in self-color. It is just the touch required to enrich the design. Worn over a lacy bodice and with a flower-trimmed hat the toilette leaves nothing to be desired. It is developed in a medium shade of blue with a grayish cast and the hat and parasol correspond.

Millinery in Diverse Styles



HERE are three hats which stand for three very distinct types in the new millinery for spring. But they have several features in common which mark the incoming styles. They are elaborately made and they are considerably trimmed. There is a reaction away from the severely plain hats with a single and sometimes minute decoration, such as grew tiresome during the past winter.

At the left of the group is a quaint and picturesque bonnet made of black horsehair braid. Narrow black velvet ribbon and clusters of garden roses and forget-me-nots are used for trimming. You cannot imagine anything which completes the costume more harmoniously, when it is one of those wide-skirted, colonial looking affairs that are so prettily developed in taffeta.

At the right is a pretty street turban made of braid in satin straw, and having a soft silk crown. An embroidered band about the coronet is bordered with very narrow velvet ribbon and short streamers fall from a diminutive flat bow at the back. At the front a big silk pompon supports a long slender feather which fronts the weather with amazing audacity.

One of those models which is expected to do duty both for street and other wear is shown at the center of the group. It is made of crepe draped over a light frame. The brim is cleverly managed so that an outline of four points results. Midway between these a little bouquet of roses and small flowers is set in a cluster of leaves. This is one of those rare hats that are suited to older as well as younger matrons.

The use of bright flowers is very welcome after a surfeit of black during the past winter. Even when flowers or fruit do not appear on the spring models, color is supplied in ornaments and needlework. The movement is away from somberness and everyone should encourage the use of lovely color.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Materials for Coats.

The heavy coatings that bid fair to hold a prominent place this spring are, of course, higher in price, but then they are not so expensive after all, for they are very wide, and only a small number of yards is necessary to complete a garment. The rich oriental colors still hold their own in these materials, and for outing wear they are lovely. Even the conservative dresser does not hesitate to don one of these lovely colorful top coats when spending a time at a southern resort or in the country. Dress stuffs are only a trifle less colorful, and at first one might get the impression that white had been excluded in the dress goods plan. This is by no means so, and almost any weave that is found in color is also to be had in plain white. There is this to be said, however, that almost every white gown, unless one is in the country, has a liberal touch of color introduced in the way of trimming.

With quaintness of Bygone Days. A harbinger of the mode is this frock of rose taffeta, which exemplifies the double skirt—or the appearance of it—the peplum bodice and the popular absence of trimming.—Vogue.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

NO CHANCE TO WIN GLORY

Youthful Recruit Found He Was Not Adapted by Nature for a Drummer Boy.

The irreverent man had been aroused by talk of the war to tell an anecdote, and those about him really thought that the gravity of the subject would make him reverent this time. He said:

"At the time of the Spanish-American war I was a boy at school. I was fired with tremendous patriotic zeal. I decided to steal away unbeknownst to my parents and enlist as a drummer boy. You see, I was old enough for that, and I was a robust youngster, so I expected no trouble at all with the military authorities.

"So, instead of going to school one morning, I hurried to a recruiting station and told the officer in charge that I wanted to be a drummer boy.

"Ah, me! Though years have passed, it is still an awful memory."

He sighed. Those listening were much impressed.

"Didn't they take you on as a drummer boy?" they inquired.

"No, he groaned.

"Why?"

"Because—because I had no ear for music!"

Circumstances Alter Cases.
Lawyer—The evidence against you is too strong, too cumulative. You have no chance of acquittal.

Client—But I'm not innocent; I'm guilty.

Lawyer—Ah, that's different. Knowing that, I'll be able to get you free.

When It Broke.
Bill—Did you ever try to stand on an egg?

Jill—Oh, yes.

"And what did you learn?"

"That the inside of the egg was stronger than the outside."

Didn't Like Washing.
Redd—Named your new motor boat yet?

Greene—Yes; I've named it after our young son, because it makes such a fuss when it comes in contact with water.

MAY BE COFFEE
That Causes all the Trouble

When the house is afire, it's about the same as when disease begins to show, it's no time to talk but time to act—delay is dangerous—remove the cause of the trouble at once.

"For a number of years," wrote a Kansas lady, "I felt sure that coffee was hurting me, and yet I was so fond of it, I could not give it up. At last I got so bad that I made up my mind I must either quit the use of coffee or die.

"Everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered severely most of the time with palpitation of the heart. I frequently woke up in the night with the feeling that I was almost gone—my heart seemed so smothered and weak in its action. My breath grew short and the least exertion set me panting. I slept but little and suffered from rheumatism.

"Two years ago I stopped using the coffee and began to use Postum and from the very first I began to improve. It worked a miracle! Now I can eat anything and digest it without trouble. I sleep like a baby, and my heart beats strong and regularly. My breathing has become steady and normal, and my rheumatism has left me.

"I feel like another person, and it is all due to quitting coffee and using Postum, for I haven't used any medicine and none would have done any good as long as I kept drugging with coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.

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

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious, and cost per cup about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1924, by W. J. West & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purdy of the Hollman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Jim Hollman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Purdy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to a jeering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purdy. At Wile McCager's dance Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her dilettante lover, to do a man's work in the world. Prompted by her love, Sally teaches herself to write. Horton throws himself into the business world and becomes well hated by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farbish, sporty social parasite and Horton's enemy.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Adrienne Lescott nodded. Her eyes were sweetly sympathetic.

"It's the hardship of the conditions," she said, softly. "Those conditions will change."

A man had come out onto the veranda from the inside, and was approaching the table. He was immaculately groomed, and came forward with the deference of approaching a throne, yet as one accustomed to approaching thrones. His smile was that of pleased surprise.

The mountaineer recognized Farbish, and, with a quick hardening of the face, he recalled their last meeting. If Farbish should presume to renew the acquaintanceship under these circumstances, Samson meant to rise from his chair, and strike him in the face. George Lescott's sister could not be subjected to such meetings. Yet, it was a tribute to his advancement in good manners that he dreaded making a scene in her presence, and, as a warning, he met Farbish's pleasant smile with a look of blank and studied lack of recognition. The circumstances out of which Farbish might weave unpleasant gossip did not occur to Samson. That they were together late in the evening, unchaperoned, at a road house whose reputation was socially dubious, was a thing he did not realize. But Farbish was keenly alive to the possibilities of the situation. He chose to construe the Kentuckian's blank expression as annoyance at being discovered, a sentiment he could readily understand. Adrienne Lescott, following her companion's eyes, looked up, and to the boy's astonishment nodded to the newcomer, and called him by name.

"Mr. Farbish," she laughed, with mock confusion and total innocence of the fact that her words might have meaning, "don't tell on us."

"I never tell things, my dear lady," said the newcomer. "I have dwelt too long in conservatories to toss pebbles. I'm afraid, Mr. South, you have forgotten me. I'm Farbish, and I had the pleasure of meeting you"—he paused a moment, then with a pointed glance added—"at the Manhattan club, was it not?"

"It was not," said Samson, promptly. Farbish looked his surprise, but was resolved to see no offense, and, after a few moments of affable and, it must be acknowledged, witty conversation, withdrew to his own table.

"Where did you meet that man?" demanded Samson, fiercely, when he and the girl were alone again.

"Oh, at any number of dinners and dances. His sort is tolerated for some reason." She paused, then, looking very directly at the Kentuckian, inquired, "And where did you meet him?"

"Didn't you hear him say the Manhattan club?"

"Yes, and I knew that he was lying."

"Yes, he was!" Samson spoke, contemptuously. "Never mind where it was. It was a place I got out of when I found out who were there."

The chauffeur came to announce that the car was ready, and they went out. Farbish watched them with a smile that had in it a trace of the sardonic.

The career of Farbish had been an interesting one in its own peculiar and undiminished fashion. With no advantages of upbringing, he had nevertheless so cultivated the niceties of social usage that his one flaw was a too great perfection. He was letter-perfect where one to the manor born might have slurred some detail.

He was witty, handsome in his saturnine way, and had powerful friends in the world of fashion and finance. That he rendered services to his plutocratic patrons, other than the reparative of his dinner talk, was a thing vaguely hinted in club gossip, and that these services were not to his credit had more than once been conjectured.

When Horton had begun his crusade against various abuses, he had cast a suspicious eye on all matters through which he could trace the trail of William Farbish, and now, when Farbish saw Horton, he eyed him with an enigmatic expression, half-quizzical and half-malevolent.

After Adrienne and Samson had disappeared, he rejoined his companion, a stout, middle-aged gentleman of florid complexion, whose cheviot cut-away and reposed waistcoat covered a liberal embonpoint. Farbish took his cigar from his lips, and studied its ascending smoke through lids half-closed and thoughtful.

"Singular," he mused; "very singular!"

"What's singular?" impatiently demanded his companion. "Finish, or don't start."

