

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, APRIL 9, 1915

NO 18

FIRE DESTROYED DWELLING AND CONTENTS

Fire destroyed the residence of T. P. Shelton in the northwest part of town, and most all the household effects of the occupant, J. M. Clarke, Monday night.

About 8:30 the alarm was given and in a short time almost the entire population reached the scene, but too late to do any good more than get a few articles out of the south rooms. The fire was under good headway when discovered, and there being no way to fight it, the house soon burned to the ground. The wind was from the south and the fire had no chance to catch other buildings, as it would likely have done had it been from the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke were at the Eastern Star meeting when the fire was discovered, and they cannot account for the origin of the fire.

Mr. Shelton had a \$600 fire insurance policy on the building and Mr. Clarke \$375 on contents. The people of the town made up a nice sum of money and the ladies gave a miscellaneous show Thursday afternoon for Mr. Clarke and wife.

Geo. W. Hanway, independent adjuster, was here yesterday to adjust the losses. He settled J. M. Clarke's claim in full, and will settle with T. P. Shelton as he goes through Fort Worth.

Hedley needs some adequate fire fighting system, if nothing but a large portable chemical extinguisher. No way to fight fire except with buckets of water and a few small hand extinguishers. The town has been lucky so far, with no fires of any serious consequence until this last. She may not be so lucky in the future. So now is the time to prepare to protect the town.

EASTER PROGRAM WELL RENDERED

The Easter program rendered at the M. E. Church was splendid, and much interest was manifested in the different numbers. The children can always be relied upon to do their parts on any occasion.

Special

Jack Reid has opened up a Garage at the Whitfield blacksmith shop. Jack is a natural mechanic, and is fully prepared and capable to do any kind of automobile work, and solicits your patronage in that line. All work guaranteed. Automobile, steam engine and boiler work a specialty. Ample house room for autos.

Don't forget, that if you want any kind of blacksmithing, horse-shoeing or repair work, Whitfield can do it and do it right.

WHITFIELD & REID,
LELIA LAKE, TEX.

"THERE'S A REASON"

On account of the heavy advance in wholesale cost of many of the Prescriptions Drugs we are compelled to charge what may seem to be a high price on some mixtures; however we gladly invite comparison between our prices and the prices charged at neighboring towns.

Hedley Drug Co.

To-day is the Fiftieth Anniversary

CIVIL WAR ENDED FIFTY YEARS AGO

Anniversary of Final Scene in Struggle Between North and South.

WHEN LEE AND GRANT MET

Historic Event at Appomattox Court House as Described by Gen. Horace Porter—Contrast Between the Two Great Soldiers.

Washington.—Fifty years ago, in the quiet and peaceful little village of Appomattox Court House, Va., was enacted one of the most memorable scenes in the history of that civil strife waged for over four long years between the North and South, the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia under Gen. Robert E. Lee to Gen. U. S. Grant, commander in chief of the Union forces.

A half century of time has served to blot out the memory of the causes that led up to the conflict, but those still living who bore arms during the strife, and especially the veterans under the immediate commands of Generals Lee and Grant, can hardly be expected to forget the day upon which the leader of the Confederate forces in the field decided to submit to what he sincerely believed was the inevitable.

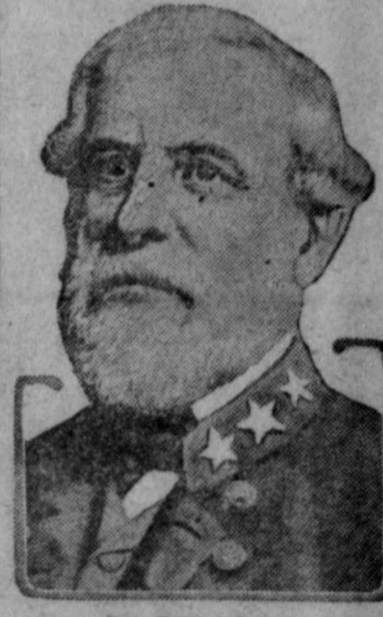
Follow Lee's Example.

Although the surrender of Lee marked the official ending of the war, there were some of the Confederate commanders who refused to believe that their cause was a lost one and made strong efforts to continue the fighting. When the news of the surrender was brought to General Echols, in command of the department of Southwest Virginia, a council of his brigade commanders was held to decide whether or not they should give up. Several of the cavalry leaders strongly expressed the determination that they should put off surrender as long as the Confederacy had an armed force in the field, and declared that an effort should be made to join General Johnston. General Echols was among these, and for several days, with a large part of his cavalry, he marched to the south. With each succeeding day, however, they became more convinced of the fruitlessness of their efforts, and finally decided to follow the example of Lee.

April 9, 1865, was the date on which the surrender of Lee took place. Although terms had been virtually



Gen. U. S. Grant.



Gen. Robert E. Lee.

agreed upon between Grant and the Confederate commander as the result of the exchange of a series of notes, the formal drafting of the terms between the leaders of the opposing forces took place on this date in the home of Wilmer McLean, one of the most pretentious in the little village of Appomattox.

Meeting of Lee and Grant.

The meeting which resulted in the ending of the war is interestingly described by Horace Porter, brevet brigadier general, as follows:

"It was then about half-past one of Sunday, the 9th of April. We entered, and found General Grant sitting at a marble-topped table in the center of the room, and Lee sitting beside a small oval table near the front window, in the corner opposite to the door by which we entered, and facing General Grant. Colonel Marshall, his military secretary, was standing at his right. We walked in softly and ranged ourselves quietly about the sides of the room, very much as the people enter a sick-chamber when they expect to find the patient dangerously ill. Some found seats on the sofa and the few chairs which constituted the furniture, but most of the party stood.

"The contrast between the two commanders was striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention as they sat ten feet apart, facing each other. General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on a single-breasted blouse, made of dark-blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top boots, with his

trousers' inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had had on a pair of thread gloves, of a dark yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt "sugar loaf" stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on the table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

Lee's Fine Presence.

"Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height and quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver-gray and quite thick, except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up at the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword of exceedingly fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword that had been presented to him by the state of Virginia. His top boots were comparatively new, and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean and but little travel-stained. On the boots were handsome spurs with large rowels. A felt hat, which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long buck-

skin gauntlets lay beside him on the table. We asked Colonel Marshall afterward how it was that both he and his chief wore such fine toggery and looked so much as if they had turned out to go to church, while with us our garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the 'shabby-genteel.' He straightened us out regarding the contrast by explaining that when their headquarters wagons had been

pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, and it was found they could have to destroy all their baggage, except the clothes they carried on their backs, each one, naturally, selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the god of destruction by a sacrifice of his second-best."

Grant Writes the Terms.

After briefly discussing the conditions General Lee suggested that the terms be put in writing. Grant called for an order book, opened it on the table and proceeded to do so.

While writing, he noticed the handsome sword that Lee possessed, and he afterwards said that this set him to thinking that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords and great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses, which caused him to add this sentence:

"They will not embrace the side arms of the officers nor their private horses nor baggage."

The terms as submitted by General Grant were:

"General E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A. General: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to-wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles, not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for all the men of their commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the sidearms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside. Very respectfully,

"U. S. GRANT,

"Lieutenant General."

News Quickly Spreads.

They were evidently agreeable to the Confederate commander, and General Lee directed that a letter of acceptance of the terms of surrender be drawn up.

The signing, and after a few impersonal remarks the leaders of the two opposing forces shook hands and departed.

It did not take long for the news to spread among the soldiers, and big bonfires that evening evidenced the pleasure of the troops that hostilities were at an end.

CITY DADS ELECTED ARE CAPABLE MEN

The election Tuesday resulted as follows:

For Mayor:

T. R. MOREMAN.

For Aldermen:

J. G. McDOUGAL.

B. W. MOREMAN.

P. C. JOHNSON.

N. J. ALLEN.

R. H. JONES.

Not much interest was taken; as only about three fifths of the voting population voted. Several other names were added to the ticket by the voters, but the nominated ticket won.

This set of men will be Hedley's "City Dads" for the ensuing year. They are business men—know how to make a success of their own business, and can be trusted to deal with the town's affairs in a business like manner. Let every citizen resolve to do all possible to back them up in their efforts to start the city government in the right way. Boost, don't knock.

B. W. M. SOCIETY

Eleven members of the B. W. M. W. and the pastor met at the home of Mrs. J. K. Caldwell Monday. Had a very interesting lesson from 1st to 23rd chapters of II Chronicles. Will meet with Mrs. Effie Dunn April 19. Remember to bring your pledges for Home and Foreign Missions.

The fourteen year old son of Dr. Warner, of Claude, died Tuesday at 12:30 a. m. The boy was stricken several days ago with mumps. He was apparently on the road to recovery until Monday night, when he was seized with convulsions which it was impossible to check. Dr. Warner, it will be remembered by our readers, lost his brick building and drug business by fire some few weeks ago.

TO THE PUBLIC

We wish to announce that we are prepared to chop your corn, kafir and maize, and also have either for sale under guaranteed analysis. We will appreciate a portion of your trade.

Wood & Plaster.

CLUB MEETING NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT

The Commercial Club meets next Tuesday night. Plenty of business to come up, and every citizen of town and community cordially invited to attend.

For the next few days we will have a special subscription rate on the American Gentleman, the best farm paper published. \$1. per year for a few days only.

Hedley Drug Co.

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 meal just try mine, you will like it.

N. M. Hornsby.

Special

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

NEW ENTERPRISES, NEW DWELLINGS, OTHER ADVANCES

Chas. Boles has secured ground for an oil station. The location will be on the south side of the railroad just east of the crossing at foot of Main street. He will put in two 90-barrel tanks and get his oil in by the car load. This will be quite a move for Hedley, and thus does she grow.

B. W. Moreman is installing a new bollie machine at his gin, and has a shipment of nine cars of bollies arriving from the south plains which he will gin and give the new machine a fair trial. It is claimed that it will improve the sample of bollie cotton quite a percent over the old bolling machines.

Mrs. Effie Dunn had a new side walk put in this week in front of the confectionery and tailor shop. Mrs. Dunn also had an extra room built this week, added to the J. D. Chadd confectionery, where he and his family will have living quarters.

Overseer G. A. Blankenship this week opened up and graded the driveway between the north end of the townsite and the Nat

WATT-AKERS

Last Sunday at 8 p m at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Akers, in Giles, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Miss Byrda to Mr. F. G. Watt, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Watt of Giles. Rev. S. H. Holmes of Vernon pronounced them man and wife in the presence of a number of relatives and friends.

The bride was beautifully gowned in white Crepe de chine, and was the recipient of a number of beautiful presents. A wedding dinner was served to all present. The young couple will live on the groom's farm near Giles.

The Informer joins the many friends in extending congratulations and best wishes.

Smith acreage property. It is not the best graded street in Hedley.

Bond W. Johnson has started the erection of a modern 4-room dwelling just east of W. R. McCarrroll's home in northwest part of town.

John Crow is building a nice residence in East Hedley. Watch Hedley grow.

Let us figure with you on syrup. We have a car load and the price is right. Boles Grocery.

FARMERS, ORGANIZE!

Now, and not just before harvest, is the time to organize marketing associations for whatever products you are going to raise this year. No matter what it is—cotton, corn, tobacco, peanuts, truck crops, or what not—better prices will be obtained, better grading will be assured, and more business-like consideration will be allowed in every point if a group of farmers will sell together instead of marketing individually. And if they are going to sell together, they should have success predestined by making arrangements now. Those who wait until the crops are about ready to harvest will find unexpected and unimagined delays, and will only get experience in 1915 when they will probably need profits more than experience.—Ex

JEWELRY BUSINESS

We have purchased the Jewelry repair business from Spurgeon Bishop, and have purchased an additional stock of repair material. Mr. Bishop will still have charge of the work and will get your repair work out as quick as is consistent with good workmanship. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Hedley Drug Co.

CHASED HOUSE-FLUNDERERS AND AUTO THIEVES

Constable Gammon and A. L. Miller took a strenuous car ride Monday, when they chased two boys who were in another car, to the river near Estelline. The boys had gone into the houses of E. J. Webb and H. R. Davis Sunday and took some few articles. Their auto was disabled by a blow out late that evening so they camped between the two houses, throwing away several articles they had taken. Monday morning they passed thru Hedley going east; some one told them that officers were after them and they made the trip with one tire off, to the river before they were caught. They were brought back and lodged in jail at Clarendon. Later advised from Dallas state the car was stolen from a man there by boys who were caught with the car. They gave fictitious names and claimed to be from some other town, but it seems they are Dallas boys.

Chas. Boles left yesterday afternoon for Wellington to transact business.

IN PALESTINE WITH A CAMERA

WHEN M. Newman, a travel lecturer, started through the Holy Land with his camera, he declared he must get something different in that much photographed country. He did, but he had his troubles, for the Mohammedan despises the camera as an instrument of the devil, and a great many of the inhabitants of Palestine are followers of the prophet.

Writing in the New York Sun, Mr. Newman says of his trip:

Our first experience with the Mohammedans was when we stopped on a roadside between Jaffa and Ramleh, the modern name for Arimathea, whence came Joseph, who offered his tomb at Jerusalem for the burial of Jesus Christ. I saw a man driving two camels that were dragging a sharp stick through the earth and turning the scrubby soil into furrows. It was a subject that answered several requirements of the desirable picture. It was unusual enough to offer a certain human interest. It was artistic. It was one of the best photographs that I was able to get illustrating the survival of ancient manners and customs in Palestine in the Palestine of the present.

But we found, as we often found along the roads of Palestine, that the gentleman had been spoiled for our purpose by two agencies—his own people's superstition and the foreigners with their jangling purses. Too many tourists have passed along these roads taking it for granted that they would never pass that way again, and some of them have distributed money with a prodigal hand. The tourist with a little hand camera has too often tossed the peasant a quarter where a few cents would have done as well.

