

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, MAY 28, 1915

NO. 25

SCHOOL BOARD RE-TAINS THREE OF OLD FACULTY

The school board met Tuesday night and selected three of the teachers for next term. Those selected were Prof. and Mrs. G. C. Meadows and Mrs. Daisy Kennedy—all the old faculty to apply. The trustees expect to select teachers for the other vacancies in the near future. At their meeting last Saturday night they selected J. K. Caldwell as the seventh trustee, and he qualified Monday. Hedley Independent School District has a live board and we may look for a good live growing school.

RAINED, RAINING, WILL RAIN AND MAY HAS, CAN, OR WILL, TAKE YOUR CHOICE

More rain and this week, and reports of rain and hail from other parts of North Texas. Nearly every rain that comes here is accompanied by hail. It looks like it would be wise to insure growing crops against hail. The protection is worth the premium.

MEETING OF N. W. TEXAS CONFERENCE OF WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Since the Annual Meeting of N. W. Texas Conference of the Woman's Missionary Society will be in session at Memphis next Monday, the ladies have kindly consented to postpone the Fifth Monday Inter-denominational Auxiliary meeting until Thursday June 3, 3 p. m.

There will be present at this conference a missionary from Korea, Miss Laura Edwards formerly from Hereford, Texas. Also one or more members of the council. Each service will be both enjoyable and beneficial. We would be so glad if every woman in the Hedley M. E. Church would avail themselves of this opportunity. The enthusiasm that is abroad at such places is worth so much if you can just absorb a little of it. The doors will be open at all hours. Come to any or all services one and all.

Publicity Sup't.

The Delicate Flavor
The Tang That Tones
El Maté
HAS—No Other—HAS
The Fastest Selling
Most Popular Drink
In the World
Pure as Mountain Dew
All Good Fountains 5c

Naylor Springs

On last Saturday afternoon the Fair View Rest Club which was so well attended by the neighborhood as well as by visitors from miles around, was greatly enjoyed by all those present. With Mr. Theo Crabtree as president and Mrs. J. S. Hall secretary we feel assured that if the entertaining committee will perform their duties as well as the above mentioned officers, the programme will be well rendered and enjoyed by everyone.

The principal amusements for the afternoon were base ball and croquet which were not more enjoyed than the delicious ice cream and cake that was served late in the afternoon. The Club meets again the first Saturday in June.

Miss Gladys Parmley of Ring is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Bland.

S. E. Lyell and family, Roy Kendall and wife, and W. J. Greer and wife were guests Sunday of T. N. Naylor and family.

J. B. Pettit and family visited in the M. O. Barnett home Sunday also Mr. and Mrs. Luther McFarling and the latter's sister, Miss Melton of Clarendon, who has been enjoying a visit with her.

Miss Newell Kendall was the guest of the Misses Naylor Monday.

James Drinnon and wife and Miss Ruth Fields and Carl Naylor are attending commencement exercises at Goodnight.

T. C. Wood and wife visited their daughter, Mrs. A. O. Hefner, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. M. O. Barnett is entertaining Miss Vally Shepherd of Clarendon this week.

The singing Sunday was well attended.

NELDA.

Last week J. W. Carraway moved into the Boston dwelling in block east of Church block, and F. E. Lee moved into the one vacated by him.

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.

A DIVINE COVENANT.

God Almighty gave Eve to Adam with the pledge that she would be his helpmeet and with this order of companionship, civilization has towered to its greatest heights. In this relationship, God has blessed woman and man has honored her and after four thousand years of progress, she now proposes to provoke God to deprecate man by asking for suffrage, thereby by amending an agreement to which she was not a party.

Woman, remember that the Israelite scorned a divine covenant, and as a result wandered forty years in the wilderness without God. Likewise man should remember that it is a dangerous thing to debase woman by law. Rome tried lowering woman's standard and an outraged civilization tore the clothes off the back of the human race and turned them out to roam in the world naked and unashamed.

MISSION SOCIETIES JOINT PROGRAM

The Fifth Monday program has been postponed until Thursday June 3, and will be at Baptist Church instead of Methodist.

Devotional Leader—Mrs. F. Kendall.

Life and Works of Peter—Mrs. J. G. McDougal.

Life and Works of Andrew—Miss Annie Alexander.

Special Music—By Mesdames Wimberly and Bain.

Life and Works of James, the son of Zebedee—Mrs. T. C. Lively.

Life and Works of John—Mrs. J. C. Wells.

Vocal Solo—Mrs. B. W. Moreman.

Life and Works of Phillip—Mrs. N. J. Allen.

Life and Works of Bartholomew—Mrs. M. L. Story.

SUNDAY CLOSING

By order of our County Officials, beginning with Sunday May 30th, we will not sell any Cigars, Tobacco, Cold Drinks or Kodak Supplies on Sunday.

Our customers will please make their purchases on Saturday to run them over Sunday as no one working here has time or inclination to accept a term of free board at a Clarendon Hotel of Rest. Hedley Drug Co.

ENTERTAINED

Mrs. Clint Phillips entertained the young people Monday night with a fruit supper. Many games were played and at a late hour the guests were served refreshments consisting of fruits and cake. We departed after voting Mrs. Phillips a most delightful hostess.

One Present.

W. P. BAIN TREATED TO BIRTHDAY DINNER

Last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bain his children gave him quite a surprise, it being his 58th birthday. About eleven o'clock his father, brothers, J. L. and J. T. Bain and families arrived, then came his children, S. H. Bain, Mesdames W. C. Jones and N. J. Allen with well filled baskets. Mr. Bain was so surprised he couldn't tell how old he was. All had an enjoyable time and went home wishing him many happy returns of the day.

A Guest.

LITTLE FOLKS MISSION

Song, 158

Scripture, John 16:

Prayer, Willie Pool.

Beautiful Things—Matison Story.

A Pillow for Jesus—Melba Johnson.

Roll Call. Answer, verse with Love in it.

Report of Committees.

Talk—Mrs. Story.

Missionary Arithmetic—Bob Story.

Song, 152

Press Reporter.

G. A. Wimberly and sister, Miss Eunice, A. L. Miller and family, J. B. Turnbow and J. E. Blankenship and their father-in-law, Mr. Cox, and Mr. and Mrs. Informer went Tuesday evening to the lake near Lelia to fish. Caught plenty for supper and then some. Caught them from the size of bait to about a foot long. That's as big a fish tale as we will tell this time.

DAVENPORT WIGGINS WEDDING

Miss Elvia Wiggins, formerly a teacher in the Hedley high school, was married to Mr. Lyman Davenport of Lakeview Sunday night at 8 o'clock at the bride's home at Lak view. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Watts of Memphis. Shortly after the ceremony the bride and groom led the way to the dining room followed by the bridal party, where supper was served. White and pink were the colors emphasized in the decorations of the table. Many flowers prettily arranged bringing out these colors. The table was centered with the brides cake.

The bride wore a white silk crepe de chine dress with bridal veil decorated with lilies of the Valley. The bride's maids, Misses Fanny Davenport and Myrtle Reeves were dressed in white. Best men were Messrs. Bascom Davenport and Bill Wiggins.

After the wedding the bride and groom were accompanied by the bridal party to the home of the groom. On the following day a big dinner was given in their honor by Mr. and Mrs. Davenport.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Davenport left Wednesday for their new home near Clovis, N. M. They leave a host of friends who wish them great success.

—Contributed.

By all means attend the play "The Winning of Lorraine" tonight at the auditorium. The proceeds go to a good cause—the equipping of the auditorium, and the play is worth the money.

PASTURE—I have good grass and water and will take stock, horses preferred, to pasture. 2 miles east of town.

R. L. Duckworth.

Mesdames E. G. Dishman and U. J. Boston entertained Mrs. Boston's Sunday School class at the former's home Tuesday night. A profitable as well as an enjoyable time was had. Cake and cream was served.

Miss Zoe Storm attended the hardware dealers convention at Roswell, N. M., last week. She reports a splendid session and an enjoyable time. Of the 200 representative hardware dealers present Miss Storm and Miss Effie Rowe of Dalkart were the only two Miss representatives.

Last Saturday evening Raymon Byers and Miss Lulah McAllister, both from near Memphis were united in marriage at the M. E. Parsonage by Rev. Story. It seems the young couple eloped and came here to get married.

THE NATION'S DINNER TABLE

When the dinner bell of this nation rings there have been slaughtered for the repast 12,000 hives, 21,000 flocks, 4,500 sheep, 2,500 hundredweight of poultry and other meats, and there have been 700,000 bushels of cereals and 540,000,000 pounds of vegetables prepared for the feast. Multiply these quantities by one thousand, representing approximately the number of meals per annum, and we have the annual contents of the nation's larder. But with all our immense quantity, superb quality and wide range of products, the American housewife like the wife of King Nebuchadnezzar longs for variety and she goes meandering in foreign lands. She buys and \$200,000,000 per annum of farm products that can and should be produced in the United States.

CRUELLY ASSAULTED AND ROBBED IN FORT WORTH

L. A. Sadler of Oklahoma City, came last Friday to visit his two children, grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Stroud. Mr. Sadler was brutally assaulted and robbed of a watch and \$50 Wednesday while in Fort Worth by three men, one of whom was caught. As a result of the attack made, Mr. Sadler's head was completely encased in bandages, one eye nearly knocked out, and badly bruised over face and body.

Dr. Frederick Clark and wife, Earl Marx, pianist, and Miss Helen Woytych, violinist, touring from Chicago to California by auto, gave a concert at the auditorium here Saturday night to a very small but appreciative audience. This company is well up in the work of entertaining and the program rendered here was by no means sorry.

Sweet Potato Plants For Sale

Nancy Hall, Pumpkin or Dooly Yam, Triumph or Florida Yam. Price 25c per 100; \$1.15 per 500; \$2.25 per 1000; \$2.00 per 1000 in lots of 5000 or more. Terms cash with order. Ready for shipment May 1st to July 1st.

J. A. Hawk,
Lelia Lake, Texas.

Last week the Informer failed to mention a trip to Canyon on Saturday and Sunday before made by G. A. Wimberly and family, Misses Lizzie and Eunice Wimberly, and Golden Master-son, A. L. Miller and daughter, Miss Ruth, Zeb Moore and wife, and Joe Devine, also a car load from Newlin. They had a lot of car troubles and most of the crowd came home from Clarendon on the train Monday morning.

We will handle the vegetable plants of T. Jones & Co. Clarendon, this year and anyone wanting potato slips, cabbage, tomatoes and any other plants, call and see us.

20-4t J. W. Aldridge.

King's Shop is the place to get fresh shaves, haircuts, and laundry.

J. B. King, Prop.



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

No other like it
No other as good

The New Home Sewing Machine Company,
ORANGE, MASS.

Reliable Dealer wanted in this Territory

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY George V. Hobart



Going Shopping

SAY! Did you ever take your wife in your right hand and go shopping with your wife?

I tried it the other day and I heard hearing voices ever since. When I say "shopping" I don't mean that simple everyday gag of bursting suddenly in upon the sleepy door-walker in a delicatessen paper and with languid elbows leaning over the remnants of a once beautiful cheese while he cruelly separates the kippered herring from the bosom of a large and loving family.

