

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JUNE 25, 1915

NO. 28

BOOSTING MAIZE AND KAFFIR

A. W. Read, secretary of the Commercial club of Memphis, and George W. Brigg, secretary of the Lubbock Chamber of Commerce, arrived in Fort Worth Monday to begin a movement for the greater use of kaffir corn and milo maize in Texas.

The movement will be started by placing an exhibit of maize, kaffir corn and feterita in the display in the show rooms of the Chamber of Commerce during the Buy-it-in-Texas convention. Meal and flour made from milo maize and kaffir corn will be shown at the exhibit.

Representatives from all the Panhandle counties recently formed an organization to exploit the use of these grains. The organization will also endeavor to keep the greater part of the \$10,000,000 sent out of the state each year for feed stuffs in Texas.

Members of the committee will speak at the convention in the interest of the movement.

Mr. Read says that the agricultural conditions in his section are excellent for this season of the year and the outlook is very encouraging. Farmers are up with their work and are putting in their time from daylight to dark in getting their crops planted and worked.

Mr. Read is particularly proud of the hog production in Hall county. He estimates that the income from hogs during the last year will average at least \$10 per capita for every inhabitant in his county, and is especially proud of the maize fed hogs topping the Fort Worth market whenever and wherever they come in competition with Indian corn fed hogs, and his mission here is to advertise the grain sorghums for the purpose of creating a broader market for these valuable products of the Panhandle and plains country. By the time they get through with their summer campaign the feed buyers of Texas will know more about the feeding value of grain sorghums as compared with Indian corn.—Fort Worth Record.

MYSTIC WEAVERS

The club was entertained by Mrs. A. L. Miller June 9. A delightful time was spent in fancy work and conversation. A delicious ice course was served to the following members: Mesdames P. C. Johnson, T. T. Harrison, R. H. Jones, J. L. Bain, J. W. Adamson, G. A. Wimberly, A. L. Miller, Dolly Rains, Zeb Moore, W. C. Bridges, J. A. Moreman, J. M. Clark, U. J. Boston, B. W. Moreman and J. B. Masterson.

LITTLE FOLKS MISSION

Program for June 25.
Song, "Bring Them In."
Bible lesson, 2 Kings 23:1-14.
Prayer.
Roll call. Answer with verse of scripture.
Talk by Superintendent.
Leaflet read by Jesse Lee Pool.
Reading, Fay Moreman.
Song "Just When I Need Him Most"
Scripture reading, Melba Johnson, Zela Boies, Ralph Moreman, Lois Masterson and Bob Pate.
Story.
Benediction.

LITTLE VERNA MAY GATLIN DIES OF LOCKJAW

Little Verna May Gatlin, aged 6 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gatlin formerly of Hedley, died at Clarendon Wednesday night of last week from lock jaw caused from sticking a nail in her foot. A number of friends from this place attended the funeral at Clarendon Thursday. Verna May was a bright little girl, of a sweet disposition, and her death was a shock to all who knew her. The Informer joins the many friends of the bereaved family in extending sympathy to them in their bereavement.

A. J. NEWMAN'S BROTHER KILLED BY TRAIN

John Newman of Carey, aged 42 years, was run over by a train on the night of June 9 and killed two miles south of Estelline, at least the indications seemed to bear out the belief that he met death by being struck by train. When he was found he had been dead several hours. Burial was made at Carey where his wife and seven children live. He was a brother of A. J. Newman of this place.

SINGING SCHOOL

Prof. Bryant is teaching a singing school here, close last of the week. Considerable interest is being manifested and it is to be hoped that interest will not lag when singing is needed in church and Sunday school services, as has been the case heretofore.

BRIDGES-BIDWELL

Mr. H. A. Bridges and Miss Jessie Bidwell, prominent young people of this community, were united in marriage by Rev. C. W. Horschler, Wednesday June 9. Best wishes are extended to them.

C. W. B. M. MEETING

The C. W. B. M. will meet with Mrs. N. J. Allen July 7. Following is the program:

Bible lesson, The Gospel for all Nations, Acts 2:5-12. One Fold, John 10:9-16.

Season of Prayer for the Negro schools and workers, for the Oriental work, for the Mexican work, for Missionary women everywhere.

Training our young men and women—Mrs. R. E. Newman.

The Orientals and our work for them—Mrs. B. W. Moreman.

Bible study, Jesus and the children.

Leader, Mrs. A. N. Wood.
Press Reporter.

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.

TRIP TO THE COAST VERY INTERESTING

Jolly fishing is great sport, as well as June fishing—Fine country and climate

Yes, we had a bath—several of them.

In giving our readers an account of our trip to Corpus Christi, we will try to tell it straight, although some things we will tell are hard for us to believe.

On the night of June 8 we (Mr. and Mrs. Editor) boarded south-bound Denver and arrived in Fort Worth the night of June 11—some traveling, wasn't it. However it wasn't our fault, neither was it the railroad's fault. The blame, if any, may be given to Jap. Pluv. for floods and wash-outs in several places. Reached Iowa Park Wednesday morning, heard we were coming and washed out the railroad bridge at Wichita Falls, stayed all day, drove to Wichita that evening, found that city in the wet column. No water. Lake Wichita was "full" and running over. Part of the town was under water, people fishing in the streets—catching 'em too. Thursday morning went by Ford to Little Wichita river. It was BIG Wichita—just one and half miles wide, Denver and Katy tracks both out that distance. We walked the dump, and single planks where dump was washed out; caught jitney other side into Henrietta; heard we were coming and annulled trains until Friday evening. While in Henrietta we were driven over town by an old friend. Friday night we arrived in Fort Worth, and found it wet also. No, water again. Heard we were coming and again no train until Saturday morning, when we boarded the Katy Flier for San Antonio, at which place, knowing we were coming, it seemed every hotel man, cab and jitney were out to meet us. Had better luck this time. In an hour we caught the S. A. U. & G. for Corpus Christi, arriving there Sunday morning. Heard we were coming and a bell boy met us at the door to take our grips. Also a friendly fellow saw us coming and immediately proceeded to show his friendly feeling to us by asking for a quarter to get his breakfast. So much for the going trip. We were too late for the Press Association, which we were told, was the most interesting ever held.

But we were not too late to take a bath. Were afraid the bay would dry up when it heard we were coming, but it didn't—plenty water to take a sure-enough bath—not a canary bath either. That evening we went jolly fishing. The way to jolly fish is to put on a bathing suit, wade out into the waves and first thing you know you will catch one, and you'll know it too, soon as he bites—just like a stinging nettle on the legs of a barefoot boy. Besides jolly fishing we would accidentally gulp down a few gallons of salt water when a wave broke over. Tasted bad, and we have wondered since where the sewage of that city is emptied into the bay.

Corpus Christi is a beautiful city of about sixteen thousand not counting counting the mosquitoes and jelly fish; situated on the Corpus Christi bay. Streets and lawns lined with stately

palm, spreading salt cedars, odoriferous and profuse multi-colored oleanders, interspersed with lemon, orange and other trees, shrubs, flowers and cacti, with a mixed population of Mexican, Italian, Greek, American and newspapermen. Surrounded on one side by water and on the other by rich black land mostly in cultivation, with a medium warm climate and a splendid sea breeze. It is an ideal place to live at this time of year. Can't say as to other times of the year.

Sunday afternoon we met old life long friends, Messrs. D. N. and J. M. Wright and W. T. Harris and their families who proceeded to show us the time of our life by taking us in a car some some 20 miles out into the farming belt. Going from this country where crops are just up and being planted, it seemed we that we had found the land of "corn and wine" for the crops—identical to Donley county crops—were so fine we were amazed. Corn past roasting ear stage making from 40 to 70 bushels; kaffir, maize, feterita, cane and sudan grass in dough will make a fabulous yield; cotton—miles of cotton—in bloom, squares and boll, if nothing happens will easily yield a bale per acre. Every kind of vegetable growing in profusion. Cantaloupes and watermelons—my, but they were good. A paradise, if one were to judge from the way it looks now. But when the rainy season comes and the farmer has to hitch four mules to the front end of the running gear of a wagon to go after supplies and the mosquitoes play "over the waves" waltz, we can imagine it might be likened to the other place. However those drawbacks might be offset by the added pleasure of bathing, boat ing, fishing, etc. The climate is of an equable temperature and they have vegetables nearly the year round.

Our friends took us out jolly fishing our first time. Say, it's fine to get up before breakfast and take a plunge in the surf. Mrs. Informer played in the water so much she came home sick with tonsillitis. She didn't care for a boat ride over the waves to the Gulf, so we went with some others to Port Aransas one day. Didn't get sea sick, but was afraid every minute we'd have to feed the fish.

At Port Aransas, the gateway gulf, (here we start a fish story) sports from different parts of the U. S. were out in mortar boats after tarpon fish, said to be the gamest in the world. They caught sixteen that day anywhere from four to seven feet long. When they don't mount a tarpon to keep the turn them loose in the Gulf, as the sport of landing them is all they want. The mackerel fishing was also opening in full swing. A fisherman brought a June fish to the boat weighing about 40 pounds, and we thought sure he'd caught the biggest fish in the bay; but no, another man came along with another one that looked as large as a horse. It weighed 350 pounds. We asked a bystander to pinch us, as we believed we were having a night-mare. He did. And, until yet we don't believe it, for no fish in the world except a whale has a right to be so large. When the boat came back at Corpus Christi, Informer was at the wharf and took a kodak picture of the fish. The next day we saw some of the fish were dried and had it

STRIKES SHALLOW WELL OF WATER

Justice Morrow started in several weeks ago to dig a cistern. After digging about 13 feet he struck a strong vein of water which has been holding its own ever since. He uses the water for household and stock and says it stays about the same. The water is cool and good, and he has hopes of it being a permanent well. Usually to get a well around these parts one must go over a hundred feet deep.

SOLD HIS FARM

W. I. Rains has sold his splendid farm property south of town to C. D. Aker. Mr. Rains will move back to his farm west of town which he expects to improve for a permanent home.

be so.

Going by boat from Port Aransas to Aransas Pass and by rail from there back to Corpus Christi, we saw another sight. That was, at three or four stations, two express cars were loaded to the roof with crates of tomatoes, onions, peppers, etc., consigned to different parts of the U. S. Truck farming altogether there. Hundreds and thousands of acres in nothing but truck. On arriving at Corpus Christi Mrs. Informer told us another fish story. Said she caught three fish at one time and four at another with a casting net.

It was with sorrow we left the friends, the baths and the good times, but we hope to go again when we can stay longer. Arrived in San Antonio Thursday morning and spent the day there, visiting historical places and were thrilled to think we could stand on ground made sacred by the heroes who made it possible for the grand old State of Texas to be the greatest and best in the Union. In fact, when we stood within the walls of the Alamo, the Cradle of Texas Liberty, and viewed the spots where Travis, Crockett, Bowie and others met death, a feeling of rage welled up within us at thought of the massacre. What child has not been thrilled when reading the history of Texas, especially the battles of the Alamo and Goliad.

Taking a trolley to Alamo Plaza we visited several of the Missions, the hot wells, ostrich farm. In the afternoon visited Fort Sam Houston. San Pedro Springs and other interesting places.

Left that night for Fort Worth, arrived at Hedley Friday night, and the pure air of the Panhandle sure did breathe good. This is a great country and we love it. No climate like this, no country and no people like ours. Heard a band playing when the train stopped so we thought Hedley people were glad we were back and playing for our benefit, but alas, found it was only a show playing to lure the hard-earned coin of the realm from the pockets of our people.

The crop prospects as a whole are fine clear to the coast, in spite of floods and washing rain in places, and this section is up with others, considering that the season here is always some weeks later than farther down.

Hard at work again this week, and it's with pleasure we do it, and our readers will be so gracious by not grumbling at the expense of the paper this week.

JULY 1, 2, 3 IN CLARENDON

Clarendon is advertising her annual Fourth of July Celebration, Barbecue and Race Meet. They have made this an annual event since the founding of the town, some thirty years ago, and anyone who has attended these celebrations will tell you that they have always fed the people and furnished entertainment.

Three years ago they joined the Texas Oklahoma Race Circuit and this will be the third race meet for them. They belong to the American Trotting & Pacing Association, thereby getting the very best horses the country affords.

This year they are going to outdo any of their previous efforts in the way of entertainment. In addition to the regular program of both harness and running races, there will be ball games in the forenoons, carnivals, daily aeroplane flights, and numerous other attractions.

Clarendon extends an invitation to every person in the whole Panhandle to come and enjoy the three days celebration. Big free barbecue Saturday, July 3.

Concert to be given in the Tabernacle auditorium by the Marquis Conservatory Orchestra of Clarendon with Miss Marquis and Arthur Larson, violin soloists. Fine program, Saturday evening July 10, at 8:30 o'clock. Admission 25c, children 15c.

Naylor Springs

[This communication received two weeks ago too late for that issue, but as it contains items of interest the Informer produces it herewith in condensed form.]

J. S. Hall and family have returned from their auto trip to Sherman county where they visited Mrs. Hall's sister.

Berson Kempson and bride have come to visit his parents, Ben Kempson and wife.

Born to J. I. Kempson and wife June 3, a boy.

The heavy rain of June 6 did considerable damage. The largest rise ever known in Lake creek swept away fences, trees, etc., besides doing considerable damage to crops. T. N. Naylor lost most of his crop, the creek changed its course through his field ruining several acres.

NELDA.

FOUND----- Whole Bunch of Keys

Roberta, Mona, Mary, Leota, are the names given the four girls born to Mr. and Mrs. Flake Keys of Hollis, Okla., on Thursday night of last week. Three of the youngsters arrived before twelve and the fourth shortly after midnight. The babies weigh from three and one half to four and a half pounds each, and the four total sixteen pounds. The first and last are slightly smaller than the two middle ones. The parents of the youngsters, we are informed, are both well developed people, both being above the average in size. The father is employed in the Spoon Hardware store at Hollis.

