

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 10, 1915

NO. 40

The Land of Hogs, Corn, Cotton, Kaffir, Maize, Feterita, Cane, Fruit and Vegetables, Good Soil and Climate

BAPTIST PANHANDLE ASSOCIATION HAD BUSY SESSION

The Baptist Panhandle Association convened in Hedley Tuesday with a strong delegation of ministers, messengers and visitors. Hedley homes were thrown open and all were assigned places to stay, with a few homes left over. Something like 100 visiting Baptists have been in attendance with many others coming and going.

Tuesday the crowd was fed at the church with a basket dinner.

Tuesday afternoon the Ladies Auxiliary of the Association had an interesting session with more than a score of ladies in attendance from neighboring towns. The work reported was gratifying. Clarendon, Childress, Hedley, Lakeview, Wellington and Memphis societies reported \$4,071.88 raised during the year ending Aug. 31st. The division of the Association will call for a division of the Auxiliary. A meeting will be held in the near future for organization and election of officers.

The Association has been having a busy session. The Association has been divided, placing Donley and Hall counties in one and Childress and Collingsworth counties in another. The four counties have heretofore composed the Association, but has grown to such proportions that it was decided best to divide it.

Getting through with the work Thursday afternoon the visitors departed for their various homes praising Hedley for its hospitable people.

Herman Horschler returned Thursday night from Jack county where he visited for several weeks.

John Blankenship traded his 200 acre farm north of town this week to J. R. Cox. He took in some stock in north Texas as part of the consideration, and they left Tuesday morning for Jack county to sell the stock.

Naylor Springs

We are glad to note that our community was visited by a nice shower Monday afternoon.

A H. Hefner and family started this week for Brice and possibly other points.

Ben Kirkwood left Monday for his home near Stratford.

Miss Louise Hodges and brother, Neubern, have gone to Graham where they will take literary and special training.

We are very sorry to learn that Grandma Gaut is quite unwell, but hope she will be better soon. Her son, R. Gaut, and family come down Saturday night from Amarillo in response to a phone message.

Miss Hefner has returned to her home at Amarillo after a pleasant visit here with relatives. Clarence and Lee Johnston visited Ernest and Lee Wood Friday and Saturday.

Dr. C. L. Fields returned Monday from a Ford trip to Portales, N. M., and other points.

Mrs. James K. Drinnon and Miss Ruth Fields visited in Clarendon part of last week.

J. W. Bland and family visited in Hedley Sunday.

NELDA.

HEDLEY SCHOOL BEGAN MONDAY

Last Monday morning the opening of the Hedley Public School was held at the Methodist church. Most of the parents were present, and pupils to the number of about 235 were enrolled. The school starts out with bright prospects, and we trust, will continue good; and it will if the parents will cooperate with the teachers.

The following are the teachers: Prof. Lewis, supt., Mesdames Kennedy, Meadows and Boston, and Miss Eunice Wimberly, all literary; Miss Smith, expression; Miss Bilbro, music.

A traveling electric motion picture show is holding forth here this week in an airdome. This is the only traveling picture show that is worth the admission price to ever visit Hedley. The pictures are excellent, and equal to regular city shows. The Passion Play will be the feature Saturday night.

THEIR SON KILLED

San Angelo, Sept. 9.—An Orient engine turned over two miles west of Mertzon this afternoon, instantly killing Thomas Nipper, fireman.

The above was a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Nipper who live near Hedley. They left Thursday night for San Angelo.

W. W. Gammon had an auction sale of his household effects last Saturday, and disposed of most of his goods. They leave Saturday for Byers where Mr. Gammon has bought a harness shop.

STAGGS-MINIKEN

Mr. Frank Staggs and Miss Winona Miniken were married Monday at Memphis. They are now keeping house in the A. J. Newman residence in east Hedley. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Geo. Miniken of this place, and the groom has been running a barber shop here for several months. Congratulations and best wishes are extended.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Hill and son, Oliver, returned yesterday from an auto trip to New Mexico. They report an enjoyable time, and that country blessed with fine crops.

LEMON-WAITS

Joe Lemon and Mrs. Bertie Waits were married Monday, August 30, at Walters, Oklahoma, where Mrs. Waits had spent a month visiting. Both parties are well known in Memphis, having resided here for some time. They arrived last Thursday night and will make this city their future home. Congratulations are extended to this young couple for a life of happiness and much of this world's success. —Memphis Democrat.

J. M. Whittington bought the restaurant from Mr. Bell first of the week. Mr. Whittington has in turn sold to a Mr. Stephens of Clarendon.

GOOD ROADS INTEREST GROWING

Good roads are being built in nearly every direction leading into Hedley. H. P. Wilson has had a force of men and teams busy west of town, grading and claying some bad and sandy stretches, and is putting the road in fine shape. Another force has been building a good road from Frand McClure's place east toward McKnight. Another outfit has been working from Hedley east three miles and north and east toward McKnight and the road leading west from McKnight to the corner of the Harris place is being put in fine shape, the road graded and sandy places clayed.

INTERESTED IN PIANO OR VIOLIN?

Miss Bilbro will have charge of the Piano and Violin Department in school. Several years experience in teaching. Pupil of Guy R. Pitner and E. Clyde Whitlock of Fort Worth, Piano, and with the late master musician, Enid Leibling, of Chicago, Violin. She will teach at the home of Mrs. T. R. Moreman until arrangements can be made to place a piano in the school building. Call at school building for terms.

D. C. Moore and John Blankenship made a deal this week whereby Mr. Moore becomes owner of the Blankenship (Waldron) farm near town and Mr. Blankenship the owner of Mr. Moore's residence property in Hedley.

HEDLEY COUNTRY TO BE REPRESENTED AT PANHANDLE STATE FAIR

Judge S. P. Huff and L. A. Wells of Amarillo were in Hedley Wednesday talking up the Panhandle State Fair to be held at Amarillo Sept. 21 to 25.

They stated that about thirty-five counties would have exhibits there, and as there will be lots of visitors from other sections of the state and United States. It will be a splendid opportunity to show them what the Panhandle can and does produce.

Several Hedley people have decided to have Hedley territory represented by an exhibit, and as the premiums offered on products will be ample to justify the farmers in going to a little trouble in preparing their products to exhibit. Get your products in shape and bring them to the First State Bank Saturday, Sept. 18, so they can be shipped on Monday in time to enter them. Catalogs may be secured at the bank, and by referring to them, exhibitors can find out just how much of each kind they should bring in. There are plenty of crops around Hedley from which selections can be made that will open the eyes of the Panhandle as well as visiting people, and let's put our section of the country on the map.

W. M. AUXILIARY

Program for Monday, Sept. 13 at 2:30 p. m.:

Education of the Adolescent—Mrs. Masterson.

The Adolescent Boy—Mrs. L. A. Stroud.

The Luxuries of a Missionary's Life—Mrs. Bray.

Revival Fires in Songdo—Mrs. Kendall.

A Remarkable Story of Self Support—Mrs. Bain.

Social Service Questions—The Adolescent at School—Mrs. R. W. Scales.

The Two Greatest Wars—Mrs. Wimberly.

Leader—Mrs. Story.

Hostess—Mrs. Bolander.

The rain Monday afternoon, we learn, was accompanied by hail which did considerable damage in west part of Windy Valley and in Hall county near Lakeview and Brice. Oak Creek near Lakeview got on a rampage and washed a bridge away.

R. H. Jones and family to their daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. Ruby McHan and little son, who were met at Wichita Falls. They were met by a family from

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HEDLEY For The Homeseeker

To the man of moderate means who would like to farm on a moderate scale and who would diversify to the end of living at home for the home's sake, there is a section in the southeastern part of Donley county that holds out exceptional opportunities.

Hedley, a small but growing town on the main line of the Ft. Worth & Denver Railway, is the trade and business center of this favored agricultural district.

Hedley has a population of about six hundred. It is located fourteen miles southeast of Clarendon, the county seat. Its altitude is 2800, and in many respects it is a modern little village. Surrounding Hedley there is a trade territory containing multiplied thousands of acres of fertile lands. This area is dotted with prosperous homes, productive farms and cattle pastures. The science of agriculture is comparatively a new enterprise in these parts, but the last few years has demonstrated beyond all question that it is the natural home for the man of the soil.

Perhaps not more than fifty per cent of the land in the Hedley territory is now under cultivation. Of the fifty per cent

which remains in its natural prairie state it is safe to assume that thirty percent is available for cultivation. The important feed crops of the community which have made good without fail are kaffir corn, milo maize and corn. And because of the certainty of one or all three of these feed crops, the territory about Hedley is developing into a very substantial poultry, dairy, stock farming section. The soil is a rich, sandy loam. Good water is available in an abundant amount anywhere at a maximum depth of one hundred and sixty feet. Improved lands immediately contiguous to Hedley are now selling at prices ranging from \$20 to \$35, though unimproved lands at a distance of from six to ten miles are quoted on reasonable terms at prices between \$15 and \$20. The country about is a net work of rural telephones and rural mail routes. Good roads cross the country in every direction and ready and reliable markets for all lines of field and farm products are always found at Hedley, Lella Lake and Clarendon.