"That mountaineer came up here as George Lescott's protégé," went on Farbish, reflectively. "He came fresh from the feud belt, and landed promptly in the police court. Now, in less than a year, he's pairing off with Adrienne Lescott—who, every one supposed, meant to marry Wilfred Horton. This little party tonight is, to put it quite mildly, a bit unconventional."

The stout gentleman said nothing, and the other questioned, musingly: "By the way, Bradburn, has the Kenmore Shooting club requested Wilfred Horton's resignation yet?"

"Not yet. We are going to. He's not congenial, since his hand is raised against every man who owns more than two dollars." The speaker owned several million times that sum. This meeting at an out-of-the-way place had been arranged for the purpose of discussing ways and means of curbing Wilfred's crusades.

"Well, don't do it."

"Why the devil shouldn't we? We don't want anarchists in the Kenmore."

After awhile, they sat silent, Farbish smiling over the plot he had just devised, and the other man puffing with a puzzled expression at his cigar.

"That's all there is to it," summarized Mr. Farbish, succinctly. "If we can get these two men, South and Horton, together down there at the shooting lodge, under the proper conditions, they'll do the rest themselves. I think I'll take care of South. Now, it's up to you to have Horton there at the same time."

"How do you know these men have not already met—and amicably?" demanded Mr. Bradburn.

"I happen to know it, quite by chance. It is my business to know things—quite by chance!"

Indian summer came again to Misery, flaunting woodland banners of crimson and scarlet orange, but to Sally the season brought only heart-sick remembrances of last autumn, when Samson had softened his stoicism as the haze had softened the horizon. He had sent her a few brief letters—not written, but plainly printed. He selected short words—as much like the primer as possible, for no other messages could she read. There were times in plenty when he wished to pour out to her torrents of feeling, and it was such feeling as would have carried comfort to her lonely little heart. He wished to tell frankly of what a good friend he had made, and how this friendship made him more able to realize that other feeling—his love for Sally. There was in his mind no suspicion—as yet—that these two girls might ever stand in conflict as to the right-of-way. But the letters he wished to write were not the sort he cared to have read to the girl by the evangelist-doctor or the district-school teacher, and alone she could have made nothing of them. However, "I love you" are easy words—and those he always included.

The widow Miller had been ailing for months, and, though the local physician diagnosed the condition as being "right palsy," he knew that the specter of tuberculosis which stalks through these badly lighted and ventilated houses, was stretching out its fingers to touch her shrunken chest. This had meant that Sally had to forego the evening hours to study, because of the weariness that followed the day of nursing and household drudgery. Autumn seemed to bring to her mother a slight improvement, and Sally could again sometimes steal away with her slate and book, to sit alone on the big bowlder, and study.

She would not be able to write that Christmas letter. There had been too many interruptions in the self-imposed education, but some day she would write. There would probably be time enough. It would take even Samson a long while to become an artist.

One day, as she was walking homeward from her lonely trying place, she met the battered-looking man who carried medicines in his saddlebags and the Scriptures in his pocket, and who practiced both forms of healing through the hills. The old man drew down his nag, and threw one leg over the pommel.

"Evenin', Sally," he greeted.

"Evenin', Brother Spencer. How air ye?"

"T'able, thank ye, Sally." The body-and-soul mender studied the girl awhile in silence, and then said bluntly: "The queen can do no wrong. But even the queen, perhaps more particularly the queen, must give thought to what people are saying."

"What are people saying?"

"The usual unjust things that are said about women in society. You are being constantly seen with an uncouth freak who is scarcely a gentleman, however much he may be a man. And malicious tongues are wagging."

The girl stiffened.

"I won't spar with you, I know that

cer?" demanded the girl, in genuine anxiety. Every one along Misery called the old man Uncle Spicer.

"I can't jest make out." Her informer spoke slowly, and his brow corrugated into something like sultriness. "He ain't jest to say sick. That is, his organs seems all right, but he don't 'pear to have no heart fer nothin', and his victuals don't tempt him none. He's jest puny, that's all."

"I'll go over thar, an' see him," announced the girl. "I'll cook a chicken they'll tempt him."

The girl spent much time after that at the house of old Spicer South, and her coming seemed to waken him into a fitful return of spirits.

"I reckon, Uncle Spicer," suggested the girl, on one of her first visits, "I'd better send fer Samson. Mabey hit mout do ye good ter see him."

The old man was weakly leaning back on his chair, and his eyes were vacantly listless; but, at the suggestion, he straightened, and the ancient fire came again to his face.

"Don't ye do hit," he exclaimed, almost fiercely. "I knows ye mean hit kindly, Sally, but don't ye muddle in my business."

"I-I didn't 'low ter meddle," faltered the girl.

"No, little gal." His voice softened at once into gentleness. "I knows ye didn't. I didn't mean ter be short-answered with ye either, but thar's jest one thing I won't 'low nobody ter do—an' that's ter send fer Samson. He knows the road home, an', when he wants ter come, he'll find the door open, but we hain't a-goin' ter send after him."

Wilfred Horton found himself that fall in the position of a man whose course lies through rapids, and for the first time in his life his pleasures were giving precedence to business.

Horton was the most-hated and most-admired man in New York, but the men who hated and snubbed him were his own sort, and the men who admired him were those whom he would never meet, and who knew him only through the columns of penny papers. Powerful enemies had ceased to laugh, and begun to conspire. He must be silenced! How, was a mooted question. But, in some fashion, he must cast him out, but society had shown him in many subtle ways that he was no longer her favorite. He had taken a plebeian stand with the masses. Meanwhile, from various sources, Horton had received warnings of actual personal danger. But at these he had laughed, and no hint of them had reached Adrienne's ears.

One evening, when business had forced the postponement of a dinner engagement with Miss Lescott, he begged her over the telephone to ride with him the following morning.

"I know you are usually asleep when I'm out and galloping," he laughed, "but you pitched me neck and crop into this hurly-burly, and I shouldn't have to lose everything. Don't have your horse brought. I want you to try out a new one of mine."

"I think," she answered, "that early morning is the best time to ride. I'll meet you at seven at the Plaza entrance."

They had turned the upper end of the reservoir before Horton drew his mount to a walk, and allowed the reins to hang. They had been galloping hard, and conversation had been impracticable.

"I suppose experience should have taught me," began Horton, slowly, "that the most asinine thing in the world is to try to lecture you, Drennie. But there are times when one must even risk your delight at one's discomfiture."

"I'm not going to tease you this morning," she answered, docilely. "I like the horse too well—and, to be frank, I like you too well!"

"Thank you," smiled Horton. "As usual, you disarm me on the verge



"Don't You Do Hit."

of combat. I had nerved myself for ridicule."

"What have I done now?" inquired the girl, with an innocence which further disarmed him.

"The queen can do no wrong. But even the queen, perhaps more particularly the queen, must give thought to what people are saying."

"What are people saying?"

"The usual unjust things that are said about women in society. You are being constantly seen with an uncouth freak who is scarcely a gentleman, however much he may be a man. And malicious tongues are wagging."

The girl stiffened.

"I won't spar with you, I know that

you are alluding to Samson South, though the description is a slander. I never thought it would be necessary to say such a thing to you, Wilfred, but you are talking like a cad."

The young man, flushed.

"I laid myself open to that," he said, slowly, "and I suppose I should have expected it. God knows I hate cads and snobs. Mr. South is simply, as you say, uncivilized. Otherwise, he would hardly take you, unchaperoned, to—well, let us say to ultra-bohemian resorts, where you are seen by such gossip-mongers as William Farbish."

"So, that's the specific charge, is it?"

"Yes, that's the specific charge. Mr. South may be a man of unusual talent and strength. But—he has done what no other man has done—with you. He has caused club gossip, which may easily be twisted and misconstrued."

"Do you fancy that Samson Smith could have taken me to the Wigwam road-house if I had not cared to go with him?"

The man shook his head.

"Certainly not! But the fact that you did care to go with him indicates an influence over you which is new. You have not sought the bohemian and unconventional phases of life with your other friends. There is no price under heaven I would not pay for your regard. None the less, I repeat that, at the present moment, I can see only two definitions for this mountaineer. Either he is a bounder, or else he is so densely ignorant and churlish that he is unfit to associate with you."

"I make no apologies for Mr. South," she said, "because none are needed. He is a stranger in New York, who knows nothing, and cares nothing about the conventionalities. If I chose to waive them, I think it was my right and my responsibility."

Horton said nothing, and, in a moment Adrienne Lescott's manner changed. She spoke more gently:

"Wilfred, I'm sorry you choose to take this prejudice against the boy. You could have done a great deal to help him. I wanted you to be friends."

"Thank you!" His manner was stiff. "I hardly think we'd hit it off together."

"I believe you are jealous!" she announced.

"Of course, I'm jealous," he replied, without evasion. "Possibly, I might have saved time in the first place by avowing my jealousy. I hasten now to make amends. I'm green-eyed."

She laid her gloved fingers lightly on his bride hand.