Nix—I mean Big League shopping I mean that kind of shopping that women go in training for two weeks in advance; high-class, expert shopping, where important money hangs hands; the kind of shopping that wives look forward to with dreamy eyes and live ever after on the memories; the shopping that sweeps a husband off his feet and makes him long to be a dusky-hued postmaster in No. 8 township, Samoa Islands, where the fashion in fig leaves is permanent and money is a myth.

"John," said Peaches, the other morning, "I want you to go to the stores with me today. I have a lot of shopping to do and you can be such a help to me, because—"

"Wait a minute, friend w—" I broke in. "What have I done that you should wish such a calamity on me? Tell me to go out and get 'er my personal use an attack of infernal rheumatism and I'll do as you ask me to try to catch a street car at the corner of Broadway and Fifth Street and I'll work hard at the job up to the time a murderous scabbard climbs my front elevation and stabs me for life—but don't, Oh! wife, don't ask me to go shopping with you!"

"Nonsense!" she gurgled. "I can't go alone, can I? And, besides, you must help me select two new gowns at the Maison de Splash—I must have at least two, mustn't I? And then we'll go to Glinkstein and Kobelheimer's, where I want to get a hat—I must have something chic to take off in the theaters, mustn't I?—And then we'll spend an hour in Gersonzola Brothers, where I can pick out the set of furs you promised me for Christmas, and then we'll go to Schmeibert's for some gloves I need, and then—"

Help! Throw me anything! Don't you see I'm sinking!

The answer is I went—and I'm to prattle about it.

You know, this shopping gag brings out more prominently than anything else the fact that the high cost of living is caused by living high at many cost.

The ancient Greeks had a saying, "He spends his money like a drunken sailor," and that goes for seven-eighths out of a hundred today.

The majority of the boobies are



"She is Nothing But a Manikin Parading a Costume."

daily imitations of the sailor and they don't even wait to get intoxicated.

Whatever my neighbor does I want to do—only more so.

If my neighbor saves up eight dollars and twenty cents and buys a new benzine buggy I immediately get together seven dollars and a quarter and get a blue one. In the meantime the automobile people put a white chalk mark on our houses.

If your wife buys a nearly-sealed mink with possibly-ermine trimmings, and the children fill up the holes in their shoes with putty and exclaim, "Oh, doesn't Mamma look sweet in her fur mackintosh!"

Vanity is a worm that eats the living out of a pocketbook.

All of which is neither here nor there, as the engineer said when the train left the track.

So it's back to that shopping proposition with friend wife.

Our first port of call was the Maison de Splash, where they trim a piano cover with a lace curtain and call it a "creation."

It certainly was a powerful corner, that face!

"Hoops, my dear!" I asstined, not knowing what else to say.

"Le Minaret," continued the friend of Louis the XI, "it would be to Madame's beauty as the rose is to a lovely garden, yes!"

He was there with the salve, that old boy.

Hypnotized by the harmony of colors and carried away by the up-to-dateness of the creation, Peaches breathed in the ear of Voulezvous an eager, "How much?"

"Three hundred and feefy dollaire," he breathed back to her.

Sinking for the second time, I didn't breathe at all.

Then, with a forgiving smile, Peaches turned to me and said, "Isn't it lovely? Isn't it wonderful?"

"She is," I answered; "she's a quaint little package of pepper—that's what she is! I thought I liked that blonde, but it was only a passing fancy. This brunet has me limping after her along the Road of Happiness. Did you pipe the smile she saved up for me and me alone? She must burn acetylene in both lamps, because I'm all lit up with excitement. A queen, take it from an expert—a queen!"

Exit Le Minaret hurriedly, while Voulezvous stood there expressing astonishment with both shoulders and the small of his back.

"Does Madame prefer something else, yes?" he wigwagged, after noticing how high in the air Peaches was wearing her chin.

"Yes," I butted in quickly; "bring on something nifty in a transparent skirt—"

Curtain.

When I came to I was out on the sidewalk listening to Section VI, Paragraph IV, of the Riot Act.

Then she pointed her nose at the North Star and left me flat.

Peaches will probably speak to me again some time before Christmas. She'll have to if she believes in Santa Claus.

HOW ONE MAN GOT HIS START

Ambition to Be Author Not Successful, But It Served a Good Purpose in the End.

"I got my start in life," said a wealthy retired hardware dealer, "in a singular manner.

"You might not think it, I having passed the major portion of my life in selling nails, padlocks, stoves and shovels, but in my early youth my great ambition was to be a writer, an author. I had no doubt whatever that that was what I was cut out for, and certainly I worked at it good and hard; but none of the publishers seemed to agree with me. As fast as I sent the things in to them they would send them back.

"But that didn't worry me. I knew that sooner or later they would come to like what I wrote and buy it. What got my goat was the expense. I was a very ready writer and I wrote long pieces. The stamps I had to use to send these pieces out and get them back cost me a lot of money.

"When I realized how much I was paying out for stamps I said to myself, 'Humph! I'll save up that money for five years and then I'll go to writing again.' And for the next five years I did put aside regularly the amount that I would otherwise have spent for stamps, and you would be surprised if I should tell you how much it amounted to. But at the end of that time I did not again take up writing.

"Just at that time the senior partner in the hardware store in our town died and his heirs drew out all his interest in the firm. There was a chance for a man with a little capital to get into a good business. I had the capital, my accumulated stamp money, and I bought that interest in the hardware store.

"From that time on I was always too busy to write; but my great success in the hardware business you can clearly trace to my original ambition for authorship.

He Couldn't Lose.

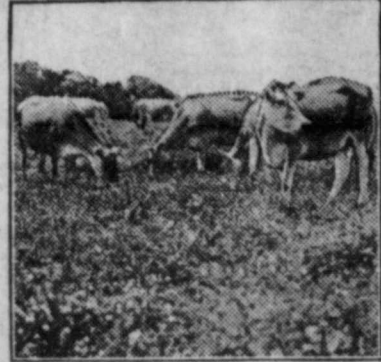
A lady in Los Angeles decided whether she would bring divorce proceedings or not by boiling an egg. Some of the eggs were hard and some soft. If she drew a hard one she was to sue. If her egg was soft she was to remain happy and married. She drew the hard egg. Any husband who was given an even break like that with an egg and a divorce ought to be glad to get it.

DAIRY FACTS

VACATIONS FOR DAIRY COWS

Six Weeks Rest Is None Too Long for Animal to Rest Between Lactation Periods.

It is fairly well understood that the dairy cow should be given a vacation or a rest between lactation periods. The longer the rest up to a certain point the better it is for the cow. Ten and one-half months continuous milking out of every twelve is all that can be reasonably expected. It is claimed that it is as hard on a cow



Jersey Cattle on Pasture.

to produce a liberal yield of milk daily as it is for a horse to work at hard labor all day. When this is fully understood the necessity for a few weeks' rest on the part of the cow becomes evident.

Furthermore, the cow during seven or eight months of the milking period is carrying and developing a calf, which is a further drain on her system. If she is given a few weeks to repair her worn-out body tissues and to store up a little excess fat she will give more in the entire year, than she would milking continuously.

If not given a rest before calving, she begins a new lactation period at a lower level of production, and will maintain a lower level through the entire time. Six weeks is none too long for any cow and if she is badly run down ten or twelve weeks will be better.

CREAM OF HIGHEST QUALITY

Can Be Produced With but Little Labor or Expense—Principles Involved Are Simple.

One of the most common causes of poor quality butter is the lack of immediate, thorough cooling of the cream after separation. The dairy division of the United States department of agriculture has made a careful investigation of conditions on a large number of dairy farms, and the data obtained show that, if properly cooled, cream of the best grade can be produced with but little extra labor or expense. The principles involved are very simple and are easily understood.

A liberal use of ice which has been stored in winter to be used the following summer is one of the requirements for the solution of the poor butter problem. Farmers who already are delivering good products to the creamery usually have provided for themselves a convenient source of supply for the ice, suitable houses for storing the ice and ice water tanks for the immediate cooling of the milk and cream.

In parts of New England, although the dairymen often hold cream on the farm four days in the summer and seven days in the winter, they deliver practically all their product while sweet. After it reaches the creamery it is pasteurized and shipped a distance of from 50 to 300 miles, and may still be sold in these remote localities in the form of sweet cream.

HARNESS FOR SUCKING COWS

Smooth Pole Extending Between Fore Legs to Near the Udder Prevents Animal From Cheating.

The harness illustrated in the accompanying cut has been found satisfactory in preventing cows from milking themselves. A smooth pole extends between the fore legs to near the udder, and is suspended by two



Check on Sucking Cows.

straps over the back, one around the flank and by a light chain to the halter. The cow wearing such a device will find it impossible to reach far enough to cheat her master.

Bull Pen Is Essential.

The bull pen is a necessity on every farm. It is unwise and injudicious to allow the bull to run at liberty with the cattle.

Influence of Dairy Bull.

The dairy bull has an influence on the heifers of the entire herd, while the cow influences one calf each year

WITH THE USUAL GREETING

Elderly Ducky Remembered His Training and Addressed Stereotyped Question to "Angel."

Jack McGreevy, the vaudeville entertainer, was reared in a southern locality where the population was largely black and where the older darkies were invariably respectful. A part of their deference, says McGreevy, was to inquire as to the health of the family of anyone who addressed them, even if he were a stranger.

Thus an elderly negro was at work in the fields not far from a fair grounds where a parachute jump was a part of the entertainment. The jumper, a girl, had gone up in a balloon and had encountered a wind which blew her some distance before she cut loose, and when she landed it was only a few feet from the old uncle with the hoe. He had not seen her descend, and he fairly blinked as he beheld the vision in scarlet tights and virulent peroxide hair. His training did not desert him, however, for he asked presently:

"Good evenin', Miss Angel. How's yo' paw an' maw?"

Building Up Her Words.

A certain little Columbus schoolgirl is learning things, both at school and on the street, as a recent happening demonstrates. The knowledge she picked up at school; the phrase regarding the cat she heard either from some older child or from some careless elder.

"Mother, what does f-a-t spell?" she asked the other night, or coming home from school.

"Why, 'fat,' my dear," replied the mother.

"And what does h-e-r spell?" came the second inquiry.

"Her," again vouchsafed the informant.

"Now I knew I was right, and that old cat of a teacher tried to make me believe that those letters spelled father," exclaimed the child with not a little indignation.—Columbus Dispatch.

Cheering Comment.

"That infant of yours kept me awake half the night," said the irritable neighbor.

"Well, congratulate you," replied the weary father. "That comes nearer being a kind word than anything I have heard today. Nobody else owns up to getting half a night's sleep."

A One-Sided Definition.

"What is your idea of neutrality?" "Neutrality," answered the diplomat, "is a state of mind so disinterested and accurate as to permit no question that the side of the controversy represented by me is entitled to the fullest support."

The Modern Way.

"A man can't drown his sorrows." "Oh, yea, he can, if he happens to meet a submarine."

Perhaps.

"Pa, who started the saying that a man's wife is his better half?" "Some man's wife, I reckon."

Sure Thing.