The demonstrated certainty

of diversified farming in the Hedley territory, the available markets already assured and the great acreage of virgin lands contiguous thereto should make the Hedley territory the mecca for the homeseeker.

The dairy business hereabout has just started. The poultry business is in its infancy. There are six firms in Hedley that handle annually thirty thousand pounds of poultry. The reports show that thirty-five hundred bales of cotton were marketed at Hedley last season and that sixty cars of hogs exported from this point while milo maize, kaffir corn and other farm products amounted to a value of one hundred cars. These statistics are not only remarkable, but they are not to be and are a reflection of the country is in. Investigate and possibly territory of time of any small income, a able income schools, good promise.

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry on Human Nature

SAY! Did you ever sit around in the Pullman Car and study a few paragraphs from the world's most famous text book—human nature?

Go after it the first chance you get—you'll learn a lot.

For instance, during a trip recently on one of Mr. Pullman's sleep-wagons I soon learned that the brisk and breezy crew in the seats around me were commercial travelers, and they were fanning each other with fairy tales about the goods they sold.

I learned that the one who looked like a human apple was affectionately known as Slim because he's so fat that every time he turns around he meets himself coming back.

And it wasn't hard to learn that the tall one with the sandy hair was Nick Dalrymple, who goes after the orders for a hardware house in Columbus and knows everybody in the world—bar one family living in Yonkers.

Then there was Tod Gilpin, who cuts ice for a match factory in Newark, and he's the life of a small party.

Tod's main hold is to creep into the "reading room" of a Rube hotel after the chores are done of an evening and throw alive at the come-ons. Tod tells them that their town is the brightest spot on the map, and they warm up to him and want to buy him sarsaparilla and root beer. Then when he gets them stuck on themselves he sells them matches.

Presently I learned that the party with the mauve forehead and the magenta mustache was Mutt Dawson—the most reckless spendthrift with his words and the meanest man to the English language I ever listened to.

The Dream Builders' Association was in full session when Wedge Murray caromed over and weighed-in with the party.

Wedge is a saucy little party, five foot four, with three foot shoulders. I learned that Wedge sells canned shirt waists for the Shine Brothers, and if we's ever let into the firm it will be as a broker.

Wedge is one of those goose-headed ginks who scratch gravel and start in to make a killing every time they see a pretty girl.

Across the aisle sat two pet ca-

He sat on the arm of the seat and steamed up.

In less than a minute he crowded the information on them that he was a millionaire who had escaped from Los Angeles, California, and he was just going to put them both in grand opera, when Slim toddled over to him and said: "Next stop Erie! You told me to remind you to send that telegram to your wife in Logansport."

Curtain. Of course the fact that Wedge didn't have a wife in Logansport or elsewhere made no difference. He couldn't prove an alibi, so he faded out into the day coach and became as one who isn't.

The Roast-Beef Sisters seemed to be all carved up about something or other.

While these more or less grin-producing incidents were occurring there was ever present in my own noodle the grim reality that bedtime was approaching and I had drawn an upper berth.

Say! I'll be one of a party of six to go before Congress and tell all I know about an upper berth.

As a place to tie up a small bundle of sleep a boiler factory has it beat to a whimper.

Strong men weep every time the ticket agent says, "Nothing left but an upper," and lovely women have hysterics and begin to make faces at the general public when the colored porter points up in the air and says, "Madam, your eagle's nest is ready far up the mountainside."

While the porter was cooking up my attack of insomnia I went out in the smoking room to drown my sorrow, but I found such a bunch of sorrow killers out there ahead of me that I had to hold the comb and brush in my lap and sit up on the towel rack while I took a little smoke.

Did you ever notice on your travels that peculiar hog on the train who pays two dollars for a berth and always displaces eight dollars' worth of space in the smoking car?

If he would bite the end of a piece of rope and light up occasionally he wouldn't be so bad, but nix on the smoke for him.

He simply sits there with a face like a fish and keeps George Nicotine

buffet car on the train, so he offered to buy the drinks.

"Don't you believe that all men are born equal?" inquired the Kansas City-ite.

"Yes, but some of them have pull enough to get over it," responded the Providence philosopher; whereupon the smokeless hog by the window took out a flask and began to dampen his conscience.

Just then the towel rack fell with a crash, and after I picked up the comb and brush and myself I decided to retire to my bracket on the wall and try to sleep.

When I left the smoker the smokeless hog was occupying two and a half seats and was now busy breathing in some second-hand cigarette smoke which nobody seemed to care for.

"How do I reach my Alpine bungalow?" I said to the porter, whereupon he laughed toothfully and hit me on the shins with a stepladder.

The spectacular gent who occupied the star chamber beneath my garret



"Their Names Were Millie and Tillie."

was sleeping as noisily as possible, and when I started up the stepladder he began to render Mendelssohn's obligato for the trombone in the key of G.

Above the roar of the train from away off in lower No. 2 faintly I could hear an answering bugle call.

I climbed up prepared for the worst and in the twinkling of an eye the porter removed the stepladder and there I was, sitting on the perilous edge of my pantry shelf with nothing to comfort me save the exhaust of a professional snorer.

After about five minutes devoted to a parade of all my sins, I began to try to extract my personality from my coat, but when I pushed my arm up in the air to get the sleeve loose my knuckle struck the hardwood finish and I fell backward on the cast-iron pillows, breathing hoarsely like a busy jackrabbit.

I waited about ten minutes while my brain was bobbing back and forth with the excitement of running fifty miles an hour over a careless part of the country, and then I cautiously tried to approach my shoe laces.

Say! If you're a man and you weigh in the neighborhood of 200 pounds, most of which is in the region of the equator, you will appreciate what it means to lie on your back in an upper berth and try to get your shoes off.

And this goes double for the man who weighs more than 200 pounds. Every time I reached for my feet to get my shoes off I bumped my head off; so I decided that in order to keep my head on I had better keep my shoes on also.

Then I tried to divorce my suspenders from my shoulders but just as I got the suspenders half way over my head I struck my crazy bone on the rafters, and there I was, suspended between heaven and earth, but praying with all my heart for a bottle of arnica.

Finally I decided to sleep as nature made me, with all my clothes on, including my rubbers.

So I stretched out, but just then the train struck a curve and I went up in the air till the ceiling hit me, and then I bounced over to the edge of the precipice and hung there, trembling on the verge.

Below me all was dark and gloomy, and only by the hoarse groans of the snorers could I tell that the Pullman company was still making money.

Luck was with me, however, for just then the train struck an in-shoot curve which pushed me to the wall, and I bumped my head so completely that I fell asleep.

When I woke up a small package of daylight was peeping into the car, so I decided to descend from my cupboard shelf at once.

I peeped out through the aluminum curtains, but there was no sign of the colored porter and the stepladder was invisible to the naked eye.

The car was peaceful now, with the exception of a gent in lower No. 4, who had a strange hold on a Beethoven sonata and was beating the cadence out of it.

I made a short prayer and concluded to fall out, but just then one of my feet rested on something solid; so I put both feet on it and began to step down.

Alas, however, the moment I put my weight on it my stepping stone gave way and I fell overboard with a splash.

"How dare you put your feet on my head?" yelled the man on the ground near my bed room.

"Excuse me, I felt like something wooden," I whimpered while I dashed madly for the smoker.

From that day to this I have never been able to look a Pullman car in the face, and whenever anybody mentions an upper berth to me I lose my presence of mind and get peevish.

If you have ever been there your self I know you don't blame me! Do you?

COMPLETE AND NOISY MEAL

Traveler Surely Well Fitted With Abundance of Nourishment and "Music."

The longest and noisiest dinner that Mr. James Sibree, Jr., the author of "A Naturalist in Madagascar," ever attended was given by the governor of a town called Ankarana. About a score of officers were at the table and seven ladies. After a long grace by the pastor, dinner was brought in, and consisted of the following courses:

First, curry; second, goose; third, pigeons and waterfowl; fourth, chicken cutlets and poached eggs; fifth, beef sausages; sixth, boiled tongue; seventh, sardines; eighth, pig's trotters; ninth, fried bananas; tenth, pancakes; eleventh, manioc; twelfth, dried bananas.

And lastly, says Mr. Sibree, when I thought everything must have been served, came haunches of roast beef. Claret went about very freely, and at length some much stronger liquor; and the healths of the queen, "Our friends, the two foreigners," then those of the prime minister, chief secretary and chief judge, were all drunk twice over, the governor's coming last; and each was followed by musical and drum honors.

There was a big drum just outside on the veranda, as well as two small ones, besides clarinets and fiddles and these were in full play almost all the time. Then the room was filled by a crowd of servants and aides de camp, and the shouting of everyone, from the governor down, was deafening. The old gentleman directed everything and everyone. I was glad when I could take my leave, after two hours' sitting, but I was not to leave quietly. The governor took me by the hand and escorted me home, while the big drum was hammered at ahead of us all the way.—Youth's Companion.

Most Obliging. A street car was getting under way when two women, rushing from opposite sides of the street to greet each other, met right in the middle of the car track and in front of the car. There the two stopped and began to talk. The car stopped, too, but the women did not appear to realize that it was there. Certain of the passengers, whose heads were immediately thrust out of the windows to ascertain what the trouble was, began to make sarcastic remarks, but the two women heeded them not.