The babies said to pretty and attractive. Apparently in perfect health. Reports mother fine.

PATTY JUNE 22 04

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY by George V. Hobart



John Henry On Tipping

SAY! did you ever make up your mind not to do any more tipping? And have you noticed how quickly you're forced to take the make-up off?

In a Big Town nowadays tipping is as necessary as a traffic cop. Only by the aid of the or both can you make any progress or get anywhere.

And the battery in each case is "Hands up!"

It's so in this country today that before a thought of a cushion-caroma through the me-go-round doors of a swell hotel he has to leave his pocket-book on the sidewalk if he doesn't want to lose it.

On the other side, across the Big Pond, if a hotel employee does you a little favor and let slip him tuppence he'll penny or a shilling he will smile back at you and be much obliged for five minutes.

But in this country if you tip anybody with a couple of pennies the chances are you'll wake up in the nearest hospital and find a kind-hearted but not very victorious nurse leaning over you and whispering "Keep callum, now, keep cool and callum!"

The doctor says you will recover everything except your watch if he can find a small piece of the medulla oblongata which he removed from the northeastern part of your brain when the bell-boy soaked you with the le-pitcher!

It takes a brave man to save his money these days.

Hep Hardy is one of those reckless tip-tossers. He thinks that all silver money should have a smooth surface, thereby making it easier to slip a coin to a waiter.

He is what the laurajans would call a pepper box or prodigality.

Hep hands out backsheesh like an absent-minded farmer sowing grain.

Hep's trail through a Big Town looks as though the cashier of a five and ten cent store was walking to the bank and had a hole in the canvas bag.

When Hep starts out to pound a public road with his rowdy-cart all the waiters in every wash-foundry within sound of his sire-wail flat on their faces and yell, "Hallelujah! pay-day is here again!"

Peaches and I dined with Hep at the Saint Astorville Hotel night before last. Hep likes to dine there because the waiters are French and when he tries to say "Good evening!" in their native tongue he insults them so bitterly he has to sprinkle the room with tip-money in order to square himself.

Hep loves to squeeze into a French cafe, grab a French menu card, and in a confidential tone give an order like this to the French waiter: "Avec le beau coup pomme de terre. Donnez moi de l'eau chaude. Je vais me raser. Avec get a move on you!"

In a French hotel and a half the French waiter hangs back with a scullinary melodrama wherein each swallow is a thrill and every new

but he has memorized the name of every street in Paris.

So when Hep exhausts his nine ordinary words he begins to use up the streets. He rushes, regardless of speed limits, all over the city of Paris. Out to Vaugirard, over to the Batignolles, to Clichy, by rues and side streets to the eastern Boulevard Beaumarchais and St. Denis, then across lots to the western Boulevard des Italiens, then into the high and off through the Place de la Concorde, around corners on one wheel into the Champs Elysees and on and on with the muffer off—it's immense.

However, as I was saying some time ago, Peaches and I dined with Hep and he handed us a few lessons in the gentle pastime of tipping, he surely did.

From the very moment we entered the aristocratic beanyery he began the giving of alms.

The attendant at the revolving doors imprisoned a nice old lady in cell No. 3 and kept her there, cut off from communication with the world, while he waited for Hep to dig in his jeans for the customary quarter.

A hall-boy, paging a missing husband, stopped short as he saw our party approaching, arranged his face in imitation of a Spanish mackerel, saluted Hep and received ten cents for his trouble.

Battling Bill, the house detective, loomed bulkily in our pathway and without warning suddenly stooped down to pick up a pin. Hep did a hoodah over the tame Cop's feet and when they both came smilingly to the surface Battling Bill clutched a fifty cent piece in his Westphalia and the procession moved on.

Then from some dark recess or niche in the wall something in brass buttons and with a whisk broom in its hand darted out like a pickerel and pointed the whisk broom at Hep. The latter pointed a quarter at the something in brass buttons, whereupon the brass buttons and the whisk broom and the quarter darted away again, thereby bringing to a conclusion the incident of the pickerel.

As we approached the coat room the girl in charge was seen to close her eyes in prayer. She didn't open them again until after Hep had explained to her that if she spent the money he gave her for a new hat she wouldn't have to give it to the income-tax gatherers. Whereupon she was glad and showed her gum chewing instruments. Then she glanced at the inside of my hat to see if it was expensive and sighed deeply as we passed on.

At the door of the soup room we were met by Effendi Bey, the head waiter.

Hep whispered something to Effendi but the Bey wasn't listening. He was looking at Hep's hand which he knew must contain money. It always did. Hep gave Effendi a flash at a Treasury note. With the swiftness of thought the money changed

One of Effendi Bey's lieutenants, made up to look like Ivan the Terrible, rode up to our table to inquire if a waiter had taken our order. Hep told him no, but Ivan couldn't believe it. Ivan was firm in his disbelief until Hep gave him money, then he saw the light and went joyously away from there.

Presently a waiter arrived who in some other incarnation must have been a pirate on the Spanish Main.

He had a chin which was divided against itself, and a forehead which was retreating hurriedly on the fourth speed.

One look at Captain Kidd and I knew that Hep's desire to die poor but popular would be realized.

All the time the Captain was taking our order he was sizing us up and hoping in Portuguese that Hep's eyehoping wasn't good so he could short-change him.

Finally the deadly Rover of the Seas decided to give us our food first and make us walk the plank afterwards. Then he bore away, sou' by sou'east, for the kitchen where he souped anchor and sharpened his boarding irons.

In the meantime, while we awaited the return of the Pirate King, our friend Hep was busy tipping.

Every time he took a cigarette from his case four eager waiters would dash forward with lighted matches



When the Bell-Boy Soaked You over the Bean With an Ice Pitcher.

and Hep, desiring to show no partiality, would slip a coin to each of the Mexican guerrillas.

One shark of a waiter swam around in the office and every time Hep's serviette dropped from his knees to the floor the shark would retrieve it and as he came to the surface with the serviette in his teeth Hep would pat his head and reward him cheerfully.

It was one continuous orgy of tipping until finally we left the Prunes Palace with Captain Kidd gloating over the pieces of eight which Hep had given him and singing to himself, "Oh, ho—a bottle of rum on a dead man's chest!"

Hep insisted upon taking us home in a taxi so that he could tip the starter and the chauffeur.

We stopped in the drug store at our home corner to mail some letters and even there Hep found a weighing machine and tipped the scales.

There are ginks like Hep in every Big Town, going through the night like a cyclone through the sub-treasury, scattering pocket money right and left like so much chaff simply because they want to be looked upon as High Class Sports.

And it's hard to follow their act. It's rough sledding for the Sensible Lads who are willing to pay for services rendered but balk at the myriad of outstretched paws which line the Pathways of Enjoyment.

I was talking to Miff Patterson about it. Miff invented a machine for removing sunburn from pickles and made a fortune.

He has it yet, all except two cents he paid for a postage stamp which stuck to his pocketbook some nine years ago. But he has the pocketbook and he still can look at the stamp and consider it an asset.

Miff is such a stingy loosener he looks at you with one eye so as not to waste the other.

The boys call him "Patty" because he's the next thing to a pain.

If you ask him what time it is he takes off four minutes as his commission for telling you.

"Tipping!" said Miff; "what do you mean tipping?"

"To give a bit of coin to a waiter or those who do you a service," I explained.

"Oh!" said Miff; "I've heard about it, but I don't do it. I don't know any waiter well enough to give him money to take home to his wife. She might meet me afterwards and thank me for it and my wife might hear about it—that's risky work."

"But you can't get good service in the restaurants or hotels unless you do a bit of tipping. How do you manage it?" I inquired.

"Easy," Miff answered; "I never go to the same hotel twice. I begin at the head of the list and go to them all. By the time I get around to the first one again all the old waiters have grown rich and have gone back to Bulgaria, so I'm safe—that's my system."

Maybe Hep is right, and maybe Miff is right. For my part I believe in moderate tip-twixt and beclune.

"MASON AND DIXON'S LINE"

Popular Misapprehension as to Meaning of Term and Just What the Phrase Implied.

Very incorrect is the general belief that Mason and Dixon's line, as originally laid off, divided the slave-holding states from the free states. On the contrary, it ran for one-third of its whole length between Maryland and Delaware, both of which were slave-holding states at the time. The line was run purely to settle a boundary dispute between Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.

All the same, the actual Mason and Dixon's line was as much synonym for trouble and dissension in its day as was the figure of speech to which in after years it gave rise. And the phrase will hold bitter meaning to some until (in that looked-for day of charity to all men) shall be fulfilled Dr. John Wyeth's recent prophecy that "When the people of the South and the North get together they will forget there was ever a Mason and Dixon's line."—Southern Woman's Magazine.

DON'T MIND PIMPLES

Cuticura Soap and Ointment Will Banish Them. Trial Free.

These fragrant supercreamy emollients do so much to cleanse, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands that you cannot afford to be without them. Besides they meet every want in toilet preparations and are most economical.

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

Famous Feats of Archery.

In the days when the buffalo was found in vast herds on the western plains there were Indians who, while riding at a gallop, could send an arrow through a buffalo's body. Remarkable as this archery was, it did not equal that reached by the archers of ancient times. It is of record that the MacReas of Gairlock, Scotland, were such skilled archers that they could hit a man at the distance of 500 yards. In 1794 the Turkish ambassador at London shot an arrow in a field near that capital 415 yards against the wind. The secretary of the ambassador on hearing the expressions of surprise from the English gentlemen present, said the sultan had shot 500 yards. This was the greatest performance of modern days, but a pillar standing on a plain near Constantinople recorded shots ranging up to 800 yards. Sir Robert Anslie, British ambassador to the Sublime Porte, recorded that in 1798 he was present when the sultan shot an arrow 972 yards.—Washington Star.

Differentiation.

Small Boy—You have to be both, don't you, Miss Oldgirl?

Ancient Family Friend—What are you talking about, Willie? Both what?

Small Boy—Why, ma says you're no chicken and pa says you're an old hen.

A woman is willing to pity her unfortunate sisters, but she draws the line at forgiving them.

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

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

Liven up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. Listen to me! If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning, because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

WHEN YOU THINK FLAGS Think of Factory Price

These write to us for catalogue AMERICAN FLAG MFG. CO., Easton, Pa.

ALL SEEK FOR HAPPINESS DRIVER WAS BUSINESS MAN

The One Thing for Which Mankind May Be Said to Have a Universal Desire.

We cannot pick and choose the happenings of life any more than we can select the circumstances of our birth and death; we are but creatures of a wonderful destiny directed by the Almighty. It is said that many tragedies of life might be averted if we "took our medicine like men" and did not put our personal happiness above everything else. It is as natural and to be expected to long for happiness and to cling to it as for the flowers to turn to the sun. Happiness is the great lamp of life which lights our way through all sorts of shadows—shadows that blur the vision and make long nights of our days, shadows that terrify by their grotesque shapes and threatening aspects, and shadows that bury in their depths much that we hold most dear. We are jealous of our happiness and guard it as the most precious thing in life and when we watch it go down and further away from our yearning eyes we begin to plead for it, and strive for it, and fight for it. We batter the walls of the past in our vain efforts to call it back before it is too late, and spend long days and waste precious strength in the futile endeavor to clutch it back to our hearts. And all the while, perhaps right at our hands within easy reach, happiness in a new guise stands ready.

—Charleston News and Courier.

The Real Thing.

Tiny Toddlies—What is a heroine, maw?

Maw—A heroine, my dear, is any woman that is married.

The Place.

"You say you were stung lately?"

"Yes; at a spelling bee.—Baltimore American.

DROPSY TREATED usually gives quick relief, soon removes swelling and short breath, often gives entire relief in 15 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent FREE. DR. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor to Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box 7, Chatsworth, Ca.

SAW MORE PROFIT IN HAULING STRANDED AUTOMOBILIST THAN IN SELLING HIM GASOLINE.

Mack Bennett was going to the San Diego fair in his car. About three o'clock in the morning, and twenty miles from nowhere, Mack found that his supply of gasoline had given out.

There was nothing to do but sit by the side of the road and wait for something to come along, which Mack proceeded to do. He had waited but a few minutes when he heard the sound of wheels on the road and soon a wagon was distinguishable in the dark.

"There's a ten spot in it if you haul me to town," hailed Mack.

The driver readily consented and Mack settled down for a three-hour ride. They were drawing into a little burg when Mack remarked that it was rather early for the driver to be on the road.

"Yes," he replied, "but I have to start early to get around to all my customers."

And as Mack handed him the ten spot for his work, the man continued: "You see, I peddle gasoline to the stores in the small towns around here."—Photoplay Magazine.

Everybody Satisfied.

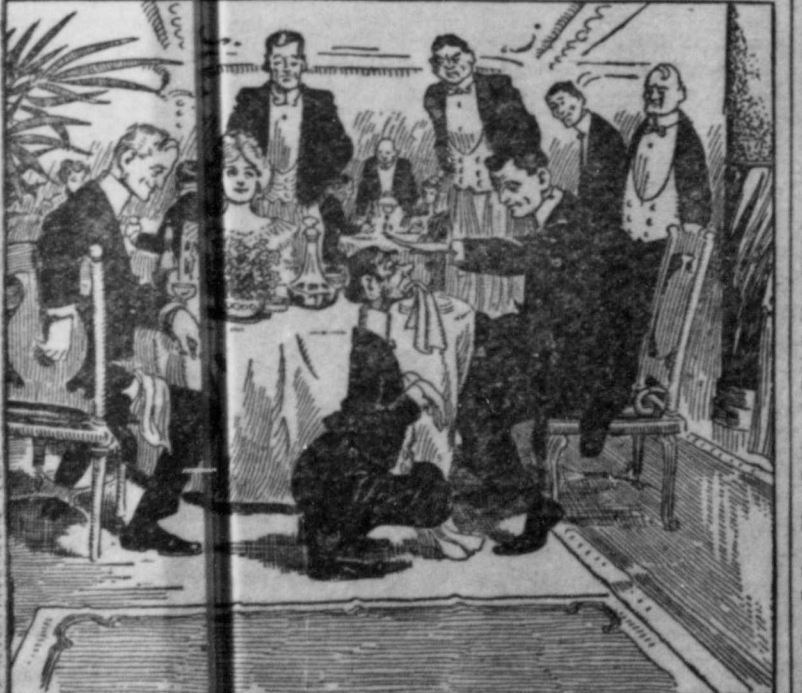
"I see where another baseball player has been fined for having a row with an umpire."