"What is your idea of a cinch?" "Betting that the long hand of a watch will get around first."

A Real Source of Health

Is the Stomach, but the most reliable barometer of your physical condition is the appetite. If it is poor, you can look for an overworked and overloaded condition of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, which prevent them from properly performing their daily functions. A trial of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

will help Nature restore normal strength and regularity throughout the entire system and thus help you maintain health. Try a bottle today.

Self-Betrayed.

A sentry was giving close attention to his post in the neighborhood of a British army camp in England, challenging stragglers late after dark. The following is reported as an incident of his vigil:

"Who goes there?" called the sentry at the sound of approaching footsteps. "Coldstream guards!" was the response.

"Pass, Coldstream guards!" rejoined the sentry.

"Who goes there?" again challenged the sentry.

"Forty-ninth Highlanders!" returned the unseen pedestrian.

"Pass, Forty-ninth Highlanders!" "Who goes there?" sounded a third challenge.

"None of your infernal business!" was the husky reply.

"Pass, Canadians!" acquiesced the sentry.—Omaha World-Herald.

Social Sensation.

"Society doesn't concern you much here in Crimson Gulch," said the observant visitor.

"What do you mean by society?" inquired Broncho Bob.

"You haven't any tuft hunters around here?"

"Yes, we have. A bunch of Injuns got out their scalp knives an' went on the war path only last week."

Misleading Advertisement.

Jonah raged.

"Yes, the brute advertised as a summer resort with an ocean view," he cried.

Naturally.

"Mill life is hard, isn't it?" "Well, in its nature it is a life of grinding toil."

If you take into consideration the clothes little Cupid doesn't wear, you will no longer wonder why love grows cold.

After a man has been married two weeks he can readily understand why love is blind.

A faint heart seldom lands a fellow in a breach of promise suit.

Southern Housewives

Skilled—as few others—in the cooking art, appreciate the delightful qualities of

Post Toasties

Corn—prepared in various forms and ways—has ever been a favorite Southern food. In making Post Toasties—the Superior Corn Flakes—the choicest portions of the kernels of selected white Indian Corn are processed into a wonderfully crisp and tasty food—nourishing and satisfying—morning, noon or night.

Toasties come FRESH-SEALED, triply protected in moisture-proof, germ-proof packages—ready to serve.

Skilful cooks appreciate

Post Toasties

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

"THE WINNING OF LATANE"

By Hedley Home Talent
Second Appearance

FRIDAY NIGHT

May 28 at Tabernacle

PROCEEDS TO FIT UP THE TABERNACLE
STAGE---A COMMUNITY BENEFIT

IT IS NOT a cheap light comedy mailed out in the usual way by the publishing houses. It can be had only from the Author or his legal agent by paying a royalty of \$5.00 for Copyright privileges in each town where used.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

PHILIP CASHTON..... G. C. MEADOWS
Cashton is a well-to-do phosphate miner. His craze for millions blinds his honor, preys on his judgment, and brings him to poverty.

MRS. CASHTON.....MYRTLE REEVES
Stepmother; would woean Latane's heart from a poor honest suitor, drive him mad into voluntary exile, and force her to marry the man she despises in order to get into high society—plays smoothie tricks.

LATANE CASHTON..... GRACE MYERS
The leading lady and heroine.

RUTH SPAULDING.....JESSIE ALEXANDER
Private secretary of Cashton—friend to Latane—advises the suitor in Europe as to the tricks—brings him back—refuses bribe of \$5,000—proves true.

JULIUS SEERS..... BILL BAKER
A villain of millions. Latane's suitor, tries to gain her by force, threats and fraud; with fictitious trust, bankrupts Cashton, and asks Latane to accept him that her father's estate be returned.

ROBERT SPAR..... OTIS ALEXANDER
Second villain, Sears' friend—plans to shoot Latane's suitor, Frank Efferton, that their plans may succeed.

FRANK EFFERTON..... TRAVIS LIVELY
An honest and faithful employee—rises from street waif to employee, inventor, president of company—son-in-law of Cashton—outwits the villain.

TRUSTY..... OSCAR ALEXANDER
A faithful darky servant; plundering in laboratory, gets alcohol, mixes chemicals, causes an explosion, scares him out of his wits. With his blunders, big words and drollery, carries just enough laughter to brush away the tears and make enjoyable the continual pull at the heart strings as the plot unfolds the old, old, ever new theme of true love.

Other Characters:

C. W. GILBERT..... WILL CALDWELL
TOMMIE HINTS..... ROBERT STROUD
RICHARD PRINCE..... MORRIS MOORE
HARRY FORREST..... TOM MCDUGAL

Copyright Permit

This Contract between G. C. Meadows and Oliver Parker, whereby G. C. Meadows agrees to pay Oliver Parker \$5.00 for Exclusive Right to "WINNING OF LATANE" at Hedley, with option on neighboring towns not previously contracted, on same condition of \$5.00 for each presentation.
Signed
OLIVER PARKER,
G. C. MEADOWS.

A Play of Rare Value
seldom seen in small towns. Come and see!
20 & 35 Cts Admission

Come and See a Play Worth the Money
Ask those who saw the Play last Tuesday night what they think about it, and you'll sure come.



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

FIRE INSURANCE

FOR THIS WORLD ONLY

J. C. WELLS
Agent

NOTICE

I will stand the Hicks & Wood Jack 2 1/2 miles north of Hedley. This Jack is Black Spanish and Mammoth 4 years old; a well bred animal in good shape and color, and has colts to show for themselves. \$10 to insure with foal. Care will be taken to avoid accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.
S. L. Adamson

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

MISSION OF THE RURAL CHURCH

SHOULD BE UNIVERSITY OF RELIGIOUS LEARNING.

Duty of Christianity to Evangelize the World.

By Rev. Jno. A. Rice, D. D.,
Pastor St. John M. E. Church, South St. Louis, Mo.

Some years ago, the question was asked: What is a college? The attempt to answer it shook the educational world in America from center to circumference. Another question is now beginning to be asked: What is a church? Without undertaking to give a definition of it, let me ask, in this initial paper, what the church is for? The New Testament reveals three distinct tasks to which it is committed.

First, that of evangelization. The church is divinely commissioned to reach for the lowest and the least man in the least land and offer him sonship to the Eternal God; offer him a divine power, which lifts him out of the bog and places him upon the highest levels of human life, where God and the soul are in fellowship. This alone were an immense privilege.

Teaching the Art of Living.

The church is commissioned also to teach and train those who are rich with its evangelistic message. The term, Religious Education, has come to mean a specific thing in our country, namely, the training of the people in the local church in those deep matters which pertain to the art of living. I am not now speaking of the work of education in schools, colleges and universities, but the work of education at our doors, in the congregation. Every agency in reach should be employed to the utmost in this important mission. Indeed, the local church could be made a sort of university for all the people, in which the simple, practical arts and virtues of everyday life should be taught and enforced. Only recently has this special phase of the church's work received anything like adequate attention. The New Testament word for it is Edification.

School of Religion Needed.

Of course, the Sunday School is the center for all this work, although the activities of the church should extend through the entire week and the Sunday School should cease to be so named. It should be called the School of Religion or the Church School or something else that indicates it to be an all-the-week activity. During this time various and sundry clubs, classes, musical organizations, culture courses, as well as distinctly religious meetings, should be held. Thicker settled neighborhoods, as we shall see, offer fine opportunities for the development of things spiritual.

The third task to which the church is committed is that of Christianizing the social order; that of infusing the spirit of Jesus into every nook and corner of our life. Nothing is foreign to the interest of the church.

Neighborly Love Essential.

If religion pervades and colors the whole life then ours is serious business, for it will let no corner of the world escape its influence. The sooner we learn that Christianity is not a thing to be practiced in a corner the better for the world. The question of the eighteenth century, touching Christianity, was, Can it be made to square with the human reason? Of the nineteenth, Can it be made to square with the results of scientific research? Of the twentieth, What can it do? We must learn to enforce not only love of God, whom we cannot see, but love to our neighbors, with whom we are living in constant contact. Neither without the other is Christianity whatever else it may be. Everything that interests his neighbors must interest him, if he is a genuine follower of the Christ.

It is the mission of the church—the rural as well as the city—to evangelize the whole world, to train to the highest degree of efficiency those whom it evangelizes and to seek to make the spirit of Jesus the absolute rule in all human relations.

THE NATION'S DINNER TABLE

When the dinner bell of this nation rings there have been slaughtered for the repast 12,000 hogs, 21,000 pigs, 4,500 sheep, 2,000 hundredweight of poultry and other meats, and there have been 700,000 bushels of cereals and 540,000,000 pounds of vegetables prepared for the feast. Multiply these quantities by one thousand, representing approximately the number of meals per annum, and we have the annual contents of the nation's larder. But with all our immense quantity, superb quality and wide range of products, the American housewife, like the wife of King Nebuchadnezzar, longs for variety and she goes marketing in foreign lands. She buys abroad \$200,000,000 per annum of farm products that can and should be produced in the United States.

Chapter VI.

An Ordinance to Prohibit Stock Running at Large in the City of Hedley, Texas, and Providing for Impounding Same when Found Running at Large, and Prescribing the Manner of Sale of Animals Impounded.

Art. 27. Be it ordained by the City Council of the city of Hedley in council assembled: That the hereinafter named stock are hereby prohibited from running at large within the corporate limits of the city of Hedley, Texas to wit: horses, mules, jacks, Jennets, cattle, and swine.

Art. 28. Whenever any such animal named in the preceding section shall be found running at large within the corporate limits of the city of Hedley they shall be taken in custody and impounded by the City Marshal, and it shall be the duty of the Marshal to keep and dispose of such impounded stock in the manner hereinafter provided in this Ordinance.

Art. 29. It shall be the duty of the City Marshal to once establish a public pound at such a place as he may select, and it shall be his duty to take up or cause to be taken up the above mentioned animal and running at large within the city contrary to this Ordinance, and in one day thereafter he shall post in three public places in this city, one of which shall be at the post office, a notice giving an accurate description of such animal, together with marks and brands thereon, and the time and place of the sale of the same, and at the expiration of five days from the posting of such notices, if such animals have not been redeemed by the owner, the City Marshal shall sell such animal at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash.

Art. 30. That there shall be collected a fee of one dollar per head for taking and impounding any such animals, and twenty five cents per head per day for feeding and taking care of same, and a fee of fifty cents per head for selling such animals, where the same are sold as above provided; and after deducting such fees and costs from the proceeds of the sale, the balance of the funds, if any, shall be deposited with the city treasurer, subject to the order of the owner of such animal. At any time within six months from the sale of such animal, the owner may apply to the City Council, and upon satisfactory proof of such ownership, he shall be entitled to an account deposited on account of such sale after paying such costs as may be necessary to establish his ownership or right thereto.

Art. 31. The owner or keeper of such animal may claim the same from the public pound at any time before the sale by paying the fees and all expenses prescribed in the preceding Article.

Art. 32. That the City Marshal shall record in a book kept for that purpose the number and kind of animals impounded, the date of impounding, the date of sale, the amount realized by the sale of each animal, or by the same being reclaimed, the name of the owner of known, and the name of the purchaser. And the City Marshal shall make a monthly report of the same to the City Council at its first regular meeting in each month.