Finally the motorman showed that he had a saving sense of humor. Leaning over the dashboard he inquired in the gentlest of tones: "Pardon me, ladies, but shall I get you a couple of chairs?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Found Ancient Watch. While hoeing in his garden, Dr. Edward R. Noyes of Brattleboro, Vt., uncovered a watch in a solid silver case bearing a hallmark which showed that it was made in London in 1794. The order for the hallmark was issued by King George in 1762. The watch is of peculiar design. All the metal parts are intact except the steel, which has rusted away.

Wrote Famous Work. Karl Friedrich Glasenapp, the famous biographer of Richard Wagner, recently died at Riga, Russia. The Glasenapp-Wagner biography, published in 1876, remains the most extensive work on the life of the great composer.

Life is one continuous hurdle race to the people who make a habit of jumping at conclusions.

Officer, He's Out Again! Snickelfritz—I know a man who never washes his hands before breakfast.

Dinglebatz—Why doesn't he? Snickelfritz—Guess he hasn't time. He employs nearly 200 hands in his factory.

The fact that a man is downcast doesn't necessarily mean that he is in trouble. It may be that he has caught sight of himself in that mirror.

When a missionary explains that the heathen are experiencing a wonderful awakening, that is a sign he is going to pass the hat.

Even a sensible man likes a taste of fattery occasionally.

Activities of Women.

English society girls are now working in the fields.

Fifteen-year-old Grace Funk has the distinction of being St. Paul's greatest girl athlete.

Over 50,000 women are now at work in various factories in England which produce munitions.

Mrs. Robert Lansing, wife of Secretary of State Lansing, is an anti-suffragist and also has the distinction of being the wife and daughter of a secretary of state.

Queen Mary of England has given \$1,250 to pay for the training and expenses of a student at the London School of Medicine for Women for a five years' course.

One of the most daring members of the Russian Flying corps on the Galician front is a girl from a Petrograd high school, who recently arrived at Kiev wounded in the arm and leg, having been hit while flying over some Austrian positions. In spite of her injuries she kept control over her machine until she landed in the Russian lines.

Khaki-Clad Women Salute. The number of women in uniform of various kinds has been attracting a good deal of attention recently, and the action of women in khaki who salute army officers in the street has been commented upon. It appears that those who salute do so on their own initiative and that the practice is quite against the spirit of the Women's Volunteer reserve and of the Women's Reserve ambulance, two of the most prominent of women's corps.

The uniform of the Women's Hospital corps is khaki color and was so before the war office gave them recognition. The yeomanry nurses also wear khaki and men who are back from the front and know what both these corps have done in Belgium and France are said to pay the tribute of a salute to all women in khaki. French and Belgian officers, in particular, are quick to offer this courtesy.—London Times.

Camping Hint. Asbestos cones will be found invaluable to the open-air camper. Roll a sheet of asbestos in cone shape and set the small end securely in the campfire. In it may be baked apples, potatoes and many other things. A good-sized cone will take the place of several cooking utensils.—McCall's Magazine.

Lesson From a Beggar. "It was a street beggar who made me feel my insignificance," said former United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew, "and he did it in a gracious way. I was a trifle out of sorts when I said to him, 'You can't hold me up.' 'Not even as a good example,' he replied, lifting his hat."—Youth's Companion.

A Scholar, All Right. Bill—That young man is just out of college. Jill—He looks like a scholar. "Yes, one who would be at the foot of his class."

Between Octogenarians. "I understand they sentenced him to life imprisonment?" "Well, no; it wasn't as bad at that. He got only ninety-nine years!" —Puck.

Submerged but Deadly. Knicker—Isn't Jones a summer pest? Bocker—He is the submarine under the hot wave.

Suburban Quiet. Knicker—Did they have a sleeping porch? Bocker—Yes, the darned thing snored.

For at least 24 hours after marriage the average woman thinks her husband is the smartest man on earth.

Many a straight man goes on a bend when luck is against him.



"The Moment I Put My Weight on It my Stepping-Stone Gave Way."

naries from Plainfield, New Jersey. They were members of the Soubrette Stinging Society, and they were en route to the West to join the "Bunch of Birds Burlesque Company."

Their names were Millie and Tillie, and they wore Feather Duster hats, fully aware that she

fully aware that she

fully aware that she

fully aware that she

fully aware that she

fully aware that she

fully aware that she

fully aware that she

fully aware that she

and all the real rag burners from enjoying a smoke.

If ever a statue is needed of the patriot Butinski I would suggest a model in the person of the smokeless smoker who always travels in the smoking car.

Two busy gazabes were discussing politics when I squeezed into the smoker on this particular occasion, and I judge they both had lower berths; otherwise their minds would have been busy with dark and personal fears of the future.

exclaimed the gabby one "What is politics?"

Where we get ink, sometimes

shook the cover

smokeless

I shake

inquisitive per-

what is a poli-

Eh, well,

the fat man

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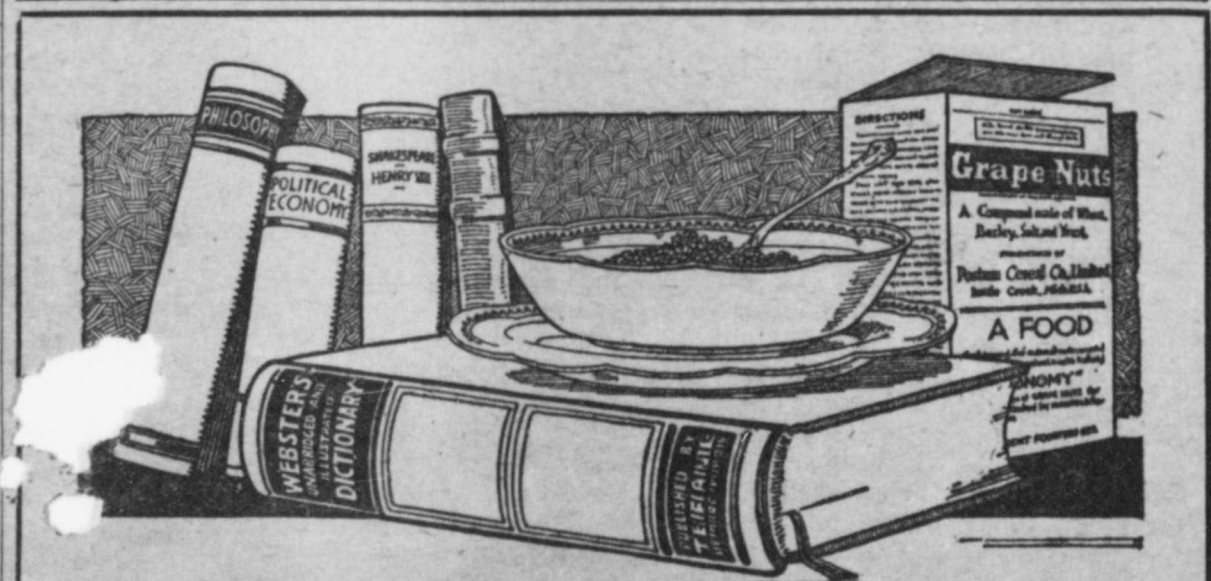
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OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Henry N. Pope
On Where Is the Money?



The bankers of this state have undertaken the patriotic duty of providing money to relieve the distress of the present cotton crop. Conventions have been held, committees appointed and resolutions adopted which make a good beginning.

Most every kind of information has been given out on the subject except the amount of money available and rate of interest demanded on the cotton fund. The farmers would like to hear this phase of the subject discussed by the bankers. The crop is beginning to move, where is the money?

Will the bankers, who are willing to lend money, at the rate of six per cent per annum, on cotton stored in an interior warehouse the loan to terminate at the option of the farmer, please state the amount they have available for such purposes. We are fast approaching the time when the Texas bankers must fish or dig bait, and the farmers of this state want to know what they can depend upon.

I recall the \$125,000,000 cotton pool of last year that spent its energies in discussing plans, organizing committees, hurrying across the continent, sending telegrams and giving out newspaper interviews but no money was available for lending purposes. Cotton is the thing and a movement that exhausts itself before it gets the money to the farmer had better never be started. A broken promise is worse than a drought. I am not questioning the integrity of that movement but the results were disastrous to the farmer for the cotton was held down to a low price until it left the hands of the producer and every effort should be made to prevent repetition of that calamity.

Lending money on cotton at a low rate of interest is as much the part of the warehouse system as the warehouse itself. Building warehouses will not solve the problem and warehouses without money would be of little use to the farmers. The purpose of the warehouse is to make the loan of the banker more secure. If a banker would lend money to a farmer on cotton held on a farm there would be little necessity for a public warehouse except as a safe and convenient means of storage.

The farmers will patronize the warehouse if it is to his interest to do so. The interest rate, storage and insurance charges will determine largely whether or not he will store his cotton. What are the rates? We now have on deposit in the banks of Texas about \$200,000,000. Is any part of it available for handling the Texas cotton crop?

It is time to get down to business. How much money have the bankers available for cotton loans and what do they want for it? That is the question and its answer determines the prosperity of the farmer of the South.