"Do you sympathize with him?"

"Not at all. My observation is that the average player who is fined for assaulting an umpire feels that he got his money's worth."

Trouble maintains a branch office in every home in which there is a loafing man or a gossiping woman.

A grocery clerk not only works long hours for a small salary, but his customers are nearly all women.



Hep Would Pat His Head and Reward Him Cheerfully.

course a climax, and Hep, believing it is all due to his knowledge of the French language, swung up with pride and begins to toss money into the air.

Hep doesn't know it but while he's spilling that Scheneady French all over the tablecloth the waiter is getting a stone bruise on his palate from holding back his Parisian laughter.

Hep would pat his map with anger if he knew that I've been present when he started out some of his French with the ossified accent, and I notify you!

On one occasion he ordered lamb chops and baked potato in French, and he said, "Ouvrez-moi le matin."

He thought the French is a very good language, but he doesn't know it.

hands, whereupon Effendi Bey began to hum, "In my harem—my dinky little harem!" and turned us over to Murad Pasha, one of his lieutenants.

Murad Pasha led us to a table and stood there—counting the spoons—until Hep could find another pocket containing money.

Then Murad Pasha, clutching a share of the plunder, with many bows and obeisances, faded out of our life and Giovanni Handsandfetsl, the nibus, began to splash water into glasses.

Hep got rid of Giovanni by him to enough money to enable his little brother Angelo to get college, and thereafter for a year or fifteen minutes Hep would breathe quietly and his pocketbook would be needed rest.

However, another day he was on his feet and he was on his feet and he was on his feet.

BANKERS URGED TO CO-OPERATE WITH FARMERS

SOUL MATERIAL HAS ENTERED
THE BANK VAULTS OF
THE NATION.

The Bank a Financial Power House
to the Community.

By Peter Radford.

One of the greatest opportunities in the business life of the nation lies in practical co-operation of the country banks with the farmer in building agriculture and the adventure is laden with greater possibilities than any forward movement now before the American public.

A few bankers have loaned money to farmers at a low rate of interest, and oftentimes without compensation, to buy blooded livestock, build silos, fertilize the land, secure better seed, hold their products for a better market price, etc. The banker in contributing toward improving the grade of livestock; the quality of the seed and the fertility of the soil, plants in the agricultural life of the community a fountain of profit, that, like Tennyson's brook, runs on and on forever. Community Progress a Bank Asset.

The time was when money loaned on such a basis would severely test the sanity of the banker; such transactions would pain the directors like a blow in the face. A cashier who would dare to cast bread upon waters that did not return buttered side up in time for annual dividends would have to give way to a more capable man. This does not necessarily mean that the bankers are getting any better or that the milk of human kindness is being imbibed more freely by our financiers. It indicates that the bankers are getting wiser, becoming more able financiers and the banking industry more competent. The vision of the builder is crowding out the spirit of the pawnbroker. A light has been turned on a new world of investment and no investor ever received as large returns as the investment as these progressive bankers, who made loans to uplift industry. The bankers have always been liberal city builders, but they are now building agriculture.

A Dollar With a Soul.

It is refreshing in this strenuous commercial life to find so many dollars with souls. When a dollar is approached to perform a task that does not directly yield the highest rate of interest, we usually hear the rustle of the eagle's wings as it soars upward; when a dollar is requested to return at the option of the borrower, it usually appeals to the Goddess of Liberty for its contractual rights; when a dollar is asked to expand in volume to suit the requirements of industry, it usually talks solemnly of its redeemer, but soul material has entered into the vaults of our banks and rate, time and volume have a new basis of reckoning in so far as the ability of some of the bankers permit them to co-operate in promoting the business of farming.

God Almighty's Noblemen.

These bankers are God Almighty's noblemen. Heaven lent earth the spirit of these men and the angels will help them roll in place the cornerstones of empires. They are not philanthropists; they are wise bankers. The spirit of the builder has given them a new vision, and wisdom has visited upon them business foresight.

The cackle of the hen, the low of kine and the rustle of growing crops echo in every bank vault in the nation and the shrewd banker knows that he can more effectively increase his deposits by putting blue blood in the veins of livestock; quality in the yield of the soil and value into agricultural products, than by business handshakes, overdrafts and gaudy calendars.

Taking the community into partnership with the bank, opening up a ledger account with progress, making thrift and enterprise stockholders and the prosperity of the country an asset to the bank, put behind it a stability far more desirable than a letterhead bearing the names of all the distinguished citizens of the community. The bank is the financial power house of the community and blessed is the locality that has an up-to-date banker.

ENLISTMENT AND EDUCATIONAL RALLY

An enlistment and educational rally will be held at the Baptist Church Saturday night and Sunday July 31, for the purpose of creating interest in Christian education and in Goodnight College. A number of good speakers are on the program and a good meeting is expected.

INSURANCE

FIRE, LIGHTNING, TORNADO, WINDSTORM
HAIL, LIVESTOCK, HAIL ON CROPS

If you want Insurance of any kind, a word will bring
a representative from my office to see you.

J. C. WELLS, Agent Hedley Texas

Ordinance No. 8

An Ordinance Providing for the Securing of License by Shows and Peddlers to Operate in the City of Hedley, Texas.

Art. 44. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Hedley, Texas, that it shall be unlawful for any show and all peddlers, except those that are exempt by State laws, to operate within the corporate limits of the City of Hedley without first securing license, which shall cost from \$2.50 to \$5.00.

Ordinance No. 9

An Ordinance Establishing a Speed Limit for Automobiles and Motorcycles in the City of Hedley, Texas, and Prescribing a Penalty Therefor.

Art. 45. Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Hedley, Texas, that hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person to drive an automobile or motorcycle at a rate of speed exceeding fifteen (15) miles per hour within the corporate limits of the City of Hedley, Texas.

Art. 46. That any person violating this Ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, he shall be fined in any sum not exceeding \$25.00.

LOST A gold coat (watch) chain Finder please return and receive reward.

J. C. Wells.

Special

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

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

R. L. Duckworth.

Meal and Chops

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

N. M. Harnsby.

Feed! Feed!

About 10 tons maize heads and 4 or 5 hundred bushels corn for sale; either cash or on fall time with acceptable security.

R. W. Scales.

To The Public

I have bought the Lee blacksmith shop and will continue to run same. I have the books of Mr. Lee and anyone owing same will please settle with me.

J. M. Bozeman.

Subscribe for the Informer.

The Church of Christ has Sunday School at 10 and communion service at 11 every Lordsday morning.

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.

NOTICE

I will stand the Hicks & Wood Jack 24 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

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

I—Introductory

Through the Press, Service of Agriculture and Commerce, the master minds of this nation will be invited to the public forum and asked to deliver a message to civilization. Men who achieve seldom talk, and men who talk seldom achieve. There is no such thing as a noisy thinker, and brevity is always a close companion to truth.

It will be a great privilege to stand by the side of men who can roll in place the cornerstone of industry; to associate with men who can look at the world and see to the bottom of it; to commune with men who can hear the roar of civilization a few centuries away.

Too often we listen to the rabble element of our day that cries out against every man who achieves. "Criticize him." Mankind never has had probably never will produce a generation that appreciates the genius of its day. There never will be a crown without a cross, progress without sacrifice or an achievement without a challenge.

This is an age of service, and that man is greatest who serves the largest number. The present generation has done more to improve the condition of mankind than any civilization since human motives began their upward flight. The Greeks gave human life inspiration, but while her orators were speaking with the tongues of angels, her farmers were plowing with forked sticks; while her philosophers were emancipating human thought from bondage, her traffic

Simple Life at St. Andrews.

The university of St. Andrews, where Professor Herkless is appointed principal in succession to Sir James Donaldson, formerly bore closer resemblance to our southern seats of learning than the other Scottish universities.

The practice of residing within the walls prevailed longer here than elsewhere, and ceased mainly because the rooms were allowed to become uninhabitable in the interest of the professors' Candemas dividends. Brew Lang once met an aged St. Andrews man who remembered the last undergraduate resident in college. He certainly lived "the simple life," because he cooked for himself and ate his potatoes with a razor!

But the resident undergraduate must have been troublesome to the Westmaster Gazette, had a playful habit of breaking the windows when they left, and of them declared that if he did not get some drink he would burn the college.

moved on two-wheeled carts driven, and oxen drawn, by slaves; while her artists were painting divine dramas on canvas, the streets of proud Athens were lighted by fire-brands dipped in tallow.

The genius of past ages sought to arouse the intellect and stir the soul but the master minds of today are seeking to serve. Civilization has assigned to America the greatest task of the greatest age, and the greatest men that ever trod the greatest planet are solving it. Their achievements have surrounded the whole world and we challenge every age and nation to name men or products that can approach in creative genius or masterful will in organization, the marvelous achievements of the tremendous men of the present day. Edison can press a button and turn a light on millions of homes; Vail can take down the receiver and talk with millions of people; McCormick's reaper can harvest the world's crop, and Fulton's steam engine moves the commerce of land and sea.

The greatest thing a human being can do is to serve his fellow men; Christ did it; Kings decree it, and wise men teach it. It is the glory of this practical age that Edison could find no higher calling than to become the janitor to civilization; Vail the messenger to mankind; McCormick the hand to agriculture, and Fulton the steamer to industry, and blessed is the age that has such masters for its servants.

defying the Stomach. While trying to drink a quart of whisky without taking the bottle from his lips, Isaac B. Pierson of Clarksville, Tenn., recently succumbed to heart failure. He had won the whisky Harvard-Yale football game, and his stomach was as good as his judgment. He had almost accomplished the task when he dropped to the floor.

More fortunate was Willis Hunting of Milwaukee, who took to himself a short time ago the title of champion eater of his city. He was very fond of burnt almonds and on a wager he performed the feat, ate half a pound more to show that he had not won by a fake and then—took to his bed. A doctor had to be called, but the liberal use of the stomach-pump by Hunting pulled him through.

All who are interested in this

GIVING UP USE OF RADIUM

Through Constant Study at Hands of Experts, Better Understanding of Its Action Attained.

The outburst of sensational discussion of radium as a cure for cancer having subsided, this method of treatment is finding its true place and value as an aid to surgery. Through constant study at the hands of many experts a new and better understanding latest statement from an authoritative source is found in the annual report of the Harvard cancer commission.

At the Collis P. Huntington hospital in Boston 200 milligrams of radium are in use under all the advantages of application devised by the hospital staff. As a result of another year of observation, the Harvard commission repeats its conclusion first published in 1914 that the curative value of radium is limited to certain types of skin cancer and other localized forms of the disease. Its value as a palliative in relieving pain and discharge in inoperable cases has been fully confirmed.

It has also been found effective in leukemia, a disease marked by an enormous increase in the white blood cells with enlargement of the spleen. Large cancerous growths were sometimes found to disappear under the influence of radium, but the spreading of the cancer to other parts of the body was not prevented in these cases, and indeed it appeared that the patients might even succumb to the poisons released into the system as a direct result of the breaking up of the tumor under radium treatment.

Most significant of all is the statement that radium treatment has been refused at the Huntington hospital in cases where a surgical cure seemed reasonably probable.—Journal American Medical Association.

"UNSYNKABLE SHIP" ABSURD

Expert Declares That Such a Vessel Will Never Be Built—Great Size Disadvantage.

The Morning Post says that the rapidity with which the Lusitania sank raises important questions with regard to modern devices for helping keep vessels afloat in case of their being damaged by accident or design. It quotes Alexander Christie as saying:

"I don't believe there is such a thing in the world as an unsinkable ship. Neither do I believe such a ship will ever be built.

"The idea of such a thing seems to me absurd. How can you make 50,000 tons of iron, steel and brass float (for that is how you must look at it) when the metal has been battered into a more or less shapeless mass?"

"There were plenty of lifeboats on board the Lusitania, but it was a question of time, and that did not suffice to launch all the boats. Had the Lusitania remained afloat, say for two or three hours, I have little doubt that the lives of all on board would have been saved except in the case of those who were killed by the explosion of the torpedo, or might have died of shock.

"It is one of the disadvantages of the great size of modern passenger vessels that they carry so many people that it takes a long time to get them off in case of danger.

"I am inclined to think that in the future we shall not see vessels much larger than those which have already been built, not because of the reason I have mentioned, but because of the difficulty of finding harbors suitable for the accommodation of the vessels beyond a certain size."

The success of the nation is in the hands of the farmer.

Work for the best and the best will rise up and reward you.

Tenant farming is just one thing after another without a pay day.

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

More fortunate was Willis Hunting of Milwaukee, who took to himself a short time ago the title of champion eater of his city. He was very fond of burnt almonds and on a wager he performed the feat, ate half a pound more to show that he had not won by a fake and then—took to his bed. A doctor had to be called, but the liberal use of the stomach-pump by Hunting pulled him through.

All who are interested in this

Not Necessary to Carry Revolver
By B. De COLYER, Omaha, Neb.

In the latter part of the eighties I went through the western country, west of Lincoln, Neb., along the coast from Sitka, Alaska, to the City of Mexico, and southwest in the Yaqui Indian country of Mexico. I have been in mushroom towns, government land openings, cow camps, mining towns, and have associated with and in some cases worked for "Bat" Masterson, Wyatt Erp, Roy Drake, "California Charlie," "Shoot Your Eye" Jack, "Soapy" Smith, "Bill" Tappen, "Missouri House" Kid, "Denver" Ed Smith and others too numerous to mention. All of these mentioned were "killers." But never in my experience did I find occasion for a gun.