"Don't be," she advised; "I'm not in love with him. If I were, it wouldn't matter. He has

"A neater, sweeter maiden,

"In a greener, cleaner land,"

He's told me all about her."

Horton shook his head, dubiously.

"I wish to the good Lord, he'd go back to her," he said.

CHAPTER XI.

One afternoon, swinging along Fifth avenue in his down-town walk, Samson met Mr. Farbish, who fell into step with him, and began to make conversation.

"By the way, South," he suggested after the commonplaces had been disposed of, "you'll pardon my little prevarication the other evening about having met you at the Manhattan club?"

"Why was it necessary?" inquired Samson, with a glance of disquieting directness.

"Possibly, it was not necessary, merely politia. Of course," he laughed, "every man knows two kinds of women. It's just as well not to discuss the nectarines with the orchids, or the orchids with the nectarines."

Samson made no response. But Farbish, meeting his eyes, felt as though he had been contemptuously rebuffed. His own eyes clouded with an impulse of resentment. But it passed, as he remembered that his plans involved the necessity of winning this boy's confidence.

At the steps of a Fifth avenue club, Farbish halted.

"Won't you turn in here," he suggested, "and assuage your thirst?"

Samson declined, and walked on. But when a day or two later, he dropped into the same club with George Lescott, Farbish joined them in the grill—without invitation.

"By the way, Lescott," said the interloper, with an easy assurance upon which the coolness of his reception had no seeming effect, "it won't be long now until ducks are flying south. Will you get off for your customary shooting?"

"I'm afraid not," Lescott's voice became more cordial, as a man's will, whose hobby has been touched. "There are several canvases to be finished for approaching exhibitions. I wish I could go. When the first cold winds begin to sweep down, I get the fever. The prospects are good, too, I understand."

"The best in years! Protection in the Canadian breeding fields is bearing fruit. Do you shoot ducks, Mr. South?" The speaker included Samson as though merely out of deference to his physical presence.

Samson shook his head. But he was listening eagerly. He too, knew that note of the migratory "honk" from high overhead.

"Samson," said Lescott slowly, as he caught the gleam in his friend's eyes, "you've been working too hard. You'll have to take a week off, and try your hand. After you've changed your method from rifle to shotgun, you'll bag your share, and you'll come back fitter for work. I must arrange it."

"As to that," suggested Farbish, in the manner of one regarding the civilities, "Mr. South can run down

to the Kenmore. I'll have a card made out for him."

"Don't trouble," demurred Lescott, coolly. "I can fix that up."

"It would be a pleasure," smiled the other. "I sincerely wish I could be there at the same time, but I'm afraid that, like you, Lescott, I shall have to give business the right of way. However, when I hear that the flights are beginning, I'll call Mr. South up, and pass the news to him."

Samson had thought it rather singular that he had never met Horton at the Lescott house, though Adrienne spoke of him almost as of a member of the family. However, Samson's visits were usually in his intervals between relays of work and Horton was probably at such times in Wall street. It did not occur to the mountaineer that the other was intentionally avoiding him. He knew of Wilfred only through Adrienne's eulogistic descriptions, and, from hearsay, liked him.

The months of close application to easel and books had begun to tell on the outdoor man in a softening of muscles and a slight, though noticeable, pallor. The enthusiasm with which he attacked his daily schedule carried him far, and made his progress phenomenal, but he was spending capital of nerve and health, and George Lescott began to fear a breakdown for his protégé. He discussed the



"I Will Arrange So That You Will Not Run Up on Wilfred Horton."

matter with Adrienne, and the girl began to promote in the boy an interest in the duck-shooting trip—an interest which had already awakened, despite the rifleman's inherent contempt for shotguns.

"I reckon I'd like it, all right," he said, "and I'll bring back some ducks, if I'm lucky."

So, Lescott arranged the outfit, and Samson awaited the news of the coming flights.

That same evening, Farbish dropped into the studio, explaining that he had been buying a picture at Collaaso's, and had taken the opportunity to stop by and hand Samson a visitor's card to the Kenmore club. He found the ground of interest fallow, and artfully sowed it with well-chosen anecdotes calculated to stimulate enthusiasm.

On leaving the studio, he paused to say:

"I'll let you know when conditions are just right." Then, he added, as though in afterthought: "And I'll arrange so that you won't run up on Wilfred Horton."

"What's the matter with Wilfred Horton?" demanded Samson, a shade curtly.

"Nothing at all," replied Farbish, with entire gravity. "Personally, I like Horton immensely. I simply thought you might find things more congenial when he wasn't among those present."

Samson was puzzled, but he did not fancy hearing from this man's lips criticisms upon friends of his friends.

"Well, I reckon," he said, coolly, "I'd like him, too."

"I beg your pardon," said the other. "I suppose you knew, or I shouldn't have mentioned the subject. I seem to have said too much."

"See here, Mr. Farbish," Samson spoke quietly, but imperatively; "if you know any reason why I shouldn't meet Mr. Wilfred Horton, I want you to tell me what it is. He is a friend of my friends. You say you've said too much. I reckon you've either said too much, or too little."

Then, very insidiously and artfully, seeming all the while reluctant and apologetic, the visitor proceeded to plant in Samson's mind an exaggerated and untrue picture of Horton's contempt for him and of Horton's resentment at the favor shown him by the Lescotts.

Samson heard him out with a face enigmatically set, and his voice was soft, as he said simply at the end:

"I'm obliged to you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Swiss Want New National Hymn. Switzerland is seeking a new national hymn in place of "Rufst du, Mein Vaterland," which is sung to the tune of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and "God Save the King." It is said that there is some intention of adopting a patriotic song, beginning "Hell dir, Mein Schweizerland," but whether this is to be sung to the same tune or a new one is to be evolved for it is not yet known.

Too Long to Be Entirely Valid. Oliver Knox read some published letters in a breach-of-promise suit, and laughed. "This idiot wrote to the girl that he would love her always," he commented. "Now I contend that 'always' is the longest word in the dictionary, and no wise man ever uses it." "No," retorted his discerning wife, "and no wise woman would believe him if he did."



Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All are light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For pure Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at any price. Ask your grocer.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
Felix's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912

Only Fair. "I understand you to say," asked the judge, "that his remarks were acrimonious?"

No, Judge, your honor, I didn't say that. I said he swore at me. I ain't a-goin' to claim that he done what he didn't do.—St. James Gazette

Mother's Solicitude. "What would you do should die?" Tell me.

Please don't suggest such a thing," said his wife. "I can't bear the thought of a stepfather for our little boy.—The Club-Fellow.

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

Some men reach the top through their own shrewdness and some through the stupidity of others.

You won't like heavy tobaccos after you once try the plenty mild but fully satisfying taste of FATIMA Cigarettes. They outsell other 15c cigarettes by millions!

"Distinctively Individual!"
Luzette's Agency
Tobacco Co.

20 for 15c



JUST OPENED

A New Fresh Stock of Groceries in the Bond W. Johnson building recently vacated by Bain & McCarroll. Our purpose is to carry a complete Up-to-the-Minute Stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries

We will appreciate a share of your business, and promise you Fair and Courteous Treatment at all times. We will pay the top prices for Country Produce, and will save you money on your grocery bills.

Our Motto: "Quality Up and the Price Down"

Lively Grocery Company

T. C. LIVEN, Mgr

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.

Tuesday, April 6, is city election day in Hedley. The ticket will be announced next week.

It is not too late to plant trees. A number of trees are yet needed in the park. Let's not delay this matter.

It is now time of the year to clean up the town. Don't wait until forced to do so by the city government. It should be done as a matter of pride, duty and necessity, instead of "have to."

There is strong talk of organizing a Truck Growers Association in this community, and the question will no doubt come up before the Commercial Club at early date. Join the Club and attend all its meetings.

Read how Hedley grows, in the Informer.

The Informer would like to see all the churches take up the tree planting proposition, as did the Baptist people. Beautify the church yards and make them places where people will like to go.

Next Tuesday night at the Commercial Club meeting several things of importance will be brought up and it is to be hoped that every citizen who has any regard for the town's welfare will be present, unless unavoidably kept away.

The Commercial Club is a live factor in the upbuilding of Hedley and trade territory. It is not an institution for benefit of the business interests of Hedley, but is far reaching in its plans. Every farmer in the entire community should become a member. Their interests are looked after as much as any other.

The tabernacle is to be enclosed, if the plans of the Commercial Club are carried out. A committee is out soliciting donations for the purpose, and as it is a worthy cause, we believe our people will respond liberally. There is now no auditorium in Hedley large enough to accommodate the crowds, and by enclosing the tabernacle, it will serve for all purposes. Revival meetings, school entertainments, plays, picnics and all public gatherings. The high school pupils propose to supply the stage and dressing rooms. Let the work proceed.

Cicero Smith Lumber Company

... LUMBER AND COAL ...

Get Our Prices.--Buy Now

REMEMBER

The best kind of glory is that which is reflected from honesty.—Cowley

Gentleness and kindness will make our homes a paradise upon earth.—Bartol.