The farmers are depending upon the Texas bankers to handle this year's crop and I have no doubt they will do so for they have announced a willingness to do it and are thoroughly capable of the task, but the danger of all public movements is that we urge and expect the other fellow to put up the funds, hence the question where is the money?

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Peter Radford
On Advertise It In Texas.



As a citizen of Texas and one intensely interested in its material development, I want to add my approval to the "Buy It In Texas" movement. Commercial patriotism and business pride are the foundation stones of success in industry and no country can become supreme in commerce and trade without it fosters a spirit of friendship and partially for its own products and institutions. It is the spirit of the hive that makes the wheels of industry turn and each community should be a progressive unit in our industrial universe. All things being equal the farmer should patronize the local merchant who is always a good citizen, a heavy taxpayer and friend of the farmer. The farmer ships train loads of raw material to outstate and foreign markets and factories that meet on their way car loads of finished and foreign grown products coming to Texas. Any effort to minimize this economic waste ought to be encouraged.

But as a farmer and a friend of the manufacturer and merchant I want to suggest an "Advertise It In Texas" movement. The manufacturer and jobber may blow loud blasts on the horn of patriotism but if they will put an "ad" in the newspapers of this state making a business presentation of their goods they will find it far more effective than waving the star-spangled banner.

The farmer is as much interested in the price of the things he has to buy as in the price of the things he has for sale and the advertising columns of the newspaper is his price list. The price is the thing and the farmer wants the figures in cold type. The politicians give him all the patriotic buncombe he cares for.

Business enterprise is a far more successful salesman than business patriotism and organized enterprise among merchants will become as important a revenue producer as organized patriotism among the people.

There are many most worthy organizations working to promote commerce and trade but we seldom find organized effort to promote the press, yet it is recognized as the most powerful agency for progress the world has ever produced. We have all sorts of days calculated to promote business such as Trades Days; Dollar Days; pay days and why not have a press day and all business concerns advertise the things they have to sell and everybody subscribe for the local paper and all delinquents pay a year in advance. There is nothing so elevating in civilization as the smile of an editor and nothing will contribute more toward the welfare of a community than the prosperity of the press.

The Farmers' Union is a friend of the press and its members subscribe for a liberal number of newspapers and periodicals and it is the best investment a farmer can make. There is no news so valuable as store news; no information so interesting as market demands and no tragedy so entertaining as the rise and fall of prices and no page more closely studied by the farmers than the advertising columns of the press.

Choosing the Camp Site.

Certain rules should be used in the selection of a site to be occupied for any length of time. Clay and limestone are undesirable as the surface water stands on rains. A gentle slope drains off; the liability of storm winds; higher ground must not be chosen. A light loamy or sandy soil is one of preference; avoid damp, low places and ground in which water is very near the surface. A foot of a hill is liable to remain wet several days after a rain. The tendency is to get too near the river or lake on which a camp is usually pitched; unless the land there is well above the water, it is undesirable. Avoid a site that has just been vacated by a camp that has occupied it for some time. Put kerosene on all stagnant water—it prevents the breeding of mosquitoes; if water is kept standing in fire buckets, it should be changed twice a week or have a thin coating of oil—Outing.

Crazy Autoists.

The recklessness of some automobilists passes belief. The Long Island railroad has been compelled to remove the usual lightly built crossing gates and substitute barriers made of heavy lumber as big as telegraph poles. This action has been taken because between July 3 and July 7 there were no less than six cases in which drivers forced their machines through the lighter gates and across the tracks in front of approaching trains. If such fools were killed, it would be small loss. The trouble is that persons so indifferent to their own safety are even more indifferent to the safety of others.—Chicago Evening Post.

High Cost of Killing.

The \$3,000,000,000 subscribed to a single British loan is greater by some hundreds of millions than our entire interest-bearing national debt, after four years of Civil war. Even faster than the cost of living rises the cost of killing one's fellow men.—New York World.

Business.

Madge—Why don't you tell him frankly that you don't like him as well as you do Charlie?
Marjorie—How can I, dear? I'm not just sure that Charlie will propose.—Judge.

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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, Superintendent. PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening. MISSIONARY BAPTIST C. W. Horschler, Pastor. Telephone No. 30 SLS Services 1st and 3rd Sunday; at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 1 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.



I. O. O. F. Lodge meets on every Tuesday night. J. M. Bozeman, N. G. Frank Kendall, Secretary



Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon. J. W. Bond, W. M. E. E. Dishman, Sec. EASTERN STAR CHAPTER meets on each First Monday night at 7:30. Mrs. Lelia Moreman, W. M. Mrs. Margaret Dishman, Sec.

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 3. J. A. Morrow Constable, W. W. Gammon District Court meets third week in January and July County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

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

Deaths on the Highways. During the first six months of the present year there seems to have been an alarming increase in the number of deaths and accidents in the public highways. This increase is not confined to any character. For instance, the fatalities due to automobiles in New York state increased from 183 in 1914 to 241 this year. In New Jersey during the same period there were 48 deaths and this year 88. Population grows and so does the number of vehicles in use on the highways, but neither are sufficient to account for this unreasonable increase in deaths on the highways. Drivers and pedestrians both have their rights, but the observance of ordinary care on the part of the man in the vehicle and the man on foot would undoubtedly cause a big decrease in the number of avoidable deaths, the Philadelphia Inquirer remarks.

Aerial Drednaughts. When Mr. Tennant spoke in the house of commons recently on the large aeroplanes used by Russia, he was alluding to what is known as the Sikorsky biplane, the drednaught of flying machines. This biplane is the largest heavier-than-air machine yet invented, and can carry at least twice the load of any known aeroplane. The dead weight of the machine is no less than three and a half tons, and it can carry a load of over a ton.

Nearly half a ton of fuel and oil is carried, and when on a war reconnaissance could carry a quarter of a ton of explosives, consisting perhaps of half a dozen giant bombs, each weighing 10 pounds, as compared with the one or two which aeroplanes now carry, or ten or a dozen 20-pound bombs. Although compared with a Zeppelin the Sikorsky biplane only carries about a quarter the amount of explosives, and has a much shorter range, it has the very great advantage of being much cheaper, easier to build, less at the mercy of the elements, and a smaller target. It was stated in 1914 that the Russian government had ordered five of these big biplanes.—London Times.

Dog Pilots Nurse and Baby. Wanda, the Polish nursemaid of the Mahler household of Darby, has demonstrated to the family that, while she can speak no English and doesn't know one Darby street from another, she can think herself out of any difficulty once she gets lost.

One evening Wanda was instructed to take the family's proudest possession, Minnie, a 15-pound incubator baby, out for an airing.

Wanda was so intent on looking after the baby's personal interests that she got lost.

As night fell she decided she simply must get home, so she set her mind to work on the problem. At last a yellow dog came along.

Wanda had seen the dog around the Mahler home, and she thought that if she followed him she would get back into the Mahler neighborhood.—Philadelphia North American.

Lots of Room in Russia.

Figures show that while Russia is increasing in population twice as fast as Germany, she has four times as much room at her disposal in Europe. Japan, whose population grows rapidly, has by ordinary standards, little or no room for more.

He Knows.

An experienced employer attaches little importance to written recommendations. He remembers now many he has himself given and now little they really meant.

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

If you are planning to do any building or improving around your place we would be glad to figure with you. Also bear in mind that we always have coal on hand to sell.

Cicero Smith Lumber Company

Great Menace of Content to Man

By Philip Brooks, Kansas City, Mo.

It is in this truth that I find the real secret, the deepest meaning, of the everlasting dissatisfaction of man that is always ready to be stirred. We moralize, we philosophize about the discontent of man. We give little reasons for it; but the real reason for it all is this, that which everything lying behind really signifies, that man is greater than his circumstances, and that God is always calling to him to come up to the fullness of his life.

Dreadful will be the day when the world becomes contented, when one great universal satisfaction spreads itself over the world. Sad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is the child of God. And there is the real secret of the man's struggle with his sins.

It is not simply the hatefulness of the sin, as we have said again and again, but it is the dim perception, the deep suspicion, the real knowledge at the heart of the man, that there is a richer and a sinless region in which it is really meant for him to dwell. Man stands separated from that life of God, as it were, by a great, thick wall, and every effort to put away his sin, to make himself nobler and a purer man, is simply his beating at the inside of that door which stands between him and the life of God, which he knows that he ought to be living.

It is like the prisoner hidden in his cave, who feels through all the thick wall that shuts him out from the sunlight and the joyous life that is outside, who knows that his imprisonment is not his true condition, and so with every tool that his hands can grasp and with his bleeding hands themselves, beats on the stone, that he may find his way out.

Question of Interest to All Motherhood

By M. L. Dazforth, Denver, Colo.

Are the richest kiddies the happiest in the land or are the happiest babies the richest in the land?

The millionaire mother who raises her little son like a crown prince and has him guarded as if he were going to some day inherit a throne, thinks her baby is the happiest in the land, but other fond mothers think she is mistaken.

They believe that only a "poor" baby can be really happy. When the "poor" child is a babe in arms the mother hangs over it, puts the tiniest stitches in the precious baby dresses and kisses it at every cry.

When it begins to walk and falls over the threshold, it is the mother and not a stern governess who runs and picks him up.

The "poor" baby is left to play alone sometimes and given a chance to spill a bottle of ink or pour mamma's best perfume out of the window "to see it wain."