Art. 33. That if at the time of sale no purchaser can be found for any of the animals so impounded, the City Marshal may kill such animals and remove their bodies beyond the city limits and deposit same upon the city dumping ground.

Art. 34. That the City Marshal shall retain the fees hereinabove provided for as payment for his service in impounding, keeping and selling animals. And in case such animals are killed the City shall pay said officer for such service.

Chapter VII.

An Ordinance Providing Who Shall be Subject to Street Duty in the City of Hedley, Texas, and Fixing a Penalty for Failure to Perform the Same.

Art. 35. Be it ordained by the City Council of Hedley, in council assembled: That all male persons living within the corporate limits of the city of Hedley, Texas, between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five years shall be liable and it is hereby made their duty

to work on and repair the public streets within the corporate limits of the City of Hedley, Texas, under the provisions and regulations of this Ordinance, except ministers of the gospel in the active discharge of their ministerial duties, and such others as are exempted by the State laws.

Art. 36. No person shall be compelled to work on the streets who has not been a resident of the City of Hedley for fifteen days immediately preceding the day he is summoned to work on said streets.

Art. 37. Any person who is liable to street duty and who has been summoned to do such duty shall have the privilege to furnish an able bodied substitute to work in his place, which substitute shall be accepted by the Marshal, if he is capable of performing a reasonable amount of work, otherwise he shall not be accepted.

Art. 38. Every person liable to work on the streets by paying to the Marshal of the City of Hedley, at any time before the day appointed to work on the streets, the sum of one dollar for each day that he is summoned to work, shall be exempt from working for each day thus paid for, and also exempt from any penalties for failure to work, for the time for which he has so paid.

Art. 39. It shall be the duty of each street hand to perform his duties in accordance with the directions of the Marshal, or other person under whom he may be at work; and a day's work within the meaning of this Ordinance shall be eight hours efficient service when said service is voluntarily performed.

Art. 40. The Marshal of the City of Hedley shall have the power to call out all persons liable to work upon the streets at any time he may deem it necessary, or when ordered by the City Council, and such persons may be called out in detail, or the whole force at any one time as may be deemed best, or as the City Council may direct, for the better improvement of the public streets.

Art. 41. It shall be the duty of the Marshal of the City of Hedley to give three days summons in person or in writing to each person within the City of Hedley liable to street duty in said city, of the time and place, when and where such person is required to appear and work on the streets, and the number of days such person will be required to work.

Art. 42. No person shall be compelled to work the streets more than five days in each year.

Art. 43. If any person liable to work on the public streets within the corporate limits of the City of Hedley, Texas, after being legally summoned, shall wilfully fail or refuse to attend either in person or by able and competent substitute, at the time and place designated by the person summoning him, and having failed and refused to comply with the provisions of this ordinance, or having attended, shall fail to perform good service or any other duty required of him by this Ordinance or the person under whom he may work, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof in the Recorder's Court, he shall be fined any sum not less than \$5.00 nor more than \$25.00.

The Panhandle Relief Association

was organized at Clarendon April 12, 1915, under the laws regulating local Mutual Aid Societies. Below you'll see the ages and ass't rates compared with other societies in our country.

Ages 16-25	26-30	31-35	36-40
Rate \$1.00	\$1.15	\$1.30	\$1.45
Ages 41-45	46-50	51-55	56-60
Rate \$1.60	\$1.75	\$2.25	\$2.75

With an average beneficiary fund of \$1,656.25 For further particulars see J. P. POOL, HEDLEY, TEXAS

R. M. STONE, Secretary
Clarendon, Texas

Pedometer Will Save Doctor's Bills

By Arthur C. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ing disclosed the fact that he had not taken regular physical exercise for years. "That's your trouble," remarked the wise physician. "I'll write you a prescription." When he got outside the office the patient opened the bit of paper and read: "Get a pedometer and bring it back to me in three weeks with the indicator pointing to 100 miles."

When the patient returned at the time mentioned, the doctor, without making an examination, told him he need not come back any more. His looks demonstrated the efficiency of the treatment. But he was counseled to persevere in keeping the pedometer busy and thereby save many a doctor's fee.

There are imaginative patients, most of whose troubles may be traced to the "thermometer habit." They are constantly taking their temperatures and their feelings are regulated by their discoveries. A splendid substitute is the "pedometer habit." Instead of continually fussing to keep his temperature below 100, for instance, the possessor of one of these clever contrivances can try how long it takes to send the pedometer above that figure.

Lots of fun is to be obtained from ascertaining distances between various points by walking them. Incidentally the liver gets a good shaking up, the lungs receive the fresh air for the lack of which they have been starving, and the enthusiastic pedestrian feels a new joy of living.

It is not convenient for all to play that most excellent of pastimes—golf. But the pedometer game is available to most, and it renders interesting what is, after all, a rather monotonous form of exercise.

High Standard Means the "Dead Line"

By Harry B. Anderson, Chicago, Ill.

ideal, but it means also the 'dead line.' A prisoner that steps over the dead line is instantly shot. A false standard may destroy in a short time what it has taken centuries to build up.

It may be possible for the people to agree upon a standard of measurements, but it is a long way from standards of that kind to various political and religious standards. Many people are becoming alarmed over the danger of those who are so anxious to centralize education, also wanting to determine what standards the people shall have in religious matters as well as in the various problems of capital and labor.

Speaking of a national university a few years ago, Edmund J. James, president of the University of Illinois, said: "Such an institution, located in the national capital, would exercise a vigorous and salutary influence on the course of federal legislation itself." This brings out the tendency of the universities to break into politics and also brings up the question of who is to determine what is not "science." One is reminded of the following editorial utterance in the New York Medical Journal for January 2, 1915: "If millionaires can govern universities or make them after their own pattern, there will be less incentive to the student's taste, though there may be a greater incentive to his avarice. It will be a sorry day when the millionaire, drunk with the gloomy insolence of conceit, takes the administration of learning into his own hands."

Farming Needs More Good Business Methods

By W. M. Kelly, Philadelphia, Pa.

from the cities have gone out to the farm and made it a grand success by the introduction of business methods.

We are willing to take the statement that the farmer needs business methods in his work, but at the same time it is impossible for thinkers to understand just how some of these publications can be so shortsighted as to allow their columns to teem with statements such as we find in some of them.

When we do we are led to the belief that as many professional and business men fail at farming as do farmers fail in business, and some of the statements made bring on this belief.

At any rate, if some of the methods used are such as we read, then it must be so.

Some businesses would fare better if given the attention that a good farmer gives his land and crops.

Many Ways to Construe Our Laws

By R. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.

til we have such a mass of laws that the complication, confusion and cost is beyond the power of the people to control.

At the present time there are so many ways to construe most laws that people with no money have no chance in the courts. The whole thing is getting to be a farce in which the lawyer and the courts get the money and the people pay the bills.

What we want is a few laws which read as clearly as possible and are incapable of misconstruction, even by lawyers or courts.

Every bill presented for passage should have attached and sworn to under seal a full history of its reason for being, its originator's name and history and a full explanation of its intention or purpose, and what probable effects its passage will have.

Some Expressions in Execrable Taste

By Katherine A. Driscoll, Chicago, Ill.

"you-all?" These expressions are in execrable taste, to say the least, and should never be used. They are used in the pulpit, on the platform, in magazines, books and newspapers, and in common everyday conversations.

Scholarship or lack of it is betrayed by the use of the common, everyday expressions. When you hear terms "all of us" and "all of you?" It is a sign of the person who knows but is not very careful and who writes in a careless and impossible manner.

A famous New York doctor was called upon some months ago by a patient who presented an appearance of illness, but with whom he could find nothing the matter. Question-

In Historic York

WITH the breaking out of the great war the city of York, England, true to its ancient traditions, once more became an armed camp, for many of Great Britain's soldiers were sent there for training, and modern troops have drilled and marched where Cartimandua ruled over an ancient British camp in the time of the Druids, where the Romans held sway and where Danes and Saxons fought.

Writing of York in Country Life, Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson says: "Despite the never-ending destruction of old buildings—frequently made away with by those who ought to know better, but, having no reverence themselves for ancient associations or any love for the beautiful, who cannot be made to understand what an invaluable asset York possesses in her ancient picturesque gables and quaint buildings so in keeping with her past—the city is still rich in many glorious antiquities. The Minster, of course, stands easily first (it is absolutely true that when a very distinguished German general was being shown round York not many months before the war began, the only enthusiastic remark he made was "that the Minster would afford such a splendid mark for artillery from anywhere around") both from its perfect design and workmanship and from the wealth of treasures it possesses, especially in the beautiful glass in its windows. It is, however, well supported by numerous examples, any one of which would make most towns famous, and attract visitors from far and near.

City Walls and Their Bars. There are the city walls, for instance, with their famous bars. All of the bars formerly had barbicans and portcullis, but the exigencies of "trade" have demanded the abolition of all of the former except the one at Walmgate, and there are even super-vandals who have essayed to have this one removed also! Monk bar still retains its portcullis, and when last year it was lowered for the first time for

honor of the Jews. The ancient royal palace, now occupied as a school for the blind, takes one back with its courts and alleys to the stormy period of the Tudors and Stuarts. Inside the museum grounds can be studied the splendid ruins of St. Mary's abbey, while the patched up state of the round tower at the top of Marygate tells eloquently of the siege when it was blown up with gunpowder.

There is more than one pair of stocks still to be seen in York, notably in the churchyard of Holy Trinity church Micklegate; and at either end of the city, at the end of Burton lane and opposite the infantry barracks at Fulford, are two "plague stones," which recall to mind those terrible visitations of the Middle Ages. At the stones the country people used to deposit their wares, and then retire a short distance until the townsfolk had advanced and, taking up their purchases, had deposited the money for the same in water, when, in their turn, the vendors advanced and picked out the coins. In this manner the two parties never came in contact with each other.

In the infantry barracks a grand old tree keeps alive the memory of Dick Turpin, having been planted, it is said, over the grave of Black Bess. Mention must finally be made of the race-course on Knavesmire, now handed over for the nonce to the training and housing of the troops, but where the famous little Gimcrack once ran, also Blacklock, the founder of a mighty family; and where, above all, was run the famous race between the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, a struggle whose fame will last as long as racing exists.

Honored by Kings.

In the old days royal visits were frequent to York. King Richard II was an especially gracious patron of the old city, and it was he who bestowed the title of lord mayor upon its chief citizen. According to Drake, King Richard took his sword from his side and gave it to be worn before William de Selby, as first lord mayor, on



MICKLEGATE BAR. PHOTO BY E. H. PILLARD

many years for cleaning purposes, it proved such an attraction that hopes were entertained that it might be frequently lowered when the requirements of traffic permitted.