But it was the money that caused the first tangle with the fol-

lowers of the prophet. We found that the Christians of Syria and Palestine are usually—mostly obliging when asked to pose, but we also found that with a few exceptions in Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem they are not equally good subjects. We did not come upon them in occupations as interesting; they seemed never to be so picturesque as their Mohammedan brethren.

Didn't know it was a "movie."

Now any Mohammedan knows that to click the camera before a camel destroys the animal's soul. Just exactly what a camel's soul is we endeavored to learn, but none of the men who were certain that it had one could enlighten us. When an animal's soul is destroyed, however, anything is likely to happen to it. But after offers of much money—much more than man and camel would earn in a day—the driver seemed to forget that his camel might easily thereafter fall a victim to the evil eye if he failed to suspend a string of blue beads from its neck. Here we found, as we found afterward, that money was the best cure for the cloud of Mohammed hanging over men's eyes.

The man swung at us immediately we began to swing for his photograph, however, and we didn't know at that time about a camel's soul and the driver would not accept our figure. He was wise. I knew that he was photographed on a camel, so he decided to spoil the picture, and, not knowing about the cinema camera, he started off and plowed his land the fastest plowing it had since the days of Moses. While I had no way of anticipating this, I had completely suited my purpose. One need no longer wait for the clicking of a stationary camera; it is the day of the cine and action camera. So the peasant didn't know that he was being "immortalized" by a mighty plowman in Palestine for the amusement of American audiences—and perhaps he

GENERAL BARN AND DAIRY STABLE

Will Be Found to Save Much Time in the Performance of Chore Work.

SILO BUILT AT THE SIDE

While That Construction Is Not General There Are Reasons Why It Is So Placed in the Design That Is Described Here.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1877 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

These illustrations show a combination of general purpose farm and storage barn with a dairy stable that is entirely separate except that it has a doorway connection with the storage barn from which feed is carried to the cows.

The main barn has a large deep mow for the storage of alfalfa and clover hay and bright, clean straw. It is an easy chore to supply this roughage to the cows by means of a feed carrier which runs the whole length of the feed alley.

There are plenty of dairymen who

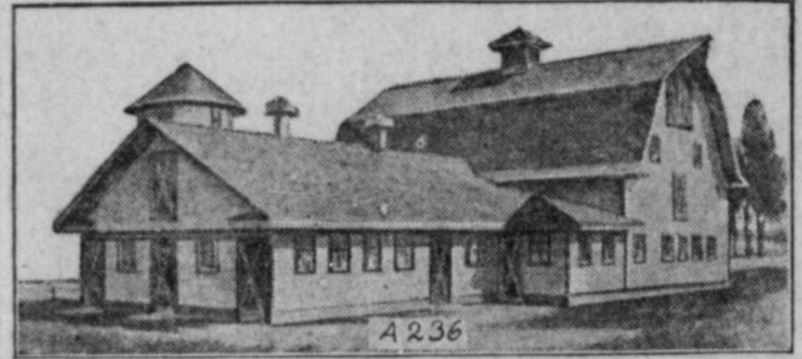
ble odors from flavoring the milk. The feeding arrangements in this barn and dairy stable are exceptionally convenient. Silage is loaded into carriers in the silo feed room, and the other roughage and grain feeds come from the storage barn, both of which are convenient to the stable. To increase the storage capacity sufficiently to provide abundance of roughage for both horses and cows, the hay mow on one side of the barn starts from the floor. In old-fashioned barns this kind of a mow is called a bay.

There is stabling for six or seven horses, and the space in front of the horses is intended for storage of a few vehicles. In fact, the large barn has a general-purpose floor that may be utilized in a good many different ways. It is a threshing floor once a year.

The cow stable, however, is intended for the production of large quantities of pure milk so that no other business can be tolerated inside of this modern dairy stable.

Outside of the main stable is a corn crib 36 by 10 feet. The inside ends of the crib are made as open to the atmosphere as possible by using open work metal sides. It is a little cheaper to build a crib in this way, because there is a saving in material. There must be an air space between the corn and the solid boarding of the barn. This space may be secured by placing the open metal siding on furring strips to hold the corn away from the solid boarding of the barn.

The foundation of the corn crib is concrete, which is the only satisfactory material for the foundation of any farm building. There is no objection to working in stone where stone is plentiful, but there should be enough concrete to fill all the voids. The only way to control rats and mice on a farm is to build concrete founda-



object to having hay stored over the dairy cows, because of the dust that floats everywhere through the stable when the hay is transferred from the mow to the cows at feeding time.

Because the storage barn is placed at one end of the cow stable, the silo is built at the side because at least one end of the stable should have a free connection with the open barnyard.

While this arrangement is somewhat unusual, there is really no objection to putting a silo at the side of the stable, because the distance to travel at feeding time is about the same.

Always in placing buildings it is a good plan to figure the distance to travel in doing the work. A few feet more than necessary makes considerable extra walking during the winter when multiplied by the travel back and forth every chore time.

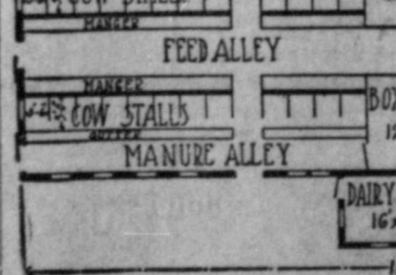
The stable has a thoroughly well-made concrete floor built in the usual way with mangers and iron stall partitions. The center feed alley, manure alley and manure gutters at the sides are all arranged for the use of labor-saving machinery.

Sanitary stables contain very light and simple fixtures. The object is to reduce the ledges and obstructions that catch and hold dust and dirt.

Iron stall partitions, concrete floor and mangers, smooth sides and ceilings are necessary to hold down the bacteria content of the milk to meet the requirements of dairy inspection. For the same reason special attention is being paid to dairy stable ventilation.

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The interior of dairy stables is made air tight as nearly as possible. The supply of fresh air is regulated by intake flues and the foul air is carried off by flues which connect with the roof.

There is a sanitary dairy room with a concrete floor just outside of the stable. It is built of two by four studs, above the concrete floor, and is covered with building paper both inside and outside. Clapboards cover the outside and the inside is celled with plain matched ceiling without beading. There is no direct connection between the stable and the dairy room. This is arranged especially to prevent sta-

tions and concrete floors. Rats will dig around a stone wall and they are very much at home among loose stones, but they hate concrete.

WORK OF THE SUBMARINE

Undersea Supply Bases Perfectly Feasible, According to an American Builder.

"I do not know whether Germany has submerged supply stations for her submarine fleet, but such a scheme is feasible," said Simon Lake, the builder of submarines, in an interview.

"On account of the success of Germany's undersea craft in their raids on English commerce," he went on, "I long ago formed the opinion that they had such stations, and from their latest threat against British commerce, I am more convinced than ever that they have."

"The German submarine is practically a lake boat, in that it is supplied with a diving compartment. It is easy for a man in a diving suit to leave the submarine when it is submerged."

"The German submarine has the Diesel engine, which uses crude oil. It is no great problem to have submerged tanks for crude oil. I long ago perfected such a tank myself. As regards supplies of food, that is a still simpler problem. It is only a matter of packing food in water-tight packages."

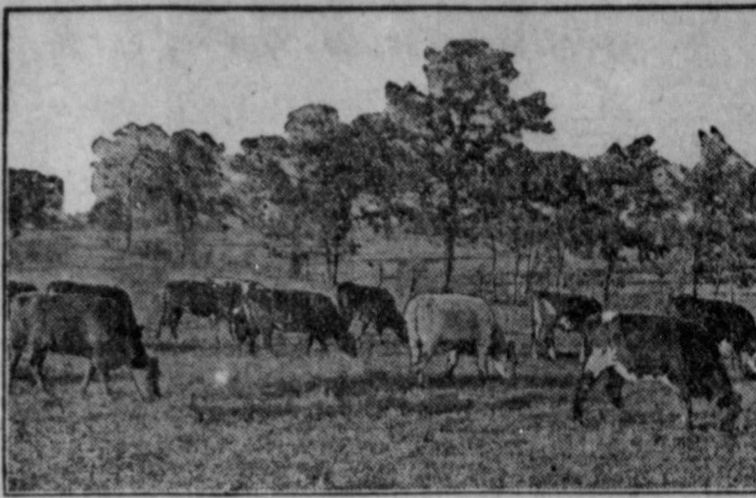
"Supply stations along the English coast would enable a German submarine to continue its activities

for months. These underwater stations would be temporary affairs, and the supplies would be brought by their fast torpedo boats, which could get away after sinking the supplies, leaving the submarine behind to continue operations.

"The large submarine boat can operate 500 miles from its base. That, in my opinion, explains the sudden appearance of submarines in the Irish sea, attacking the British merchant ships."—Bridgeport (Conn.) Cor. New York Times.

Spring straws show which way fast torpedo boats will go—Baltimore American.

COW REQUIRES LARGE AMOUNT OF ROUGHAGE



Beef Cattle Grazing in Virginia.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In the cotton-growing sections of the South, where comparatively few cattle have been kept and where they have not been regarded as a source of profit, the idea has become prevalent that profitable cattle are those that consume little feed. It should be remembered, however, that the feed they consume is used for two main purposes, (1) to support the body and (2) to produce milk. Each one of these things requires a certain amount of feed. If just enough feed is given to support the body, there is nothing left for the production of milk. Cow feed is worth much more in the form of milk, cream and butter than in the form of feed, and the cow that can convert the most feed into the most of these products is the most profitable.

The cow is an animal that requires a large amount of feed, especially roughage; therefore quantity is one of the first and most important principles of feeding.

Cows do better and produce the largest quantity of milk in early summer, when grass is abundant. Grass is the best feed known, and when possible cows should have plenty of it. If pasture is limited during the growing season, forage crops, such as corn, sorghum, millet, and the like, should be planted to supplement the pasture and assure plenty of green feed.

Green, juicy feed, besides producing large quantities of milk, keep the cow's digestive system in good condition; consequently, some such feed in winter is desirable. Patches of rye or oats near the barn furnish grazing at times, but can not be depended upon to furnish all the cow needs every day from the appearance of frost until spring opens.

A constant and dependable supply of juicy feed for cows can be obtained in turnips, rutabagas, or carrots. These roots can be fed to cows without injuring the taste of the milk, provided they are fed immediately after milking.

Since cows require it, and roughage is the cheapest feed and one that every farmer can produce on the farm, cows should be given all of this material that they will eat without waste. Such hays as peavine, vetch, soy bean and other legumes are the best dry roughage for feeding, but the grass hays, shucks, and coarse hays of the farm are also good. The coarser hays are eaten more readily if mixed with the better hay.

If a man has ten cows or more the cheapest form in which juicy feed can be furnished for winter feeding is silage. Silage spoils on exposure to the air, and with less than that number of cows it can not be fed off rapidly enough to keep the top layer in good condition.

With plenty of roughage and rutabagas or turnips the cow will keep in good condition throughout the winter and produce a fair flow of milk, but she cannot consume enough of these bulky feeds to furnish all the feed elements necessary to produce the largest amount of milk, consequently some very rich feeds which are not bulky must be added. Such feeds are bran, cottonseed meal, shorts, and corn meal. Just what grain or meal is best to give a cow depends upon the kind of roughage she gets. Peavine, vetch, clover, soy-bean and velvet-bean hay are among the best milk-producing roughages, since they contain the same elements as cottonseed meal and bran—two of the best milk-producing meals—but in much smaller quantities, pound for pound. Therefore if the cow gets plenty of such hay she will not need much cottonseed meal and bran. When the cow has all the pea-vine, soy-bean, clover, or vetch hay and turnips or rutabagas that she will eat, a good mixture of grain or meal to give her is:

One part wheat bran,
One part cottonseed meal.

Grass hay, shucks, straw, and the like contain comparatively little of the elements found in cottonseed meal, bran, and such feeds, and when these roughages are fed, more cottonseed meal will have to be used to furnish the elements the cow must have to produce the largest amount of milk. If grass hay, shucks, straw and rutabagas or turnips form the roughages, a good mixture of grain to feed is:

One part wheat bran,
Two parts cottonseed meal.

The grain mixture is the most expensive part of the feed, and should be given to the cow in proportion to the milk she gives. About one pound of either of the mixtures mentioned should be fed for each three pounds of milk produced. For instance, if the cow gives twelve pounds of milk, she should receive four pounds of the mix-

ture. More mixture can be added if it will make the cow give enough more milk to pay for the extra feed.

Cottonseed meal is one of the best milk-producing feeds, but it is very rich and if fed in too large quantities may injure the cow. To avoid this it is well to mix bran or some light, bulky feed with it. If cottonseed meal is the only grain or meal fed, and the roughage contains no green feed of any kind, about four pounds of cottonseed meal a day can be fed without injury. By feeding turnips or any other green feed the meal may be increased to about six pounds a day.

Corn meal is an excellent feed to mix with cottonseed meal, but usually it is too expensive to feed profitably. If corn sells for more than 60 cents a bushel it probably will not pay to use it as cow feed.

The use of stock powders and patent stock feeds is a very expensive and wasteful practice. When a cow is well she needs no medicine or stimulants, and when she is sick she needs to be treated for the particular ailment she has. The lean, rough-haired, hollow-eyed condition of many cows is not always due to sickness, but generally to lack of feed or to effects of ticks. If the cow receives plenty of pea vine, soy bean, vetch or clover and the other feeds mentioned in this circular, she will need no condition powders of any kind. When free from ticks and plenty of feed is given and she is not in good condition, then she requires special treatment by someone who knows how to treat such cases.