This baby can play in a sand pile on pleasant days and have countless pans and dishes to pass the time away and make mud pies and play with rag dolls and have just oodles of fun!

As the last hours of the day draw near baby tries to make the best of the time that is left him.

The rattles rattle louder than ever, the toy horses rock harder and the small voices get stronger and shriller.

Baby doesn't need a maid to put him to bed and stay with him because he knows the bogey-man can't get him while mamma is near.

Rag dolls, mud pies and—oftentimes even mamma is denied the richest babies.

That's what makes us think these rich babies are not the happiest babies. Do you?

Substantial Tax for the Jitney Bus

By R. L. Gagey, San Francisco, Cal.

The California supreme court has decided that the drivers of jitney automobiles may rightfully be asked to pay a substantial license tax and also to furnish bonds for good behavior and for accident liability. The restrictions imposed were so obviously in the public interest that the result was a foregone conclusion. There will be very few to cavil at it.

Perhaps it is too soon to predict that the advent of the jitney was a mere temporary spasm and that it will presently occupy a very small space on a back page of municipal history. But the jitney will certainly become inconspicuous and innocuous, and this would inevitably happen even without the aid of the new restrictions. In its inception it was but a phase of the unemployment problem. Owners of cheap cars found that they could pick up a few dollars in nickels and dimes and that the weekly receipts represented a fair wage. But they made no allowance for depreciation. Very few among them could replace their cars, or even keep them in repair under the wear and tear of the road and of constant use of the jitney as a serious institution might be expected to be. It is a pity that the jitney in its infancy was never properly regulated. It is a pity that the jitney should be allowed to meet its responsibilities. It is a pity that it should pay its own way.

In the British city of Hongkong the practice is not so commonly followed, because the authorities have a swift way of dealing with unnatural parents of this stamp. But it is not yet stamped out and probably never will be. The best that can be said is that fear of the law keeps it within reasonable bounds (if any bounds can be reasonable in such a connection), and that those parents who do risk the penalty of the law have at least been educated to a point of dumping the bodies with for them, quite commendable decency. They do not now drop them overboard and allow them to be picked up or no as chance determines. They dump them on buoys, where they are sure to be seen and so secure burial for them.

Life Cheap in the Far East. Dumping on buoys is even today so common that the newspapers do not

RIVER LIFE in CHINA

IF YOU visit Hongkong or Canton or Shanghai you will find thousands of people who spend their lives from first to last on water. Both in Hongkong and Canton a population equal to that of a considerable town lives on little boats called sampans, and never by any chance do these water dwellers set foot on land if they can avoid it, the Hongkong correspondent of the Dundee Courier writes.

Nor can they get back quickly enough to their native element if business should call them from it for a little time. They are unhappy on land; one can read it alike in their carriage and their faces. Even the tiniest of children dislike dry land. But see them aboard a rocking cockleshell of a boat, and if you are tender hearted, you have heart tremors the first time or two. They are able to do little more than walk, yet they balance perilously on the narrow side of the boat and perform feats that would turn a white mother's hair gray in a day.

But these Chinese mothers do not turn gray; they do not even look at their offspring. For one reason, they are too busy; for another, there is not the faintest need for them to worry. What is bred in the bone comes out even in the flesh of a sampan-born youngster, and ability to get about a rocking boat at the age of fifteen months or so is bred in the bone of these babies.

Girl Babies of Little Account. Besides, babies (girl babies at least) are of very little account. If one of them should fall overboard she may be pulled out again before she is drowned, and if she is not caught up quickly enough the loss is not greatly serious from their point of view. You may regard this as exaggerated, but it is overstated no whit. The writer remembers successive days—when he was new to the far East and took notice of such things—seeing first a girl baby and then a hen fall into the water.

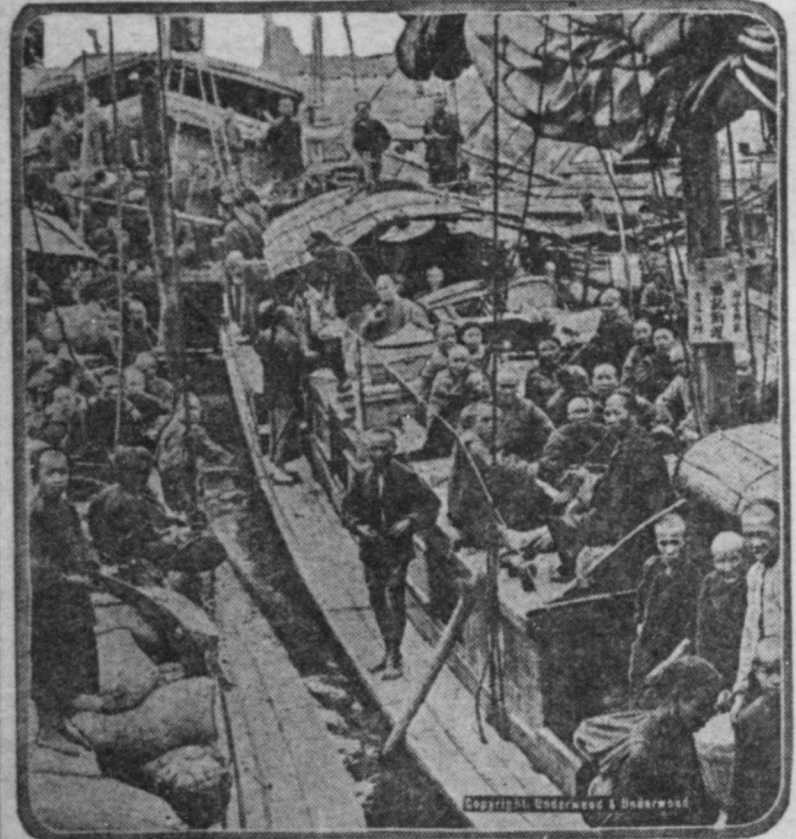
The mishap to the baby caused no excitement whatever, but in the case of the hen there arose a mighty screaming. The mother and grandmother and what may have been either

think it worth their while to chronicle the fact. But then, life is much cheaper out in the far East than it is at home. Why, we have epidemics of, say, smallpox here in Hongkong during which a couple of hundred cases, and goodness knows how many deaths, will be reported in a week. And no one except the authorities takes much notice.

Mention of the hen above may make the reader wonder what manner of boats these are and what manner of people and animals and birds are congregated therein. Bless you, in little more space than is available in an ordinary rowing boat these sampan people will crowd three generations of people—anything up to ten—men and a dog. These at least. Don't ask me where and how they all sleep. Even if they are packed as clothes are packed in a holiday bag, with the smaller articles—the children in this case—wedged into any available corner and crushed in the process, there does not seem room enough for even one to get legs healthily stretched. But they do manage it and keep healthy and thrive tremendously on it. The housing problem for them is readily solved.

To passengers aboard steamers they will sell eggs or vegetables or pots and pans, or silk, or anything else they may wish. They may not have the particular article you require, but they will either get it or find another sampan where it can be secured. If you go to Canton they will ferry you across the river very cheaply—if you know the ropes. Chinese passengers will be carried across for ten cash, which is one tenth of a cent Mex., or two fifths of one cent U. S. currency. Work that out for yourself and don't talk for strikes for a generation after. But the European passenger, who is not initiated, is fair prey.

Will Squeeze you if he can. The cost to him is as much as can be squeezed out of him. No fiftieth part of a penny for him. If he looks a stranger 50 cents Mex. or more will be asked, and if he protests, the price may come down to half. Even then the sampan people have done a famous stroke of business for that day. And the best of Europeans count



ON THE YANGTZE-KIANG

aunts or sisters set up a tremendous row which did not subside until some time after the frightened hen had been rescued. The loss of a baby was neither here nor there; the loss of a hen would have been serious from an economic point of view.

Whether among land or water people in China, girls are not greatly wanted and the addition to a family which has already a sufficiency of girls of another of the female sex is counted almost a calamity. But it is a calamity which is easily got over. One hates to set down the horrid fact, but the unwanted baby is quite often got rid of by the simple expedient of dumping it overboard. Especially does this take place with much frequency in Canton.

In the British city of Hongkong the practice is not so commonly followed, because the authorities have a swift way of dealing with unnatural parents of this stamp. But it is not yet stamped out and probably never will be. The best that can be said is that fear of the law keeps it within reasonable bounds (if any bounds can be reasonable in such a connection), and that those parents who do risk the penalty of the law have at least been educated to a point of dumping the bodies with for them, quite commendable decency. They do not now drop them overboard and allow them to be picked up or no as chance determines. They dump them on buoys, where they are sure to be seen and so secure burial for them.