Micklegate bar has the weird notoriety that belongs of necessity to the spot commonly selected for the display of the gory heads of the nobility, which had been cut off by the headsman to allay the fears of a king, or to appease the rancor of rivals. Hard by the Minster is the renowned treasurer's house, once the abode of the chosen representative of the king to govern the North. To the skill and enterprise of Mr. Frank Green England owes a debt for having rescued this splendid specimen of medieval architecture from the degraded state into which it had fallen, and for restoring it again to a near approach to its former glory. To the same gentleman's patriotism also we must render most grateful thanks for having rescued St. William's college from the fate which threatened it, and saved to posterity one of the most interesting and picturesque buildings in the city. It was here that the royal master printer, Mr. Robert Baker, set up his printing press during King Charles' sojourn in the city, where many of the proclamations and messages to his recalcitrant parliament were printed.

Sword of the Antiquities. Clifford tower is a charm in itself, and the memories which it brings back to the mind are

Contents of Shark's Stomach.

I have received from W. F. Cameron of Zamboanga, P. I., a Stanford engineer, a photograph of a rare shark, rhinodon typicus, a specimen about twenty feet long, taken on the island of Cebu. A notable feature about this shark, which has a very big mouth and small teeth, is that it had in its stomach seven eggings, forty-seven buttons, three leather belts and nine shoes. He had probably captured the cast-off garments of some company, otherwise the question arises: What became of the odd legging and the odd shoe?—David Starr Jordan in Science.



CALUMET BAKING POWDER



The cook is happy, the other members of the family are happy—appetites sharpen, things brighten up generally. And Calumet Baking Powder is responsible for it all.

For Calumet never fails. Its wonderful leavening qualities insure perfectly shortened, faultlessly raised bakings.

Cannot be compared with other baking powders, which promise without performing.

Even a beginner in cooking gets delightful results with this never-failing Calumet Baking Powder. Your grocer knows. Ask him.

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

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-name baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to any other salt and soda.

Had Him Guessing.

Walter Roberts, the theatrical man, is usually ready with a quick answer to any question that is put to him, but once upon a time he was 'clearly nonplussed.' A woman had approached the ticket window and said:

"I would very much like to know if the show which is now going on is moral and proper."

Walter cast a scrutinizing glance at his questioner, but that was all.

"Why don't you answer my question, young man?" demanded the lady at the window.

"Because, madam, frankly speaking," said Walter, hesitating, "I'm not a good enough judge of human nature to know which way to answer without losing a patron."—Louisville Times.

Wise Fool.

One day Solomon and a fool were walking together.

"Solomon," said the fool, "why is it you never talk?"

"Fool," said Solomon, "that I may listen to other people's wisdom."

And then after a pause, "But why is it you always talk?"

"That other people, I suppose," quoth the fool, "may listen to my wisdom."

Whereat Solomon held his tongue, and went home thoughtfully.

In the War Zone.

"So your uncle has gone to the war, has he?"

"Yes, sir."

"And does not everybody miss him?"

"Why, yes, they have so far. He hasn't been wounded yet."

Somber Possibility.

"Do you think the war will be over before very long?"

"Yes. What I'm hoping is that the peace negotiations won't precipitate another one."

Immortal Utterance.

Mr. Haberdash (preparing an after dinner speech)—Emily, who was it said: "Give me liberty, or give me death?"

Mrs. Haberdash—Harry Thaw!

FIND OUT

The Kind of Food that will Keep You Well.

The true way is to find out what is best to eat and drink, and then cultivate a taste for those things instead of poisoning ourselves with improper, indigestible food, etc.

A conservative Mass. woman writes: "I have used Grape-Nuts 5 years for the young and for the aged; in sickness and in health; at first following directions carefully, later in a variety of ways as my taste and judgment suggested."

"But its most special, personal benefit has been as a substitute for meat, and served dry with cream when rheumatic troubles made it important for me to change diet."

"Served in this way with the addition of a cup of hot Postum and a little fruit it has been used at my morning meal for six months, during which time my health has much improved, nerves have grown steadier, and a gradual decrease in my excessive weight adds greatly to my comfort."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Possibly smacking the lips may be vulgar, but, of course, it depends on whose lips you smack.

Relations between the old-fashioned milkman and the hydrant are frequently strained.

You can never tell how successful a man has been by the advice that he gives.

Arkansas now has a woman's minimum wage law.

\$6 CASH and small monthly payments of \$3.00 each secure this superb

SMITH-PREMIER Typewriter—the ideal typewriter for office or home. At our low price of only \$30.00, every office and home can afford the convenience of a typewriter. It shortens the day's work in the office, in the home, in college, in the law, in the store, in the factory, in the office, in the home, in college, in the law, in the store, in the factory, in the office, in the home, in college, in the law, in the store, in the factory.

FREE Instructions with each machine that will enable you to become proficient in a short time. Write for special promotion. You can turn your spare time into profit.

Ask for Circular "A." Other typewriters 25.00 up. **GALVESTON TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE** TYPERWRITERS OF ALL KINDS GALVESTON, TEXAS

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't melt or tip over. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers obtain express paid for \$1.00.

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**

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Texas Directory

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LET US SUPPLY YOUR **Baseball Uniforms** Gloves, Shoes, etc. **FISHING TACKLE, SEINES, Nets, etc.** Anderson's Gun Store, Ft. Worth, Texas

Tutt's Pills stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels. A remedy for sick headache. Unquestioned as an **ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.** Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.

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 years. 50c and \$1 bottles at drug stores.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 20-1916.

BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an immediate homelike homecoming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Lydia flinched, she knew not why. There was a sting to the words, despite the largeness with which they were uttered.

Risking more than she suspected, she said: "He never considers the cost of a thing, Mrs. Brood, if its beauty appeals to him." Mrs. Brood gave her a quizzical, half-puzzled look. "You have only to look about you for the proof. This one room represents a fortune." The last was spoken hastily.

"How old are you, Miss Desmond?" The question came abruptly.

"I am nineteen."

"You were surprised to find me so young. Will it add to your surprise if I tell you that I am ten years older than you?"

"It doesn't seem credible."

"Are you wondering why I tell you my age?"

"Yes," said Lydia, bluntly.

"In order that you may realize that I am ten years wiser than you, and that you may not again make the mistake of underestimating my intelligence."

The color faded from Lydia's face. She grew cold from head to foot. Involuntarily she moved back a pace. The next instant, to her unbounded surprise, Mrs. Brood's hands were outstretched in a gesture of appeal, and a quick, wistful smile took the place of the imperious stare.

"There! I am a nasty, horrid thing. Forgive me. Come! Don't be stubborn. Shake hands with me and say that you're sorry I said what I did. It was a quaint way of putting it, and her voice was so genuinely appealing that Lydia, after a moment's hesitation, extended her hands. Mrs. Brood grasped them in hers and gripped them tightly. "I think I should like to know that you are my friend, Lydia. Has it occurred to you that I am utterly without friends in this great city of yours? I have my husband, that is all."

The girl could no more withstand the electric charm of the woman than she could have fought off the sunshine. She was bewildered, and completely fascinated.

"It's—it's very good of you," she murmured, her own eyes softening as they looked into the deep, velvety ones that would not be denied. Even as she wondered whether she could ever really like this magnetic creature, she felt herself surrendering to the spell of her. "But perhaps you will not like me when you know me better."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Brood, calmly, almost indifferently, and dismissed the subject. "What an amazing room! One can almost feel the presence of the geni that created it at the wish of the man with the enchanted lamp. As a rule, oriental rooms are abominations, but this—ah, this is not an oriental room after all. It is a part of the East itself—of the real East. I have sat in emperors' houses out there, my dear, and I have slept in the palaces of kings. I have seen just such things as these, and I know that they could not have been transported to this room except by magic. My husband is a magician."

"These came from the palaces of kings, Mrs. Brood," said Lydia enthusiastically. "Kings in the days when kings were real. This rug—"

"I know," interrupted the other. "My husband told me the story. It must have cost him a fortune."

"It was worth a fortune," said Lydia. A calculating squint had come into Mrs. Brood's eyes while she was speaking. To Lydia it appeared as if she were trying to fix upon the value of the wonderful carpet.

"A collector has offered him—how much? A hundred thousand dollars, is not that it? Ah, how rich he must be!"

"The collector you refer to—"

"I was referring to my husband," said Mrs. Brood, unabashed. "He is very rich, isn't he?"

Lydia managed to conceal her annoyance. "I think not, as American fortunes are rated."

"It doesn't matter," said the other, carelessly. "I have my own fortune. And it is not my face," she added, with a quick smile. "New let us look further. I must see all these wonderful things. We will not be missed, and it is still half an hour till tea-time. My husband is now telling his son all there is to be told about me—son and what I am, and how he came to marry me. Not, mind you, how I

came to marry him, but—the other way 'round. It's the way with men past middle age."

Lydia hesitated before speaking. "Mr. Brood does not confide in Frederic. I am afraid they have but little in common. Oh, I shouldn't have said that!"

Mrs. Brood regarded her with narrowing eyes. "He doesn't confide in Frederic?" she repeated, in the form of a question. Her voice seemed lower than before.

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did, Mrs. Brood," said the girl, annoyed at herself.

"Is there a reason why he should dislike his son?" asked the other, regarding her fixedly.

"Of course not," cried poor Lydia. There was a moment of silence.

"Some day, Lydia, you will tell me about Mr. Brood's other wife."

"She died many years ago," said the girl, evasively.

"I know," said Mrs. Brood. "Still I should like to hear more of the woman he could not forget in all those years—until he met me."

She grew silent and preoccupied, a slight frown marking her forehead as she resumed her examination of the room and its contents.

Great lanterns hung suspended beside the shrine, but were now unlighted. On the table at which Brood professed to work stood a huge lamp with a lacelike screen of gold. When lighted a soft, mellow glow oozed through the shade to create a circle of golden brilliance over a radius that extended but little beyond the edge of the table, yet reached to the benign countenance of Buddha close by.

Over all this fairylike splendor reigned the serene, melting influence of the god to whom James Brood was wont to confess himself! The spell of the golden image dominated everything.

In the midst of the magnificence moved the two women, one absurdly out of touch with her surroundings, yet a thing of beauty; the other blending intimately with the warm tones that enveloped her. She was lithe, sinuous with the grace of the most seductive of dancers. Her dark eyes reflected the mysteries of the Orient; her pale, smooth skin shone with the clearness of alabaster; the crimson in her lips was like the fresh stain



"I Must See These Wonderful Things."

of blood; the very fragrance of her person seemed to steal out of the unknown. She was a part of the marvelous setting, a gem among gems.

She had attired herself in a dull Indian red afternoon gown of chiffon. The very fabric seemed to cling to her supple body with the sensuous joy of contact. Even Lydia, who watched her with appraising eyes, experienced a swift unaccountable desire to hold this intoxicating creature close to her own body.

There were two windows in the room, broad openings that ran from near the floor almost to the edge of the canopy. They were so heavily curtained that the light of day failed to penetrate to the interior of the apartment. Mrs. Brood approached one of these windows. Drawing the curtain apart, she let in an ugly gray light from the outside world.

She looked down into a sort of courtyard and garden that might have been transplanted from distant Araby. Uttering an exclamation of wonder, she turned to Lydia.

"Is this New York or am I bewitched?"