In 1887 I was a passenger on a Denver and Rio Grande railway train, when we became stalled just west of Chama, N. M., by a landslide. About ten o'clock p. m. when all were asleep, a bunch of train robbers stuck us up good and plenty. I was awakened by the one who made the collection, and saw a gun under my nose. It looked as big as a flour barrel. He got all I had. He also got thirteen guns from the other passengers. All I saw of the holdup was the collector and the man at the door with two guns.

That is what any man can expect who "totes" a gun for his own protection. The holdup has got the drop on him before he knows it. What good is his gun then? Cut it out! It will only get you into trouble.

Don't show your two bits in a strange place or to strangers. Keep your gun at home, if you must have one.

Absolute Cleanliness in Handling Milk
By M. C. Bernard, Washington, D. C.

People used to think that cleanliness was mainly a matter of personal preference. Since the bacteriologists have shown that diseases as well as decay and loss of material are often caused by microorganisms which are commonly harbored in filth and dirt, we have come to know that dirt is not only disagreeable, but is also dangerous, and that cleanliness is nowhere more necessary than in all that pertains to food.

If perishable food materials are allowed to spoil by being exposed to dust or kept in warm, damp places, there will be danger from the growth of bacteria besides the loss from waste. The importance of absolute cleanliness in handling milk is quite well known.

If the same reasoning be applied to other food materials, it will be evident that the kitchen and pantry need to be taken care of as scrupulously as the dairy, and that the housekeeper ought to be as careful in cooking the food he serves as must those who handle milk.

So much has been said about the danger of flies as carriers of diseases that it seems as if everyone must realize the importance of keeping them out of the house, especially out of that part of it where food is kept or eaten. Yet many families seem careless of this real danger, and thorough cleaning is often neglected.

People are Never Too Old to Learn
By Mrs. MARY COLLINS, Chicago

There are provincialisms which are perfectly grammatical, as for example the expressions "you all" and "we all." These were parsed in my grammar when I attended school, and many years afterward I saw them parsed and diagrammed. While one may criticize them as unrhretorical because other forms would be more euphonious, one certainly is wrong in thinking them grammatically incorrect.

What we see in print, in periodicals, magazines, copies of lectures, sermons, and so on, is quite likely to be correct. There are no such expressions as "yousens" and "we-uns," but they, like the word "youse," which we hear every day, are used only by illiterate persons.

The English language is derived mostly from Latin. It has very much the same syntax, and these same expressions are used frequently in Latin. If some of the Romans were here he would probably use them, but with a little more emphasis than is usually placed on them.

The correct speaking of English is a rare accomplishment, but English is not spoken indiscriminately by educated people. Anyway, we are never too old to learn.

Adult Education Is Urgently Needed
By Edward Morill, St. Louis, Mo.

We carry on elaborate campaigns for "city betterment," for "temperance," for any number of things which should not be necessary if children were properly educated in the first place. I am not decrying these campaigns. Possibly they are necessary, but they are a serious reflection upon our training and our civilization.

Children should be educated to know what is good for them when they grow up. They should be taught at home the lesson of temperance, of right living and of real thinking. Not all parents are fit to inculcate such lessons, but that means that the parents require education in the art of educating. Such education should be done quietly and earnestly, not in noisy campaigns nor through hysterical appeals. Some system of earnest adult education must be devised before most of the "social evils" can be corrected.

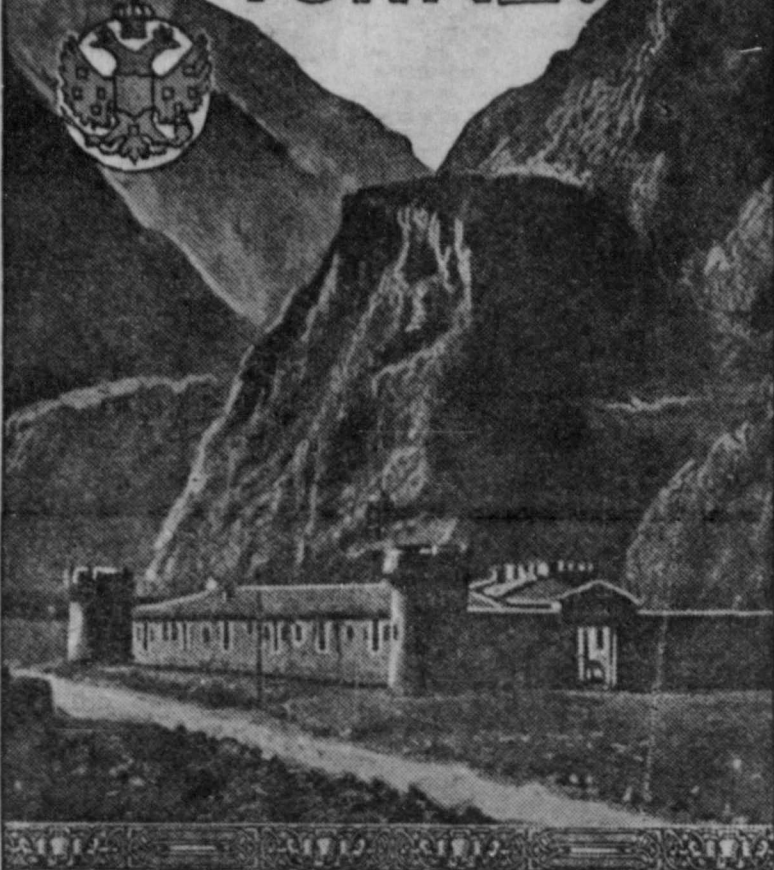
Various Causes for Act of Sneezing
By J. Payne Snowden, Philadelphia, Pa.

There is more than one cause for sneezing, and persons may differ in their susceptibility to them. A bright light will cause some persons to sneeze, the pollen of certain plants will do so to others, and many are likely to sneeze in the presence of dust. Sneezing is caused by a superficial irritation.

The sneeze caused by the effect of cold is different. It is an attempt to generate heat for warming the blood and to help relieve the cold you have. Cold is not an act of the nose alone, this is where it explodes. It is an act of the muscles of the face. The body is startled and the muscles of the face contract and throw off the

In the latter part of the eighties I went through the western country, west of Lincoln, Neb., along the coast from Sitka, Alaska, to the City of Mexico, and southwest in the Yaqui Indian country of Mexico. I have been in mushroom towns, government land openings, cow camps, mining towns, and have associated with and in some cases worked for "Bat" Masterson, Wyatt Erp, Roy Drake, "California Charlie," "Shoot Your Eye" Jack, "Soapy" Smith, "Bill" Tappen, "Missouri House" Kid, "Denver" Ed Smith and others too numerous to mention. All of these mentioned were "killers." But never in my experience did I find occasion for a gun.

RUSSIA'S ROAD TO TURKEY



RUSSIAN FORT ON BOUNDARY

BLOCKED or hampered by the naval forces of the Turks on the Black sea, the soldiers of the czar ordered to invade Asia Minor have had to follow an overland route to reach Transcaucasia and thence to move further southward into Asiatic Turkey. This trail has led them through some of the most imposing scenery in the world, by way of the wonderful Georgian military road, which mounts nearly eight thousand feet skyward in climbing across the formidable Caucasian range.

A map of the region in question will show that the Caucasian range is flanked by substantially parallel railroads, running on the north and south side of the mountains. Reaching from Vladikafkaz on the north to Tiflis on the south is the Georgian military road over which traffic is conducted by means of horses because the grades are too much for the steam locomotive. At times on the way as many as eight horses are hitched to the post coaches in order to negotiate the climb. The toll of the ascent alternates with the hazards of the downward trail and the dangers of the sharp turns and the tremendous declivities along which the highway skirts at times.

Until a little over a hundred years ago the barbaric, freebooting mountaineers dominated the pass, but then the Russian government took things in hand and began the building of the present road, which opened the route to wheeled vehicles, frequent military stations providing the needful safeguard to travelers and points where relays of horses could be had. The route from Vladikafkaz to Tiflis by way of the Darjel pass is a matter of a little short of 133 miles.

According to Annette M. B. Meakin, in her book on Russia, the Georgian military road is divided into twelve stages, beginning at Tiflis, in Asia, and ending at Vladikafkaz, in Europe. The seventh post station is Mieta, in the valley of the Aragva, 4,961 feet above the sea, and set where the forest-covered mountains grow bald and push their summits skyward bare and razorlike, amid a general setting of increasing wildness. From Mieta to the next post station, at Goudaur, a distance of less than ten miles, the road zigzags back and forth interminably as it climbs the intervening altitude of a little short of 3,000 feet. Goudaur is 7,957 feet above sea level, and there, according to Miss Meakin, "the mountain tops were covered with snow; deep and gloomy ravines, jagged cliffs, a valley of mountains, a sea of rocks and rents" opened before the eye.

At the ninth post station, on the way to Vladikafkaz, is Kobe, 6,570 feet in the air, and between Kobe and the next station of Kasbek is the Darjel pass, "which, cut in the rocky mountainside, skirts the wide valley of the River Terek. It is a gloomy and impressive bit of scenery. Bare black rocks hang out over us as we round a dizzy corner and below, far down in the valley, the River Terek gurgles like a tiny stream." Here it is that Mount Kasbek, snowclad and sheer in its abrupt rise, reaches heavenward to a height of 16,593 feet.

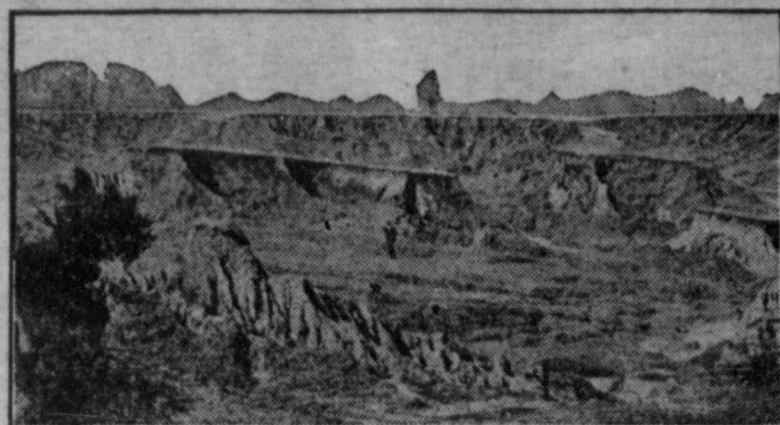
The Georgian road is an engineering achievement of the first order, and it is now repaying Russia for all she has spent upon it in the past. Of Tiflis, the southern terminus of this road, the National Geographic society says:

There can be few more wonderful landscapes than those around this ancient capital of the Georgian kingdom, now the center of Russian government in the Caucasus. The city is spread over the floor of a valley on both sides of the River Koor. It is purely a city of the East, the nearest approach to western life being in the wide-spaced Russian quarter. It is the hub of the Russian province of Caucasia; situated almost equally distant from the Caspian and the Black sea, connected with the leading ports of both waters and with the Russian hinterland by rail; and placed in the center of a web of military roads and trails which make the country accessible. It is a city of great value to the possessors of Caucasia, both in peace and war, as a commercial distributing center and as an advanced base.



THE DARJEL PASS

USE OF COVER CROPS TO CHECK EROSION



Where Gutters Have Carried Away Soil and Subsoil to a Depth of Fifteen Feet in Mississippi.

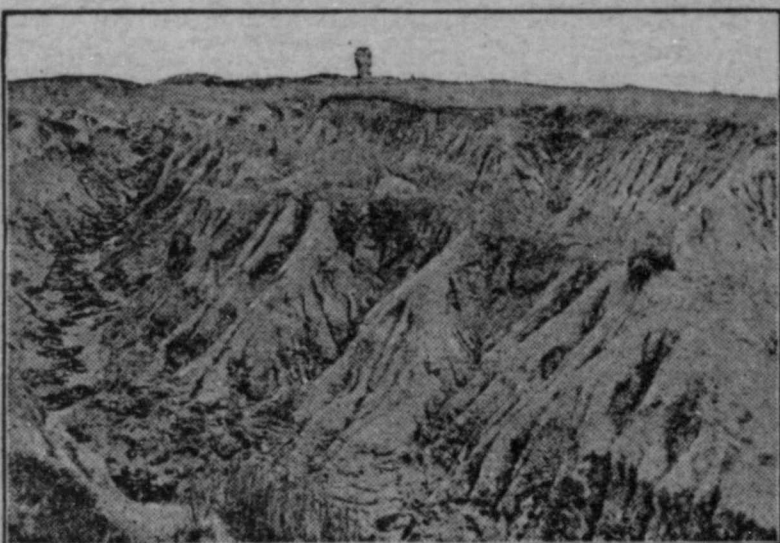
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Nearly four million acres in the United States, it is estimated, have been devastated by soil erosion, and a vastly larger area has lost much of its fertility. Nowhere is soil erosion more serious than in the South. The climate, the character of the soil, the economic conditions, and the type of agriculture, which has hitherto prevailed, have all contributed to the damage, yet with the exception of the amount of rainfall every factor in erosion can be controlled by man.

Soil erosion is the carrying away of the soil by the action of wind or water. In the South the action of water is much the more important. If all the water that falls upon a given area were to be absorbed by the soil, it would cause no erosion. This, however, scarcely ever happens. Where the slope of the ground or the character of the soil is such that the water runs off rapidly, it carries with it a very appreciable quantity of soil particles, the quantity increasing as the speed of the running water increases. Where this erosion is excessive the soil is left bare and gullied. The land is hard to cultivate and so much organic matter is taken from it that it is frequently abandoned as too poor for profitable agriculture.