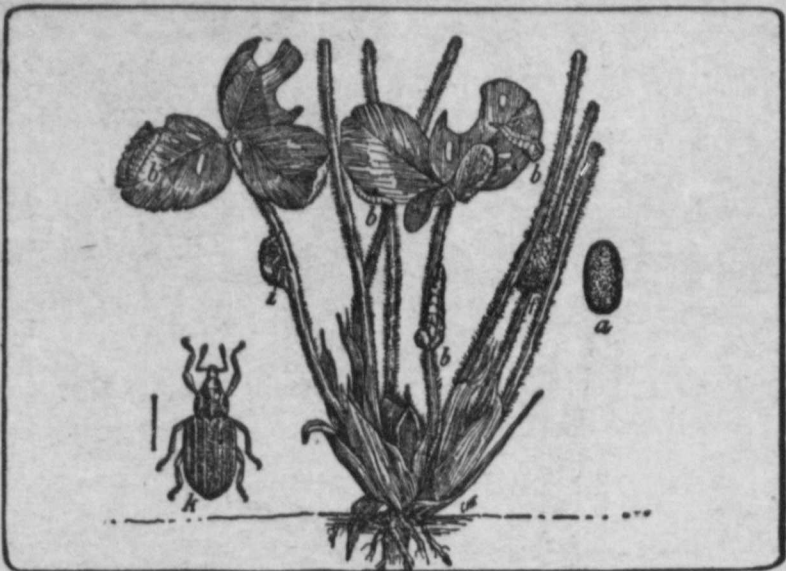
Life Cheap in the Far East. Dumping on buoys is even today so common that the newspapers do not

themselves lucky if they are taken across for less than ten cents. Well, twopenny is a famous pay for half an hour's sailing.

Another takes command of the sampan. Girls may not be wanted in China, but if they live to be old people and ancestors they are venerated. Indeed, the most admirable traits of the Chinese character. And what magnificent water women they are. I have been in a sampan in dangerous weather, with a typhoon threatening (and I should never have been there had it not been absolutely necessary; don't take me for a hero). A fierce gusty wind was blowing and all the time the boat looked like being swamped. But the way in which that old woman gave her orders and anticipated every gust of more than usual strength was entirely admirable.

The sail would be raised a little way, to the vast mental discomfort of the passenger, who was vastly afraid, and down it would come with a rattle on her order just before the wind caught the boat and sent it careening along at an alarming pace. Mind you, there was a man aboard, a son-in-law; I have yet to see a grandfather—but he counted for less than nothing. He smoked all through the trying time. He also smokes when the weather is fine. Sometimes, when no breeze is about, he will take the tiller, but that is because the old women are wanted at the oars. I do not know where the old men go, nor have I met anyone who does know, but they do not at least die of premature strain of the heart induced by overwork.

DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF ALFALFA WEEVIL



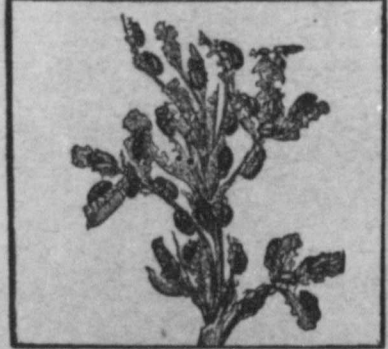
Clover-Leaf Weevil—A, Egg; B, B, B, Larvae Feeding; F, Cocoon; I, Beetle; Same, Dorsal View—This Beetle Also Infests Alfalfa Fields and May Be Easily Confused With the Alfalfa Weevil by the Farmer.

The alfalfa weevil, introduced into this country at a single spot near Salt Lake City over ten years ago, has slowly spread throughout the northern half of Utah, including three of the most productive counties, and taken a foothold in the adjacent parts of Idaho and Wyoming. It destroys about one-half of the annual yield, unless measures are taken to prevent it.

The weevils, after spending the winter in the fields about the roots of the plants, deposit large numbers of pale yellow eggs in cavities made in the stems with their beaks. The little green "worms," which hatch from these during spring and early summer, cluster upon the fresh shoots of alfalfa plants and feed, becoming most numerous about June 1. They destroy much of the first crop, injure the quality of what remains, and compel early cutting to prevent total loss. The actual damage to the first crop is not far from 50 per cent of its value. Upon the cutting of the first crop the larvae gather upon the bit of food which is afforded by the new shoots and destroy them as fast as they appear. This condition lasts until the normal harvest time of the second crop, so that it is a total loss. The damage to the first two crops usually amounts to about one-half the annual yield.

A valuable method for preventing the injury to the second crop consists in brush dragging the stubble after removal of the first cutting. This was devised by the Utah experiment station in co-operation with farmers. It was improved later, however, in actual practice by the adoption of a weighted spike-tooth harrow with several layers of woven wire stock fencing underneath, instead of the old-fashioned brush drag. This treatment was widely adopted as a means of crushing the insects, and also as a means of exposing them to the rays of the sun and to the choking action of the dust. The bureau of entomology has proved that neither the mechanical crushing nor the direct rays of the sun contribute much to the effectiveness of the dust-mulch treatment, and that most of the insects in all stages die long before they are smothered by the dust. The essential factor in killing the weevils is the heat absorbed by the soil from the sun's rays.

To kill the weevil the surface of the field to be treated must be dry, free from clods, cracks and vegetation. To get best results, however, the sky must be clear and the weather warm. Under these conditions when the soil reaches the necessary temperature of 120 degrees all stages of the insect are killed in less than two minutes. The second crop of alfalfa is then free to grow. The effectiveness of this treatment, however, is directly proportional to the thoroughness with which the above conditions are complied with. If the soil is not in good condition it must be cultivated before dragging. The great objections to this method of fighting the weevil is



Adult Alfalfa Weevils.

that it requires much cultivation of the alfalfa at the busy haying season.

Poison for Alfalfa Weevils. Several farmers have adopted the method of spraying the alfalfa stubble with arsenate of lead instead of creating a dust mulch. Apply the poison at the rate of 12 pounds in four barrels of water per acre. Where a large area is to be covered a gasoline engine for power is necessary. Two lines of hose are operated by two men and Bordeaux nozzles held at a distance of about 1 1/2 feet from the ground. Equally good work could probably be done with a small quantity of arsenate of lead by a better method of distribution. This spray method, however, is better adapted to large fields than the dust-mulch method. It is also applicable as well to the

rocky fields where cultivation is not desirable.

Analyses and feeding tests show that there is not the slightest danger of poisoning animals which eat the hay. If the field needs cultivation, a combination of both spraying and brush dragging from the standpoint of cultivation, however, is lost when followed by irrigation.

Pasture With Hogs in Early Spring.

The only method which can be recommended at the present time for protection of the first alfalfa crop is pasturing with hogs after the eggs of the weevil are laid in April or May. The field to be pastured is divided into two or more equal lots, each provided with water, shelter and facilities for feeding. The hogs should have rings in their noses if the owner wishes to preserve his stand of alfalfa. The hogs are moved from one inclosure to another as fast as they are able to clean up the growth of alfalfa. A small grain ration should supplement the alfalfa for growing and fattening pigs, but is not to be given the brood sows. Under these conditions the first crop of alfalfa is secured with no labor cost, pork economically produced, and the weevil eggs and larvae are destroyed before they can do any harm. Thus the field is left clean for the growth of a second crop which can be cut for hay.

The occurrence of weevils in farm products which are being shipped by freight and express, stored in warehouses and sold in markets has been exhaustively studied with a view to learning how the spread of the insect



Alfalfa Weevil.

into new territory may be prevented. Fruit, vegetables, alfalfa seed and nursery stock contain practically no weevils, with the single exception of potatoes which have been in contact with infested green alfalfa. Alfalfa hay sometimes contains adults and some of them may remain alive for six months in the stack. About the only other danger of spreading the weevil is by carrying it in clothing either on the person or in baggage.

CUTTING HAY AT RIGHT TIME

Task Should Be Performed in Morning After Dew Is Off—Legumes Lose Their Leaves Readily.

(By J. E. LARSON, Oregon Experiment Station.)

Cut hay in the morning after the dew is off and rake into windrows as soon as the leaves are thoroughly wilted. Legumes (clover, alfalfa, etc.) especially lose their leaves readily and should be cured in windrow and cocks and not in swath. Two or three days in cocks will cure clover hay enough for the mow. Be sure all outside moisture (rain and dew) are off and little danger will be experienced in mow burning, provided the crop was cut at the proper stage. You can't afford to lose the leaves by swath curing. They represent a large per cent of the nutritive value of the hay.

If grains are cut for hay, cut in late milk or early dough stage. Allow to wilt and cure some in windrow, then put into cocks of good size, well built and solid. The same method will apply to grasses except that they are often put in the haymow from the windrow.