"Mr. Brood transformed the old carriage yard into a—I think Mr. Dawes calls it a Persian garden. It is rather bleak in wintertime, Mrs. Brood, but in the summer it is really enchanting. See, across the court on the second floor where the windows are lighted, those are your rooms. It is an enormous house, you'll find. Do you see the little balcony outside your windows, and the vines creeping up to it? You can't imagine how sweet it is to

a summer night with the moon and stars—"

"But how desolate it looks today, with the dead vines and the colorless stones! Ugh!"

She dropped the curtains. The soft warm glow of the room came back and she sighed with relief. "I hate things that are dead," she said.

At the sound of a soft tread and the gentle rustle of draperies, they turned. Ranjab, the Hindu, was crossing the room toward the small door which gave entrance to his closet. He paused for an instant before the image of Buddha, but did not drop to his knees as all devout Buddhists do. Mrs. Brood's hand fell lightly upon Lydia's arm. The man turned toward them a second or two later. His dark, handsome face was hard set and emotionless as he bowed low to the new mistress of the house. The fingers closed tightly on Lydia's arm. Then he smiled upon the girl, a glad smile of devotion. His swarthy face was transfigured. A moment later he unlocked his door and passed into the other room. The key turned in the lock with a slight rasp.

"I do not like that man," said Mrs. Brood. Her voice was low and her eyes were fixed steadily on the closed door.

CHAPTER V.

Husband and Wife.

The ensuing fortnight brought the expected changes in the household. James Brood, to the surprise of not only himself but others, lapsed into a curious state of adolescence. His infatuation was complete. The once dominant influence of the man seemed to sink away from him as the passing days brought up the new problems of life. Where he had lived to command he now was content to serve. His friends, his son, his servants viewed the transformation with wonder, not to say apprehension.

It would not be true to say that the remarkable personality of the man had suffered. He was still the man of steel, but tempered. The rigid broadsword was made over into the fine flexible blade of Toledo. He could be bent but not broken.

It pleased him to submit to Yvonne's commands. Not that they were arduous or peremptory; on the contrary, they were suggestions in which his own comfort and pleasure appeared to be the inspiration. She was too wise to demand, too clever to resort to cajolery. She was a Latin. Diplomacy was hers as a birthright. Complaints, appeals, sulks would have gained nothing from James Brood. Nor would it have occurred to her to employ these methods. From the day she entered the house she was its mistress.

There were no false notions of sentiment to restrain or restrict her in the rearrangement of her household. She went about the matter calmly, sensibly, firmly; even the most prejudiced could not but feel the justice of her decisions. The serene way in which she both achieved and accepted conquest proved one thing above all others: She was born to rule.

To begin with, she miraculously transferred the sleeping quarters of Messrs. Dawes and Riggs from the second floor front to the third floor back without arousing the slightest sign of antagonism on the part of the crusty old gentlemen, who had occupied one of the choice rooms in the house with uninterrupted security for a matter of nine or ten years. Mrs. Brood explained the situation to them so graciously, so convincingly, that they even assisted the servants in moving their heterogeneous belongings to the small, remote room on the third floor, and applauded her plan to make a large sitting-room of the chamber they were deserting. It did not occur to them for at least three days that they had been imposed upon, cheated, maltreated, insulted, and then it was too late. The decorators were in the big room on the second floor.

They had been betrayed by the wife of their bosom friend. It is small cause for wonder, then, that the poor gentlemen as manfully turned back to the trunk and got gloriously, garrulously drunk in the middle of the afternoon and also in the middle of the library, where tea was to have been served to a few friends asked in to meet the bride?

The next morning a fresh edict was issued. It came from James Brood and it was so staggering that the poor gentlemen were loath to believe their ears. As a result of this new command, they began to speak of Mrs. Brood in the privacy of their own room as "that woman." Of course it was entirely due to her mischievous, malevolent influence that a spineless husband put forth the order that they were to have nothing more to drink while they remained in his house. This command was modified to a slight extent later on. Brood felt sorry for the victims. He loved them and he knew that their pride was injured a great deal more than their appetite. In its modified form, the edict allowed them a small drink in the morning and another at bedtime, but Jones, the butler, held the key to the situation and—the sideboard. And after that they looked upon Mrs. Brood as the common enemy of all three.

The case of Mrs. John Desmond was disposed of in a summary but tactful manner. "If Mrs. Desmond is willing to remain, James, as housekeeper instead of friend, all well and good," said Mrs. Brood, discussing the matter in the seclusion of her boudoir. "I doubt, however, whether she can descend to that. You have spoiled her, my dear." He flushed. "I trust you do not mean to imply that—"

"I should like to have Mrs. Desmond as my friend, not as my housekeeper," said his wife simply.

"By jove, and that's just what I should like," he cried.

"There is but one way, you know."

"She must be one or the other, eh?"

"Precisely," she said with firmness.

"In my country, James, the wives of best friends haven't the same moral standing that they appear to have in yours. Oh, don't scowl so! Shall I tell you that I do not mean to reflect on Mrs. Desmond's virtue—or discretion? Far from it. If she is to be my friend, she cannot be your housekeeper. That's the point. Has she any means of her own? Can she—"

"She has a small income, and an annuity which I took out for her soon after her poor husband's death. We were the closest of friends—"

"I understand, James. You are very generous and very loyal. I quite understand. Losing her position here, then, will not be a hardship?"

"No," said he soberly.

"I am quite competent, James," she said brightly. "You will not miss her, I am sure."

"Are you laughing at me, darling?" She gave him one of her searching, unfathomable glances, and then smiled with roguish mirth.

"Isn't it your mission in life to amuse and entertain me?"

"I love you, Yvonne—Good God, how I love you!" he cried abruptly. His eyes burnt with sudden flame of passion as he bent over her. His face quivered; his whole being tingled with the fierce spasm of an uncontrollable desire to crush the warm, adorable body to his breast in the supreme ecstasy of possession.

She surrendered herself to his passionate embrace. A little later, she withdrew herself from his arms, her lips still quivering with the fierceness of his kisses. Her eyes, dark with wonder and perplexity, regarded his transfigured face for a long, tense moment.

"Is this love, James?" she whispered. "Is this the real, true love?"

"What else, in heaven's name, can it be?" he cried. He was sitting upon



"You Will Not Miss Her, I am Sure."

the arm of her chair, looking down at the singularly pallid face.

"But should you have the power to frighten one?"

"Frighten, my darling?"

"Oh, it is not you who are frightened," she cried. "You are the man. But I—ah, I am only the woman."

He stared. "What an odd way to put it, dear." Then he drew back, struck by the curious gleam of mockery in her eyes.

"Was it like this twenty-five years ago?" she asked.

He managed to smile. "Are you jealous?"

"Tell me about her."

His face hardened. "Some other time, not now."

"You have never told me her name—"

He faced her, his eyes as cold as steel. "I may as well tell you now, Yvonne, that her name is never mentioned in this house."

sensing of danger that more than once he had experienced in the silent, tranquil depths of great forests.

"I wonder what could have happened to make you so bitter toward her," she went on, still watching him through half closed eyes. "Was she unfaithful to you? Was—"

"Good God, Yvonne!" he cried, an angry light jumping into his eyes—the eyes that so recently had been ablaze with love.

"We must never speak of that again," he said, a queer note of hoarseness in his voice. "Never, do you understand?" He was very much shaken.

"Forgive me," she pleaded, stretching out her hand to him. "I am foolish, but I did not dream that I was being cruel or unkind. Perhaps, dear, it is because I am—jealous."

"There is no one—nothing to be jealous of," he said, passing a hand over his moist brow. Then he drew nearer and took her hand in his. He lounged again on the arm of the chair. She leaned back and sighed contentedly, the smile on her red lips growing sweeter with each breath that she took. He felt the blood warming once more in his veins.

For a long time they sat thus, looking into each other's eyes without speaking. He was trying toathom the mystery that lurked at the bottom of those smiling wells; she, on the other hand, deluded herself with the idea that she was reading his innermost thoughts.

"I have been considering the advisability of sending Frederic abroad for a year or two," said he at last.

She started. She had been far from right in her reading. "Now? This winter?"

"Yes. He has never been abroad." "Indeed? And he is half European, too. It seems—forgive me, James. Really, you know, I cannot always keep my thoughts from slipping out. You shouldn't expect it, dear."

"I suppose it is only natural that you should inquire," he said readily. "Of my servants," she added pointedly.

He flushed slightly. "I dare say I deserve the rebuke. It will not be necessary to pursue that line of inquiry, however. I shall tell you the story myself some day, Yvonne. Will you not bear with me?"

She met the earnest appeal in his eyes with a slight frown of annoyance. "Who is to tell me the wife's side of the story?"

The question was like a blow to his ears. He stared at her as if he had never heard aright. Before he could speak, she went on coolly:

"I dare say there are two sides to it, James. It's usually the case."

He winced. "There is but one side to this one," he said, a harsh note in his voice.

"That is why I began my inquiries with Mrs. Desmond," she said enigmatically. "But I shan't pursue them any farther. You love me; that is all I care to know—or that I require."

"I do love you," he said, almost imploringly.

She stroked his gaunt cheek. "Then we may let the other woman—go hang, eh?"

He felt the cold sweat start on his brow. Her callous remark stung his finer sensibilities like the thrust of a dagger. He tried to laugh, but only succeeded in producing a painful grimace.

"And now," she went on, "if the matter were fully disposed of, we will discuss something tangible, shall we not, Frederic?"

"Yes," said he, rather lazily. "Frederic."

"I am very, very fond of your son, James," she said. "How paid you must be to have such a son."

He eyed her narrowly. How much of the horrid story did she know? How much of it had John Desmond told to his wife?

"I am surprised at your liking him, Yvonne. He is what I'd call a difficult young man."

"I haven't found him difficult."

"Morbid and unresponsive."

"Not by nature, however. There is a joyousness, a light-heartedness in his character that has never, not beyond the surface until now, James."

"One can be lonely even in the heart of a throng," she said cryptically. "No, James, I will not have him sent away."

He was silent for a moment. "We will leave it to Frederic," he said.

Her face brightened. "That is all I ask. He will stay."

There was another pause. "You two have become very good friends, Yvonne."

"He is devoted to me."

She blew cigarette smoke in his face



He Was Silent for a Moment.

and laughed. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," she called.

Frederic entered.

CHAPTER VI.

The Spreading Glow.

Yvonne Lestrangé, in a way, had been born to purple and fine linen. She had never known deprivation of any description. Neither money, position nor love had been denied her during the few years in which her charm and beauty had flashed across the great European capitals, penetrating even to the recesses of royal courts. It is doubtful if James Brood knew very much concerning her family when he proposed marriage to her, but it is certain that he did not care. He first saw her at the home of a British nobleman, but did not meet her. Something in the vivid, brilliant face of the woman made a deep and lasting impression on him. There was an instant when their eyes met through an opening in the throng which separated them. He was not only conscious of the fact that he was staring at her, but that she was looking at him in a curiously penetrating way. There was a mocking smile on her lips at the time. He saw it fade away, even as the crowd came between. He knew that the smile had not been intended for him, but for some of the eager cavaliers who surrounded her, and yet there was something singularly direct in the look she gave him.