WORDS OF THE WISE MEN

The wronged side is always the safer.—Dr. Sibbes.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more.—Goethe.

Good is positive. All evil is so much death or nonentity.—Emerson.

If fun is good, truth is still better, and love best of all.—Thackeray.

What orators want in depth, they give you in length.—Montesquieu.

Beauty, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait.—Talleyrand.

Precepts are like seeds; they are little things which do much good.—Seneca.

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love.—Dierckx.

ADVERTISING

The man who does not advertise simply because his grandfather did not should wear knee breeches and a wig, says an exchange.

The man who does not advertise because it costs money should quit paying salaries for the same reason.

The man who does not advertise because he doesn't know how to write an advertisement should quit eating because he can't cook.

The man who does not advertise because somebody said it did not pay should not believe the world is round because the ancients said it was flat.

It was generally thought that there was no poultry left in the county last fall after the army of cotton pickers had picked out the cotton and left Hall county, but that was an error. M. J. Cummings & Sons loaded out a car of poultry, this being the third or fourth car this winter, and eggs are coming in by the case every day. With just a little attention in the early season poultry can be made a source of much revenue. In addition to the above other parties have shipped out near 5,000 pounds, making the total of something like 17,000 pounds in the last three days.—Democrat.

Subscribe for the Informer.

SACRIFICE THAT WAS FUTILE

New Yorker Recalls Incident of His Boyhood That May Well Be Called a Tragedy.

"I heard a cynic talking on the futility of self-sacrifice the other night," said a New York lawyer, according to the Christian Register World.

"I did not agree with his conclusions, but his theme recalled an incident in my youth that was certainly a case in point on his side.

"When I was a youngster the dog-faced boy was in his prime. We lived in the county seat of a county up-state. My only sister—always my great pet—and I were intensely excited when we heard that she had with the canine countenance was to come to our town.

"We had saved up all our pennies, and when the boy arrived we had 25 cents. We figured the admission would be 10 cents and we would have a nickel over for candy—for what a seeing a dog-faced boy without candy to chew while staring.

"Well, the boy arrived, and we went to the tent where he was being displayed. To our horror the admission was 25 cents. We puzzled long, but the tragic conclusion was always the same—only one of us could go in. I drew forth the 25 cents and in a voice husky with emotion I said: 'Here, Dot, you go in. I don't mind, and you can tell me all about him when you come out.'

"My sister protested, but finally went. In five minutes she was back. I was all eagerness to hear every detail of the famed face.

"How was he—how was he, Dot? What did he look like? Is he a really, truly dog? Tell me quick."

"Dot gazed at me and her lip quivered. 'Oh, Jack,' she said, 'When I got in I was so scared I could not look at him.'

FROM THE PENCIL'S POINT

It takes a good woman to admire a man who isn't.

It's human nature to want other people to be liberal.

The man who isn't true to himself isn't true to anybody.

An observing woman is a whole public opinion in one package.

If a man's conscience never troubles him he has it pretty well trained.

FOURTEEN ERRORS OF LIFE

Not to yield in unimportant trifles.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

Not to make allowances for the weakness of others.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

To live as if the moment, the hour, the day were so important that it would live forever.

To attempt to set up our own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

In this manner Judge Rantoul, the noted English jurist, enumerates 14 common errors of life.

WOMAN AND HER WAYS

Otherwise there would be but very few second wives.

The only man who ever understands her is the one who knows that he does not understand her, and has enough sense to let it go at that.

She will face the grim specter of death without a tremor, but swoon at the sight of a mouse. She is the dearest thing in all the world and the most aggravating.

Most of his trouble is caused by her, but so cleverly does she pile the load on him that whenever his burden of trouble is lifted he wanders about uneasily hunting for more.

She soothes his tired nerves with the music of her gentle voice, but she always has the last word in any discussion with him, and about 97 per cent of the preceding conversation.

She scorns all advice in the choice of a husband, but she takes two friends with her to help her select a hat. The less actual comfort there is to be had from a thing the more enjoyment she gets out of its possession.

GLEAMS AND FLASHES

The dead sure thing is often more dead than sure.

All men have equal rights, but lots of them are left.

The only time a hypocrite isn't busy is when the devil has nothing for him to do.

We should all do something to make other people happy, even if it is only to let them alone.

The trouble with the self-made man is that he so often forgets to put on the finishing touches.

It's a woman's privilege to change her mind, but the trouble is she gets such small change for it.

Any man can be thankful for what he has. It requires a peculiar frame of mind to be thankful for what we haven't.

The Domestic Machine.

Mr. Meek was laboriously hooking up the back of his wife's evening dress just as the clock was striking their dinner hour and their dinner guests were ringing the door bell. Mr. Meek breathed hard; his forehead was damp and his hands shook.

"I do wish to some one would invent a machine to do this kind of work!" he muttered, miserably.

"Why, they have!" replied his wife, brightly, as she applied some powder nonchalantly to her nose. "They have and you are still"—Youth's Companion.

TERRELL NURSERY COMPANY

TERRELL, TEXAS

We are located in Hedley on Main Street with a full line of all kinds of Nursery Stock for sale.

PEACH TREES--2 years old, 4 to 6 feet high; in small numbers at 10c each; \$1.00 per dozen. If taken in lots of 50, at 6c each; \$5.00 per 100.

APPLES--2 years old, 10c each.

PLUMS, PEARS & APRICOTS--15c to 20c each.

GRAPE-VINES--2 years old, Munson varieties; at 10c each, or \$1.00 per dozen.

ROSE BUSHES--2 years old, bloomed one year in the Nursery, Ever-bloomers, all shades of color, 20c each, or \$2.00 per dozen.

We have a full line of all kinds of Trees and will mix them to suit customer.

We have 10,000 trees that we must sell in a short time.

We will be here only a few days; if you want anything come now.

J. L. MARTIN

City Directory

Every 2nd and 4th Monday nights
J. M. Bozeman, 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

FIRE INSURANCE

FOR THIS WORLD ONLY

J. C. WELLS Agent

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

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

MISSIONARY BAPTIST

C. W. Horschler, Pastor. Telephone No. 30 S. L. S. 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.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. G. C. Meadows, Supt. Senior B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m. Junior B. Y. P. U. at 5:00 p. m. Regular weekly prayer meetings Thursday night. All night services begin at 7:30 p. m.

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

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. C. Kilbough. Clerk, J. J. Alexander. Sheriff, G. R. Doshier. Treasurer, E. Dubbs. Assessor, B. F. Naylor. County Attorney, W. T. Link.

Justice of the Peace Precinct 3. 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.

BEN



I have the Jack formerly owned by Sam Smith. He is a good black Jack, 5 yrs old and is in good condition.

He will make the season at my place 3 miles northeast of Hedley.

\$10 to insure living colt; \$8 to insure foal.

A. W. WORSHAM

THE NEW GROCERY

HAVING this week opened a clean new stock of Groceries in Hedley, and having bought the same at a very low price, we ask that you make us a call and see what we have to offer, believing that we can save you money on your bill of groceries. We invite you to call whether you buy anything or not, for we want to get acquainted with you and want you to know that the goods we sell are first-class, fresh and dependable in every particular. We expect to do a legitimate business and treat every customer courteously and fairly, and will let the goods and prices talk for themselves. All we ask is that you investigate our goods and prices and give us a trial.

BRING YOUR BUTTER, CHICKENS & EGGS.

WILL APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS.

YOURS FOR A SQUARE DEAL,

PHONE NO. 21

CHAS. BOLES

THE PURE FOOD GROCER

WEST MAIN STREET

NOTICE W. O. W. MEMBERS

Sovereigns: You MUST pay your dues not later than the first of each month or you will be suspended according to our laws.

Yours Fraternally,
L. A. Stroud, Clerk.
J. M. Boxeman, C. C.
Hedley Camp, No. 318.

CRUDE, BUT DOES THE WORK

Primitive System of "Wireless Telegraphy" in Use Among Tribes of Amazon Region

In the Juarara region of the Amazon the natives use a crude system of wireless telegraphy, which it is claimed, has been in operation for thousands of years. The transmitter found by an explorer was a hollowed trunk of a tree suspended from a horizontal pole stretched between two stumps. Inside the transmitter had been arranged much like a violin, and it was explained that when the instrument was struck smartly with a small rubber hammer a vibration was created that carried for miles over the hills. The receiver is very similar to the transmitter, except that it is placed on a hardwood platform, the base of the hollowed tree trunk being founded on the platform. When the message is struck in the neighboring village, sometimes thirty miles away, this receiver catches the vibrations, causing a jerky, singing sound. The sound system, it is said, can be read by the members of the tribe, and in this way news of victories and other happenings are told throughout the countryside.

Impromptu Solo.

Pierre Garat, the singer and disciple of Napoleon France, was not merely a glass of fashion and a wonderful, self-instructed singer, but an artist devoted to his art. But in the following, asks Mr. Bernard Moreau in his biography, an example of simplicity in art, or of love of attracting attention?