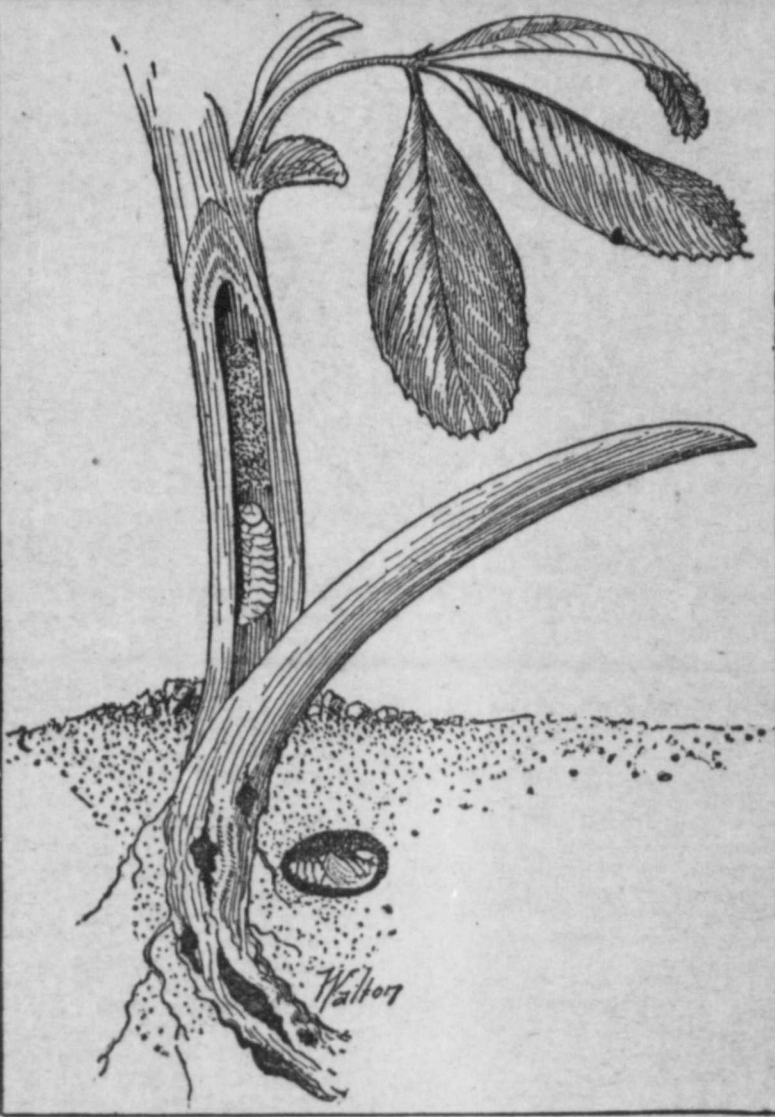
Tangible Farm Asset.

A high-class, purebred stallion is a real, tangible asset to a farm community. Patronize such sires and make their continued use possible in your locality. A few dollars saved on service fees by using an undesirable sire is mighty poor economy in the long run.

Cement Walks Are Cheap.

Narrow cement walks about the buildings are almost as cheap as board walks, and if made right will never have to be replaced.

CURCULIO GRUB IS DANGEROUS INSECT



Showing How Clover-Root Curculio Works Up Into Stem of Alfalfa.

The clover-root curculio in its most dangerous form is a tiny grub which seriously injures the roots both of clover and alfalfa, sometimes working upward into the stem. Only a short time ago it was considered of little economic importance, but it has now been definitely established that serious injuries formerly credited to other pests or the cause remaining unknown are due to this tiny white grub. The insect seems to be continually increasing along roadsides and in clover fields and the United States Department of Agriculture now requests that alfalfa growers report to it any evidences discovered of the insect's devastations.

According to Farmers' Bulletin 649, this insect is now found in most of the northern states east of the Mississippi; also in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Utah and Colorado in the West, and Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Louisiana in the South.

There is only one practical suggestion that at present can be made for limiting the devastations of this pest. That is by disking or harrowing the fields as soon as the first hay crop is removed. The process, it would seem, will destroy vast numbers of the pupae of this insect, which do not descend much more than an inch below the surface. The disking and harrowing should be done immediately after removing the first hay crop, and

prompt action even at this time will not prevent injury to that season's crop but should considerably reduce the pest the following year.

The depredations of the grubs are confined particularly to the roots of clover and alfalfa. Their work is, therefore, not evident to the casual observer, and the little white insects themselves can hardly be noticed. The adult insect, also, which is a tiny beetle, injures both clover and alfalfa, but these injuries are less serious, although more noticeable. They may be particularly noticed in September and October, when mutilated clover leaves along any roadside will testify to their abundance.

It was only in May, 1914, that the first absolute proof was secured of the insect's serious devastations in alfalfa fields, and the department is still looking for the most practicable methods to prevent further losses. It seems that a short rotation of the alfalfa crop might have a tendency to limit the abundance of the insect in the fields, but this would not affect the continuous breeding of the pest in waste lands or where clover or alfalfa occur uninterrupted. The limited amount of food consumed by the adults would place the application of poisons out of practical consideration, and the burning over of fields in winter would hardly destroy enough of the hibernating adults to limit their devastations the following season.

LACK OF A FEEDING SYSTEM

Responsible for Major Portion of Loss of Valuable Animals From Colic and Like Troubles.

(By W. H. DALRYMPLE, Louisiana Experiment Station.)

After an opportunity during the last 25 years of studying and observing conditions under which many of our work animals are fed, we have no hesitancy in saying that lack of system in feeding is responsible for the major portion of the loss of valuable animals from colic, inflammation of the bowels, etc.

Many who lose valuable mules on the plantations and farms from digestive troubles are wont to place the blame of the kind or class of feed the animals have been given; while, in reality, the blame properly belongs to the unnatural and unintelligent manner in which they receive their feed. A properly balanced ration of the very best quality of oats, when fed intelligently and systematically, may not induce a case of colic during the natural lifetime of the animal. But if the entire day's ration of oats is fed at one time, instead of it being divided into three parts, it is liable to so derange the digestive apparatus as to set up a fatal case of flatulent colic, because the digestive organs in the horse or mule are not constructed, or prepared, to "handle" such an excessive quantity of food material all at once. In such a case, are we to blame the oats for the trouble, or the unintelligent manner in which they were fed to the animal? And so it is with other kinds and classes of concentrated feeds; they require system in their administration to prevent indigestion, colic, etc., and to produce the best results in the capacity of the animal for work.

Dip the Sheep Regularly.
Many farmers have the idea that after the sheep are shorn the ticks will abandon them. Certainly they do to some extent, but they immediately go to the lambs, where they find a comfortable nest and make life a burden to the youngsters. Buy a dipping tank and dip regularly twice a year.

USES FOR COTTONSEED MEAL

Makes Excellent Combination with Alfalfa Roughage—Both Feeds Are Very Rich in Protein.

(By W. H. DALRYMPLE, Louisiana Experiment Station.)

Cold-pressed cottonseed meal is not as rich in protein as ordinary cottonseed meal, because more of the hulls are left in with the meal. Where you are feeding alfalfa largely for roughage and liberally of cottonseed meal as a concentrate, it would be the best bargain.

Corn, chops and wheat bran, equal parts, and then two pounds of cottonseed meal per day, with one feed of alfalfa and one feed of native hay per day will make a good ration. One must not feed too liberally of alfalfa and cottonseed meal; both feeds are very rich in protein, and an excess of protein is to be avoided more than an excess of carbohydrates.

There is more danger of injuring the health and breeding qualities of the cow if fed an excess of protein. Many cows fed excessive amounts of protein for long intervals of time often fail to breed at all.

COST OF BABCOCK TESTERS

Two-Bottle Hand Testing Equipment, Complete for Dairy Work, Can Be Purchased for Four Dollars.

(By J. M. FULLER, Oklahoma Experiment Station.)

An inquiry has come to the dairy husbandry department regarding the cost of the small Babcock hand tester and equipment.

The two-bottle hand tester, complete for testing work, can be secured from creamery supply houses for four dollars. The four-bottle hand testers may be had complete for five dollars. Sulphuric acid for testing can usually be obtained at drug stores at 25 or 30 cents per quart. Creamery supply houses usually charge about sixty cents for a gallon jug of sulphuric acid. Milk test bottles cost one dollar per dozen, acid measures ten cents each, 17.6 cc pipettes 15 cents each, and 60-pound scales for weighing milk three dollars.

**CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS!
STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG**

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

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

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

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

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. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

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.

CLEARLY NO MILK FOR HIM

Traveler's Hopes of Nourishment Disappeared as Woman's Explanations Came to an End.

A traveler from the North, walking through the mountains of North Carolina, came on a cabin that gave unusual evidence of rural industry, says Harper's Magazine. Although it was only ten o'clock in the morning, the traveler decided to stop and ask for refreshment, since he might not come on anything so promising for many miles.

A tall, apparently ill-fed woman came to the door. She looked at the traveler in amazement, and seemed to be resentful when he made known his wants.

"We've eat," she said in a reproachful tone. "Tom's gone to town to fetch cornmeal."

The traveler suggested a glass of milk.

Again the woman shook her head, while her sorrowful visage lengthened. "Tom went and forgot to milk the cow. He won't be back till evening."

"That seemed to be the traveler's opportunity, both to show his good nature and to obtain a glass of milk.

"I'd be glad to milk her for you," he offered. "I was brought up on a farm."

Again the woman shook her head. "Ye can't, stranger." And this time her resentment was tinged with futile regret. "Tom rid the cow to town."

**CURED OF PELLAGRA;
WOMAN IS SO HAPPY**

Ratliff, Miss.—Ida Creel, of this place, writes: "I am enjoying fine health, better than I have in years. My weight is 116; when I began taking your treatment it was 93. I sure can praise your treatment; can eat anything I want and it don't seem to hurt me."

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 Raughn.

The symptoms—hands red like sunburn, skin peeling off, sore mouth, the lips, throat and tongue a flaming red, with much mucus and choking; indigestion and nausea, either diarrhoea or constipation.

There is hope; get Raughn'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 money is refunded in any case where the remedy fails to cure.—Adv.