To check this process, terracing, deep plowing and the use of cover crops are advantageous. Vegetation not only hinders the flow of water over the surface, thus lessening the amount of erosion, but the roots striking through the soil loosen it and enable it to absorb the water more readily. In the South the use of cover crops for this purpose is particularly important because so much of the rainfall in this section is in the winter when the land is frequently bare of crops. Winter rye is particularly advantageous in holding the soil. The value of deep plowing lies in the fact that this loosens the soil for a considerable distance below the surface and thus enables the water to be absorbed quickly. Terracing obviously is designed to provide level areas for the water to fall on instead of steep hillsides down which it can rush.

The importance of measures that will check erosion is indicated by the fact that in some southern states vast areas amounting sometimes to 50 per cent of the arable land in these sections have been abandoned because



A Gently Rolling Field Invaded by Gullies That Started on Steeper Slopes.

the water has carried off much of the best soil and impaired the value of what has been left. On moderate slopes in the Piedmont region of North Carolina erosion has been estimated to cause a yearly loss in crop values alone of three dollars an acre, making the total loss in this region over two million dollars each year. On the other hand, there are many hilly farms in which excessive erosion is effectually prevented. Farmers who wish detailed information of the best methods of terracing and other means of control, should write to the United States department of agriculture for Farmers' Bulletin No. 20, Circular No. 94 of the Bureau of Plant Industry or U. S. Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 180.

When land has once been badly eroded the task of reclaiming it is apt to be difficult and long. It can be done, however, and at times may be made very profitable. An instance of this is a tract of 38 acres near Johnson City, Tenn., which was purchased four years ago for \$53 an acre. At that time the land was badly eroded and there was one gully eight or ten feet deep. This the new owner filled with debris and soil, 200 loads of manure were applied, and the soil was plowed to a depth of ten inches, planted to rye and the rye turned under. The deep plowing and the organic matter in the rye left the soil in such condition that practically all the water which fell on it was absorbed. As a result the land increased in value so that the owner declined \$100 an acre for it. The cost of reclamation was approximately \$10 an acre. It is simpler, however, to prevent excessive erosion than to reclaim land after it has occurred.

Locations for Creameries.

In developing the dairy industry throughout the South a very important matter is the selection of the locations in which to erect creameries. No one would build a sawmill where there is little or no timber suitable to be made into lumber, and it would be equally unwise to start a creamery where the supply of milk and cream is insufficient for economical operation of the plant. In many dairy regions creameries have been operated successfully and have brought prosperity to the community. On the other hand, there are many closed creameries in the United States and many farmers who have lost money by unwise investments in them.

The first essential for the success of a creamery is a sufficient supply of milk and cream. An insufficient supply means a loss for all concerned. The number of available cows in a community is frequently overestimated. About six hundred southern cows should provide raw material enough, and if this is sent to the creamery in the form of whole milk the cows should all be within five miles of the creamery.

In order to keep expenses reasonably low, an average of at least 1,200 pounds of butter must be made each week, which will require about one thousand pounds of butter fat. The smaller the output the greater the cost per pound of butter, for some of the expenses will remain approximately the same whether the daily output is one hundred or two hundred pounds.

If a careful canvass reveals the fact that, excluding those required to meet the demands of home consumption, the necessary cows are available, the information should be sent to either the state agricultural college or the Dairy Division, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., with a request for plans and advice for the organization, building and equipment of a plant that will be likely to succeed under existing local conditions.

Next to an insufficient supply of milk, one of the most frequent causes

of creamery failures is the erection of poorly planned and cheaply constructed creameries equipped with expensive but more or less useless machinery. Many creameries have been organized by promoters who derived their profit from the sale of the plant and its equipment, not from its successful operation after they had severed their connection with it. In consequence, it was to their interest to unload as expensive and as poor a plant upon the farmers as they could.

Cases are on record in which promoters have secured the signatures of farmers to documents which purported to be nothing more than a general expression of opinion that a creamery in that place would be a good thing. Later it developed that the document was an iron-clad agreement to take stock in the company. Creameries organized in such a way prove profitable only to the organizers. Moreover the failure of one or two such companies serves to discourage dairying in that region for many years thereafter.

Before it is decided to build a creamery, therefore, its prospective shareholders should convince themselves of three things: (1) That there will be milk and cream enough for it to be operated economically; (2) that the marketing facilities are adequate; and (3) that the plant to be built is well designed and equipped and the cost reasonable.

Texas Directory
Hotel Waldorf
BARBER SUPPLIES

Excelsior Motorcycles
Bicycles and Supplies
CROMER CYCLE CO.

Westbrook Hotel, Ft. Worth, Tex.
EUROPEAN EXCELLENCE
First-class Hotel

PIANOS
FROM FACTORY TO HOME
What is the use of paying the middle-

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
NOT FOR MALARIA
general strengthening tonic and appetizer.

BLACK LOSSER'S BUCKLE PREVENTIVE
LEG
The specialty of this product is due to over 25 years of specialising in venereal and venereal

We and the British Have Sweet Tooth.
Britons have the sweetest tooth, and Americans come next, if the statistics for consumption of sugar mean anything.

In the Upstairs Bedroom.
"Ha can't do the maxize."
"Goodness!"

The Exception.
"Two is company," quoted the Sage.
"Unless they happen to be husband and wife," corrected the Fool.

CLEAR HEAD.
Head Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable.
The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee and tea did for him.

"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:

"I had an attack of pneumonia, which left me with dyspepsia, or neuralgia of the stomach. My cup of cheer had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.

"Next day it came, and we liked it so much that we will never change back; for I am a well man today and have used no medicine.
" My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co's branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my coffee drinking days I was subject to nervousness and the 'blues' in addition to my sick spells. These have left me since I began using Postum and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.
Postum comes in two forms:
Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.
Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

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

DAIRY FACTS

PURE-BRED SIRES ARE BEST
Selection of Herd Bull is of Greatest Importance—Avoid Contagious Abortion and Tuberculosis.

Farmers everywhere are beginning to appreciate the need for pure-bred sires. In dairying the selection of the herd bull is of the greatest importance because he is at least half the herd from the breeding point of view. His influence on the characteristics of every calf born in the herd is as great as that of the dam of the calf.

No bull whose dam and paternal grand-dam were not capable of producing 300 pounds of butterfat in 365 days should be used for breeding purposes if good results are expected. It would be much better if this premium were set at 350. The prudent dairyman will select a calf from a cow which produced 400 pounds or more of butterfat.

If the use of bulls from dams and paternal grand-dams producing less than 300 pounds of fat were prohibited by state law it would be a long step in advance. Much damage has been done by unscrupulous and ignorant breeders, who have sold, for breeding purposes and at low prices, pure-bred milch calves from cows



Endymion, Grand Champion Bull.

which did not pay for their keep, but had a long line of pure-bred ancestry. In getting bulls from other herds be sure that they are healthy. It is especially important to avoid contagious abortion and tuberculosis. Satisfactory young bulls of breeding age cannot always be purchased easily, and therefore it is always best to have a young bull growing up to take the place of the older herd bull.

DAIRY NOTES

The tubercular cow is a menace to public health.

If you expect a cow to produce regularly she must be fed regularly.

Kindness and regularity in handling dairy animals yield profitable returns.

The cream separator is one of the necessities of the all round dairy farm.

If you are manufacturing butter the best way to sell it is to the special customer.

If we cannot get the best cows there are, let's get the best we can and then work for better.

The yield and character of a dairy cow's milk is directly influenced by the character of her surroundings.

Begin this week to dig that pit all. You will be so pleased with results that you will dig another one next year.

The man who considers foot-and-mouth disease lightly is the very one we would expect to light his pipe in a powder factory.

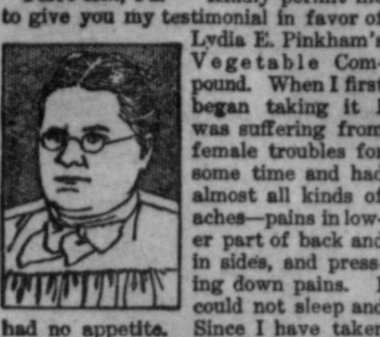
It is not advisable to milk cows before calving except very heavy milkers whose udders become so distended as to cause suffering.

In handling hogs on the dairy farm the shorter the fattening period the greater the profits. Remember this and feed accordingly.

An important point to inquire about in buying a cow is the milking record of the sire's dam and you must know what she eats and what she yields. Either alone is not sufficient.

MRS. LYON'S ACHES AND PAINS

Have All Gone Since Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Terre Hill, Pa.—"Kindly permit me to give you my testimonial in favor of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I first began taking it I was suffering from female troubles for some time and had almost all kinds of aches—pains in lower part of back and in sides, and I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the aches and pains are all gone and I feel like a new woman. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—Mrs. AUGUSTUS LYON, Terre Hill, Pa.

It is true that nature and a woman's work as produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known. From the roots and herbs of the field, Lydia E. Pinkham, forty years ago, gave to womankind a remedy for their peculiar ills which has proved more efficacious than any other combination of drugs ever compounded, and today Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is recognized from coast to coast as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health—many of them open state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and in some cases that it has saved them from surgical operations.

More Words Followed.
"I'm a woman of my word," said Mrs. Prescomb, with an air of finality.

"Indeed you are, my dear," said Mr. Prescomb.

"When I go out I don't come home and tell an improbable yarn about where I've been."

"No, you don't my dear," replied Mr. Prescomb mildly, "but that may be due to the fact that I have never had sufficient courage to ask you where you have been."

FROM ECZEMA AND RINGWORM
You can obtain instant relief by using Tetterine also the best remedy known for Chafes, Bites of Insects, Tetter, Itching Piles, Burns, Chills, Itching Sores, etc. Because you have spent hundreds of dollars and experienced no relief for your itching skin troubles, besides devoting a great deal of energy scratching and pawing at the plague spot until the blood is used forth, don't despair. Nature wisely provides a remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to. Tetterine will cure you permanently, positively and completely, nothing else will.

Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 50c, by J. T. Shugrue, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

Light More Beneficial Than Heat.
When rays of light fall upon the skin of our bodies, which is translucent, the greater part of them are arrested some by one layer of the skin, some by another and still others are not stopped until they have penetrated the subcutaneous tissues. This arrest of the light rays produces radiant heat, which has a higher penetrating power than convection heat as generated by a hot water bag or poultice, for instance.

E. C. Titus in an address before the Illuminating Engineering society, said that such heat penetrated two inches or more, while convection heat was excited principally on the surface.

This is why electric light baths and sun baths are so stimulating to the organs of elimination, especially the skin and kidneys, and so beneficial in so many diseases.

PELLAGRA CURE SAVES HER LIFE

Oakville, Tenn.—Mrs. L. B. Babb, of this place, writes: "Three months and a half ago when I wrote you, I didn't think I would live to see Christmas again, but now it is Christmas and I am enjoying it fine. I cannot praise Baugh's Pellagra Remedy enough. I believe I could eat most anything there is to eat now. My weight was 81 when I started your treatment. I now weigh 98 pounds, about my average weight for fifteen years past. Baugh's Pellagra Remedy will do what it claims to do if the patient will follow directions as I have done. There is no longer any doubt that pellagra can be cured. Don't delay until it is too late. It is your duty to consult the resourceful Baugh.

The symptoms—hands red like sunburn; skin peeling off, sore mouth, the lips, throat and tongue a flaming red, with such nausea and choking, indigestion and anuses, either diarrhoea or constipation. There is hope; get Baugh's big Free book on Pellagra and learn about the remedy for Pellagra that has at last been found. Address American Compounding Co., box 2089, Jasper, Ala., remembering Co. is refunded in any case where the remedy fails to cure.—Adv.

This is to the credit of human nature: It is not on record that anyone ever resolved to be meaner next year.

It is the visiting preacher, and not the regular pastor, who talks plainly to the congregation.

Death Lurks In Weak...
If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by V...
Renovine Drug Co.

How It Happened.
"I don't do a fool thing with that dern camel," growled Noah, as he came into the cabin for supper.
"Was the matter with him?" asked Mrs. Noah.
"Why, he didn't like the quarters I gave him, and he got his back up about it, and he can't get it down again," replied Noah.

LADIES!
—Take CAPUDINE—
For Aches, Pains and Nervousness.
IT IS NOT A NARCOTIC OR DOPE—
Gives quick relief—Try It—Adv.

Unfair Advantage.
"Don't you ever let me catch you kissing my daughter again, sir!" thundered the irate father.
"You won't sir," answered the quaking youth. "You wouldn't have caught me this time if you hadn't been wearing rubber heels."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Groves'
The Old Standard Groves' Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

A Vegetable Raiser.
Bacon—it is estimated that 93 per cent of the ocean floor is entirely devoid of vegetation.
Egbert—Well, I never heard that Neptune had any reputation as a gardener.

DON'T VISIT THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION Without a supply of Allen's Foot-Ease. The antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, or dissolved in the foot-bath. The Standard Remedy for the feet for 25 years. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet and prevents swollen, hot feet. One lady writes: "I enjoyed every minute of my stay at the Exposition, thanks to Allen's Foot-Ease in my shoes." Get IT TODAY. Adv.

A good cook is one who uses plenty of butter.

Chocolat Soldiers.
The soldier's weakness for sweetmeats, to which Mr. Bernard Shaw called attention when he wrote "The Chocolate Soldier" has been abundantly confirmed during the present war. The quantity of sweets consumed by our army in France has been prodigious while from Cairo comes the news that the Australians have absolutely taken the place out of chocolate. In the troopships which brought them, too, it was the same. Thus Capt. Bean, the official correspondent with the force, writes: "Our canteen had five times the demand for sweets and soft drinks that was expected at the same time last year by the Westminister Gazette."

RESINOL BEGINS TO HEAL SICK SKINS AT ONCE
You don't have to WONDER if resinol ointment is doing you good. You KNOW it is, because the first application stops the itching and your tortured skin feels cool and comfortable at last. Why don't YOU try this easy resinol way to heal eczema or similar skin eruption? Resinol clears away pimples, too, and is a valuable household remedy for sunburn, poison-ivy, cuts, sores, burns, chafings, etc. It has been prescribed by doctors for 20 years and contains nothing that could irritate or injure the tenderest skin. Sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Quite fitting.
"I am going to have an old beau as the hero of this story."
"Wha't a dandy deal!"
Same thing.
"Here's a duck of a boy."
"Yes, he's game."—Baltimore American.