Coupligny had supplied him with a "romance" to be set to music whenever the two met. Garat replied: "I have not hit upon an idea as yet." One day Coupligny was walking down the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. Hearing a sound of some one running behind him, he turned; it was Garat, who seized him by the arm, dragged him up the stairs of a neighboring house, and, halting on the first landing, exclaimed, "I've got it!" At once he began to sing the romance through the top of his voice. The inhabitants of the house began to open their doors; heads were projected over the eaves; finally they began to applaud; but Garat, having finished, tore down the stairs like a monkey, dragging the bewildered poet with him.—Youth Companion.

Only Worse.

A Philadelphia school teacher lately been instructing her pupils in Grecian mythology. It is the plan to have the children read the tales aloud and the next day recount them in their own language. One lad, to whom was given the assignment to render in his own language the story of the Gorgons, did so in these terms:

"The Gorgons were three sisters that lived in the Islands of Hesperide somewhere in the Indian ocean. They had long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth and claws for nails, and they looked like women, only more horrible." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Some New Ones.

In a recent school examination the following answers were given to questions asked:

How fast does the heart beat? Sixty times a minute.

What is the pulse? The pulse is some little muscle that bumps up and down.

What use is the pulse to physicians? The doctor feels it to see if he is better next time.

Name two breeds of dairy cattle and tell which is best milk producer. Answer: Bull and cow; the cow is best milk producer.

Name three countries in the Balkan peninsula and tell why they are of interest at present. Answer: Nicaragua, Yucatan and Turkey, and are of interest because they are trying to drive the turkeys out of Europe.

Never Got Through Beresford Book. During the Boxer rebellion in China one of the missionaries was reading Lord Charles Beresford's book on "The Break-up of China" while the bullets of the Boxers were raining round.

He had not gone very far into the volume when the pages wooed him to sleep. The book lay beside him on the pillow. Biff-ff! came a Mannlicher bullet through the window, in a bee line for the man's head, but Lord Charles' book lay in the bee line. The bullet stuck in the book, but failed to penetrate it.

The missionary jumped up, gave thanks for his escape, packed up the book ready for the first parcel post, and addressed to Lord Charles Beresford with a polite note. He said: "My Lord—I think it only right to send you this copy of your excellent book as neither myself nor the Boxers' bullets can get through it."

AVERSIONS HARD TO EXPLAIN

Well-Authenticated Cases of Remarkable Dislikes Among Men and Women Otherwise Normal.

A case is related of a monk who would faint on seeing a rose and who never quitted his cell at the monastery while that flower was blooming. Another authority tells us of how da Vinci, the great painter, would swoon upon going suddenly into a room where roses were blooming, even though he did not see them. Valtold tells us of an army officer who was frequently thrown into violent convulsions by coming in contact with the little flower known as the pink. The same authority also tells of the case of a lady, forty-six years of age, hale and hearty, who, if present when linseed was being boiled for any purpose, would be seized with violent fits of coughing, swelling of the face, and partial loss of reason for the ensuing 24 hours.

Writing of these peculiar antipathies and aversions, Montague remarks that he has known men of undoubted courage who would much rather face a shower of cannon balls than look at an apple! In Zimmerman's writings there is an account of a lady who could not bear to touch either silk or satin, and would almost faint if by accident she should happen to touch the velvety skin of a peach. Boyle records the case of a man who would faint upon hearing the "swish" of a broom across the floor, and of another with a natural abhorrence of honey. Hippocrates of old tells of one Nicanor who would always swoon at hearing the sound of a flute.

Hedley is the town, and King is my name; no matter if it's just down, or whiskers, we shave 'em just the same. J. B. King.

HER LESSON IN PROPORTION

Small Hearts, Too, She Found, Are to Be Found in Very Large Mansions.

There was a girl who was quite sure that when it came her turn to marry she could not live in a house any smaller than her father's "Love in a cottage" was not her idea. Cupid, she thought, needed plenty of room to flap his wings and to practice his archery; he could not pine in a bird cage. So she must have an immense library with a fireplace that would take a six-foot log; there must be a drawing-room with parquet flooring and thick rugs sliding about on it; the dining-room must be able to hold a large table with an imposing bowl of flowers. She visualized herself ruling a salon, hostess to a brilliant coterie of people who would help her social ambition and her husband's business.

A school friend of hers came to see her a year and a half after she had married and found her in a little frame house on a side street, ridiculously happy with her husband and her baby. The back yard was just about big enough to hold a whirling clothes frame and a narrow flower bed against the fence; the piazza was as snug as a sailor's hammock; the largest room was about the size of the vestibule of the bride's girlhood home.

"I know what you're thinking," laughed the proud little housekeeper to her guest. "You're wondering how I could make up my mind to live in this tiny piano box. But I've made a discovery I've found that it isn't the size of the house that matters; it's the size of the heart, and the biggest hearts can live in the littlest houses." — Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS

Galveston and Dallas, Tex.
The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains monthly, National and foreign news that any similar publication, the latest market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the woman and the children.

THE FARMERS' FORUM
Special agricultural feature of the magazine consists chiefly of contributions by subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and experiences of its readers concerning various phases of the farm, home and other subjects.

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

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

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c, payable invariably in advance. Remit by postal or express money order, bank check or registered letter.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.
A. H. BEILD & CO., Pubs., Galveston or Dallas, Tex.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS AND THE

HEDLEY INFORMER
ONE YEAR FOR \$1.75



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

JC WOOLDRIDGE



TOM

TOM is a Mammoth Jack, 16 hands high, known as the Dobson Jack of Windy Valley; will make the season at the O K Wagon Yard in connection with the same breeding stock that was here last year.
For particulars see

L. L. Cornelius
Owner at O. K. Wagon Yard

One of the Best All-Purpose Horses in the Panhandle

DON

DON is a 4-year-old Stallion by a German Imported Coach Horse, and out of a Saddle and Harness bred mare. He is 16-1-2 hds high.

He will make the season in Hedley at the O K Wagon Yard, 4 days in the week, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, beginning first week in April.

TERMS: \$10 to insure living colt. Money due when colt is foaled, or when mare is sold, traded or moved. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but we will not be responsible if any occur.

W. E. HAMMOCK, Owner

L. L. CORNELIUS

The only way to get the genuine New Home Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time.

No other like it No other as good

The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.

Reliable Dealer wanted in this Territory

Mealtime

Should always find you waiting with a hearty appetite— And your condition should enable you to enjoy your food. A "don't care" or a "no thank you" disposition indicates— A lazy liver, clogged bowels impaired digestion.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Will tone and sweeten the stomach and bowels— Regulate the appetite, assist the digestion— Help Nature in every way towards improving your general health. Try a bottle today, but be sure you get Hostetter's.

Welfare Work.
"Have you any parts of an automobile that you don't want?"
"I have an old tire. What's the idea?"
"You know how our grandmothers used to make crazy quilts for the needy?"
"Yes."
"On the same principle I am trying to assemble an automobile for a poor woman who has none."

IF BACK HURTS CLEAN KIDNEYS WITH SALT

Drink Lots of Water and Stop Eating Meat for a While if the Bladder Bothers You.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to go up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.—Adv.

Wanted More Help.
"To guide a key to a keyhole in the dark there has been patented a V-shaped strip of metal to be fastened to a door with the point surrounding the hole," said the studious man.

"That's all right so far as it goes," replied the convivial one; "but who's to be on hand to find the key for you?"

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't Look Old! Try Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Gray, Faded, Lifeless Hair.

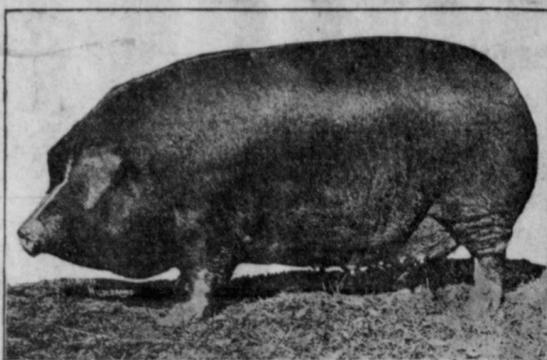
Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair. A well-known druggist says every body uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant. Adv.

Between Seasons.
"I enjoy this time of year."
"Why so?"
"The family fuss about Christmas expenditures is over and it's too early to begin to quarrel about next summer's vacation."—Kansas City Journal.

Explained.
"Dad, what is meant by the embarrassment of riches?"
"Poor relations, son."

Very Costly.
She—What's most liable to get broken in your motor car?
He—Myself.

SWINE PROFITABLE ON SOUTHERN FARMS



A Champion Poland China Sow From Missouri.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The farmer who is chiefly concerned with making a living for his family will find it cheaper to grow a large portion of his own meat than to buy it all from the store with the cash proceeds of some money crop. Hogs may be raised profitably on practically every southern farm, and if properly managed, should supply money as well food. Early settlers in the corn belt gave the name of "mortgage lifters" to their hogs; they can raise a mortgage in the South as well as in the corn belt.