In addition to good feed, the cow must have good care in order to make the greatest profit. Exposure to cold winds and rains greatly counteracts the effects of good feeding. Stalls in which the cows are kept should be free from large cracks that admit cold wind in drafts. Ventilation is needed,



A North Carolina Farmer's Simple but Satisfactory Feeding Trough.

but the air should be admitted through windows or openings high enough from the ground to prevent the wind from blowing on the cows. The stall must not become wet and miry with manure or from rain. It should be kept dry and well bedded with leaves, straw, sawdust or other available material. This will not only keep the cow clean and make her comfortable, but will afford a pleasant place to milk in. The bedding will also add to the amount of manure that can be carried to the fields.

The cow is a nervous animal and should be treated gently and kindly. If she steps on the milker's foot, or slashes his face with her tail, or kicks when her teats are pinched, she should not be kicked in return; and if the feed-room door is left open and she goes in, she should not be beaten for it. A careful milker rarely suffers injury by the cow, and she will respond readily to care, patience and kindness on the part of the milker. Rough treatment is expensive, for it reduces the milk flow.

For further information on the feeding of cows write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin 22, "The Feeding of Farm Animals."

PECANS RETURN BIG PROFITS

There Are Few Crops That Pay So Well—Cotton at 12 Cents Is Not as Profitable.

Pecans are grown in large volume at good profit in Texas, Mississippi and Louisiana, and their culture in Alabama is increasing. There are several small pecan orchards in Alabama and a few of large extent. Those that are old enough to be in full bearing yield fine returns on the investment. There are few crops indeed that pay so well as pecans. Cotton even at 12 cents a pound is not so profitable as pecans at the lowest price level of recent years.

Shipping Hogs to Market. Ship your hogs so that they will arrive on the central market in the morning.

JUST KEEP A FISHIN'

Hal Adams was was the durndest cuss
 Per catchin fish—he sure was great!
 He never used to make a fuss
 About the kind of pole er bait,
 Er weather, neither; he'd just say,
 "I got to ketch a mess today"
 An' toward the creek you'd see him slide
 A whistlin' soft and walkin' wide.
 I says one day to Hal, old pal
 "How do you always ketch 'em Hal?
 He gave his bait another swishin'
 An' chuckin' says, "I jest keep fishin'."

Well, Hal's a great man now;
 A big man round the state, you bet—
 To me the same old Hal, somehow;
 The same old champeen fisher yet.
 It wasn't so much to bait er pole,
 It wasn't so much the fishin' hole
 That won for Hal his big success.
 'Twas jest his fishin' on, I guess:
 A cheerful, stiddy, hopeful kind
 Of keepin' at it—don't you mind?
 And that is why I can't help wishin'
 That more of us would just keep fishin'

—Exchange

**WHEN LINCOLN'S
 LIFE WENT OUT**

Fifty Years Have Passed Since
 Tragic Event in Ford's
 Theater.

NIGHT OF FEAR AND ANXIETY

Incidents of That Fatal Fourteenth of
 April in Washington Are Recalled
 —Stanton Calm Amid All Con-
 fusion and Excitement

Washington.—Fifty years ago, on the night of April 14, 1865, in a house on K street, a cavalry captain lay beside his wife and child in his first peaceful sleep after four war-filled years. Suddenly the old-fashioned knocker on the front door chattered loudly. The servants at the end of the hall slept on but the alarm brought the trained soldier to his feet at once. An exchange of low-toned question and answer at the door and he came back into the bedroom.

Fast Spreading News.
 As the captain turned up the light his wife saw his face, a pallid, set mask under the tan, his eyes wide with horror. She sat up in bed, afraid.

"Joe, what is it?"
 The captain's breath came hard and he labored over the words:

"—Lincoln—shot—"
 Five minutes later he was mounted and away to his command. On Pennsylvania avenue the hoofbeats of the horse ridden by the escaping murderer Booth had hardly died away behind the capitol.

So fast spread the tragic news.

In Ford's Theater.
 In Ford's theater on Tenth street the nightmare caused by the fatal shot was followed by confused action. The only two men who seemed to know what they were doing were the assassin Booth and Major Rathbone, whom Booth wounded in escaping. Men in the audience plunged wildly over the seats toward the stage crying "Hang him." In the presidential box it was not until several minutes later that the silent figure of Lincoln, still sitting calmly in the chair, was stretched upon the floor and examined by Dr. Charles Taft. He ordered it removed at once to the nearest bed.

At the Peterson House.
 A shutter was brought. The president's unconscious form was laid upon it, and through a trail of dripping blood the stricken party followed across the dress circle and down the stairs.

In the street there was a helpless pause.

"Where shall we take him?"
 From the steps of a house opposite the theater a man called, "Bring him here into my room," and through the crowd of civilians, soldiers and policemen the president was carried into the hall bedroom of William Clark a soldier lodger. In the front room sat Mrs. Lincoln weeping and moaning, "Oh, why didn't he kill me?"

Horror and Dread in the City.
 Over the city, after the first lightning shock of the story, there was surprisingly little violence. In the forts and camps the long roll sounded; an army stood to arms, grim and silent. Mobs sprang from the ground and shouted for vengeance in unthinking fury, but always some voice quieted them with command and question. "Hush! What would Mr. Lincoln say if he could hear you?" Cavalry patrols trotted through the streets with what seemed a deadened clatter, their only command the raised arm of an officer. Men stood and whispered brokenly. Dread was upon the city. Rumor had news more terrible. That Secretary Seward had been attacked and wounded was soon known. Secretary Stanton's life had been attempted. It was said Grant was reported killed on his way North. "Conspiracy is among us. What man is safe?" wrote the editor of a morning paper at two o'clock. Upon every man's lips was the question, "In God's name, what next?"

A Wife's Sore Agony.
 In Tenth street it was quiet. The men who had shouted "Burn the theater," had been silenced; the streets around the Peterson house had been

cleared of the crowd and cavalry guarded every entrance to them. No one was allowed within the lines who had not urgent business there.

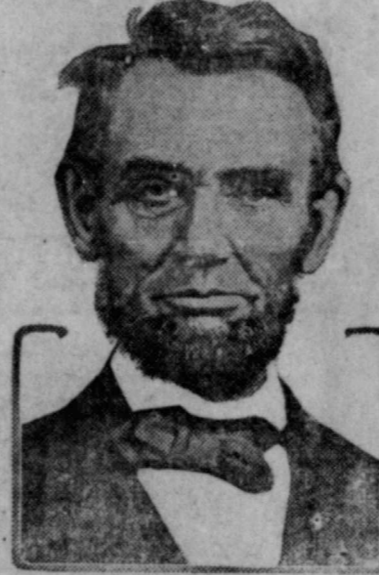
A front and back parlor and Clark's bedroom at the end of a long, narrow hall made up the first floor of the house. Mrs. Lincoln sat in the front room, supported in her grief by her son, Captain Robert Lincoln, who left her from time to time to go to his father's bedside. Several times the wife went to her husband, but was unable to stay for more than a few minutes without breaking down completely.

Stanton's the Master Mind.
 Secretary Stanton had not been wounded as reported. He was among the first to reach the house and sat in the back parlor at a table where he could see everyone who came near the president's room. His was the directing and controlling mind through that long night. No man knew better than he the worth of the dying man but he was calm and energetic, and in the intervals of giving orders and dictating dispatches wrote the best story of that night's national calamity that remains today.

His family physician and several friends and officials were with the president. Not a flicker of consciousness came to him after the bullet shot through his head from back to front. One moment he was here, rejoicing in full knowledge of his country's new-found peace, in another he had passed beyond human knowledge to peace everlasting.

But the long, gaunt body died hard. The stertorous breathing and painful moaning sounded through the house hour after hour over the low voices of Stanton and Dana, above the sobbing of the wife. Gradually the moaning ceased, the long, restless arms grew still. "Falling fast," said the bulletin at six o'clock; "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," read another at seven.

"It is Finished."
 At twenty-two minutes past seven his son Robert, Secretaries Stanton, Wells and Usher, Private Secretary Hay and several others gathered around the bed saw the last breath flutter the parted lips. Abraham Lincoln was dead in the hour of his triumph and Stanton's solemn voice broke the awed silence in the truest and most



Abraham Lincoln.

beautiful benediction ever pronounced upon a passing soul: "Now he belongs to the ages."

An Anguish-Stricken Nation.
 A man in rumpled frock coat appeared at the front door and looked around. On the steps a cavalry captain stiffened to salute, his eyes searching the other's face. The man in the frock coat nodded silently. As he mounted and rode away the captain's face wore the same pallid, set mask under the tan that had roused his wife to frightened questioning the night before.

Within the next half hour, ahead of the fast rising sun, sped a message that struck the nation to dumb anguish:

"President Lincoln died at 7:22."

She Makes Him.
 "Mr. Blobbins goes to church every Sunday morning."
 "I've noticed that."
 "Do you suppose he will keep it up as long as he lives?"
 "That depends on whether or not he survives Mrs. Blobbins."

Have a Fit with Clarke. The Tailor. advt

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

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

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

All Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Advertising Church or Society doings when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

Subscribe for the Informer.

It is time for Hedley to get busy on a clean up campaign

A poultry association is to organized soon in Hall county. Donley county ought to have something of the kind also.

Easter was a sure enough Spring day, and the glad rags were muchly in evidence. There was much going to and fro, walking and riding during the day as the weather was so fine that everybody wanted to get out and enjoy the sunshine

The "White Hope" materialized Monday at Havana, Cuba, when Jess Willard, the Kanas cowboy, knocked out Jack Johnson in the 26th round. Now, championship belt is the white man's hand, the next man to fight a negro ought to be—

The Hedley high school play, "The Winning of LaZane," is to be put on at Lakeview Saturday night. This is a splendid play, and it's a shame that they have to go away from home to put it on first, all because Hedley has no auditorium. Let's hurry and enclose the tabernacle. Only a few more dollars are need to be subscribed, and the building committee will be ready to start work. It's up to you who have not subscribed.

WHERE DOES YOUR MONEY GO?

Jones has a \$5 bill. What is he going to do with it? Why, Jones, who owns it at present, gives it to Smith to whom he has owed \$10 for some time. What does Smith do with it. Smith in turn gives it to Green, to whom he has owed \$10. And Green? Why Green gives it to Brown, to whom he has owed \$10 for the past year, thus paying the debt all around. And Brown? Why, Brown, gives it to Jones, to whom he owes \$10 for several months past. And Jones? Well, you see Jones having paid Smith \$5 on the debt of \$10, now proceeds to give—or pay—the other \$5 with the same bill. And Smith? Why, Smith pays his \$10 debt to Green by handing him the same bill again. But listen here! Who gets the—Oh, fudge! Let's talk about something else! Moral—Keep Hedley money in Hedley.

W. H. G. ?

STRUCK OIL AND GAS AT CHILDRESS

Childress, Texas, April 7—This community was thrown into a spell of unprecedented excitement today when the report became current that oil and gas had been discovered near this city.

The Consolidated Oil Co. which has been drilling on Cooper well near here for the past two weeks, has actually brought in what is now believed to be a paying oil well.

About 2 o'clock this afternoon, after the drill passed through about sixteen feet of cap rock, a strong flow of oil and gas developed. It will only be a matter of short time until the quantity of both can be tested. Some of the men who have been on the ground and claim to have knowledge of the business, estimate that the well will furnish not less than 500 barrels of oil per day.

Should these predictions prove true, we foresee for Childress and Childress county a period of rich development and material progress.

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MISSION STUDY CLASS

Review of Mission Study "In Red Man's Land."

Into how many dialects is the Indian language divided?
 What common language has all Indians, and how did it originate?
 What of the early Indians family life?
 Why did the old Indians have such names as "Young-lawn-at-the-sky, etc?"
 In their early training are the Indian children taught to be parental dependents?
 Do the pre-nuptial customs denote that the Indians are a superstitious people?
 Did the Indians formerly have in their religion, any idea of a Supreme being?
 What is the relation of the Indian of yesterday to the Indian of today?
 Thru what means has the government usually dealt with the Indian?
 Has it always been honest in its dealings?
 What has been the tendency of the distribution of government supplies?
 Which is the greater detriment to the Indian, gambling or intemperance?
 Did the white man teach the Indian these vices?
 What was the Burke amendment?
 What was the Dawes law?
 When Frances Leupp was commissioner of affairs what man helped him so faithfully in handling the liquor traffic among the Indians?
 Describe the primitive Indian home.
 Compare the chief characteristics of Indians and Whites.
 Note the white man's contrasting views of the red man.
 Mention some of the changes in the red man's mode of living and reasons for same.
 Is the red man capable of competing with the white man in army, politics and business?
 Have the government schools been a benefit to Indians at large or only a few.
 Has Indian civilization kept pace with the white man's advance?
 What is your plan of bringing general education to the Indian at large.
 Have we made a mistake in trying to teach the Indians to be strict imitators of the white people? Why?
 What would have been a better plan.
 27 Has the white man helped the Indian more than he has injured him?
 28 Give the comparison of the news boy and the Indian (draw from this what we have expected from the Indian)
 29 What was the spirit of early Indian dances? Is it so now? Why?
 30 Name three tribes of Aborigines who are not red men.
 31 Give the physical characteristics, mental and moral traits family life and occupation of the Eskimos.
 32 What has been the white man's influence on the Eskimos?
 33 Has the government dealings in Alaska been more practical and successful than with the Indian? Why?
 34 What was Dr. Sheldon Jackson's solution of the Alaskan's hunger and destitution? How managed?
 35 When, from whom and for what did we get Alaska. Was it a good investment?
 36 Are the Alaskans more easily civilized than the Indians?
 37 Name six things we might profitably learn from the Indians
 38 Name six things the Indian needs to learn from the white man.
 39 Name 10 Indian tribes.
 40 What are reservations, how ruled, how many and which is the largest?
 41 Locate 6 Indian reservations
 42 Give 10 geographical Indian names.
 43 Name 10 words contributed by the American Indian to the English language.
 44 Tell of Mr. Duncan's teaching in the Metlaktla colony. What plans used to protect the colony from outside influence?
 45 Which of our universities was founded for the purpose of educating and christianizing the Indian?
 46 Who was the pioneer evangelical missionary to the Indians?
 47 Name and locate three hospitals in Alaska.
 48 Give the most practical and successful plan of educating the boys and girls in Alaska.
 49 Does the government usually co operate with the missionaries? Where is this an exception
 50 What work is the M. E. C. S. doing for the Indians?