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

The attention attracted by those who seek attention usually is uncomplimentary.

Children Cry For
Fletcher's CASTORIA
What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Ferishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children Demand Castoria—The Mother's Friend.

Boston's Advantage.
Mrs. Gotham—Brook your streets in Boston are so crooked.
Mrs. Hubb—And yours in New York are so straight.
"But aren't straight streets an advantage?"
"Why, no. Now in Boston one can walk and walk and get some place, but in New York you can walk and walk and get nowhere."

Incidental Advertising.
"I suppose you think that if you abandon your old party you will deal it the finishing blow?"
"Not necessarily," answered Senator Sorghum. "My leaving it may help it a little by calling attention to the fact that it still exists."

JUST ONE BOND'S PILL AT BED TIME
will relieve that disagreeable Headache, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Coated Tongue, due to an inactive Liver. Don't take Calomel, Bond's Pills are far better, and they will remove the cause. You wake up well. 25c. All druggists.—Adv.

"I was Ever Thus.
"Have you been operating in the stock market of late?"
"No. I've been operated upon."—Judge.

An entertaining woman is one who permits a man to talk about himself.

Chocolat Soldiers.
The soldier's weakness for sweetmeats, to which Mr. Bernard Shaw called attention when he wrote "The Chocolate Soldier" has been abundantly confirmed during the present war. The quantity of sweets consumed by our army in France has been prodigious while from Cairo comes the news that the Australians have absolutely taken the place out of chocolate. In the troopships which brought them, too, it was the same. Thus Capt. Bean, the official correspondent with the force, writes: "Our canteen had five times the demand for sweets and soft drinks that was expected at the same time last year by the Westminister Gazette."

RESINOL BEGINS TO HEAL SICK SKINS AT ONCE
You don't have to WONDER if resinol ointment is doing you good. You KNOW it is, because the first application stops the itching and your tortured skin feels cool and comfortable at last. Why don't YOU try this easy resinol way to heal eczema or similar skin eruption? Resinol clears away pimples, too, and is a valuable household remedy for sunburn, poison-ivy, cuts, sores, burns, chafings, etc. It has been prescribed by doctors for 20 years and contains nothing that could irritate or injure the tenderest skin. Sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Quite fitting.
"I am going to have an old beau as the hero of this story."
"Wha't a dandy deal!"
Same thing.
"Here's a duck of a boy."
"Yes, he's game."—Baltimore American.

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

The attention attracted by those who seek attention usually is uncomplimentary.

Chocolat Soldiers.
The soldier's weakness for sweetmeats, to which Mr. Bernard Shaw called attention when he wrote "The Chocolate Soldier" has been abundantly confirmed during the present war. The quantity of sweets consumed by our army in France has been prodigious while from Cairo comes the news that the Australians have absolutely taken the place out of chocolate. In the troopships which brought them, too, it was the same. Thus Capt. Bean, the official correspondent with the force, writes: "Our canteen had five times the demand for sweets and soft drinks that was expected at the same time last year by the Westminister Gazette."

RESINOL BEGINS TO HEAL SICK SKINS AT ONCE
You don't have to WONDER if resinol ointment is doing you good. You KNOW it is, because the first application stops the itching and your tortured skin feels cool and comfortable at last. Why don't YOU try this easy resinol way to heal eczema or similar skin eruption? Resinol clears away pimples, too, and is a valuable household remedy for sunburn, poison-ivy, cuts, sores, burns, chafings, etc. It has been prescribed by doctors for 20 years and contains nothing that could irritate or injure the tenderest skin. Sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Quite fitting.
"I am going to have an old beau as the hero of this story."
"Wha't a dandy deal!"
Same thing.
"Here's a duck of a boy."
"Yes, he's game."—Baltimore American.

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

The attention attracted by those who seek attention usually is uncomplimentary.

Children Cry For
Fletcher's CASTORIA
What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Ferishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children Demand Castoria—The Mother's Friend.

Boston's Advantage.
Mrs. Gotham—Brook your streets in Boston are so crooked.
Mrs. Hubb—And yours in New York are so straight.
"But aren't straight streets an advantage?"
"Why, no. Now in Boston one can walk and walk and get some place, but in New York you can walk and walk and get nowhere."

Incidental Advertising.
"I suppose you think that if you abandon your old party you will deal it the finishing blow?"
"Not necessarily," answered Senator Sorghum. "My leaving it may help it a little by calling attention to the fact that it still exists."

JUST ONE BOND'S PILL AT BED TIME
will relieve that disagreeable Headache, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Coated Tongue, due to an inactive Liver. Don't take Calomel, Bond's Pills are far better, and they will remove the cause. You wake up well. 25c. All druggists.—Adv.

"I was Ever Thus.
"Have you been operating in the stock market of late?"
"No. I've been operated upon."—Judge.

An entertaining woman is one who permits a man to talk about himself.

Are Your Kidneys Weak?
Do you know that deaths from kidney troubles are 100,000 a year in the U. S. alone? That deaths have increased 75% in 20 years? If you are run down, losing weight, nervous, "blue" and rheumatic, if you have backache, dizzy spells and urinary disorders, act quickly. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. No other medicine is so widely used, none so highly recommended.

A Texas Case
"Every Picture Tells a Story" Isaac Turner, R. F. D. No. 2, Grand Saline, Texas, says: "A fall injured my kidneys and my back was affected, too. I got lame and stiff across my back, was subject to dizzy spells and felt tired and languid. The kidney secretions passed in often and obliged me to get up during the night. On a friend's advice I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they soon helped me. Three boxes made a complete cure."
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Make the Liver Do its Duty
Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.
Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature
New Wood
W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 28-1915.

Children Cry For
Fletcher's CASTORIA
What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Ferishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children Demand Castoria—The Mother's Friend.

Paxtine
A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed
For Douches
In the local treatment of women's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.
For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

To Cool a Burn and Take the Fire Out.
Be Prepared For Accidents
A Household Remedy

HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH
ALINMENT
For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Sore Throat, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.
Made Since 1844
Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00
OR WRITE
HANFORD, N. Y.

DAISY FLY KILLER
planted anywhere, traps and kills flies. A safe, clean, economical, convenient duster. Lays a fine, sticky web over the fly, which will not allow it to escape. Guaranteed effect. All dealers carry. Express mail for 25c.

ERB'S
Erb's is a...
Erb's is a...
Erb's is a...

Death Lurks In Weak...
If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by V...
Renovine Drug Co.

Cicero Smith Lumber Company

... LUMBER AND COAL ...

Get Our Prices.--Buy Now

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

The Informer has been complimented with a ticket to the races at Clarendon next week. Sure we are going, if for no other reason than to see the aero plane flights.

Don't see much signs from the cleaning up the town was supposed to do June 8. Neither do we see city sanitary laws very strongly enforced. Wake up, people, let's keep our town clean.

The sentence of Leo M. Frank was commuted to life imprisonment by Governor Slaton of Georgia. Frank had been sentenced to hang for the murder of Mary Phagan, 14-year-old employe of the pencil factory where Frank was superintendent. As there has been much doubt expressed as to his guilt, the Georgia governor is to be commended for commuting the sentence.

Fair Warning

And now, they say, they are going to prohibit pink lemonade. The bacteriologists, or whoever it is that are always discovering that something particularly dear to our hearts is deadly and dangerous, the bacteriologists say that it has more germs than Heintz has pickles. So it must go. We'll, all right. But by the great Central pole of the universe; we want to warn you scientific ginks, right here and now: don't go snooping around and discovering that it is unsanitary to feed peanuts to the elephant! For if you do, and you cry to have any laws passed prohibiting that pinnacle of pastime, the great American public will rise up on its hind legs and hurl the whole horde of you, with hideous ruin and combustion, down to bottomless perdition.

The Ford Keeps a-chugin'

Old Zeke Perkins sold his hogs one day, and the gosh darned fool threw his money right away; he rode into town sitting on a board, and came riding home in a darned little Ford. When he came to the house, and got to the gate, he shut down the throttle and put on the brake; he grabbed for the reins, got the throttle instead, and the darned little Ford kept a-chugin' ahead. Zeke jerked on the levers, and turned on the gas, he kicked at the pedals and broke out the glass; he cut all the wires and he pulled off the top, but the gosh darned Ford it just wouldn't stop. He pulled out his knife and he smiled so serene, cut a hole in the tank, drained out the gasoline; he pulled out his gun, shot the tires full of lead, but the gosh darned Ford kept a-chugin' right ahead.—Swiped.

Locals

Informers \$1.00 per year.

Everything sanitary at the Boles Grocery.

J. D. Chadd was in Memphis Friday of last week.

Stray hog taken up at my place. A. W. Worsham.

Sam Bond returned Sunday from a trip to Wellington.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor. advt

Isaac Harris left for Rotan Tuesday on a business trip.

Horace Strood is spending his vacation here with homefolks.

All kinds of fresh meat at the Boles Grocery.

The Storm Hdw. Co. is installing a big stock of furniture.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Blankenship June 17, a boy.

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

W. E. Bray made a business trip to Memphis Wednesday.

W. W. Gammon made a business trip to Pampa this week.

C. C. Clay of Dallas is here visiting his uncle, W. W. Gammon.

FOR SALE—Nice new 50 lb. refrigerator. Mrs. Paul Sarvis.

Quail had a big picnic yesterday. Sorry we couldn't attend.

J. I. Steele and W. H. Madden spent Saturday night in Memphis.

Our stock is complete. Let us supply your wants. Boles Grocery.

We notice the Hedley Hotel is all dressed up with a new coat of paint.

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

Lee Godfrey of Wellington visited his uncle, W. H. Madden, last of last week.

C. B. Battle has treated his house to a nice coat of paint which greatly improves it.

He who borrowed our hogwire stretcher will please bring it home. Cicero Smith Lbr Co.

Mrs. J. A. Moreman and daughter, Cloteal, are spending a few weeks in Oklahoma.

John Thomas of Bomarton, Texas has been visiting O. R. Culwell's several days.

T. R. Moreman left last week for the mountains of Oklahoma where he will spend his vacation.

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

J. L. Darby and family of Estelline visited his old friend J. M. Everett and family here last Sunday.

Mrs. Hattie Phillips and two daughters were down from Clarendon Sunday to visit her mother, G. Culwell, who is very

WHY SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

Why should women vote? That is the question that is ringing from ocean to ocean and reverberating from the Canadian boundary to the Mexican border. It is the mission of a newspaper to give the news and the action of the Texas Farmers' Union in opposing woman's suffrage when that question was recently before the Texas legislature is significant as representing the attitude of the organized plowmen. We reproduce in part the argument presented by Hon. W. D. Lewis, president of the Texas Farmers' Union, in opposing the bill: "It is gratifying to note that it is not the farmer's wife who is clamoring for the ballot. She is too busy trying to make happier homes, molding the minds of future citizens and sharing with her husband the cares of life to indulge in political gossip. The ballot will give her no relief from drudgery, give no assistance in clothing the children or bring to the home additional comforts, conveniences or opportunities in life. It is, as a rule, the city woman promoted to idleness by prosperity, who is leading the suffragette movement.

"From many standpoints, perhaps a woman has as much right to vote as a man. So has she as much right to plow as a man; she has as much right to work in a factory as a man; she has as much right to shoulder a musket as a man, but we would rather she would not do so from choice and we regret that necessity oftentimes compels her to earn a living by engaging in gainful occupations. We do not consider misfortune a qualification for suffrage or a business accident a reason for granting franchise. We are opposed to woman at the ballot box the same as we are opposed to woman in the field, in the factory or in the army and for the self-same reasons. We had rather see her plant flowers than sow wheat; gather bouquets than pick cotton and rear children than raise political issues, although she may have as much right to do one as the other.

Opposed to Unsexing Humanity. "Sex qualification for suffrage may have its apparent inconsistencies. No general rule adjusts itself perfectly to all conditions. It is a favorite argument advanced by the proponents of woman's suffrage that many cultivated and noble women are far more capable of intelligently exercising sovereignty than a worthless negro, but the South never was anxious for negro suffrage, and while culture and refinement, and even morality, are desirable virtues, they are not the only qualifications for franchise.

"The primary, inherent and inseparable fitness for suffrage is supporting a family. The plow handle, the forge and the struggle for bread afford experience necessary to properly mark the ballot. Government is a great big business and civilization from the very beginning assigned woman the home and man the business affairs of life.

"There has been much freakish legislation enacted during the past decade that no doubt appeals to woman's love for the ridiculous, but to undertake to unsex the human race by law is the height of legislative folly and a tragedy to mankind.


"We are opposed to the equal rights of woman—we want her to ever remain our superior. We consider woman's desire to seek man's level the yellow peril of Twentieth Century civilization.

"Woman is the medium through which angels whisper their messages to mankind; it is her hand that plants thoughts in the intellectual vineyard; it is through her heart that hope, love and sympathy overflow and bless mankind. Christ—the liberator of woman-kind—was satisfied to teach the lessons of life and He was a man. He chose to rule over human hearts and refused worldly power and men followed after Him, women washed His feet, little children climbed upon His knees and the Ruler of the universe said that in Him He was well pleased. Can woman find a higher calling?"

THEMISTOCLES

When Themistocles was asked by his host at a dinner party to entertain the guests by playing the lute, he replied that he could not play the fiddle, but that he could make a small town a great city. We have in this nation many politicians who are good "fiddlers," but they cannot make a small town a great city. We are overrun with orators who can play upon the passions of the people, but they can't put brick and mortar together. We need builders.