Four things are necessary if the southern farmer wishes to get a start:
1. A place to raise and fatten pigs.
2. A pig worth raising and fattening.
3. Feed on which to raise and fatten them.
4. The necessary funds.

Let us consider these points in reverse order.
1. This article is written for the man whose principal concern is to supply food for his family. For such a man one or two sows will be enough. Good grade sows can be bought for \$10 or \$15 each; razorbacks can be bought for less and will produce good pigs if bred to a good pure-bred boar. If there is no pure-bred boar in the neighborhood whose services can be obtained, enough men should club together to represent the ownership of 20 to 25 sows and buy a good boar, paying pro rata for the boar, depending on the number of sows owned by each. Boars can be bought for from \$10 to \$25 for weaned pigs, and from \$50 to \$100 for yearling and two-year-old hogs. If 20 men owning 20 sows bought a yearling boar for \$50, each man would pay \$2.50 toward the price



A Well-Finished Lot of Pigs.

the boar. Put the boar in the hands of one of the members of the club and let each other member agree to buy him one pig at weaning time for the care of the boar for one year, for breeding, etc. When hogs come in heat, they can be loaded on a wagon and carried to the farm where the boar is kept for service.

2. Sows farrow almost exactly 16 weeks after they are bred. When the pig farrows try to be near at hand. Do not worry her with attention, but be there if she needs it. Watch that the buzzards do not carry off the little pigs or injure the sow. Give her a little corn, then stop as soon as she begins to move around. Then leave her alone for a while. That evening give her a little bran or cornmeal in a bucket. Feed lightly for a few days and increase her feed gradually until she is getting about four pounds of gain each day for each 100 pounds of live weight. This will be within a week or ten days after she has farrowed. She should be fed morning and evening. Kitchen scraps and slops will be good for her and will reduce the grain needed somewhat. These slops must not contain any soap or glass.

3. Corn is the most available grain in most sections of the South, it will have to be relied on for feeding both the sows and pigs. With the grazing crop which are suggested for hogs a fairly well-balanced ration will be obtained.

When you are about ready to wean the pigs reduce the sow's feed so that by the time the pigs are weaned she will have only about two pounds of gain each day for each 100 pounds of live weight. Keep her on a Bermuda pasture and let her have this ration until she is in good condition. Keep her in good flesh, but not excessively fat.

Sows can be made to produce two litters each year. When this is desired they should be bred at the first period of heat after the pigs are weaned. Sows bred twice each year

will not produce so many pigs in each litter as when bred only once a year, but more pigs should be raised in a year from each sow.

It does not pay to try to raise hogs on grain alone. In fact, the profit in pig raising, especially in the South, depends directly on the amount of pasture of some kind used to enable the pig to make its gain in weight. Of the southern forage crops peanuts, soy beans, rape and cowpeas are especially valuable. Now, these are not available all through the year, therefore we use a series of crops. For example, have some winter oats on which the sows can be turned as soon as the pigs are a week or two old. When these are gone put the pigs on good Bermuda and lespedeza pasture. Have a crop of soy beans or cowpeas coming and turn the pigs on this after weaning, keeping the sows on the Bermuda. When these are gone put the pigs in a peanut patch, and finish fattening them on rape.

The pigs should be weaned at ten or twelve weeks of age and should then weigh about 30 pounds. They should have learned to eat a little grain by going to the sow's trough. Then begin to feed them. Give them every day grain equal to 2 per cent of their weight. A pig weighing 30 pounds should have 50 pounds of grain; ten pigs of this weight, six pounds, etc. Divide this into two feeds, morning and evening. This amount of grain will make them grow nicely on good pasture. As they grow, increase the amount of grain. When they weigh about 125 pounds give them 3 per cent of their weight in grain, and when they weigh about 150 pounds each give them 4 per cent and finish them off, slaughtering in the winter on a cool day. Pigs properly fed should weigh 200 pounds at nine months old. Do not feed cottonseed meal to hogs.

It is not necessary to spend a lot of money to carry out such a plan. Of course, the Bermuda pasture where the sows are turned should have a good fence. The crops on which the pigs are grazed can be fenced with homemade hurdles of lumber or woven wire, which may be moved as desired, and the pigs will stay in it while the pasture is good. Ten pigs can be kept on half an acre of one of the crops mentioned above from four to eight weeks, depending on their size.

3. A poor pig is not worth raising or feeding. Your pigs should be sired by a good pure-bred Duroc Jersey, Berkshire, or Poland China boar. After you have decided which of the three you want, stick to the same breed and in a little while you will have pigs which are very much alike, a model for others, and an advertisement for your community. If you can afford it, start with good grade sows. If not, natives (razorbacks) will do. White pigs should not be used in the South, as they sunburn badly.

4. Expensive houses are not necessary for hogs in the South. Give the sow a dry place to farrow, a pen well bedded and sheltered from cold winds and storms, and both she and the pigs will do well. Little pigs that get chilled or wet soon after birth often die or grow into "runts." If there is no suitable place around the farm for the sow, make a lean-to with poles, about 10 by 12 feet, six feet high in front and four feet high behind, facing it to the south, and thatch it with straw, cheap hay, or even cornstalks, and the litter will be well housed. Make the thatch roof higher in the middle than at the sides and smooth it down so that rain will run off.

Two sows should raise five pigs each, giving the farmer ten pigs to slaughter. These pigs should weigh, when slaughtered, 200 pounds each, making 2,000 pounds of live weight. This costs about 3 1/2 cents per pound to make in the South under the system described above, which is an original cost of \$70. Killing will cost not over \$6. The loss in dressing is about 30 per cent of the live weight, or 600 pounds on ten pigs, so that 1,400 pounds of dressed pork is on hand after slaughtering. If you can get a local ice plant to chill and cure the meat for you, the manager should charge not over four cents per pound, which is \$56. Then the meat loses weight in curing, amounting to about one cent per pound, or \$14. The total cost of the meat is about as follows:

Raising 2,000 pounds, at 3 1/2 cents per pound	\$70
Killing	6
Curing 1,400 pounds, at 4 cents per pound	56
Shrinkage on 1,400 pounds, at 1 cent per pound	14
Total	\$146

DAIRY AS FOUNDATION

One Never-Failing Money-Making Resource on Dry Farm.

New Settler Who Takes Herd of Milking Cows With Him Can Start Steady Cash Income With First Day in His New Home.

(By H. M. COTTRELL.)

Dairy is the one never-failing money-making resource in dry land farming for the family with little capital. The native wild grass is a dependable dairy feed. Kafir and sorghum, when given good treatment, never fail to produce feed crops. These sure feed crops make good silage and for ten dollars outlay and his labor the dry land farmer can built a pit silo. Buyers of cream pay cash at the time of each purchase. The dry land farmer with a herd of good dairy cows receives a cash income every week through the year, whether the season is wet or dry.

The new settler in a dry land country who takes a herd of milking cows with him can go out the first morning he is in his new home and milk the cows while his wife is getting breakfast. He can separate the cream and begin a steady cash income with the first day in his new home. The regular weekly return from the sale of cream enables the new settler to pay cash for his household supplies and he need not have store bills. The skim milk fed to hens and pigs adds to the profits.

The countless losses and failures in dry land farming in the Southwest have come from attempts to make a living from exclusive grain raising and no stock. A careful dry land farmer in eastern Colorado raised six profitable crops of grain in 18 years. The 1914 grain crop is heavy throughout the Panhandle. The last generally good grain crop in that district was in 1908. The man who depends entirely upon raising grain finds the wait between crops too long. It is particularly hard when the new settler comes at the beginning of a period of dry years. Where the main income is furnished by the dairy cows, the dry land farmer lives comfortably every year. He sows grain only in those seasons when there is ample moisture and the money that the grain brings is a surplus that can be used for investment.

When the dry land farmer has sufficient capital and is not obliged to have a weekly or monthly income, beef cattle, horses and mules are money-makers. Beef cattle can be finished to top the market on silage made from kafir or sorghum fed with kafir or milo grain and cottonseed meal. The gains are more rapid than the usual gains made in the corn belt.

When you think of dry land farming think of dairying. When you move to a dry land farm take ten to twenty good dairy cows with you. Make your main crops feed crops for the dairy cows. Store the surplus in cheap pit silos. Take good care of the cows and of the cream. You will prosper.

HOLDING MOISTURE IN SOILS

Thorough Soil Mulch of Two to Three Inches Should Be Employed to Prevent Evaporation.

Once making a reservoir for gathering the rainfall quickly and thoroughly by deep tillage, the dry farmer must plan how best to conserve this moisture and how to most economically use it. First should be considered the prevention of the evaporation of soil moisture. This means a thorough soil mulch of two or three inches through the growing of cultivated forage crops to the greatest possible extent or the proper handling of summer-tilled land.