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.

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

German and English Sense of Humor
By C. C. REYNOLDS, Lincoln, Neb.

Among the most amusing by-products of this war are the accusations hurled by both German and English writers, accusing one another of lacking a sense of humor. Of course both are right, and, equally of course, both are wrong. We Americans, however, need not place ourselves upon the unfairness of our German and British friends, for we are also in the habit of proclaiming that we have a kind of monopoly of appreciation and creation of humor.

In point of fact, in every modern nation there are people who understand and appreciate humor and others who do not. Americans are prone to say that the British are lacking in this respect. That is nonsense on its face, inasmuch as Shakespeare, Thackeray, Swift, Steele, Pope, Hood, Dickens, Goldsmith and a host of other writers rank with the greatest wits and humorists of all ages. The fact that they are appreciated by the British public is ample proof of its possession of a sense of humor.

We sometimes like to say, also, that the German is slow-witted and lacking in humor. This is equally nonsensical. Perhaps the best of the modern humorous publications are German, while German literature also boasts numerous writers who were both humorous and witty.

Naturally we may find Britons and Germans who lack a sense of humor. Also we may find vast numbers of Americans, Frenchmen and Irishmen similarly lacking, and these are popularly supposed to be the peoples most appreciative of humor.

The plain fact appears to be that all humankind is dowered with a sense of the humorous in greater or less degree and that, with the spread of education, civilization and culture, this sense is accentuated.

Fixing American Standard of Life
By H. O. GEHRING, Detroit, Mich.

As a nation we are so accustomed to set our standards according to the ultra-prosperous and extravagant that we have come to nurse false conceptions which breed unnecessary pain and a wholly unfounded sense of injustice. As a matter of fact, the American standard is not fixed by wealth at all, but by that mingled thrift and industry which makes for plenty, and whose characteristic is summed up in the old adage: "Nothing too much."

We're going to learn something about the fundamental principle herein involved. We're going to fix our standard not according to those who are living disastrously below it, but according to the standard of necessity with comfort.

In that way all who bear their share of the daily burden will have enough.

The standard of life in America is not an automobile in every woodshed, nor a white-capped maid in every nursery; the standard of American life is enough of what is necessary, a little of what is luxury, a lot of what is comfort, an education for the young ones, a roof for old age, and a life-work well done.

All above that or below it is aside from the standard.

Taking Shop Put to Good Account
By R. SMITH, Indianapolis, Ind.

One who is interested in his occupation, whether it is writing novels, painting pictures, shoeing horses or raising corn or potatoes, knows something about his special pursuit that no one else knows, or at least is able to view it from an angle others have not taken, and when his interest and enthusiasm lead him to try to give others that point of view he may be truly entertaining.

Something, of course, depends on the listener's breadth of mind and receptiveness, but if he is of that catholicity which puts him in the class to which nothing human is alien, he welcomes knowledge on any subject and rejoices in the pleasure of absorption of the talker in his theme.

When the actor talks about acting he should have something to say worth hearing; so with the artist, the teacher, the lawyer, the artisan in any line.

Even the follower of that driest of all occupations, commercial book-keeping, may have something to tell that would interest his fellow-beings, for it is said, upon good authority, that accountants may be found who enjoy their work and regard it as a science.

Shop talk at its best, indeed, is the very best sort of talk.

Misfortunes Contain Germ of Good
By J. L. Meyers, Cincinnati, Ohio

Even the worst misfortunes seem to contain the germ of good. Thus the era of unemployment, which now, happily, appears to be passing, has demonstrated anew the common humanity of men. Every move for the relief of the unemployed has met ready and hearty support, from rich and struggling alike. It will probably never be known how much self-denial has been practiced during the dark days in order that the necessities of life may be more generally distributed.

The trouble is that men forget these things in brighter days. When we face a general calamity everybody is liberal, everyone is willing to strain his means to help. When the time of stress is past we are, unfortunately, likely to assume that nobody remains who needs help.

In the periods of the highest demand for labor there are many unemployed who are so because they do not fit into the jobs at hand and do not know where to seek for those they can fill.

It would be well if we took stock of our humanity and retained some of its manifestations for the coming era when times will not be so "hard."

Too Much Reading is Bad as None
By Charles P. Donoghue, Denver, Colo.

It was Lord Bacon who said "reading maketh the full man," but he failed to tell his public that too much reading of a certain sort might make the reader "too full."

I do not deny the reading of fiction. An old instructor of mine used to say that during the winter months everyone should read solid books for the most part and do light reading in the warm weather. His theory was that too much solid reading during the entire year tended to make one mentally stiffer.

The point I wish to make, however, is that mental intoxication, consequent upon too great indulgence in the printed page, is as bad as physical intoxication. If we read too much fiction our taste is apt to become vitiated.

The summer is the time for fiction, but it is also the time for the country, for athletic exercise, for botanizing, for getting acquainted with that wonderful nature which is all about us.

Tourist's Coat in Shepherd's Check



FEW coats are as graceful as the loose-hanging shepherd's check, shown here cut with a moderate flare and wide capelle sleeves. It is so roomy that it may be worn over a tailored suit, but so well adjusted about the shoulders and so excellent in its lines that there is nothing cumbersome about it.

About nine out of ten coats of moderately heavy woolen fabrics fall when it comes to being graceful. Such coats must be cut on simple lines, otherwise they cannot possibly be "smart." The fault usually lies in breaking up the design with decorative features added for the sake of novelty. In the coat pictured here the desired homely is achieved in the shape of the sleeves, the flare of the skirts, and in the introduction of a cross-bar pattern in the same fabric as the coat for an inlay in the collar and revers and as a border for the sleeves. This inlay is shown in black with white bars, in bright green and in leather color.

The collar is cut so that it may be brought up close about the neck, and, while the coat is not designed for cold weather, it has plenty of warmth to fortify one against the keen breeze of the sea or the morning chill of the mountain country and the "norther" that penetrates to southern climes.

Such a coat is destined to outlive a single season; it is so sanely fashioned that it may be relied upon to outlast the caprices of style for a year or so.

Odd and Successful Coiffure



IN COIFFURES, as in everything else pertaining to dress, the new spring season has brought with it a greater variety in styles than has arrived for many a year. There are the Victorian coiffures, and that very youthful and original arrangement of the hair called the "Bobby." Then there are the coiffures in which the hair is uncurled, combed back plainly and arranged in a long soft puff on top of the head and extending down over the middle of the forehead. This is only good on youthful wearers.

Nearly all the new coiffures show the hair waved and curled and following the contour of the head closely. They rely upon short curls more than upon any other one feature, unless it be ornamental combs, for their elaboration. These two are introduced in many positions.

But exceptions which suit the style and features of the individual are always commendable. The pretty coiffure shown in the picture is arranged in rather boyish lines about the face, with long side part and no curls. It is wholly redeemed from this masculine touch by the Psyche knot at the back. One cannot believe that any other style would be quite so becoming to this particular face, and this is the conviction which makes any coiffure successful.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

DECORATIONS IN THE HOME

Especially Feature of the Moment is the Lavish Use That is Being Made of Lace.

Lace assumes more and more the important place in the domain of home furnishing. It is so important that upholsterers have to employ lacemakers and are obliged to make lace purchases on a considerable scale.

Among other things, pianos and windows are draped with lace, leaving room for legitimate upholstery to come afterward. All styles are available. The "renaissance" combines with lace of quite modern origin. And, combining with all and second to none in fashion or effect, is the old-fashioned crochet. The present taste for crochet denotes a remarkable revival in this kind of thing.

Another revival besides it, and making common cause with house and especially drawing-room decoration, is the equally old-fashioned netting. For long years past this species of handwork has been left almost exclusively to fishermen and their wives. It served for fishing-nets and that was about all. But now it is coming back as fast as it can to the place it occupied, let us say, a hundred years ago, in the repertoire of fancy work for women.

Then was the time when dainty slipper-cased feet were put forward and used in the service of the kind of fancy work known as knitting. Now machinery does a great deal of the work which human fingers aided by the foot used to do.

But whether wrought by fingers or machinery, it remains a fact that old-fashioned netting is a distinct revival and that its presence in drawing rooms throws an air of fashion around them. The effect of embroidery upon it are now more artistic than of yore, nature as well as pictures often serving as models.

TO PREPARE AND USE VEGETABLES

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT EXPERTS GIVE RESULTS OF STUDY AND EXPERIMENT.

UNDERGROUND VEGETABLES

Some Facts About Roots and Underground Stems That Are Eaten as Vegetables—Cooking Starch.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Nearly all roots and underground stems that are eaten as vegetables contain large quantities of water, in addition to starch or some similar material, a little nitrogenous matter, and mineral matter. The roots and stems store materials for future growth during favorable seasons. Plants that store most of their food as insoluble starch (as potatoes and cassava) are known as "starch-bearing plants," while those which store much of their food in the form of soluble carbohydrates (sugar in the case of the beet) which give the root a more or less juicy character are classed as "succulent roots."

In northern regions the potato is the most important of the starch-bearing plants. In the southern states the sweet potato is more generally used. One reason why the potato has become such a favorite is doubtless its lack of pronounced flavor. It harmonizes with foods having a more positive taste, and one does not tire of it as one would of the continuous use of turnip or squash. Then, too, it is easily grown, gives an abundant yield, and may be readily stored for winter use.

How Much Should Potatoes Weigh?
Potatoes should weigh 60 pounds to the bushel, or 15 pounds to the peck. As three or four average potatoes will together weigh one pound, a peck should number from 40 to 60.

The oftener potatoes are handled in their transit from producer to consumer the poorer their quality and the greater the percentage of refuse. When received from the market it is desirable to sort them carefully, that those of the same size may be cooked together—smooth, medium ones to be baked; large ones to be steamed in their skins; and imperfect and inferior ones to be pared before boiling. Any portions that are dark-colored or green should be removed, as they may impart a bad flavor to the rest. Sprouts should be broken from potatoes before cooking.

When potatoes are old and wrinkled they are much improved by cutting off the ends or by partially or wholly paring and by soaking in cold water for several hours like dried beans, etc. In fact, inferior potatoes of any age are much improved by paring and soaking.

Where potatoes are inexpensive or the parings can be fed to animals it is often a profitable custom to pare before cooking, since thus imperfections and strong-flavored portions are disposed of, leaving a nearly pure starch, comparable to arrowroot or tapioca and ready for the table as soon as cooked; this is true notwithstanding that careful investigations have proved that such cooking causes considerable loss of the nutrients in the potato.

When potatoes are the only vegetable attainable it might be wiser to cook them without paring, so that their mineral salts may be retained, but people who use salad plants and other vegetables freely are justified in considering chiefly convenience and palatability in the preparation of these tubers.

Often it is a convenience for the housekeeper who has several dishes to prepare at once just before dinner to have the potatoes pared earlier in the day.

Most good cooks believe that it is wiser to discard the water in which potatoes are boiled, as it is likely to be strong in flavor.

Potato flour may be found in large groceries and is used in cakes and for thickening purposes in much the same way as cornstarch.

Sweet potatoes are not strictly tubers like Irish potatoes, but are tuberous roots. They should be kept in a dry place if possible at a temperature of from 50 to 65 degrees F. Because their sweetness is to some extent lost in water, they are better steamed than boiled, and baking is a favorite method of preparation. After steaming they may be sifted and used in puddings or pies like squash and added to breads, particularly cornbread.

Sweet potatoes are sometimes canned and are often dried like fruits for family use. A flour is also made from the sweet potato.

In southern homes the sliced sweet potato (often first parboiled) has always been cooked with sugar, butter, and other seasoning. Such dishes, under a variety of names, are now general favorites.

When sweet potatoes are baked the process should not be too rapid, but should continue for an hour or until the skin separates from the pulp, and in the case of the varieties moist when cooked, until the sirup condenses, and the pulp grows moist. The negroes in the southern states bake them in the ashes in the fireplace; and as soon as one meal is over put in those needed for the next.

A New Vegetable—the Dasheen.

A new tuber which has received some attention from the bureau of plant industry is the dasheen from tropical countries. The plants resemble the caladium, which is such a popular ornamental plant, and the taro, which provides the "poi" of the Hawaiians, and which is a staple food in many tropical islands. The dasheens may be served like potatoes, boiled, fried, creamed, etc., but to many are like potatoes, most acceptable when baked. They have a rough outer coating, which may be partially removed before cooking. If entirely pared there is a tendency to discolor, as with potatoes. More detailed information regarding this new introduction and its preparation will be sent free to the housewife who applies to the United States department of agriculture.

The Importance of Properly Cooking Starch.

Starch cookery is a very important subject. That starch may be thoroughly cooked it is essential that every starch grain be brought into contact with water of at least 140 to 175 degrees F.

In the case of starches separated from the plant cells when they were formed (arrow root, corn starch, etc.) cooking is a simple matter, and long continued cooking is seldom needed to make them palatable and in good condition for digestion.

The selection of potato starch instead of corn or wheat starch for thickening sauces in accordance with the custom of French cooks is rational, since it does not require so long boiling to insure the best results.

In the case of starch still enclosed in plant cells—as is the case with the starch present in cereal breakfast foods, etc.—long cooking is desirable in order that water may penetrate to each individual starch grain and unite with it to form the well cooked material which is considered most wholesome.