Let those who hunger and thirst for power understand that the highest glory of a statesman is to construct, and that it is better for a man that he should build a public highway than that he should become Governor of a state, and that he start a plow than that he become the author of a law. The true test of statesmanship is the plow and the hammer, so let those who would govern, first build.



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

JC WOOLDRIDGE

A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Office at Hedley Drug Co
Phones: Office 27, Res. 26
Hedley, Texas

J. B. Ozler, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Office Phone No. 45-3r
Residence Phone No. 45-2r
Hedley, Texas

DR. B. YOUNGER

DENTIST
Clarendon, Texas

DR. J. W. EVANS

DENTIST
Clarendon, Texas

CLEVE FLOYD

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
BRICK, STONE, CEMENT
Estimates and Plans Free
Phone 385 MEMPHIS, TEXAS

V. R. JONES

Optometrist
Eye Glasses and Spectacles Made to Order.
At HEDLEY DRUG CO
1st and 2nd Thursdays in Each Month

Stop at Mrs. W. M. Dyer's Private Boarding House on block East of Wooldridge lumber yard. Nice clean beds and good meals for 25c. Board per week \$4.00; per month \$16.00.
Mrs. W. M. Dyer, Prop.

City Directory

CHURCHES BAPTIST, Jas. A. Long, pastor First Sunday in each month.
METHODIST—M. L. Story, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except every First Sunday morning SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday 10 a. m. F. Kendall, Supt. PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST

C. W. Horschler, Pastor Telephone No. 80 S. S. Services 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. G. C. Meadows, Supt. Senior B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m. Junior B. Y. P. U. at 5:00 p. m. Regular weekly prayer 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. Killough
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, G. R. Doshier
Treasurer, E. Dubbs
Assessor, B. F. Naylor
County Attorney, W. T. Link
Justice of the Peace Precinct 1, 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.

TO THE PUBLIC

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

San Antonio, Uvalde & Gulf Railroad

Traverses 320 miles of RICH VIRGIN TERRITORY IN SOUTHWEST TEXAS The Earliest Strawberry Country. The land of Bermuda Onions, Lettuce and Cabbage.

Shortest and Best Line, SAN ANTONIO TO CORPUS CHRISTI

DOUBLE DAILY TRAIN SERVICE PARLOR CARS AND SLEEPERS

Low Excursion Rates to Corpus Christi

Write to E. F. EYER, Traffic Manager, San Antonio, Texas

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

BLACK IS WHITE
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son, Frederic, to learn the contents of a will from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia, Brood's Hindu daughter, the message which his father's marriage, and orders the house prepared for an immediate wedding. 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 lady room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. The room, dominated by a great gold Buddha, is furnished in oriental magnificence. Mrs. Brood, after a talk with Lydia, which leaves the latter puzzled, is startled by the appearance of Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She tries to fathom the mystery of Brood's separation from his first wife, and his dislike of his son, but fails. Mrs. Brood fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearance and disappearance, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Yvonne follows Frederic to the lady-room and influences him to apologize to his father and the guests for his alleged lapse. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman" who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"It sounds rather ominous." "If he waits long enough you may discover that you love him and his going would give you infinite pain. Then is the time for him to go." "Good heavens!" he cried, in astonishment. "What a remarkable notion of the fitness—"



Of the Three, Lydia Alone Faced the Situation With Courage.

"That will be his chance to repay you for all that you have done for him, James," said she, as calm as a May morning. "By Jove, you are a puzzle to me!" he exclaimed, and a fine moisture came out on his forehead. "Let the boys alone, James," she went on earnestly. "He is—"

"For his father, then?" she inquired slowly. The perspiration stood out on his brow. He made no response. His lips were compressed. "You have uttered her name at last," she said wonderingly, after a long wait. Brood started. "I—Oh, this is torture!" "We must mend our ways, James. It may please you to know that I shall overlook your mental faithfulness to me. You may go on loving Matilde. She is dead. I am alive. I have the better of her, there, al—"

CHAPTER X. Of a Music-Master. A month passed. Yvonne held the destiny of three persons in her hand. They were like figures on a chess board and she moved them with the sureness, the unerring instinct of any skilled disciple of the philosopher's game. They were puppets; she ranged them about her stage in swift-changing pictures and applauded her own effectiveness. There were no rehearsals. The play was going on all the time, whether tragedy, comedy or—

Of the three, Lydia alone faced the situation with courage. She was young, she was good, she was inexperienced, but she saw what was going on beneath the surface with a clarity of vision that would have surprised an older and more practiced person; and, seeing, was favored with the strength to endure pain that otherwise would have been unupportable. She knew that Frederic was infatuated. She did not try to hide the truth from herself. The boy she loved was slipping away from her and only chance could set his feet back in the old path from which he blindly strayed. Her woman's heart told her that it was not love he felt for Yvonne. The strange mentor that guides her sex out of the ignorance of youth into an understanding of hitherto unexpressed questions revealed to her the nature of his feeling for this woman. He would come back to her in time she knew, chastened; the same instinct that revealed his frailties to her also defended his sense of honor. The unthinkable could never happen!

She judged Yvonne too in a spirit of fairness that was amazing when one considers the lack of perspective that must have been hers to contend with. Lydia could not think of her as evil, unamoral, base. This beautiful, warm-hearted, clear-eyed woman suggested nothing of the kind to her. It pleased her to play with the good-looking young fellow, and she made no pretense of secrecy about it. Lydia was charitable to the extent of blaming her only for an utter lack of conscience in allowing the perfectly obvious to happen so far as he was concerned. For her own gratification she was calmly inviting a tragedy which was likely to crush him without even so much as disturbing her peace of mind for an instant, after all was said and done. There was poison in the cup she handed out to him, and knowing this beyond dispute she allowed him to drink while she looked on and smiled. Lydia hated her for the pain she was storing up for Frederic, far more than she hated her for the anguish she, herself, was made to endure.

Her mother saw the suffering in the girl's eyes, but saw also the proud spirit that would have resented sympathy from one even so close as she. Down in the heart of that quiet reserved mother smoldered a hatred for Yvonne Brood that would have stopped at nothing had it been in her power to inflict punishment for the wrong that was being done. She too saw tragedy ahead, but her vision was broader than Lydia's. It included the figure of James Brood.

Lydia worked steadily, almost doggedly at the task she had undertaken to complete for the elder Brood. Every afternoon found her seated at the table in the study, opposite the stern-faced man who labored with her over the seemingly endless story of his life. Something told her that there were secret chapters which she was not to write. She wrote those that were to endure; the others were to die with him. "Yes, sahib. At ten o'clock." "If Mr. Frederic is in his room send him to me." "He is not in his room, sahib." The two, master and man, looked at each other steadily for a moment. Something passed between them. "Tell him that Miss Desmond is ready to go home." "Yes, sahib. The curtain fell. I prefer to go home alone, Mr. Brood," said Lydia, her eyes flashing. "Why did you send—"

—in the automobile on rainy or blizzard days. But he never allowed her an instant's rest when it came to the work in hand, and therein lay the gentle shrewdness of the man. She was better off busy. There were times when he studied the face of Lydia's mother for signs that might show how her thoughts ran in relation to the conditions that were confronting all of them. But more often he searched the features of the boy who called him father. Always, always there was music in the house. Behind the closed doors of the distant study, James Brood listened in spite of himself to the persistent thrumming of the piano downstairs. Always were the airs light and seductive; the dreamy, plaintive compositions of Strauss, Ziehrer and others of their kind and place. Frederic, with uncanny fidelity to the preferences of the mother he had never seen but whose influence directed him, affected the same general class of music that had appealed to her moods and temperaments. Times there were, and often, when he played the very airs that she had loved, and then, despite his profound antipathy, James Brood's thoughts leaped back a quarter of a century and fixed themselves on love-scenes and love-times that would not be denied.

And again there were the wild, riotous airs that she had played with Ferverelli, her soft-eyed music master! Accursed airs—accursed and accusing! He gave orders that these airs were not to be played, but failed to make his command convincing for the reason that he could not bring himself to the point of explaining why they were distasteful to him. When Frederic thoughtlessly whistled or hummed fragments of those proscribed airs, he considered himself justified in commanding him to stop on the pretext that they were disturbing, but he could not use the same excuse for checking the song on the lips of his gay and impulsive wife. Sometimes he wondered why she persisted when she knew that he was annoyed. Her airy little apologies for her forgetfulness were of no consequence, for within the hour her memory was almost sure to be at fault again.

"Is there anything wrong with my hair, Mr. Brood?" asked Lydia, with a nervous little laugh. "They were in the study and it was ten o'clock of a wet night in April. Of late, he had required her to spend the evenings with him in a strenuous effort to complete the final chapters of the journal. He had declared his intention to go abroad with his wife as soon as the manuscript was completed. Lydia's willingness to devote the extra hours to his enterprise would have pleased him vastly if he had not been afflicted by the same sense of unrest and uneasiness that made incessant labor a boon to her as well as to him.

Her query followed a long period of silence on his part. He had been suggesting alterations in her notes as she read them to him, and there were frequent lulls when she made the changes as directed. Without looking at him, she felt rather than knew that he was regarding her fixedly from his position opposite. The scrutiny was disturbing to her. Brood started guiltily. "Your hair!" he exclaimed. "Oh, I see. You women always feel that something is wrong with it. I was thinking of something else, however. Forgive my stupidity. We can't afford to waste time in thinking, you know, and I am a pretty bad offender. It's nearly half-past ten. We've been hard at it since eight o'clock. Time to knock off. I will walk around to your apartment with you, my dear. It looks like an all-night rain."

He went up to the window and pulled the curtains aside. Her eyes followed him. He was staring down into the court, his fingers grasping the curtains in a rigid grip. He did not reply. There was a light in the windows opening out upon Yvonne's balcony. "I fancy Frederic has come in from the concert," he said slowly. "He will take you home, Lydia. You'd like that better, eh?" He turned toward her and she paused in the nervous collecting of her papers. His eyes were as hard as steel, his lips were set.

"Please don't ask Frederic to—" she began hurriedly. "They must have left early," he muttered, glancing at his watch. Returning to the table he struck the big, melodious gong a couple of sharp blows. For the first time in her recollection, it sounded a jangling, discordant note, as of impatience. Ranjab appeared in the doorway. "Have Mrs. Brood and Mr. Frederic returned, Ranjab?" "Yes, sahib. At ten o'clock." "If Mr. Frederic is in his room send him to me."

"He is not in his room, sahib." The two, master and man, looked at each other steadily for a moment. Something passed between them. "Tell him that Miss Desmond is ready to go home." "Yes, sahib. The curtain fell. I prefer to go home alone, Mr. Brood," said Lydia, her eyes flashing. "Why did you send—"

comes out and I realize that I helped in its making. No one has ever been in a position to tell the story of Thibet as you have told it, Mr. Brood. Those chapters will make history.—"Your poor father's share in those explorations is what really makes the work valuable, my dear. Without his notes and letters I should have been feeble indeed." He looked at his watch. "They were at the concert, you know—the Hungarian orchestra. A recent importation. Tziganes music. Gypsies." His sentences as well as his thoughts were staccato, disconnected. Lydia turned very cold. She dreaded the scene that now seemed unavoidable. Frederic should come in response to his father's command, and then—

Someone began to play upon the piano downstairs. She knew and he knew that it was Frederic who played. For a long time they listened. The air, no doubt, was one he had heard during the evening, a soft sensuous waltz that she had never heard before. The girl's eyes were upon Brood's face. It was like a graven image. "God!" he felt upon his stiff lips. Suddenly he turned upon the girl. "Do you know what he is playing?" "No," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

"It was played in this house by its composer before Frederic was born. It was played here on the night of his birth, as it had been played many times before. It was written by a man named Ferverelli. Have you heard of him?" "Never," she murmured, and shrank, frightened by the deathlike pallor in the man's face, by the strange calm in



Confronted the Serene Image of Buddha.

his voice. The gates were being opened at last. She saw the thing that was to speak forth. She would have closed her ears against the revelations it carried. "Mother will be worried if I am not at home—" "Guido Ferverelli. An Italian born in Hungary. Bestest, that was his home, but he preferred to be a gypsy. Yes, he wrote the devilish thing. He played it a thousand times in that room down—now Frederic plays it, after all these years. It is his heritage. God, how I hate the thing! Ranjab! Where is the fellow? He must stop the cursed thing. Ho—" "Mr. Brood! Mr. Brood!" cried Lydia, appalled. She began to edge toward the door.

By a mighty effort, Brood regained control of himself. He sank into a chair, motionless for her to remain. The music had ceased abruptly. "He will be here in a moment," said Brood. "Don't go."

Suddenly he rose and confronted the serene image of the Buddha. For a full minute he stood there with his hands clasped, his lips moving as if in prayer. No sound came from them. The girl remained transfixed, powerless to move. Not until he turned toward her and spoke was the spell broken. Then he came quickly to his side. He had pronounced her name. "You are about to tell me something, Mr. Brood," she cried in great agitation. "I do not care to listen. I feel that it is something I should not know. Please let me go now. I—" He laid his hands upon her shoulders, holding her off at arm's length.

"I am very sorry of you, Lydia. I do not want to hurt you. Sooner would I have my tongue cut out than it should wound you by a single word. And yet I must speak. You love Frederic. Is that true?" She returned his gaze unwaveringly. Her face was very white. "Yes, Mr. Brood." "It is better that we should talk it over. We have ten minutes. No doubt he has told you that he loves you. He is a lovable boy. He is the kind one must love. But it is not in his power to love nobly. He loves lightly as—"

are young, you are trusting. Your son will cost you a great deal, my dear." "You are mistaken. I do understand myself," she said gravely. "May I speak plainly, Mr. Brood?" "Certainly. I intend to speak plainly to you." "Frederic loves me. He does not love Yvonne. He is fascinated, as I also am fascinated by her, and you too, Mr. Brood. The spell has fallen over all of us. Let me go on, please. You say that Frederic loves like his father before him. That is true. He loves but one woman. You love but one woman, and she is dead. You will always love her. Frederic is like you. He loves Yvonne as you do—oh, I know it hurts! She cast her spell over you, why not over him? Is he stronger than you? Is it strange that she should attract him as she attracted you? You glory in her beauty, her charm, her perfect loveliness, and yet you love—yes love, Mr. Brood—the woman who was Frederic's mother. Do I make my meaning plain? Well, so it is that Frederic loves me. I am content to wait. I know he loves me."