That single glance in the duke's house proved to be a fateful one for both. They were married inside of a month. The virile, confident American had conquered where countless supplants of a more or less noble character had gone down to defeat.

He asked but one question of her, she asked none of him. The fact that she was the intimate friend and associate of the woman in whose home he met her, was sufficient proof of her standing in society, although that would have counted for little so far as Brood was concerned.

She was the daughter of a baron; she had spent much of her life in Paris, coming from St. Petersburg when a young girl; and she was an orphan with an independent fortune of her own. Such common details as these came to Brood in the natural way and were not derived from any effort on his part to secure information concerning Mademoiselle Lestrangé. Like the burnt child, he asked a question which harked back to an unforgotten pain.

"Have you ever loved a man deeply, devotedly, Yvonne—so deeply that there is pain in the thought of him?"

She replied without hesitation. "There is no such man, James. You may be sure of that."

"I am confident that I can hold your love against the future, but no man is vital enough to compete with the past. Love doesn't really die, you know. If a man cannot hold a woman's love against all newcomers, he deserves to lose it. It doesn't follow, however, that he can protect himself against the man who appears out of the past and claims his own."

"You speak as though the past had played you an evil trick," she said.

He did not mince words. "Years ago a man came out of the past and took from me the woman I loved and cherished."

"Your—your wife?" she asked in a voice suddenly lowered.

"Yes," he said quietly.

She was silent for a long time. "I wonder at your courage in taking the risk again," she said.

"I think I wonder at it myself," said he. "No, I am not afraid." He went on, as if convincing himself that these words were true. "I shall make you love me as I love Yvonne. I am not afraid to do it. I am not afraid to ask you for

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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 Societies, etc., when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

Bear in mind that the Sunday closing law goes into effect at once. Get your supplies Saturday, or you'll have to borrow or go without Sunday.

By all means attend the play "The Winning of Latane" tonight at the auditorium. The proceeds go to a good cause—the equipping of the auditorium, and the play is worth the money.

The sooner an example is made of some "smart aleck" the sooner will the women folks, especially ladies traveling, be safe from insult. Anyway, the caper sat Saturday night ought to be a lesson to some of the boys.

Editor Warren of the Clarendon News has been honored by Governor Ferguson with an appointment as delegate to the International Press Congress to be held in San Francisco July 5-8. We congratulate friend Warren.

The Memphis papers, the Herald and Democrat, have each installed linotype machines. A mighty nice thing to have, but Mrs. Editor of Informer says she is willing to set type by hand until Hedley gets large enough to support a machine set paper.

We did think first of the week that we would be able to say this issue that the weather had been clear and dry all week. But, "the best laid plans of mice and men" often go wrong. Wednesday the usual (for this year) showers came. Fine on garden and stuff just sprouting but retards farm work.

THE BATTLE OF THE TIRES

(Agricultural and Commercial Press Service)
It is interesting to watch the forces of civilization battling for supremacy. The struggle now going on between the rubber and the iron tire promises to be the liveliest contest of the Twentieth Century.

The struggle is a silent one and there are no war correspondents to write vivid descriptions of the conflict but the results are more far-reaching to present and future generations than the war of Europe.

The rubber tire has been maneuvering for point of attack for several years and has captured a few important positions in traffic, but it has now pitched a decisive battle with its iron competitor by hurling a million "jitneys" at the street railways and the battle is raging from ocean to ocean. Upon the result of the struggle depends the future of the rubber tire. If it is compelled to retreat, its doom is sealed, but if it wins the battle it will revolutionize the transportation methods of this nation.

If the rubber tire conquers the street traffic its next struggle is with the railroads of the country, and then the greatest battle between economic forces ever fought out on the face of this earth is on, for iron is the undisputed master in transportation, and is fertilized behind billions of dollars, and millions of men.

Stephenson applied the steel tire to an iron rail in 1814, but it was 1869 before the golden spike was driven at Promontory Point, which bound the country together with bands of steel. It took the iron tire fifty-five years to creep from ocean to ocean, but the rubber tire while warm from the creative mind of the inventive genius sped across the continent like an arrow shot from the bow of Ulysses. The roadbed was already prepared and therein lies the power of the rubber tire over that of iron, for government builds and maintains the public highway.

But iron is a stubborn metal and it has mastered every wheel that turns; has fought battles with every element above and beneath the earth and has never tasted the wormwood of defeat, and when rubber hurls its full force against this monarch of the Mineral Kingdom, it may rebound to the factory stunned beyond recovery.

The rubber tire first made its appearance on the bicycle, but it proved a frivolous servant and was dismissed for incompetency. It has always been too much inclined to revel in luxury to be taken seriously as a utility machine and its reputation is not one to inspire confidence in heavy traffic performance.

But to those who care to waft into dreamland, it is enchanting to note that there will be a marvelous difference between a rubber and an iron age. The rubber tire will scatter the cities throughout the valleys for with transportation at every man's door, why a city? It will traverse the continent with a net work of Macadam highways as beautiful as the boulevard built by Napoleon. It will paralyze the law making bodies of this nation for how could the legislatures run without the railroads to operate?

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Our transportation facilities are the most perfect product of this great commercial age and the telegraph and telephone systems of this nation crown the industrial achievements of the whole world. These twin messengers of modern civilization, born in the skies, stand today the most faithful and efficient public servants that ever toiled for the human race.

They are of American nativity and while warm from the mind of the inventive genius have, under American supervision, spun a net-work of wires across the earth and under the seas. Telegraphy, in its early youth, mastered the known world and the telephone has already conquered the earth's surface, and now stands at the seashore ready to leap across the ocean.

No industry in the history of the world has ever made such rapid strides in development and usefulness, and none has ever exerted a more powerful influence upon the civilization of its day than the Telegraph and Telephone. Their achievement demonstrates the supremacy of two distinct types of American genius—invention and organization.

The industry was peculiarly fortunate in having powerful inventive intellects at its source and tremendous minds to direct its organization and growth. It is the most perfect fruit of the tree of American industry and when compared with its European contemporaries, it thrills every patriotic American with pride.

Ambitious youth can find no more in-

spiring company than the fellowship of the giant intellects that constructed this marvelous industry and a journey along the pathway of its development, illuminated at every mile-post of its progress by the lightning-flashes of brilliant minds, will be taken at a very early date.

A brief statistical review of the industry brings out its growth and magnitude in a most convincing and unforgettable manner.

The telephone service of the United States is the most popular and efficient and its rates are the cheapest of the telephone systems of the world.

We are the greatest talkers on earth. We send 60 per cent of our communications over the telephone. The world has about 15,000,000 telephones and of this number the United States has approximately 9,540,000, Europe 4,020,000 and other countries 1,300,000. According to the latest world telephone census, the total telephone investment is \$1,906,000,000 and of this amount \$1,095,000,000 was credited to the United States, \$626,000,000 in Europe and \$175,000,000 in other countries. The annual telephone conversations total 24,600,000,000 divided as follows: United States 15,600,000,000; Europe 6,800,000,000, and other countries 2,200,000,000. The total world wire telephone mileage is 33,262,000 miles divided as follows: United States 20,248,000, Europe 10,325,000, and other countries 2,679,000. About six per cent of the world's population and sixty-one per cent of the telephone wire mileage is in the United States.

WHY IS WOMAN RESTLESS?

DESTINY OF NATIONS DEPENDS UPON CONTENTED HOMES.

By W. D. Lewis.

President Texas Farmers' Union.

Why is woman dissatisfied? Why does she grow restless under the crown of womanhood? Why is she weary of the God-given jewel of motherhood? Is it not a sufficient political achievement for woman that future rulers nurse at her breast, laugh in her arms and kneel at her feet? Can ambition leap to more glorious heights than to sing lullabies to the world's greatest geniuses, chant melodies to master minds and rock the cradle of human destiny?

God pity our country when the hand-shake of the politician is more gratifying to woman's heart than the patter of children's feet.

Woman is Ruler Over All.

Why does woman chafe under restraint of sex? Why revile the hand of nature? Why discard the skirts that civilization has clung to since the beginning of time? Why lay aside this hallowed garment that has wiped the tears of sorrow from the face of childhood? In its sacred embrace every generation has hidden its face in shame; clinging to its motherly folds, tottering children have learned to play hide and seek and from it youth learned to reverence and respect womanhood. Can man think of his mother without this consecrated garment?

Why this inordinate thirst for power? Is not woman all powerful? Man cannot enter this world without her consent, he cannot remain in peace without her blessing and unless she sheds tears of regret over his departure, he has lived in vain. Why this longing for civic power when God has made her ruler over all? Why crave authority when man bows down and worships her? Man has given woman his heart, his name and his money. What more does she want?

Can man find it in his heart to look with pride upon the statement that his honorable mother-in-law was one of the most powerful political bosses in the country, that his distinguished grandmother was one of the ablest filibusters in the Senate or that his mother was a noted warrior and her name a terror to the enemy? Whither are we drifting and where will we land?

God Save Us From a Hen-Pecked Nation.

I follow the plow for a living and my views may have in them the smell of the soil; my hair is turning white under the frost of many winters and perhaps I am a little old-fashioned, but I believe there is more moral influence in the dress of woman than in all the statute books of the land. As an agency for morality, I wouldn't give my good old mother's homemade gowns for all the suffragette's constitutions and by-laws in the world.

As a power for purifying society, I wouldn't give one prayer of my saintly mother for all the women's votes in Christendom. As an agency for good government, I wouldn't give the plea of a mother's heart for righteousness

under its own weight the hysterical cry of woman? If we never had a chance to vote again in a lifetime and did not pass another law in twenty-five years, we could survive the ordeal, but without home civilization would wither and die.

God save these United States from becoming a hen-pecked nation; help us keep sissies out of Congress and forbid that women become step-fathers to government, is the prayer of the farmers of this country.