Starches from different plants or plant parts differ in the form of the starch grain, so that starches of various kinds can be identified by the aid of the microscope. But from the culinary standpoint they are practically interchangeable, and one form of starch may be substituted for another in nearly all cases. Just as we may substitute the yam or a dish of rice for the potato as a vegetable, so we may use starch from the potato, or corn, or wheat, or rice for thickening gravies or making puddings, making slight changes in proportion, according to the expansive powers of each kind.

Suggestions Regarding Succulent Roots.

Beets contain a larger percentage of sugar than most vegetables, and should be baked or steamed to retain as much of this as possible. At all events, they should be cooked in the skins, and the tip of the root and a portion of the leaf stems should also be left on until after cooking. Even so, some color and sweetness are lost in the water in which they are cooked.

Radishes, red or white, when a little too large to eat raw, may be cooked like turnips and served with a white sauce.

Raw carrots often are eaten by children, and are advocated by those who believe in the use of raw foods. When grated, raw carrots may be used in soups without further cooking, or added to salads. The carrot contains so much sugar that its use for sugar making in the same way as the beet, has been seriously considered.

The parsnip is said to have been cultivated even before the Christian era. The woody fiber of these roots is softened by freezing without injury to other portions. Hence they are left in the ground until the frost comes or even through the winter. But the roots must be used before they begin to grow again or they lose their sweetness and get "rusty." The larger ones are likely to be less sweet and more woody. Small parsnips just from the ground in the spring will cook in less than a half hour. If steamed in their skins, they lose less sweetness than by boiling. They should be peeled after cooking, and served plain or with white sauce, or sauteed in butter or mashed and made into fritters. They may be made into a stew with potatoes, onions, and milk.

The vegetables sometimes known as the "oyster plant" is the "salsify," which is most available for use during the late fall and winter. The root turns dark quickly if the skin is removed before cooking, and after paring should be dropped at once into vinegar and water to prevent discoloration. After boiling for about thirty minutes, the salsify may be served with butter or white sauce, or mashed and made into fritters.

Their Great Scheme.

A local couple, recently married, hit upon a scheme for saving what they figured was just about right. Each month they would save a certain sum each day. The first day one cent, the second day two cents, third four cents. Each day the amount was to be doubled until the end of 30 days. By that time they would have a tidy sum laid away.

Before starting the husband figured out just how much would be accumulated in this way. After laborious work he found the amount to be something like \$5,300,000, so after considering the matter they decided that one dollar a week would be about their speed.—Youngstown Telegram.

Relic of the Past.

"Seems to be a diversity of opinion about one thing."
"What is that?"
"Some old fogies seem to think a trunk strap is more efficacious in reforming a bad boy than a suspended sentence."—Kansas City Journal.

Are You Giving Your Body A Square Deal?

Read "The Ills of Life" This free booklet is a plain statement of plain people as to their experience with Peruna. They have used Peruna. They know what they are talking about.

DAIRY

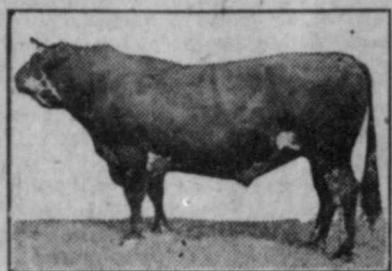


MANAGING THE DAIRY BULL

Allowing Animal to Run With Cows Is Not Good Practice—Plenty of Exercise Is Urged.

(By G. W. BARNES, Arizona Experiment Station.)

The practice of permitting a bull to run with the dairy cows cannot possibly be recommended. Especially is this true during the breeding season, and with the dairyman who is milking a large number of cows and has a constant demand for milk, it means practically the entire time.



First Prize Norman Bull.

a strong wire between two substantial posts and fastening the bull by chain from the ring in his nose to a ring which slips loosely over the wire.

When kept in this way the bull is also more easily managed. A dairy bull makes a dangerous pet, and should never be so far trusted as to be in a position where he can get the advantage of his attendant.

CONVENIENCE OF MILK CANS

"Shotgun" Can Is Easily Covered, Set in Water and Not Difficult to Handle.

Milk and cream from even a few cows can be much more conveniently handled in regular milk cans than in the shallow pans and wide-mouthed buckets commonly used.

These cans may be bought in various sizes. For handling cream and skim milk where separators are used, or even where cream is set to sour for butter making, the "shotgun can," is very convenient. It can be easily covered and set in water and is convenient to handle.

Where even a few cows are kept, a separate room for handling the milk should be provided to relieve the oftentimes overcrowded kitchen. Well houses frequently have a room which, with the addition of a concrete floor, shelves and windows, makes a very convenient milk room.

EFFICIENT RATIONS FOR COW

Where Silage Is Not Obtainable Mixture of Alfalfa, Corn and Gluten Meal Is Good.

A ration of 12 pounds alfalfa, 35 pounds corn silage, four pounds ground corn and three pounds bran proved most efficient for a 1,200-pound cow producing 30 pounds milk daily at the Nebraska station.

Where silage is not available, the next best combination is 15 pounds alfalfa, six pounds ground corn, eight pounds corn stover and two pounds gluten meal.

Where neither silage nor alfalfa are at hand, feed 12 pounds millet hay, 12 pounds sorghum hay, two pounds ground corn and three pounds oil meal.

KEEPING DAIRY COWS CLEAN

Piece of Plank, Arranged in Sloping Manner, Will Cure Animal of Stepping into Gutter.

Some cows have a disagreeable habit of backing into the gutter and getting their feet full of manure. A piece of plank set about an inch below the top of the gutter next to the cow and sloped to the bottom of the gutter in the rear will remedy this trouble.

The plank should not be longer than the length of one stall so it can be removed for cleaning the gutter.

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

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

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

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

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

ALL RIGHT IN THE FUTURE

Proof That Little Dorothy Had Imbibed the Policies Advocated by Her Mother.

Dorothy's mother is a suffragette of advanced type. Dorothy is a dear little girl in a primary grade, but somewhat inclined to copy her elders. One day her teacher received a note from the secretary of the school board, but waited until after class to read it.

Dorothy took hold of the teacher's hand with both hers and said very seriously, "Don't you cry any more. When we get the vote we women will correct such things!"—The Sunday Magazine.

WONDERFUL HOW RESINOL STOPS ITCHING AT ONCE

To those who have endured for years the itching torments of eczema or other such skin-eruption, the relief that the first use of resinol ointment and resinol soap gives is perfectly incredible. After all the suffering they have endured and all the useless treatments they spent good money for, they cannot believe anything so simple, mild and inexpensive can stop the itching and burning INSTANTLY! And they find it still more wonderful that the improvement is permanent and that resinol really drives away the eruption completely in a very short time.

Cheered Too Soon

During William Jennings Bryan's first presidential campaign—in 1896, was it not?—a section hand in Lincoln, for years a great Bryan rooster, begged for the privilege of accompanying "the Commoner" on one of his trips. At one stop Bryan got up to speak and declared the cause was growing.

A Different Matter

"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister, in talking with one of the deacons at a meeting.

Quite Different

"One year ago a man could announce that he was going to Europe without creating a ripple of excitement."

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.

Sure Preventive

He—I w-w-wish I could fuf-fuf-find a w-w-way to keep from sta-sta-stammering. She—I'll tell you how—don't talk.

Principle

Mr. Given—Do you believe finding is keeping? Weary Willie—Not in the case of work, mum.

If you don't want to be spoiled by success, get a job in the weather bureau.

Unfriendly Tricks

"I thought you were a friend of his?" "I used to be."

"To every life-insurance and book agent that asked him if he had any friends who might be interested in their propositions he insisted on giving my name."

Hicks' CAPUDINE

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

A "neutrality meeting" is a dangerous place for any man on the other side.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Was a Bit Skeptical

Uncle Rastus was sitting in his home reading a newspaper when he suddenly glanced up and addressed Aunt Dinah.

New System

"When you get out of this penitentiary," said the warden, "you'll be able to earn your own living and look the world in the face."

Why Living Is High

"Farm products cost more than they used to."

A Sense of Regret

"It was a great move the Russians made in abolishing vodka."

The Truth Comes Out

Mother—Do you go to church for the sermon or the singing? Pretty Daughter—For the hims, of course.

SATISFIED AS THEY WERE

Couples, Victims of Curate's Mistake, Decide That They Would Let the Thing Go.

A vicar of a certain English parish was sitting in his study one morning when the verger in a great state of excitement.

"Mr. Curate," mentioning the curate's name, "you at once, sir," he exclaimed, "has married two couples and married the two men to the wrong women, and he does not know what to do."

"Have they signed the register?" inquired the vicar.

"No," was the verger's response. "Then they can be married again," said the vicar. "Tell Mr. Curate I will be at the church in a minute or two to perform the ceremony."

In due course the incumbent made his way to the church and found the parties gathered at the entrance. Before he could say anything one of the bridegrooms approached and said: "We have been talking it over, sir, and we have made up our minds to remain as we are." And they did so.

Hard for Them.

"If the English were fighting on the Russian and Polish border there is one respect which never could be made of them."

"What's that?" "That they were meeting with pronounced successes."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU BY MIXTURES Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just Eye Relief. Write for Book on the Eye by mail Free. Curative Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Many a man has a saving sense of humor—but it doesn't help his savings bank account.

The Cough that hurts, but the tickle is to blame. It's Mentholated Cough Drops stop the tickle—Go at good Druggists.

No man so ignorant that he can't teach you something.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have we published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

If you could visit the W. L. Douglas factory at Brockton, Mass., and see how carefully the shoes are made, and the high grade leathers used, you would then understand why they look and fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price.



Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

Texas Directory

Hotel Waldorf 1505 Commerce St., Dallas, Texas. Centrally located Europe & Boston. Rates: \$1.50 and \$2. 140 rooms, part of them are large and well ventilated. Bring your family.

SEEDS You Need

Good, fresh, reliable seeds. Field and Flower Seed. Write to DAVID HARDIE SEED CO., Dallas, Texas. For their 1913 catalog and price list—it will be mailed free. Mention this paper.

HART-PARR COMPANY

OIL TRACTORS 20 to 60 Horse Power. THRESHERS, GANG PLOWS, ETC. Live Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. HART-PARR COMPANY, HOUSTON, TEXAS

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 13-1915.

FACE BATHING WITH

Cuticura Soap Most Soothing to Sensitive Skins. Trial Free.

Especially when preceded by little touches of Cuticura Ointment to red, rough, itching and pimply surfaces. Nothing better for the skin, scalp, hair and hands than these super-creamy emollients. Why not look your best as to your hair and skin?

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

Another Echo of That Song

An old negro who had his savings in a Birmingham bank that recently suspended was telling his troubles to a business man.

"Don't worry," said the business man. I understand the suspension is only temporary.

"But boss," said the old negro, still perturbed, "de white folks say it's er long, long way ter temporary."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Hard Work

"So you have a government clerkship, have you?" "Yes."

"Don't have to do any work, I suppose?" "I don't eh? I have to get my pay warrant every month, and get it cashed."

The Object Lesson

Teacher—When both hands are up, what time is it? Johnny—Time to uppercut, ma'am.

Take CAPUDINE

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

It is our duty to do our best to brighten the lives of the people who live with us or are dependent on us.

Housework Is a Burden

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden.

Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of suffering women. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Texas Case

Mrs. J. M. Ward, Winnsboro, Texas, says: "My health was all run down from kidney trouble and I suffered intensely from a severe backache. I had pains in my head, along with blinding dizzy spells. Nothing relieved me until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They benefited me so much that I can't be too grateful."

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

WHY NOT TRY POPHAM'S ASTHMA MEDICINE

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

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A hair preparation of merit. Restores color and promotes growth of hair. For restoring color and promoting growth of hair. Sold by Druggists. Price 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is Weak, use REFERENCE. Made by Van Vleet-Field Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

Sold Under a Binding Guarantee



For Men or Boat

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 5c, 25c and \$1.00. OR WRITE G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

SAIL "SPANISH MAIN"

American Vessels Carry Goods
"Made in U. S. A."

Follow Trade Routes Devised by Drake
and Other Freebooters—Big Business
No Longer Needs Urging
to Seize Chance.

New York.—Down at the wharves these days there are Yankee steamers, flying the Stars and Stripes, loading with "Made in U. S. A." products bound for the Spanish main.

The trade routes that Drake and his crew of freebooting heroes originated in their age of plundering Spanish cities of South America, are followed by more American ships than European now, while a few months ago it was the United Jack or Norwegian or German flag that flew from the mastsheads of the ships in the tropics.

Big business, the kind that deals in millions, no longer needs urging to seize its opportunity, and the little fellows who deal in thousands instead of millions are following the leaders.

A dozen or more ships are clearing every week for Argentina and Brazil and for ports on the west coast of South America, via the canal.

And South American goods are coming back in American bottoms. Manuel A. Molina, consul general of the Argentine republic in New York, issued an official statement in which he pleaded for closer trade relations between the United States and Argentina.

"We have products you want, as well as markets for your products," he said. "The United States is interested in capturing our markets by selling its products to us, but does not reciprocate in purchasing our goods to a similar degree. Argentine wool and hides are bought in the London markets by American importers. Why not import them direct to America and save the middleman's profit?"

Yankee millionaires saw the chance, and there are a few ships now en route from Buenos Aires with Argentine products which will be sold in the open market here.

The Argentine consul's plea was followed, a few days later, by an announcement from Peru. The government there decided to import flour from the United States and sell it at cost price in order to reduce the cost of bread there.

These announcements had immediate results, and, as a sequel, a chain of government-encouraged schools for the training of foreign commerce experts may soon be realized. Prof. C. L. Swiggert of the University of Tennessee, who is a member of the committee on commercial preparation of foreign trade of the National Foreign Trade council, announced that important links in this chain of schools would be Columbia university in New York, the University of Chicago, Tulane university, Harvard, University of Cincinnati and Charleston college.