Through all this, Brood stared at her in sheer astonishment. He had no feeling of anger, no resentment, no thought of protest. "You—you astound me, Lydia. Is this your own impression or has it been suggested to you by—by another?" "I am only agreeing with you when you say that he loves as his father loved before him—but not lightly. Ah, not lightly, Mr. Brood."

"You don't know what you are saying," he muttered. "Oh, yes, I do," she cried earnestly. "You invite my opinion; I trust you will accept it for what it is worth. Before you utter another word against Frederic, let me remind you that I have known both of you for a long, long time. In all the years I have been in this house, I have never known you to grant him a tender, loving word. My heart has ached for him. There have been times when I almost hated you. He feels your neglect, your harshness, your—your cruelty. He—"

"Cruelty!" "It is nothing less. You do not like him. I cannot understand why you should treat him as you do. He shrinks from you. Is it right, Mr. Brood, that a son should shrink from his father as a dog cringes at the voice of an unkind master? I might be able to understand your attitude toward him if your unkindness was of recent origin, but—" "Recent origin?" he demanded quickly. "If it had begun with the advent of Mrs. Brood," she explained frankly, undismayed by his scowl. "I do not understand all that has gone before. It is surprising, Mr. Brood, that your son finds it difficult to love you? Do you deserve—"

Brood stopped her with a gesture of his hand. "The time has come for frankness on my part. You set me an example, Lydia. You have the courage of your father. For months I have had it in my mind to tell you the truth about Frederic, but my courage has always failed me. Perhaps I use the wrong word. It may be something very unlike cowardice that has held me back. I am going to put a direct question to you first of all, and I ask you to answer truthfully. Would you say that Frederic is like—that is, resembles his father?" He was leaning forward, his manner intense. Lydia was surprised. "What an odd thing to say! Of course he resembles his father. I have never seen a portrait of his mother, but—" "You mean that he looks like me?" demanded Brood.

"When he is angry he is very much like you, Mr. Brood. I have often wondered why he is unlike you at other times. Now I know. He is like his mother. She must have been lovely, gentle, patient—" "Wait! Suppose I were to tell you that Frederic is not my son?" "I should not believe you, Mr. Brood," she replied faintly. "What is it that you are trying to say to me?" "Will you understand if I say to you that—Frederic is not my son?" Her eyes filled with horror. "How can you say such a thing, Mr. Brood? He is your son. How can you say—"

"His father was the man who wrote the accursed waltz he has just been playing! Could there be anything more devilish than the conviction it carries? After all these years, he—" "Stop, Mr. Brood!" "I am sorry if I hurt you, Lydia. You have asked me why I hate him. Need I say anything more?" "I do not believe all that you have told me. He is your son. He is, Mr. Brood."

"I would to God I could believe that," he cried, in a voice of agony. "I would to God it were true." "You could believe it if you chose to believe your eyes, your own heart." She held her voice to a half-whisper. "Does Frederic know? Does he know that—"

THE NEW FIRM'S REDUCTION SALE

Begins Saturday, June 26
Ends Wednesday, July 6

A Reduction to you of
10 TO 40 PER CENT

Richerson & McCarroll
Corner Brick - Hedley, Texas

Locals

10c goods 5c at Kendall's Sat.

A tub full of bargains at Kendall's Saturday. 5 cent grab.

Informer and Sem Weekly Farm News, one year \$1.75.

Pros Sullivan returned last week for a visit here with home folks.

Mrs. M. E. Bird is in Memphis this week visiting and attending the meeting.

G. C. Nelson left last week for Oklahoma to join his wife in visiting relatives.

Rev. C. E. Lynn of Crosbyton has been visiting his brothers, Ira and Ellery.

For a perfect biscuit flour, try a sack of White Crest at the Boles Grocery.

Grandma Lewis of McKnight is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Bond.

Bargain Croquet Sets, Kendall's.

Miss Effie Rowe was down from Dalhart Monday leaving after business interests.

John Harris returned last week from New Mexico where he has been several months.

Fay Moreman is spending the week in Clarendon with her sister, Mrs. O. B. Stanley.

Thoroughbred Red pigs for sale. Do to take away now. A. N. Wood.

Mrs. F. C. Gotcher of Clade is here visiting her brother, J. A. Morrow, and friends.

C. D. Akers, P. C. Johnson and son, Willie, spent first of the week on the South Plains.

R. E. Goodwin of Cloudcroft visited his niece, Mrs. W. E. Gray, and family this week.

Mrs. B. W. Johnson and daughter, Bula, visited friends in Hedley several days this week.

Miss Reba... with her grandparents, ... and wife, ...

C. Kerie... yesterday... west...

Misses Ethel and Bertha Bond are in Wellington visiting their uncle and aunt, S. N. Bond and wife.

Elder Puckett of the Church of Christ will preach at the Presbyterian church Saturday night July 3.

Miss Myrtle Cornelius of Dallas is here visiting her cousins, L. L. and R. L. Cornelius, and friends.

A. W. Worsham purchased a Ford car this week. He and B. L. Kinsey went to McLean in it Tuesday.

MONEY TO LOAN on farms. Quick service. See T. B. Norwood, Memphis, Tex 28-3t

Miss Levonia Masterson who is attending the Normal at Clarendon was down Sunday visiting homefolks.

Mrs. T. R. Turnbow of Gibtown came last Friday night to visit her son, J. B. Turnbow and family.

The Mystic Tang
That Tones
In Every Glass

El Maté

As Pure as Mountain Dew
Try a Wholesome
Healthful Drink

5c — At Fountains — 5c

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McDougal most delightfully entertained his Sunday School class Tuesday evening of last week.

Mrs. Otis Oller came down from Clarendon Monday to spend the week with her parents, A. J. Newman and wife.

Misses Effie and Essie Crow left last week for their home at Haskell after a two weeks visit with their uncle, I. J. Spurlin.

Bud Skaggs and family moved here last week from Missouri and is working in the store of his brother-in-law, Chas. Boles.

**WILL PUT IN GENTS
FURNISHING STORE**

T. M. Little of Clarendon and his son of Lella Lake were here Thursday completing arrangements for the Junior Little to put in a first class gents furnishing store. They rented the Bond W. Johnson building and expect to open in the near future. Watch Hedley Grow.

FOR SALE CHEAP—eighty acres irrigable land at Columbus, Luna county, N. M. J. M. Holloway, Coronado, N. M.

Mr. Clarke of Waco is visiting his son J. M. of this city. Mr. Clarke has many friends here, having been here several times.

Mrs. Cora Stephenson and daughter, Miss Ada, of Mt. Pleasant are here visiting their daughter and sister, Mrs. G. C. Meadows.

Chas. Boles bought the meat market business some two or three weeks ago and is running it in connection with his grocery business.

Good Oliver Typewriter for sale worth the money, or exchange for sewing machine of equal value. Inquire at Informer office.

Miss Lydia Johnson, who has been clerking for J. L. Tims, has gone to Buffalo Gap in response to a message that her sister was sick.

Mrs. D. P. Rodgers of Logan, New Mexico, arrived Wednesday of last week to visit her sisters, Mesdames J. B. Turnbow and J. E. Blankenship.

Will Hicks and wife stepped over Saturday night for a short visit with J. P. Pool and wife. They were enroute from Henrietta to Hereford.

Mr. and Mrs. Mann of Memphis visited at R. W. Scales home Wednesday. Miss Myrtle Cornelius returned home with them for a few days visit.

Geo. Tomberlin and family have moved back from San Jon, N. M. and are living in one of the Dishman dwellings east of the school building.

2x4 tent show gathered in town here Friday and Saturday nights. Outside of having a good band the show was too far to be called a show.

**GOOD RAIN JUST
AS NEEDED**

The Informer has reported rains in every issue for about two months, and we are keeping up the record, for last night had the finest shower ever. It was just what the crops need to keep them growing.

Mrs. J. C. Skaggs and daughter, Miss Mabel, came over from Wellington this to visit her son and daughter, Bud Skaggs and Mrs. Chas. Boles.

Mrs. Lambkin returned to her home at Jacksboro last week after visiting her sisters, Mesdames J. E. Blankenship and J. B. Turnbow, a few weeks.

Mesdames E. T. Judd and Sallie Alexander of Pottsboro, arrived Saturday night for a visit with their mother, Mrs. E. G. Dishman, and other relatives.

L. D. Garrett of Altus, Okla. visited his nephew and niece, Bud Skaggs and Mrs. Boles. He returned home last night on account of the death of his sister, Mrs. Holley, at Altus.

Mr. A. E. Barksdale of Chico, is here visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Madden. He was here last year and made many acquaintances who are glad to have him here again.

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

J. G. Culwell has been seriously ill five weeks at the home of his son, O. R. Culwell. His sons, A. G. of Weston, R. W. of Achillee, and Paul of Altus, Okla are here with him.

Banker D. B. London and family of Alanreed visited J. W. Lane and family Saturday and Sunday. Sunday Messrs. London, J. W. and John Lane and Miss Orene autoed to Memphis.

Mrs. O. B. Stanley and baby and Mrs. Eula Cox of Clarendon visited T. R. Moreman's family a few days. O. B. coming down Sunday morning returning home with them Sunday afternoon.

DON'T FORGET
We still have all kinds of feed, and everything delivered within city limits. Get our prices before buying. Phone 86. Wood & Plaster.

Subscribe for the Informer.

Grandma Kennedy returned to her home at Greenville Thursday of last week after spending several months here with her son, J. L. Kennedy. Grandma made a host of friends while here who regret her going away.

C. S. Carter, wife and daughter, Miss Ouida, and Miss Lizzie Arm of Wellington, enroute to Boulder, Colorado, to spend the summer, stopped here this week for a short visit with the families of J. B. Masterson and Chas. Boles.

Miss Gertrude Bird of Ryan, Okla. niece of Mrs. J. H. Richey, was in Hedley Wednesday of last week. She was accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. B. F. Jackson. They were enroute to San Francisco to attend the Exposition.

Quite a lot of moving has taken place lately in Hedley. Chas. Boles moved to the residence just by Rond W. Johnson. Jeb Moore to the dwelling vacated by Boles. Mrs. Kirksey to the dwelling vacated by Moore. Bud Skaggs moved to the Loren Bond house.

Concert to be given in the Tabernacle auditorium by the Marquis Conservatory Orchestra of Clarendon with Miss Marquis and Arthur Larson, violin soloists. Fine program, Saturday evening July 10, at 8:30 o'clock. Admission 25c, children 15c.

On June 30th the B. W. M. W. of Northwest District will meet at Memphis. Mesdames Beddoe, Byers, Lyell and Townsend, all prominent State workers, and others from over the district, will be present. Every local member should attend the meeting.

O. L. Williams, secretary of Bowls Chamber of Commerce, and incidentally president of Colorado-to-Gulf Highway, was in the city Wednesday in interest of the Denver Road Immigration Department. He is a live wire and is known throughout the state as a booster.

Posted Notice
My land in Collingsworth Co., known as the Mont-Noel ranch, is lawfully posted.

Any one found hunting, fishing, swimming, wood hauling, or trespassing in any way will be prosecuted. No exception or excuse will do. Jot Montgomery.

**BOY SCOUTS ARE
BUNCH OF BOOSUERS**

The Boy Scouts are about the most enterprising bunch in Hedley. Without any suggestion on the outside they procured team, plow and other tools this morning and worked the trees at the park. No factions among these Scouts. They are planning their first hike of the year for tomorrow, and they always enjoy such occasions.

"Knitters' Neuritis."
Too much wartime knitting and sewing is responsible for the appearance in England of a malady which may be compared with writers' cramp or tennis elbow. The physicians call it "knitters' neuritis." The only treatment is to give up knitting indefinitely.

"When any untrained set of muscles is suddenly called upon to repeat indefinitely a complex and unaccustomed sequence of movements," says a London physician, "a spasmodic paralysis is very likely to develop. Knitters' neuritis begins with the worker feeling that the usual wrist and finger movements cannot be followed with the customary ease. Then the muscles get stiff, and in the later stage develop a spasmodic cramp as soon as the knitting needles are taken into the fingers. Although the fingers are thus affected whenever an attempt is made to knit, there is no interference with other varieties of finger movement."

More Oil Wells in Argentina.
Nine new wells are now producing in the Argentina oil fields, making the total number of wells 23. These wells, it is calculated, should give a total monthly production of 12,000 tons, for which the state expects to receive about \$955,000 during the year. Up to December 31 last proceeds of sales had brought in \$340,000. Even assuming that the results anticipated above are realized during the current year, the supply will be inadequate to justify many big firms in adopting oil fuel instead of coal, unless they can make formal contracts for the quantities they require. In the meantime, the Anglo-Mexican Petroleum Products company finds a more than ready market to absorb its large shipments, amounting to 10,000 to 15,000 tons monthly.

Caricature.
Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the suffragist leader, was praising in New York the recruiting work of the English suffragists.

"Englishmen now," she said, "have a better understanding of their suffragist sisters. The average Englishman's idea of a suffragist in the past is well illustrated in an anecdote."

"Dear me," said one woman to another, "here's a wife just been arrested for horsewhipping her husband in a public theater!"

"Quite right, the other woman, a suffragist answered firmly. "Quite right, too, to arrest her. These painful duties should never be performed in public, but only on the sacred privacy of the home."

Finger-Print Love
"Why do you think you'll be happy if you marry that young man down there?" asked the father.
"Because, father, we've had our fingerprints examined and they almost match," was the sweet young thing's reply.