A sufficiently deep soil mulch to protect the soil moisture during periods of severe drought cannot be made on shallow-tilled land. Cultivated crops must hold first place on the drier lands because of the fact that their growing permits the saving of moisture to the soil. Very little crops should be grown on these lands that do not permit of inter-tillage.

SELLING EGGS FOR HATCHING

One Should Observe Carefully Methods Followed at Good Breeding Farm and Follow Them.

If you are selling eggs for hatching a visit to the best breeding farm you can easily reach will pay well. Observe closely the methods followed there and then improve on them all you can.

Always ship eggs in baskets or cartons made for the purpose and never in dirty old boxes packed in sawdust or bran.

The pullets do not need a nest egg as a pattern, but one or two dummies placed in the nest will show them where they ought to lay.

Oyster shells ground fine are excellent for supplying lime. A pound of shells contains enough lime to thoroughly coat seven dozen eggs.

When the nests are put in order for the winter, sprinkle ashes into the material and put a couple of moth balls in as well. These tend to discourage mites and lice.

Souring Cream.
Do you have trouble with cream souring easily? Remember this, light cream sours sooner than thick cream. And thick cream makes firmer butter than thin cream, every time.

CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATES

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.



Watch Your Colts

For Coughs, Colic and Distemper, and at the first symptoms of any such ailments, give 2-11 doses of this wonderful remedy, now the most used in existence. SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. 25 and 50¢ the dozen of any druggist, harness dealer, or delivered by SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Not a Bad Plan.

"What are you doing to allay the suffering in Europe?" asked the self-conscious philanthropist.

"Nothing," answered the unobtrusive citizen.

"What!" exclaimed the other, indignantly. "Have you no heart?"

"Yes, I have a heart, but my means are limited and I'm trying to allay suffering at home by paying my debts."

BROUGHT BACK NATURAL HEALTH

The Facts About an Interesting Case Of Serious Female Trouble Benefited By The Use of Cardui.

Rothrock Cove, N. C.—Mrs. E. A. Walcutt of this town, says: "About two years ago I was in very bad health for three or four months."

At this time I had a serious female trouble, which lasted severely for nine weeks. I got awfully weak and could scarcely go, and my doctor said I ought to be in bed.

My two sisters, who had used Cardui with good results and who now use it as a tonic, recommended it highly to me, saying it is a fine medicine.

I felt if I lived I must have something to help me, and as other medicines had failed to relieve me, I thought I would try Cardui, the woman's tonic. At this time I was almost skin and bones.

I seemed to improve after the use of the second bottle of Cardui. The trouble stopped. I suffered less pain, and began to get back my strength and health. I took five more bottles and got back my natural state of health, also my flesh, and could do my work easily.

This spring I was run down in health; had over-worked myself. I took nearly three bottles of Cardui, as a tonic, and it brought me back to my natural state of health.

Last week I put up 75 jars of fruit, which I could not have done before taking Cardui. I am glad I heard of it, and I hope other women will too.

Your case may not be as bad as the above, but even if only a mild case, we suggest that you begin today to try Cardui, the woman's tonic.—Adv.

Remarkable Case.

"Here's a remarkable account of a man who returns home after 20 years and finds his wife married again."

"Those cases are not so remarkable."

"The remarkable part is that the narrator does not allude to the returned husband as an Enoch Arden."

CUTICURA SHAVING

Is Up-to-Date Shaving for Sensitive Skins. Trial Free.

Prepare razor. Dip brush in hot water and rub it on Cuticura Soap held in palm of hand. Then make lather on face and rub in for a moment with fingers. Make second lathering and shave. Rub bit of Cuticura Ointment over shaven parts (and on scalp if any dandruff or itching) and wash all off with Cuticura Soap and hot water, shampooing same time. One soap for all—shaving, shampooing, bathing and toilet. It's velvet for sensitive skins. No slimy mug. No germs. No waste of time or money. Free sample each if you wish. Address postcard, "Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Slow to Learn.

Rankin—It takes a long time to get anything through Beanbrough's skull, doesn't it?

Phyle—I should say it does; that man will be dead and buried before he ever finds out he is sick.—Youngstown Telegram.

Aye, There's the Rub.
"Does she doubt your love, count?"
"Parbleu! Worse; she doubts my title."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Omar Was a Rooter.
Heiny—Say, Omar, what is an epicure?

One's good opinion of one's self should be maintained in silence.

The Diplomat.

They were on the verge of a quarrel. The little wife—strange how they are always "little" in cold, unfeeling type—was exasperated.

"You are enough to make an angel weep!" she exclaimed.

"I don't see tears in your eyes," he replied, with Machiavellian trickiness, and she knew with a woman's intuition that he meant to imply that she was celestial in texture.

Kissing Traveling Men.

"She's a sensible girl," said the first traveling man.

"You bet she is," said the second.

"Last night when I took her to dinner before ordering she asked me if I was going to pay the check myself or work it into the expense account."

Interested with for Book of the Year. "The Facts About an Interesting Case of Serious Female Trouble Benefited By The Use of Cardui." Write for free copy to Mrs. E. A. Walcutt, Rothrock Cove, N. C.

Have Healthier Skin, Less Itching. Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Write for free copy to Mrs. E. A. Walcutt, Rothrock Cove, N. C.

Kissing Microbes.

Belle—I see a Swiss scientist declares that microbes do not exist in mountain air at an altitude of over 2,000 feet. How do you suppose he's discovered that?

Beulah—Oh, he's probably done some kissing at high altitude.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

It is useless to try to say good things about your enemies. If they were good they wouldn't be enemies.

Some bachelors are bachelors because they understand women. Others because they do not.

Man comes to grief by meeting trouble half way.

Sprains, Bruises Stiff Muscles

Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruising or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing. No need to rub it in—it acts at once, instantly relieving the pain, however severe it may be.

Here's Proof

Charles Johnson, P. O. Box 105, Lumberton, N. C., writes: "I sprained my ankle and dislocated my left hip by falling out of a third story window six months ago. I went on crutches for four months, then I started to use some of your Liniment, according to your directions, and I guess say that it is helping me wonderfully. I threw my crutches away. Only used two bottles of your Liniment and now I am walking quite well with one cane. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment."

All Dealers, 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc.

Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain



Locals

S. C. Richardson was in Memphis Monday.

Ed Dishman made a business trip to Clarendon today.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor.

The editor and wife spent Sunday in Claude with relatives.

We will get you any book or magazine published Hedley Drug Co.

Born March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bishop, a boy.

S. L. Adamson and family moved to his farm this week.

G. W. Bolander and family spent Sunday in Clarendon.

J. L. Bain made a business trip to Memphis Wednesday.

W. R. McCarroll transacted business in Dallas first of the week.

Little Goodwin Bray has been quite sick, but is reported better today.

Frank McClure returned Thursday from a business trip to Fort Worth.

A L. Miller and wife visited friends in Memphis Sunday afternoon.

F. H. Willis and family were in town yesterday from the Ring community.

E. H. Watt is hauling out lumber to build a residence on his farm near Giles.

Mrs. J. M. Clarke returned Monday from a visit with home-folks in Ellis county.

George Roach of Goodnight was here yesterday visiting J. B. Storm and family.

Mrs. W. T. McBride went to Clarendon Sunday to visit a brother a few days.

Mrs. J. J. Frank of Wakita, Oklahoma, came Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. J. I. Steele.

Mrs. Fletcher Riley was up from Memphis first of the week visiting relatives and friends.

John Tate returned Wednesday from Matador where he attended school the past winter.

J. M. Killian is attending the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. at San Antonio this week, as a delegate from Hedley Lodge.

Dr. C. L. Fields, of the Naylor Springs community, is hauling out lumber to build a new residence.

Mrs. G. A. Blankenship and little girls went to Memphis Saturday to visit her parents a few days.

Mesdames Ozier and Franklin have their opening today and tomorrow of their new millinery establishment "The Bee Hive."

Cotton seed meal, Dixie Cream, Cake, Maize, Chops, Bran, Shorts, Chicken feed and Hay. Everything delivered within city limits. Give us your orders and oblige Wood & Plaster.

Mrs. Lydia Johnson of Buffalo Ga. came Friday of last week to accept a position as clerk in J. L. Sims store.

L. Cornelius and family went to Clarendon Saturday to visit Mr. Cornelius' sister, Mrs. Henry Lovell.

Joe Killian and wife were up from Newlin Sunday visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Killian.

Your countenance worked over and your head fixed up so that you will enjoy life at King's Barber Shop.

J. W. Reeves has moved to one of the Blankenship houses a mile north of town, and J. M. Bozeman has moved to the Reeves house on McDougal heights.

Had some nice spring weather this week until last night when a Norther blew up and cold enough for considerable ice this morning.

J. L. Martin of Terrell shipped in a lot of trees this week and is selling them out at low prices. Read his ad in this issue.

Mrs. P. C. Johnson entertained the young people of the B. Y. P. U. last Friday night. A most enjoyable time was reported by those present.