FARMER'S WIFE EARNS AUTO

Helps Husband With Carpenter Work;
He Sells the Wheat
at \$1.50.

Culver, Kan.—Last summer before D. H. Knott threshed his wheat he decided to hold the crop for a higher price. He built granaries and repaired others on his farm, but the work of harvesting and threshing made labor scarce and he finally secured his wife's services in assisting in the carpenter work and she make a good hand. When the work was completed and the threshing machine was ready for his stacks, Mrs. Knott said: "Now, husband, what are you to get for my services?"

"Well, when wheat reaches a dollar and a half I will sell and we will have a motor car," was the answer.

The wheat is sold and Mr. Knott's bank account shows that he received a dollar and a half a bushel. Mrs. Knott is waiting for the auto.

SENDS JEWELS TO LAUNDRY

Detectives Get to Chinaman's Before
Bundles Worth \$1,000 in
Diamonds.

San Francisco.—After pinning \$1,000 worth of diamonds to the inside of her nightgown to insure their safety, Mrs. Leo Shapirer sent the jewels and the gown to a Chinese laundry and almost succumbed to hysterics before they were recovered by the police.

With Detectives Perlman and Howell, Mr. Shapirer hastened to the laundry, arriving there before the package of laundry. The diamonds were recovered.

Takes Seven to Handle Souze.

New York.—It required the services of seven able-bodied policemen to remove a 250-pound woman from her home to the alcoholic ward at Bellevue hospital.

Tangos at One Hundred and One.
New Haven, Conn.—Asher Sheldon celebrated his one hundred and first birthday by tangoing with Mrs. Sarah Cook, ninety-three, at a reception given by his friends.

THE INFORMER

Farm & Ranch

Holland's Mag'zine

75c ALL THREE 75c

6 MONTHS

COWS MUST SHOW A PROFIT

Farmers Form Association to Test
Milk Stock to Spot "Dead
Beat" Bossies.

Stockton, Cal.—Under the direction of Farm Adviser Lyons the farmers of San Joaquin county have taken steps toward organizing an association for testing cows.

Under present conditions it is claimed that farmers have no way of ascertaining just what cows in their herds are profit-makers, but under the new plan every "dead beat" cow can be singled out of a herd and disposed of.

"The movement is one that means a great saving to San Joaquin farmers," said Lyons, "and it is bound to spread. When this association is started it will probably be found that between 20 and 25 per cent of the cows in the average herd are not paying for their keep. The dairyman will make money by selling these cows for beef."

MAN, 78, DOES EGG DANCE

Blindfolded and Bent With Age, He
Does the Steps and Never
Broke a Shell.

St. Paul, Minn.—Albert Fankopf, seventy-eight years old, bent and white-haired, danced blindfolded among 15 eggs laid in two rooms at intervals of a foot, for several minutes without breaking a shell. For more than fifty years Professor Fankopf has been performing this feat, but at the annual Schilachfest of the Saxonia and General German Benevolent association he danced as never before. The years dropped from him as he danced. When the music stopped the old man fell into the arms of a spectator. "Weak heart," he gasped. He soon recovered himself and bowed in response to the cheers.

BRIDE, 13, RESUMES STUDY

Told Schoolmates of Her Secret Mar-
riage. Now Everybody
Knows It.

Bremerton, Wash.—Hazel Lund, thirteen, was married to George Brandelein, a navy yard employee. The bride, wearing short dresses and a pig-tail, returned home immediately following the ceremony at Tacoma to resume her studies at the Central school. The bride was accompanied on the trip by her mother, who gave her consent to the marriage.

The announcement of the marriage came through the gossip of schoolmates, who were told the facts by the girl's wife as a "secret not to be revealed."

SPIRIT OF CHIEF IN ORCHID



One of the most interesting exhibits at the International Flower show at Grand Central Palace, New York, was a moth orchid growing in a human skull. A rather curious story accompanies the exhibit. The skull is that of an old tribal chief of the Philippine islands, who was murdered forty years ago by Guana, a Sarlago chief, for stealing one of the latter's wives. Guana kept the skull as a trophy until his death, when it was placed upon Guana's grave as a tombstone. An orchid took root and as the flower bloomed it was zealously guarded by the natives who thought the orchid was the spirit of their chief. In the year 1902, a traveler passing through the village saw the freak and stole it from the natives and sent it to a florist of Rutherford, N. J. Note how the expansion of the roots has caused the frontal bone to crack. The roots extend down through the skull and can be seen through the nasal cavity and beneath the jaw. The flower has bloomed regularly since brought to this country.

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FOR THIS WORLD ONLY

J. C. WELLS
Agent

The only way to get the genuine New Home Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name HOME on the arm and in the top. 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

RAIL CHIEF RUNS ENGINE

G. P. Byers, Principal Owner of A. and N., Which Has No Debt,
Takes Sick Driver's Place.

Hutchinson, Kan.—Because of the illness of the regular engineer on the Anthony and Northern railway, O. P. Byers of Hutchinson, president of the new line, donned overalls, climbed into the cab and took the regular train out of Pratt on time recently.

Byers returned to the engine cab after a quarter of a century's absence. He was promoter of the original Hutchinson and Southern road, now owned and operated by the Santa Fe, and later was connected with the traffic department of the Rock Island railroad.

The Anthony and Northern is virtually owned by Byers. It is unique in that it is a railroad built and operated without a cent of bonded indebtedness, and it is paying dividends.

FINDS LOST WATCH AT FIRE

Fireman Answering Alarm Discovers
Stolen Timepiece in Window of
Burning Store.

Milwaukee.—It was an alarm clock all right. At least Fireman C. A. Flynn thinks so.

Flynn, a member of truck company No. 6, recently doled up to enjoy his day off. After prinking he reached for his watch and the watch was gone. Somebody had stolen it from his home.

All week Flynn moped about the engine house, blue as a soubrette when the company "busts" on the road.

One day an alarm came in from a second-hand store. Flynn was first man off the ladder truck. Ax in hand, he started in when a watch in the window caught his eye.

Now Flynn is wearing his watch again and Arthur Langbecker, aged twenty-seven, is awaiting trial on a charge of theft.

Pays for Stolen Rides.
Newark, N. J.—Conscience Stricken has sent 25 cents to the Public Service Railway company for five rides taken on street cars and not paid for.

FORTUNE FOLLOWS HIS DOG

Admirer of Neighbor's Children Makes
Them Heirs and Custodians
of Wealth.

Roseburg, Ore.—"I hereby bequeath my entire estate, consisting of money in banks and property, to the children of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Nichols of Riddle with the understanding that they are to care for my dog-puppy as long as it lives," was the essential part of a will filed by James Rice of Riddle in the probate court here.

Rice has lived in southern Douglas county for many years and is a great admirer of the Nichols children. Recently he decided that they should have his property and money following his death. The puppy, of which Rice speaks in his will, has been his constant companion for several months. It is understood that Mr. Rice is moderately wealthy.

Swift Horses.

"Horses!" said the Yankee. "Guess you can't talk to me about the horses. I had an old mare, Malzypp, who once licked our best express by a couple of miles on a 30-mile run to Chicago."

"That's nothing," said the Canadian. "I was out on my farm one day, about fifty miles from the house, when a frightful storm came up. I turned the pony's head for home, and, do you know, he raced the storm so close for the last ten miles that I didn't feel a drop, while my old dog, only ten yards behind, had to swim the whole distance." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Should Have Sealed It.

Through some slight error in the use of the old Hebrew letters it seems that the official seal of Yale university has been embellished with the motto, "Blaphemous and Farmers," instead of "Light and Truth." This may emphasize anew the old saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but the fearful mistake should never have been exposed. If the wise ones who detected the error had only maintained a dignified silence there are very few, it is said, ever have known.

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The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy 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. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. Samson thrashes Tamarack Spicer and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. 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 distant 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-lit by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farbish, sportsy social parasite, and Horton's enemy. Farbish conspires with others to make Horton jealous, and succeeds. Farbish brings Horton and Samson together at the Kenmore club's shooting lodge, and forces an open rupture, expecting Samson to kill Horton and so rid the political and financial thugs of the crusader. Samson exposes the plot and thrashes the conspirators. Samson is advised by his teachers to turn to portrait painting. Drennie commissions him to paint her portrait. Sally goes to school. Samson goes to Paris to study.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"No," she said, "I haven't done that yet. I guess we won't. . . I think he'd rather stay outside, Wilfred. If I was sure I loved him, and that he loved me, I'd feel like a cheat—there is the other girl to think of. . . And, besides, I'm not sure what I want myself. . . But I'm horribly afraid I'm going to end by losing you both."

Horton stood silent. It was tea time, and from below came the strains of the ship's orchestra. A few ulster-muffled passengers gloomily paced the deck.

"You won't lose us both, Drennie," he said, steadily. "You may lose your choice—but, if you find yourself able to fall back on substitutes, I'll be there, waiting."

For once he did not meet her scrutiny, or know of it. His own eyes were fixed on the slow swaying of heavy, gray-green waters. He was smiling, but it is as a man smiles when he confronts despair and pretends that everything is quite all right. The girl looked at him with a choke in her throat.

"Wilfred," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "I'm not worth worrying over. Really, I'm not. If Samson South proposed to me today, I know that I should refuse him. I am not at all sure that I am the least little bit in love with him. Only, don't you see I can't be quite sure I'm not? It would be horrible if we all made a mistake. May I have till Christmas to make up my mind for all time? I'll tell you then, dear, if you care to wait."

CHAPTER XIII.

Tamarack Spicer sat on the top of a box car, swinging his legs over the side. He was clad in overalls, and in the pockets of his breeches reposed a bulging flask of red liquor, and an unbulging pay envelope. Tamarack had been "railroading" for several months this time. He had made a new record for sustained effort and industry, but now June was beckoning him to the mountains with vagabond yearnings for freedom and leisure. Many things had invited his soul. Almost four years had passed since Samson had left the mountains, and in four years a woman can change her mind. Sally might, when they met on the road, greet him once more as kinsman and agree to forget his faulty method of courtship. This time he would be more diplomatic. Yesterday he had gone to the boss and "called for his time." Today he was paid off, and a free lance.

As he reflected on these matters a fellow-trainman came along the top of the car and sat down at Tamarack's side. This brakeman had also been recruited from the mountains, though from another section—over toward the Virginia line.

"So yer quittin'?" observed the newcomer.

Spicer nodded.

"Goin' back thar on Misery?"

Again Tamarack answered with a jerk of his head.

"I've been layin' off ter tell ye somethin', Tam'rack."

"Cut her loose."

"I laid over in Hixon last week, an' some fellers that used ter know my mother's folks took me down in the cellar of Hollman's store, an' give me some lickin'."

"What of it?"

"They was talkin' 'bout you."

"What did they say?"

"I seen that they was enemies of yours, an' they wasn't in no good humor, so, when they axed me ef I knowed ye, I loved I didn't know nothin' good about ye. I had ter cuss ye out, or git in trouble myself."

Tamarack cursed the whole Hollman tribe, and his companion went on:

"Jim Asberry was thar. He loved they'd found out that you'd done shot

Purvy that time, an' he said"—the brakeman paused to add emphasis to his conclusion—"that the next time ye come home, he 'lowed ter git ye plumb ashore."

Tamarack scowled.

"Much obleeged," he replied.

At Hixon Tamarack Spicer strolled along the street toward the courthouse. He wished to be seen. So long as it was broad daylight and he displayed no hostility, he knew he was safe—and he had plans.

Standing before the Hollman store were Jim Asberry and several companions. They greeted Tamarack affably and he prepared to talk.

"Ridin' over ter Misery?" inquired Asberry.

"Loved I mout as well."

"Mind ef I rides with ye es fur es Jesse's place?"

"Plumb glad ter have company," drawled Tamarack.

They chatted of many things, and traveled slowly, but, when they came to those narrows where they could not ride stirrup to stirrup each jockeyed for the rear position, and the man who found himself forced into the lead turned in his saddle and talked back over his shoulder, with wary, though seemingly careless, eyes. Each knew the other was bent on his murder.

At Purvy's gate Asberry waved farewell and turned in. Tamarack rode on, but shortly he hitched his horse in the concealment of a hollow, walled with huge rocks, and disappeared into the laurel.

He began climbing, in a crouched position, bringing each foot down noiselessly and pausing often to listen. Jim Asberry had not been outwardly armed when he left Spicer. But, soon, the brakeman's delicately attuned ears caught a sound that made him lie flat in the lee of a great log, where he was masked in clumps of flowering rhododendron. Presently Asberry passed him, also walking cautiously, but hurriedly, and cradling a Winchester rifle in the hollow of his arm. Then Tamarack knew that Asberry was taking this cut to head him off and waylay him in the gorge a mile away by road but a short distance only over the hill. Spicer held his heavy revolver cocked in his hand, but it was too near the Purvy house to risk a shot. He waited a moment, and then, rising, went on noiselessly with a snarling grin, talking the man who was stalking him.

Asberry found a place at the foot of a huge pine where the undergrowth would cloak him. Twenty yards below ran the creek-bed road, returning from its long horseshoe deviation. When he had taken his position his faded butternut clothing matched the earth as inconspicuously as a quail matches dead leaves, and he settled himself to wait. Slowly and with infinite caution his intended victim stole down, guarding each step, until he was in short and certain range, but, instead of being at the front, he came from the back. He, also, lay flat on his stomach and raised the already cocked pistol. He steadied it in a two-handed grip against a tree trunk and trained it with deliberate care on a point to the left of the other man's spine just below the shoulder blades.

Then he pulled the trigger! He did not go down to inspect his work. It was not necessary. The instantaneous flash with which the head of the ambuscader settled forward on its face told him all he wanted to know. He slipped back to his horse, mounted and rode fast to the house of Spicer South, demanding asylum.