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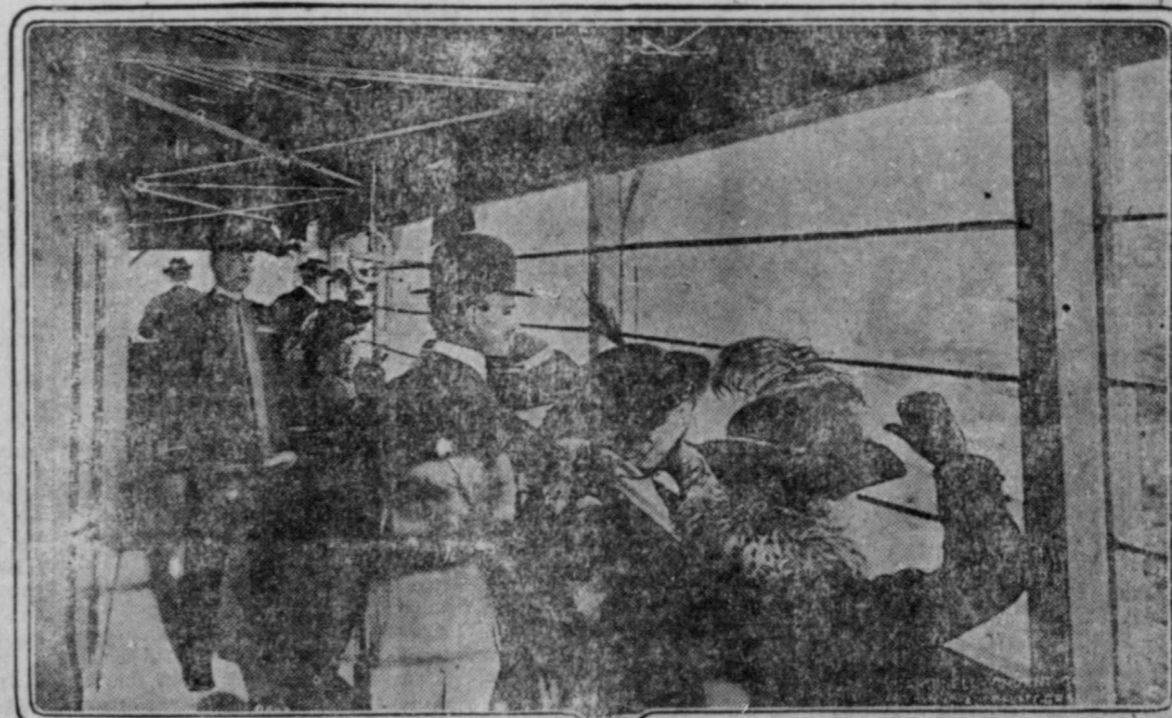
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For the seeker of amusement there is opportunity a-plenty in the unique mechanical achievement, the Aeroscope, on "The Zone," at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The Aeroscope resembles a giant crane of a novel and intricate design, its steel construction recalling that of the Bascule bridge. At the extremity of the long arm of the crane is a two-story car with a seating capacity for 100 persons and standing room for 20 more. At the short end of the crane is a giant mass of concrete, which serves as a counter-balance for the long arm of the crane. Beneath the car are two great water tanks, which take on water or discharge it as passengers enter or leave the car, thus always preserving the balance to a nicety. When, for example, a man weighing 160 pounds enters the car an amount of water of equal weight is released from the tank, and when the passenger departs 160 pounds of water are automatically discharged into the tank below the car. The car ascends without perceptible motion, and perfect safety and a farrier ride of ten minutes is assured to passengers while enjoying the trip of 265 feet into the clouds, or four feet higher than the Ferris wheel. Two motors control the ascent and descent in conjunction with the counter-balance of the huge car, and when it reaches its extreme height it begins to swing slowly around on the wheels at its base, giving a magnificent view of the exposition, of San Francisco bay and of the city of San Francisco.



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BRICK, POST
EVERYTHING....

JC WOOLDRIDGE

The Dixie's

Special Purchase of Wash Goods, Laces and Embroideries

Entire lot to go on Sale Saturday at "unheard of" prices and continue until all the ladies of this surrounding country have a chance to get some of these goods:

Lawn, Batiste,IMITIES, Rice Cloth, Poplin, Crepe, Etc. Large line of Laces and Embroideries at 5c per yard. The low prices on all this Wash material and trimmings will surprise you.

McCALL'S PATTERNS FREE with all bills of \$2.00.

Our Dry Goods Department is full of good values and can save you money all over the Store.

Our line of men and boys' Clothing is all new and at Bottom Prices.

A strictly up-to-date line of Summer Underwear—Unions and Piece for all classes.

O. N. STALLSWORTH

Locals

Subscribe for the Informer.

W. H. Jones went to Fort Worth Tuesday night.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor.

A. C. Carson of Memphis was on our streets Tuesday.

Informers and Semi-Weekly Farm News, one year \$1.75.

Frank and Sam Ed Clark made a trip to Memphis Tuesday.

W. A. Pierce went to Newlin Monday on a business trip.

J. M. Clarke and wife visited friends in Memphis Sunday.

C. M. Coulson of Memphis was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. Little, a merchant of Lelia Lake, was in our city Tuesday.

Rev. J. W. Hembree was in town Tuesday from Memphis.

Born Saturday May 15, a boy to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Turnbow.

Tom Latimer traded for B. L. Kinsey's new Ford last week.

Good second-hand cultivator for sale cheap. Bob Adamson.

Miss Abbott of Ring returned from school at Goodnight Wednesday.

There may be others; but the place to get satisfaction is at my shop. J. B. King.

M. L. Lively of Lakeview visited his son, T. C., first of the week.

George Killian and wife of Claude spent Sunday here with their parents.

N. R. Darnell and family were here from Clarendon Sunday in their new Overland.

Mrs. Chas. Kinslow and baby went to Memphis Sunday to visit relatives several days.

Misses Lucile and Lide Ellis of Lelia Lake are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Clint Phillips, this week.

King's Shop is the place to get fresh shaves, haircuts, and laundry. J. B. King, Prop.

Miss Mary Helen Bain visited in Clarendon last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Era Wilson of Lubbock came last week to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamblen.

Mrs. H. H. Moyers of N. M. arrived Wednesday night to visit her grandson, W. E. Bray and family.

Leone Wimberly is spending a few days in Memphis with her grandparents, Dr. Wilson and wife.

Frank Clark has placed a new runabout body on his Ford, which makes it look like a new car.

LOST—A gold coat (watch) chain. Finder please return and receive reward. J. C. Wells.

O. B. Stanley and wife and Mrs. Eula Cox of Clarendon visited T. R. Moreman's family first of last week.

Mesdames J. E. Blankenship and J. B. Turnbow's sister, Mrs. C. H. Lankin of Jacksboro, is here visiting.

Ellery Lynn and wife and Miss Leah Dyer attended Commencement exercises at Clarendon last of last week.

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

Little Misses Gertrude and Sis Gage of Clarendon returned home Tuesday after a two weeks visit with Mrs. Parker.

I have bought Latimer Bros. Well Drill and will be glad to figure with any one desiring a well put down. Bob Adamson.

Misses Ina and Myrtle Reeves attended the wedding of Miss Elvia Wiggins and Mr. Lyman Davenport at Lakeview Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cox of San Jon, New Mexico, are here visiting their daughters, Mesdames J. B. Turnbow and J. E. Blankenship.

Mrs. T. P. Shelton returned to her home in Fort Worth Monday after visiting her parents, R. H. Jones and wife, and other relatives a few weeks.

Rev. J. A. Scoggins and wife moved to Clarendon first of the week. Mrs. Scoggins has been a popular teacher in the Hedley school for the past two years. She has decided to teach next

Informers \$1.00 per year.

Miss Golden Masterson spent Sunday in Memphis with Miss Loma Madden.

Grandma Shelton and Mrs. N. M. Hornsby visited friends in Clarendon from Sunday until Wednesday.

Miss Mary Wilson of Memphis came up Saturday and she and Miss Eunice Wimberly went up to Clarendon Sunday returning Monday afternoon.

Mrs. J. L. Kennedy went to Alvord last Friday night in response to a message that her sister who is very sick with pellegra was worse.

PASTURE—I have good grass and water and will take stock, horses preferred, to pasture. 2 miles east of town. R. L. Duckworth.

Miss Laura Brinson returned home Wednesday morning from Bowie Commercial College where she received her diploma—the lowest grade she made on any study was 96 1/2.

Misses Ora May and Irma Dyer of Memphis visited their uncle, D. C. Moore, and aunt, Mrs. W. M. Dyer first of the week. Miss Carrie Dyer returned home with them.

M. E. Ridwell returned Saturday from a visit in Cook county. He is now a strong booster for this country. Says we have them beaten for crop prospects as well as in better condition.

Grandma Moore returned to her home in Newcastle Sunday after visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. A. L. Miller, several months Mr. Miller accompanied her as far as Wichita Falls.

Mrs. Ranson Johnson has returned from Mineral Wells where she underwent an operation and tried the mineral water. She said the cabinet baths were fine and did her a lot of good.

The Baptist and Methodist Sunday schools had the following record for last Sunday: Baptist, enrolled 139, present 92, new pupils 9, collection \$1.44. Methodist, enrolled 139, present 81, new pupils 6, collection \$2.13.

Stop at Mrs. W. M. Dyer's Private Boarding House on block East of Woodridge lumber yard. Nice clean beds and good meals for 25c. Board per week \$4.00; per month \$18.00. Mrs. W. M. Dyer, Prop.

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

TO THE PUBLIC
We wish to announce that we are prepared to chop your corn, kaffir and maize, and also have either for sale under guaranteed analysis. We will appreciate a portion of your trade. Wood & Plaster.

NOTICE
I will stand the Hicks & Wood Jack 2 1/2 miles north of Hedley. This Jack is Black Spanish and Mammoth 4 years old; well-bred animal in good shape and color, and has colts to show for themselves. \$10 to insure with foal. Care will be taken to avoid accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. S. L. Adamson.

FEEL BETTER NOW—HAD A DIP IN KRESO



DID YOU EVER TRY IT ON YOUR STOCK?

Nothing like it to put them in good condition, free them from insect parasites and protect them from contagious diseases.

Kreso Dip No. 1

KILLS LICE, TICKS, MITES AND FLEAS.

For Mange, Scab, Ringworm and Other Skin Diseases.

Disinfects, Cleanses and Purifies.

Use it on Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Dogs, Goats and Poultry.

FOR SALE BY

HEDLEY DRUG CO

CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLETS ON KRESO DIP NO. 1. (13)

City Directory

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

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

MISSIONARY BAPTIST
C. W. Horschler, Pastor. Telephone No. 30 S. L. S. Services 1st and 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 10 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. G. C. Meadows, Supt. Senior B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m. Junior B. Y. P. U. at 5:00 p. m. Regular weekly prayer meeting Thursday night. All night services begin at 8:15 p. m.

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

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

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

Justice of the Peace, Precinct 5, J. A. Morrow
Constable, W. W. Gammon
District Court meets third week in January and July
County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

By all means attend the play "The Winning of Latane" tonight at the auditorium. The proceeds go to a good cause—the equipping of the auditorium, and the play is worth the money.

SUNDAY CLOSING

By order of our County Officials, beginning with Sunday May 30th, we will not sell any Cigars, Tobacco, Cold Drinks or Kodak Supplies on Sunday. Our customers will please make their purchases on Saturday to run them over Sunday as no one working here has time or inclination to accept a term of free board at a Clarendon Hotel or Rest. Hedley Drug Co.

Safety Razor F-R-E-E

With every Cash Purchase of Merchandise amounting to **\$1.00 OR MORE** we will give free of charge a **Burham \$1.00 Safety RAZOR** and will sell you a package of Blades for the Razor for only 10 Cents.

These Burham Razors are strictly \$1.00 sellers, but free to you when you buy a dollar's worth or more of goods for cash.

Moreman & Battle

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES

DAILY TO

Corpus Christi

The Gulf Resort of Texas

Delightful Bathing, Fishing, Camping. Excellent Hotel facilities. Tickets good for Ninety Days.

Best Reached
.....VIA.....

M. K. & T. Ry

Through San Antonio

Double daily fast trains, carrying chair cars, sleepers, dining cars. Stopover of one day allowed at San Antonio on both going and return trips.

Ask your local ticket agent for the reduced rate via the "KATY" thru San Antonio, or write

W. G. CRUSH, General Passenger Agent
Dallas, Texas