Mrs. Ethel Whittington returned home Saturday after spending several days with relatives and friends in Quanah. Her cousin, Miss Allas Seitz, accompanied her home.

The young folks were entertained at the home of L. L. Cornelius Saturday night. Music and conversation were indulged in, and all report an enjoyable time.

Chas. McCarroll left yesterday for his home in Parker county after several months stay here as bookkeeper for Bain & McCall. Chas. is a splendid young man and made many friends while here.

WANT-ADS

WANTED--To trade hogs on a cheap team. N. M. Hornsby.

FOR SALE--4 year old black horse, 15 1/2 hands high, well broken cash or fall time. J. T. Craddock.

Special Fort Worth Daily Record (every day except Sunday) and Hedley Informer both one year for \$3.

FOR SALE--About 20 bush seed sweet potatoes. J. A. Long.

LOST--Pig, black with white face, weight about 135 lbs. J. H. Richey

FOUND--A girl's white woolen sweater. Owner call at Informer office and pay for ad.

HAY FOR SALE We have about two car loads of good hay, different kinds, that we want to sell. Get our prices at once if you want hay. Moreman & Battle.

FOR SALE--Good Kimball Organ. Only been used two years. Reasonable price. Inquire at Informer Office.

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.

NOTICE W. O. W. MEMBERS

Sovereigns--You MUST pay your dues not later than the first of each month or you will be suspended according to our laws. Yours Fraternally, L. A. Stroud, Clerk. J. M. Bozeman, C. C. Hedley Camp, No. 2318.

Special

Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record and Hedley Informer both one year for \$1.50.

With the Scholastic. After a long series of remarkable experiments, a New York physician has demonstrated that the function of the little understood spleen is to supply red and white corpuscles to the blood.

Experiments have been made by the United States Bureau of Mines in combining limestone with coke as a fuel, forming a liquid slag which runs freely and avoids choker and ash troubles.

Because salts used as adulterants impede with the passage of electric currents through wire, French scientists have invented a system employing tonalium to test the purity of such substances.

Fin Added by Anglers. Members of the Allen family are universally famous for their high jumps. The son, a high jumper, Davon Perry, at the reasonable name of the "Angler," are untiring acrobats, and a jump of a pound weight will more than once jump several times its own length out of the water when hooked or are coming to the net.

Unless the fisherman responds by promptly lowering the top of his rod the fragile gut is likely to break, and as it is part of every sportsman's creed to appreciate his pastime in proportion to the difficulties it presents, the sea trout stands high in the angler's estimation.

Unfamiliar to English. Many of our names for common fauna and flora are unknown to an Englishman, save as strange Americanisms, e. g., raccoon, opossum, skunk, terrapin, chipmunk and moose; persimmon, chinquapin, alfalfa and yam.

He seldom sees popcorn or an oyster stew; he knows nothing of oyster suppers, clam bakes and burgoo picnics. He doesn't buy either red lemonade or peanuts when he goes to the circus; the former he calls lemon-squash, and the latter he doesn't know at all. The common American use of peanut as an adjective of disparagement, e. g., peanut politics, is incomprehensible to him.

SOME BITS OF KNOWLEDGE

English chemists have made a synthetic turpentine at what is said to be one-third the cost of the genuine American article.

Apparatus has been invented for accurately testing the hardness of metals by showing their resistance to the teeth of files.

Long fringes have been patented to be suspended from garters to save a feminine wearer embarrassment as she climbs upon car steps.

With English engineers doing the work the Russian city of Baku will obtain a new water supply from mountains 120 miles distant.

Oiling the end of the grain of a block of wood and rubbing emery powder into it will make a fairly good knife hone for household purposes.

ONE CAUSE OF EYESTRAIN

Glossy Paper Exceedingly Harmful-- Cream and Pale Blue Tints Said to Be the Best.

It is said that the reflection of light from glossy paper is particularly hard on the eyes. Some persons have gone so far as to recommend that no calcendered or coated paper be used in any schoolbooks, since glossy paper reflects light rays directly without diffusing them, to save the eyes. The public and the printers, on the other hand, have been demanding more highly glazed paper on account of its richness and fitness for half-tone work. To save their point, the anti-glare societies have printed a number of pamphlets on mat and even bond paper. While the half-tone work is not so good, beautiful results can be obtained with the offset process, and the higher cost of the paper is compensated for by its lightness. From rough-surfaced paper the study has been carried to tinted paper. Cream and pale blue tints seem to involve less eyestrain than white paper, and if the tints are alternated throughout a book, each page brings a restful change to the eyes. The thickness of the paper and the presence of too much wood pulp has been considered, along with the question of size and legibility of type. The whole discussion has been brought about by the increase in eye trouble among school children.

COMETS AND SOLAR SYSTEM

New Suggestion Has Stirred Up Scientists--Existence of Gaseous Masses Now Believed.

It is suggested that some of the striking changes manifested by certain comets in executing their orbits are due to the fact that they encounter masses of gas in interplanetary space, and that they are not moving in a vacuum, says a writer in the Scientific American. If there are such gaseous masses, then in view of the inclinations and extent of their orbits, comets are peculiarly fitted to act as explorers, and there is every probability that they will sooner or later encounter such masses. The planets move in a narrow zone near the plane of the ecliptic, while the inclination of the cometary orbits is sometimes considerable, varying for the periodic comets from three degrees to 162 degrees. As a consequence, comets attain regions of the solar system, where no other bodies penetrate. Many phenomena seem to receive a satisfactory explanation if the existence of gaseous masses scattered through the solar system be admitted. These gaseous masses, probably of different chemical constitution, may be considered as the residue of the initial nebula, having escaped the phenomena of combustion which gave rise to the other members of the solar system.

The Practice of Kicking.

Kicking, like charity, should begin at home. It ought to be the duty of everybody at home to object, persistently and effectively, to the specific overcrowded street car, the badly paved road, the encroaching decrepit neglected yard, the malodorous cesspool, the irresponsible motor car and the reckless railroad--especially if he have any personal part in the maintenance of similar abuses. If the tendency of these evils were rightly apprehended, if a part only of the effort that is expended, presumably in objecting to generalized, foreign and futile subjects were bestowed on specific and tangible details, if we would forego the emotional pleasure of the impersonal "muckraker" to avoid the evil at our very feet--especially if each one of us were careful to avoid offense in matters of the same kind--our country would surely be a much fairer one.--Unpopular Review.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS

Tokyo, Japan has five biscuit factories.

Amazon enjoys this year shipped 6,178,663 pounds of crude rubber.

The United States in 1913 sold \$12,255,419 worth of goods to Sweden.

Thorough soaking in sea water lengthens the life of telegraph poles.

Japan has asked for increased space at the San Francisco exposition.

St. Louis manufacturers have been asked to provide shoes for French soldiers.

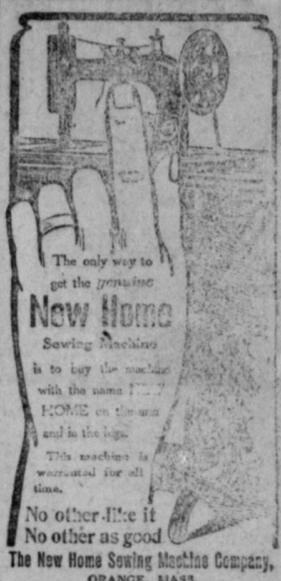
Sweden has 425,000 persons in co-operative associations. There are 5,573 societies.

Germany in 1913 had 11,785 automobile accidents, in which 6,313 persons were hurt.

New York's forest preserve contains 1,825,000 acres and is valued at \$30,000,000.

A total of 294 boats left Puerto Cortes for the United States in 1913, carrying 3,573,000 bunches of bananas.

The highest hotel in the United States will be erected in California, at an elevation of 12,000 feet above sea level.



The only way to get the genuine New Home Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name HOME on the end 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

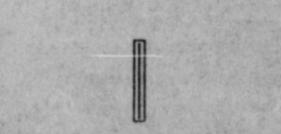
BAPTIST CHURCH

On Sunday February 7, the Missionary Baptist Church moved to hold their summer revival meeting beginning Friday night before the 1st Sunday in August. No help has been secured yet.

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.

FIRE INSURANCE



FOR THIS WORLD ONLY



J. C. WELLS Agent

THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS

Galveston and Dallas, Tex.

The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains news, state, national and foreign news, and any similar publication. The best market reports, a strong editorial staff and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the women and the children.

THE FARMERS' FORUM

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

THE CENTURY PAGE

Published once a week, in a magazine of ideas of the home, every one the contribution of a woman reader of The News about farm life and matters of general interest to women.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Published once a week and is filled with letters from the boys and girls who read the paper.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c, payable in advance. Remit by postal or express money order, bank check or registered letter.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE

J. C. WELLS & CO., Publ., Galveston or Dallas, Tex.

SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS AND THE HEDLEY INFORMER ONE YEAR FOR \$1.75

INFORMER WANT-ADS BRING RESULTS TRY ONE