The next day came word that if Tamarack Spicer would surrender and stand trial in a court dominated by the Hollmans the truce would continue. Otherwise the "war was on."

The Souths flung back this message: "Come and git him."

But Hollman and Purvy, hypocritically clamoring for the sanctity of the law, made no effort to come and "git him." They knew that Spicer South's house was now a fortress, prepared for siege. They knew that every trail thither was picketed. Also, they knew a better way. This time they had the color of the law on their side. The circuit judge, through the sheriff, asked for troops and troops came. Their tents dotted the river bank below the Hixon bridge. A detail under a white flag went out after Tamarack Spicer. The militia captain in command, who feared neither feudist nor death, was courteously received. He had brains, and he assured them that he acted under orders which could not be disobeyed. Unless they surrendered the prisoner, galling guns would follow. If necessary they would be dragged behind ox teams. Many militiamen might be killed, but for each of them the state had another. If Spicer would surrender, the officer would guarantee him personal protection, and, if it seemed necessary, a change of venue would secure him trial in another circuit. For hours the clan deliberated. For the soldiers they felt no enmity. For the young captain they felt an instinctive liking. He was a man.

Old Spicer South, restored to an echo of his former robustness by the call of action, gave the clan's verdict. "Hit hain't the co'te we're skeered of. Ef this boy goes ter town he won't never git into no co'te. He'll be murdered."

The officer held out his hand.

"As man to man," he said, "I pledge you my word that no one shall take him except by process of law. I'm not working for the Hollmans or the Purvys. I know their breed."

For a space old South looked into the soldier's eyes and the soldier looked back.

"I'll take yore handshake on that bargain," said the mountaineer, gravely. "Tam'rack," he added, in a voice of finality, "ye've got ter go."

The officer had meant what he said. He marched his prisoner into Hixon at the center of a hollow square, with muskets at the ready. And yet, as the boy passed into the courthouse yard, with a soldier rubbing elbows on each side, a cleanly aimed shot sounded from somewhere. The smokeless powder told no tale, and with blue shirts and army hats circling him, Tamarack fell and died.

That afternoon one of Hollman's henchmen was found lying in the road with his lifeless face in the water of the creek. The next day, as old Spicer South stood at the door of his cabin, a rifle barked from the hillside, and he fell, shot through the left shoulder by a bullet intended for his heart. All this while the troops were helplessly camped at Hixon. They had power and inclination to go out and get men, but there was no man to get.

The Hollmans had used the soldiers as far as they wished; they had made them pull the chestnuts out of the fire and Tamarack Spicer out of his stronghold. They now refused to swear out additional warrants.

A detail had rushed into Hollman's store an instant after the shot which killed Tamarack was fired. Except for



"Tam'rack, Ye've Got to Go."

a woman buying a card of buttons and a fair-haired clerk waiting on her, they found the building empty.

Back beyond, the hills were impenetrable, and answered no questions.

Old Spicer South would ten years ago have put a bandage on his wound and gone about his business, but now he tossed under his patchwork quilt, and Brother Spencer expressed grave doubts for his recovery. With his counsel unavailable, Willie McCager, by common consent, assumed something like the powers of a regent and took upon himself the duties to which Samson should have succeeded.

That a Hollman should have been able to elude the pickets and penetrate the heart of South territory to Spicer South's cabin was both astounding and alarming. The war was on without question now, and there must be council. Willie McCager had sent out a summons for the family heads to meet that afternoon at his mill. It was Saturday—"mild day"—and in accordance with ancient custom the lanes would be more traveled than usual.

Those men who came by the wagon road afforded no unusual spectacle, for behind each saddle sagged a sack of grain. Their faces bore no stamp of unwonted excitement, but every man balanced a rifle across his pommel. None the less, their purpose was grim, and their talk when they had gathered was to the point.

Old McCager, himself sorely perplexed, voiced the sentiment that the others had been too courteous to express. With Spicer South bedridden and Samson a renegade, they had no adequate leader. McCager was a solid man of intrepid courage and honesty, but grinding grit was his vocation, not strategy and tactics. The enemy had such masters of intrigue as Purvy and Judge Hollman.

Then a lean sorrel mare came jogging into view, switching her fly-bitten tail, and on the mare's back, urging him with a long, leafy switch, sat a woman. Behind her sagged the two loaded ends of a corn sack. She was lithe and slim, and her violet eyes were profoundly serious, and her lips were as resolutely set as Joan of Arc's might have been, for Sally Miller had come only ostensibly to have her corn ground to meal. She had really come to speak for the absent chief, and she knew that she would be met with derision. The years had sobered the girl, but her beauty had increased, though it was now a chastened type, which gave her a strange and rather exalted refinement of expression.

Willie McCager came to the mill door as she rode up and lifted the sack from her horse.

"Howdy, Sally?" he greeted.

"To'able, thank ye," said Sally. "I'm goin' ter get off."

As she entered the great half-lighted room, where the mill stones creaked on their cumbersome shafts, the hum of discussion sank to silence. The girl nodded to the mountaineers gathered in a circle, then, turning to the miller, she announced:

"I'm going to send for Samson."

The statement was at first met with dead silence, then came a rumble of indignant dissent, but for that the girl was prepared, as she was prepared for the contemptuous laughter which followed.

"I reckon if Samson was here," she said, dryly, "you all wouldn't think it was quite so funny."

Old Caleb Wiley spat through his bristling beard, and his voice was a quavering rumble.

"What we wants is a man. We hain't got no use for no traitors that's almighty damn busy doin' fam'ly business ter stand by their kith an' kin

"That's a lie!" said the girl, scornfully. "There's just one man living that's smart enough to match Jesse Purvy—an' that one man is Samson. Samson's got the right to lead the Souths, and he's going to do it—ef he wants to."

"Sally," Willie McCager spoke, soothingly, "don't go gittin' mad. Caleb talks hasty. We knows ye used ter be Samson's gal, an' we hain't aimin' ter hurt yore feelin's. But Samson's done left the mountings. I reckon ef he wanted ter come back, he'd a-come afore now. Let him stay whar he's at."

"Whar is he at?" demanded old Caleb Wiley, in a truculent voice.

"That's his business," Sally flashed back, "but I know. All I want to tell you is this. Don't you make a move till I have time to get word to him. I tell you, he's got to have his say."

"I reckon we hain't a-goin' ter wait," sneered Caleb, "fer a feller that won't let hit be known whar he's a-sojournin' at. Ef ye air so shore of him, why won't ye tell us whar he is now?"

"That's my business, too," Sally's voice was resolute. "I've got a letter here—it'll take two days to get to Samson. It'll take him two or three days more to get here. You've got to wait a week."

"Sally," the temporary chieftain spoke still in a patient, humoring sort of voice, as to a tempestuous child, "thar hain't no place ter mail a letter nigher than Hixon. No South can't ride inter Hixon, an' ride out again. The mail carrier won't be down this way fer two days yit."

"I'm not askin' any South to ride into Hixon. I recollect another time when Samson was the only one that would do that," she answered, still scornfully. "I didn't come here to ask favors. I come to give orders—for him. A train leaves soon in the morning. My letter's goin' on that train."

"Who's goin' ter take hit ter town fer ye?"

"I'm goin' to take it for myself." Her reply was, given as a matter of course.

"That wouldn't hardly be safe, Sally," the miller demurred; "this hain't no time fer a gal ter be galavantin' around by herself in the night time. Hit's a-comin up ter storm, an' ye've got thirty miles ter ride, an' thirty-five back ter yore house."

"I'm not scared," she replied. "I'm goin' an' I'm warnin' you now, if you do anything that Samson don't like, you'll have to answer to him, when he comes." She turned, walking very erect and dauntless to her sorrel mare, and disappeared at a gallop.

"I reckon," said Willie McCager, breaking silence at last, "hit don't make no great diff'rence. He won't hardly come, nohow." Then, he added: "But that boy is smart."

Samson's return from Europe, after a year's study, was in the nature of a moderate triumph. With the art sponsorship of George Lescott and the social sponsorship of Adrienne, he found that orders for portraits, from those who could pay munificently, seemed to seek him. He was tasting the novelty of being lionized.

That summer Mrs. Lescott opened her house on Long Island early, and the life there was full of the sort of gaiety that comes to pleasant places when young men in flannels and girls in soft summery gowns and tanned cheeks are playing wholesomely and singing tunefully and making love—not too seriously.

Samson, tremendously busy these days in a new studio of his own, had run over for a week. Horton was, of course, of the party, and George Lescott was doing the honors as host.

One evening Adrienne left the dancers for the pergola, where she took refuge under a mass of honeysuckle.

Samson South followed her. She saw him coming, and smiled. She was contrasting this Samson, loosely clad in flannels, with the Samson she had first seen rising awkwardly to greet her in the studio.

"You should have stayed inside and made yourself agreeable to the girls," Adrienne reproved him, as he came up. "What's the use of making a lion of you, if you won't roar for the visitors?"

"I've been roaring," laughed the man. "I've just been explaining to Miss Willoughby that we only eat the people we kill in Kentucky on certain days of solemn observance and sacrifice. I wanted to be agreeable to you, Drennie, for a while."

"Do you ever find yourself homesick, Samson, these days?"

The man answered with a short laugh. Then his words came softly, and not his own words, but those of one more eloquent:

"Who hath desired the sea? Her excellent loneliness rather Than the forecourts of kings, and her uttermost pits than the streets where men gather. . . His sea that his being fulfill! So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their hills."

"And yet," she said, and a trace of the argumentative stole into her voice, "you haven't gone back."

"No." There was a note of self-reproach in his voice. "But soon I shall go. At least, for a time. I've been thinking a great deal lately about 'my fluttered folk and wild.' I'm just beginning to understand my relation to them, and my duty."

"Your duty is no more to go back there and throw away your life," she found herself instantly contending, "than it is the duty of the young eagle, who has learned to fly, to go back to the nest where he was hatched."

"But, Drennie," he said, gently, "suppose the young eagle is the only one that knows how to fly—and suppose he

could teach the others? Don't you see? I've only seen it myself for a little while."

"What is it—that you see now?"

"I must go back, not to relapse, but to come to be constructive force. I must carry some of the outside world to Misery. I must take to them, because I am one of them, gifts that they would reject from other hands."

From the house came the strains of an alluring waltz. For a little time they listened without speech, then the girl said very gravely:

"You won't you won't still feel bound to kill your enemies, will you, Samson?"

The man's face hardened.

"I believe rather not talk about that. I shall have to win back the confidence I have lost. I shall have to take a place in the head of my clan by proving myself a man—and a man by their own standards. It is only at their head that I can lead them. If the lives of a few assassins have to be forfeited I shall not hesitate at that. I shall stake my own against them fairly. The end is worth it."

The girl breathed deeply, then she heard Samson's voice again:

"Drennie, I want you to understand that if I succeed it is your success. You took me to be unfashioned, and you have made me same. There is no way of thanking you."

"There is a way," she contradicted. "You can thank me by feeling just that way about it."

"Then I do thank you."

The next afternoon Adrienne and Samson were sitting with a gayly chattering group on the side lines of the tennis courts.

"When you go back to the mountains, Samson," Wilfred was suggesting, "we might form a partnership. 'South, Horton & Co., Development of Coal and Timber.' There are millions in it."

"Five years ago I should have met you with a Winchester rifle," laughed the Kentuckian. "Now I shall not."

"I'll go with you, Horton, and make a sketch or two," volunteered George Lescott, who had just then arrived from town. And, by the way, Samson, here's a letter that came for you just as I left the studio."

The mountaineer took the envelope with a Hixon postmark, and for an instant gazed at it with a puzzled expression. It was addressed in a feminine hand, which he did not recognize. It was carefully but perfectly written, such as one sees in a school copybook. With an apology he tore the covering and read the letter. Adrienne, glancing at his face, saw it suddenly pale and grow ashen and hard as marble.

Samson's eyes were dwelling with only partial comprehension on the script. This is what he read:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TAKE DISEASE FROM WHITES

Tuberculosis Among Alaskan Indians Has Been Laid at the Door of "Paleface."

The great prevalence of all forms of tuberculosis among the Alaskan Indians, as proved by a report by Dr. Emil Krull, is explained by the Journal of the American Medical Association as follows:

"Tuberculosis is a comparatively new infection among Indians, bestowed upon them by the benevolent paleface along with firewater and certain blessings of civilization. Among these blessings must probably be counted scab, diphtheria, measles, influenza, whooping cough and diptheria. Not yet assessing the racial immunity which takes many generations to acquire, the poor Indian suffers from in greater degree than does the white, and more frequently dies of them. Then there are the overcrowding and the unsanitary conditions prevailing in most of the homes of tuberculous sufferers; while at least this much good arises from their misfortune that after the disease is well developed in them their progress (unless they are well cared for) is rapid, and death removes what would otherwise remain a menacing focus of infection."

Tuberculosis was one of the chief causes of the dying out of the Indians all over North America.

Two famous Names.

"Thomas A. Edison" is a newcomer compared with "Jack Tar" of the senior service. "Jack Tar" was recorded in 1786, but sailors were known as "tars" for more than a hundred years before that. The name already appears in literature in the latter half of the seventeenth century. "Tar" may be short for "tarpaulin." Sailors' early in the seventeenth century. Tarpaulin, of course, is canvas tarred to make it water-proof, and the sailors' hat made of it was called a tarpaulin. How sailors have an "honest tars," "jolly tars" and "gentle tars" for 200 years. There is more steel and oil about a modern battleship than tarry rope, perhaps, but Jack Tar for ever—Manchester Guardian.

First English Newspaper.

The first newspaper printed in the English language, with its old English type and its quaint account of events in foreign countries, was a pamphlet issued in 1622. Its title, "Corrant of Newses from France," is as curious as its contents. For many years it had been supposed that a copy of the Corrant was in existence, but recently a copy of this interesting document was discovered.

SAFER CREDITS

The Regional Bank's New Measure Will Help Business Men in Many Ways.

Better credits, rather than an extension of credit, is the much-to-be-desired effect which the Federal reserve act will have on business. The new regional banks will exercise a useful function in assisting member banks to improve the character of their loans.

The most useful function in matters pertaining to health is the digestive system, for it is from this source we receive our daily help in renewing the waste portions of the body, keeping the blood pure and well supplied with red corpuscles, and the general condition up to Nature's standard.

Therefore, watch the digestion and at the first sign of weakness or distress see that immediate assistance is given. This can be efficiently supplied by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

It has a well known reputation as a tonic and appetizer and can thus be relied upon to help you regain your appetite, assist the entire digestive system and help Nature in the promotion and maintenance of health.

Make Hostetter's Stomach Bitters your first choice in any ailment of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels. You will find it well worthy of your confidence. Insist on having the genuine.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

not only the old reliable remedy FOR MALARIA but a general strengthening tonic and appetizer. For children as well as adults. Sold for 50 cents. 50c and \$1 bottles at drug stores.

When Like Meets Like.

The caller at the teller's window was very bald, but the teller inside had him beaten by a hair's breadth. There was still a straggling fringe around the outer border of the caller's head, while the teller's had long reached the stage when he brushed his head with a towel.

The caller had evidently imbibed rather freely that day.

He took a long look at the teller, smiled a smirking, quizzical smile, then reached into his vest pocket and extracted a fat cigar.

"Sheep, old feller," he mumbled, thrusting the cigar between the window bars, "have one on me. Anybody that's as baldheaded as you deserves a treat!"

Necessarily Slow.

A California youngster had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the strict condition that he was to leave there at five o'clock and his mother was very angry. The youngster insisted, however, that he had obeyed his orders and had not lingered unnecessarily on the way.

"Do you expect me to believe," said his mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?" She reached for the whip. "Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye-es, mamma," sobbed the boy. "Charlie Wilson gave me a mud turtle and I was afraid—to carry it—so I led it home."

In Charlie Knoll's Pasture.

When Harry Atwood was aeroplaning from St. Louis to New York he alighted to adjust his machine in a field near Fort Plain, N. Y. Atwood wasn't certain what state he was in and wanted to know. A crowd of villagers rushed toward him and he called to them:

"Where am I?"

"You're in Charlie Knoll's pasture," shouted the nearest man.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Classic Vogue.

"Do you admire the classics?" inquired the student.

"Well," replied the theatergoer, "I don't care much for it in literature, but it's all right in dancing."

The man who prides himself on giving others "a piece of his mind" never secures any peace of mind for himself by the process.

Books—Food

To make good use of knowledge, one needs a strong body and a clear brain—largely a matter of right food.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

contains proper nutriment for building body and brain—for renewing the tissue cells that are exhausted daily by work and play.

Grape-Nuts food is made from wheat and barley—contains all their nutriment, including those vital mineral salts found under the outer coat, which are especially necessary for the daily upkeep of nerves and brain.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere

The Dixie's Spring Opening Sale

APRIL 10 TO 17, INCLUSIVE

OF FINE SEASONABLE
FOOTWEAR--SHOES & OXFORDS
for everybody; consisting of the very latest makes in Pumps, Straps, Button & Baby Doll for women and missee in Patent, and Button and Blucher in Vici and Gunmetal for men; all priced at our usual way **BOTTOM PRICES.**

In addition we have hundreds of pairs of both Shoes and Oxfords for women and children—**BROKEN LOTS**—we sell at **HALF PRICE.** A big saving to you just as you can use them. Our Store is filled each day with people carrying off these nice Oxfords and Shoes. Many small sizes for women and children almost given away. You will be surprised at these new goods—so low in price and not even soiled or out of date—White Canvas, Tan and Black.

New Spring Wash Goods

Coming in daily. The very newest we can find in St. Louis markets. Crepe de chine, Rice Cloth, Dimities, Flaxons in all the best colors, Wool French Serges, Silk Poplins, Messalines in all leading colors.

FREE: McCalls Patterns free to any customer buying Wash Goods to amount of \$2.00—dress, skirt or waist.

Entirely New Department

We have fitted up our second floor and placed in stock an entire new line of Men and Boys Clothing—every suit brand new—not an old one in the lot. Blue, Gray, and Mixed Serges; Full Suits and Separate Pants; Working Clothes, Hats and Caps; Men and Boys' Underwear—all direct from the manufacturer; equal to tailor-made suits.

Make your arrangements and visit us, and we will prove to you that you have struck the best Money-saving Sale on Shoes you have seen for some time. All our departments are brimful of new Spring Goods priced right. We can say our stock is in fine condition. The twelve months we have been here we have made an almost new store. We only ask you to try us and see. See our Grocery List.

Britain Stand

The Dixie

Hedley, Tex.

Locals

Subscribe for the Informer.

Mr. Curry was up from Memphis Sunday.

N. A. Hightower was up from Lakeview Sunday.

W. W. Gammon went to Esteline Tuesday night.

W. E. Reeves went to Clarendon Thursday.

WANTED—To buy hogs to fatten. Frank Clark.

FOR SALE—Bandskaffir. W. A. Emslow.

Chas. Newman is home from school at Clarendon.

Mrs. Bob Williams and little son went to Kirkland Tuesday.

J. H. O'Neal and W. A. SoRelle of Clarendon were here Monday.

Have a Fit with Clara, The Tailor. advt

FOR SALE—Settings of 13 Turkey eggs for \$1. Mrs. O. R. Caswell.

Mrs. Clint Phillips visited friends in Amarillo a few days last week.

Stewart Miller and attorney Underwood were here from Amarillo last night.

Z. E. West and family of Memphis were guests of J. S. Grundy and wife Sunday.

An Easter egg hunt was enjoyed by the young folks out at Ellery Lynn's home.

J. W. Bond returned from Cass county last Friday. He reports lots of wet weather there.

Mrs. George Ryan of Clarendon is spending the week here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. Pool returned Tuesday from Clarendon, and reported Mr. Pool improving nicely.

Ed Kinslow bought a Ford car last week and has been giving his friends some nice rides.

Rev. C. W. Horschler attended a three days Denominational Rally at Goodnight this week.

Misses Ina and Myrtle Reeves were guests of friends in Clarendon from Friday until Sunday.

Grandma Blankenship has been quite sick several days. We trust she will recover speedily.

Fort Worth Daily Record (every day except Sunday) and Hedley Informer both one year for \$3.00

Mrs. Guss Johnson and two little girls of Clarendon spent Sunday with P. C. Johnson and family.

W. P. Cagle and family and Mrs. Bass were up from Memphis Tuesday visiting J. L. Bain and family.

We regret to learn that W. E. Brooks of Amarillo has been confined to his home with mumps several days.

Save those young chickens by using Pratt's Baby Chick Food. Fresh stock just received. Hedley Drug Co.

Bond W. Johnson went to Amarillo Wednesday to attend a meeting of Panhandle dealers of Studebaker cars.

Bring in those old family prescriptions, we are in position to fill them with the purest drugs the market affords. Hedley Drug Co.

Misses Corrie and Era Johnson left Monday morning for a several weeks visit in Fort Worth Dallas and Arlington.

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

The frier ds of Capt. E. E. McGee will be glad to learn that he has about recovered and hope to see him on the street again soon.

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.

Rev. Jas. A. Long left first of the week for a prospecting trip to New Mexico. He went with an automobile party from Hall county.

Special

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

DROVE AWAY THE TOOTHACHE

is His Thirst for Revenge the Colonel Had No Time to Think of Physical Ailments.

One morning the colonel rolled out of his blankets with theumping toothache, and though he exhausted all the remedies in camp, nothing had any effect. It was 40 miles to the nearest town, with the chances against finding a dentist there, and it was finally decided to appeal to one of the cowboys on his station, five miles away. He came over in response to a message, and, after taking a look at the tooth, which was a double one on the upper jaw, the cowboy said:

"Kurnel, I kin shoot that tooth out as slick as grease if you don't mind the sear it will leave on your cheeks." "Shoot it out!" shouted the colonel. "Why, man, you must be crazy."

"Wall, mebbe I kin pick in enough powder to blow it out."

"Never!"

"Might chuck it out with a piece of iron and a stone!" continued the cowboy.

"And you might go to Texas and beyond!" exclaimed the suffering and indignant man.

"I'm only telling you how we do it out here, and if you don't want that tooth out you'll hev to stand the pain."

The cowboy started for his station, but after a gallop of a mile he returned to beckon the rest of us aside and said:

"He seems to be a purty squar' sort of a man though a leetle feebly and I'm sorry fur him. Is he a good rider?"

"Only fair."

"Kin he shoot?"

"Not very straight."

"Then I think I can cure that toothache."

He spent two minutes unfolding the plot and then went over to the sufferer and said:

"Kurnel, I've come back to say you ar' a booby."

"What," yelled the colonel, as he sprang up from his seat before the campfire.

"A booby and a squaw, kurnel, and likewise a durned old liar."

The colonel jumped for him, but the cowboy dodged and ran for his horse. We had another ready saddled with two loaded revolvers in the holsters, and the "booby" sprang into the saddle and gave chase. After getting out on the prairie half a mile the cowboy began to circle and shoot and yell, and the colonel followed him and shot away the whole 12 bullets without sending one within five feet of him. When the twelfth one had been fired the kind-hearted cowboy rode off at the top of his speed and the colonel came into camp to dismount and say:

"Get me a hundred cartridges and my own horse and I'll follow that man to the end of the earth."

"How's the toothache, colonel?" was asked.

"Toothache! Why, it's all gone, and I'll have that fellow's scalp if I have to stay out here all summer!"—Washington Herald.

No Use.

The civilians who volunteered the services of themselves and their motor cars to convey the Fatherland's holiday gifts to the German troops in the trenches at the front were summoned before a gray old Bavarian general to receive instructions as to their behavior in the enemy's country. The general explained to them that they might expect in passing through a village to be fired on by franc-tireurs, and added that the persons who fired the shots might not always be men entitled to bear arms.

"Take an example," said he, fixing his eagle eye upon one of the volunteers; "suppose you have entered a Belgian village, and while you are spinning along through the market square there is a lively fusillade directed at you from the surrounding houses. You turn toward your assailants and see nothing but empty windows. Only in the second story of one house an old woman is peering out. What would you do in that case, Mr. Meier?"

"I'd not look back," was the reply.

Limit Libations to Three.

There is a limit. The number of cocktails, highballs, fizzes, and other flavored and perfumed libations known to possess a slow, sinuous, undulating recoil action familiarly known as a "kick," that may be consumed at one sitting is just three. The three-round limit applies, however, to a relatively small zone of operations, but, nevertheless, a popular one.

The rule has been promulgated by a leading hotel for guidance of the frequenters of the public room known as the lounge, and which is most crowded during the afternoon tea hours. Since this room is designed for the special comfort of women, and no mere man can purchase anything in it unless he is escorting one or more of the fair sex, there is a suspicion that the rule had the women in view when designed.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Raw or Cooked?

Bacon—This paper says that the German beet crop this year is expected to produce not less than 2,500,000 tons of raw sugar.

Egbert—I should think it hot enough over there this year to produce the sugar cooked.

Buster B.—Cakes 12c per pound.

W. E. HAMMOCK, Owner

L. L. CORNELIUS



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

Another fine rain has been falling since last night. Good rains are coming every week. Just watch 'the Panhandle this year.

R. L. Madden and family and Mrs. J. W. Wells, of Memphis were in Hedley Sunday afternoon visiting W. H. Madden and J. C. Wells.

Mrs. E. H. Willis and son, Shelby, returned Tuesday from Clarendon where they have been since Shelby's arm was broken a few days ago. Shelby is doing nicely and will be able to enter school again soon.

Mrs. Henry Lovell of Clarendon and Mrs. N. O. Graham of Rockwall county, sister and aunt of L. L. Cornelius, spent Thursday at his home.

All kinds of Dip and Disinfectants for the Poultry yards, Barns and Hog lots. Used in time prevents diseases. Hedley Drug Co.

D. P. Brooks and wife of Nimrod, Texas, and J. B. Slaughter and family of Colfax, La., arrived Tuesday night. Mrs. Brooks is a sister of Grandma Brinson, and Mrs. Slaughter is a sister of Mrs. W. G. Brinson.

Daily Fort Worth Record and Hedley Informer
Both to December 1, 1915
\$2.50

The baby of J. W. Reeves and wife who has been seriously ill several days with typhoid pneumonia, is reported a little improved today.

Rev. Luther Crawford of Wellington preached three able sermons at the B. M. A Church Saturday night, Sunday morning and night.

The Commercial Club meets next Tuesday night. Plenty of business to come up, and every citizen of town and community cordially invited to attend.

Chas. Boles left yesterday afternoon for Wellington to transact business.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.,
Required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of The Hedley Informer, published weekly at Hedley, Texas, for April, 1915.

Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Publisher, and Owner, J. Claude Wells, Hedley, Texas.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

J. Claude Wells.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2 day of April, 1915.

C. D. Akers
Notary Public for Donley Co. Tex

One of the Best All-Purpose Horses in the Panhandle

DON

DON is a 4-year-old Bay 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 will not be responsible if any occur.

W. E. HAMMOCK, Owner

L. L. CORNELIUS

EGGS for Hatching--S. C. Buff Orpington.

The recognized winner layers. Best all-purpose fowl; bred to lay and bred for size and beauty; there are none better. Settings consist of 12 eggs. Prices from open range and mated pens per setting \$1.50 to \$3.50. Might supply a few day old chicks. Agents for Banner Sandtray Incubators—a moisture machine recommended by experiment stations for this climate. Send for catalogue.

LELIA LAKE, TEXAS

W. T. McBRIDE.