Starting Trouble.

"Why is it that the attendants in telephone offices are all women?" Mrs. Brown made this inquiry of her husband.

"Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone offices are aware that no class of attendants work so faithfully as those who are in love with their labors. They know that women who are in love with their work in telephone offices."

"What is the work in office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired.

"Talking," answered Mr. Brown. And that conversation came to an end and a different kind of conversation began.

Helping Hubby.

"My husband has found a way by which he says I am of the greatest help to him in his literary work."

"How nice that must be for you, my dear! But how are you able to do it?"

"As soon as I see him at his desk I go into another room and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished."

A man has so few distinctions that if he has had a tooth pulled without taking anything to deaden the pain he considers it one.

Many people are either rich or happy, but few are both.

Some men's ideas of progress is to stand and watch others go backward.

A Dull Life.

"I don't know how we'll get along without you, Nora."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"You've been with us a long time."

"Yes, ma'am. Nearly seven months."

"And you still refuse to tell us why you are leaving?"

"Well, ma'am, if you insist on knowing it's because I can't stand the company here."

"The idea! Our house is frequented by the best people."

"It's not that, ma'am. I was speaking of my own company. Where I used to work most of my friends were chauffeurs, ma'am. The only man who has asked me to ride with him since I've been here was a vegetable peddler."

DISTRESSING PIMPLES

Removed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear them with the Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. Repeat on rising and retiring. These fragrant supercreamy emollients do much for the skin, and do it quickly.

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

Stimulated Affection.

"How effusively sweet that Mrs. Blondey is to you, Jones," said Withereil. "What's up. Any tender little romance there?"

"No, indeed—why, that woman hates me," said Jonesy.

"She doesn't show it," said Withereil.

"No; but she knows I know how old she is—we were born on the same day," said Jonesy, "and she's afraid I'll tell somebody."

Looked Suspicious.

Moneysacks (sternly)—James, after this please uncork all of the bottles in my presence. I notice that when you draw the cork in the pantry the wine is extremely decollete.

James (the butler)—Extremely decollete, sir?

Moneysacks—Yes, James; very low in the neck.

Not a Grumbler.

In one of the southwestern states the courtroom of the courthouse was overlooking the cemetery. A negro had just been sentenced for two years. The judge, piqued at his apparent indifference, remarked: "You don't seem to mind your sentence."

"Bless you, judge, des plenty ob 'em ovah yondah would like to hab it."

Going Up.

"What is the reason ice is so high this summer?" inquired the lady of the house.

"It's like this," said the iceman. "The early part of the summer was so cool that there wasn't much demand for ice, so we had to raise the price so we could make a living."

To Drive Out Malaria

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

Proof Positive.

Diggs—Mrs. Biggs is unusually kind to her husband.

Mrs. Biggs—How do you know?

Diggs—He tells me she never sings when he is at home.

All of Switzerland's glaciers are receding perceptibly, one notable one having shrunk more than 1,000 feet in the last ten years.

Spiritualists will tell you we come back from the dead. At any rate, many a family skeleton has come to life.

For mosquito bites apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Denmark has about 35 head of cattle to every 100 inhabitants.

WANTED IT DONE BY PROXY

Youngster's Ingenious Idea for Getting Out of Situation That Didn't Please Him.

Jack disliked being kissed, and being a handsome little chap, sometimes had a good deal to put up with. One day he had been kissed a lot. Then, to make matters worse, on going to the picture palace in the evening, instead of his favorite cowboy and Indian pictures there was nothing but a lot more hugging and kissing.

He returned home completely out of patience with the whole tribe of women.

After he had rolled into bed mother came in to kiss him good-night.

He refused to be kissed.

Mother begged and begged, till in disgust he turned to his father, who was standing at the doorway looking on, and said:

"Daddy, for the love of heaven, give this woman a kiss!"

What Was in the Barrel?

McTavish was accused of having illicit whisky in his possession. A reluctant witness admitted that he knew of a suspicious barrel going to the accused.

"Now," said the prosecuting counsel, warningly, "remember, you are on oath. What was in the barrel?"

"Well," replied the witness, "there was 'McTavish' marked on a s'nd of the barrel, and 'whisky' on the other, but being on oath, your honor, I couldn't say whether it was whisky or McTavish that was in the barrel."

Freckles.

"Is it true that only people with an excess of iron in their systems have a tendency to freckles?" asked the summer girl of her father.

"I don't believe it is," replied Dad. "That young chap who goes bathing with you has an excess of brass, and he's got freckles."

LADIES!

—Take CAPUDINE—

For Aches, Pains and Nervousness.

IT IS NOT A NARCOTIC OR DOPE—

Gives quick relief—Try it—Adv.

Misunderstood Her.

"Mother, Belle says the repartee at Mrs. Smartleigh's tea the other afternoon was simply splendid!"

"Well, dear, find out where she gets it and we'll order some of it for our next reception."

For Burns and Scalds.

In case of burns and scalds apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh and get relief. Apply it to cool the skin and take the fire out. Have a bottle always on hand to use in case of accidents. Adv.

Being restrained by law from whipping his wife, about the only amusement a married man has is kicking his dog.

You can safely place faith in Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Adv.

The man who judges his future by his past is apt to become discouraged.

To stop bleeding use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

First love breaks hearts and second love mends them.

War and Necessity.

Assuming an air of sage importance the fat plumber ejaculated:

"War is a necessity."

"Pooh! How do you make that out?" demanded the thin carpenter, deprecatingly.

"Did you read that Edison is going to devote his energies to American protective measures in time of war?"

"Yep. What of it?"

"That proves my contention."

"How?"

"War makes invention necessary, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"And necessity is the mother of invention?"

"Huh!"

"Therefore war and necessity are synonymous."

The thin carpenter is still thinking it over.—Youngstown Telegram.

A SURE CURE FOR ITCHING PILES

And all forms of skin diseases is Tetterine. It is also a specific for Tetter, Ringworm, Eczema, Infant Sore Head, Chaps and Old Itching Sores.

"Enclosed find one dollar for which please send me two boxes Tetterine; this makes five boxes I have ordered from you, the first one only being for me. I suffered with an eruption for years, and one box of Tetterine cured me and two of my friends. It is worth its weight in gold to any one suffering as I did. Everybody ought to know of its value." Jesse W. Scott, Milledgeville, Ga.

Tetterine at druggists or sent by mail for 50c. J.T. Shuprine, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

The Paternal Opinion.

"My son," said old Mr. Pebblescope, "I see a disposition on your part to lead a fast life. If you persist in this course I will have to take drastic measures to reform you."

"What will you do, pop?"

"I'll cut off your allowance and you'll have to earn every cent you spend. In that case I figure that a joy ride on a trolley car will be about your limit."

We hear of new uses of Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. In dehorning cattle, light applications help to stop bleeding, making the use of a hot iron unnecessary. Adv.

What married men can't understand is the fact that most bachelors are unable to appreciate their freedom.

Russia has been making plans for the construction of great storehouses for grain at many points.

Prevention better than cure. Tutt's Pills if taken in time are not only a remedy for, but will prevent SICK HEADACHE, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Pills

TRY THE OLD RELIABLE WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For MALARIA CHILLS & FEVER

A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Sole U.S. High est. ref. U.S. Pat. 2,000,000

Texas Directory

Hotel Waldorf

1202 Commerce St. DALLAS, TEXAS

Centrally located. European & Modern. Rates \$2.50 and \$3.00. Rooms, part of them are large and well ventilated. Bring your family.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 34-1915.

Children Cry for Fletcher's



The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience Against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other dangerous substance. Its age-old reputation for curing Colic, Flatulence, Diarrhoea, and all ailments of the Bowels and Stomach is well known.

GENUINE

CASTORIA

CASTORIA

CASTORIA

CASTORIA

CASTORIA

You Look Premature

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OROLE" HAIR DRESS

The Store of Quality
Center of Block

The Dixie

Better Goods for the
Same Money
McCALL'S PATTERNS

The Store now ready with attractive assortment of New Fall Features. Our purchases are made from the best Eastern markets. Approved styles in Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings and Accessories. Warner's New Fall Corsets. High class Footwear. Ladies and children's Coats. Men's and Boy's New Fall Suits and Trousers.

Nothing we can say about this collection of the best merchandise as the goods will speak for themselves. We can safely say we are collecting the best line of dependable goods we have ever shown and equal to anything in regard to quality and values to any stock in our town—and the price is right. In footwear, the White House and Florsheim Shoes for men and women; the Buster Brown for Boys and Girls; the Beekay Clothing and Buckskin Trousers for men and boys; the new Warner corset front lace; True Shape bosiers; the Setsnug Underwear; Thoroughbred and Stetson Hats, and Caps; Suit Cases and Trunks, among this vast collection.

We are representatives for MAJESTIC and M. BORN, Chicago Tailors. Let us save you money on your Fall Suit FIT GUARANTEED

O. N. STALLSWORTH

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE FIRST STATE BANK

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 2nd day of Sept., 1915.

published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 10th day of July, 1915.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$55,120 07
Overdrafts	139 89
Items for Collection	1,557 66
Real Estate (banking house)	2,500 00
Other Real Estate	1,184 75
Furniture and Fixtures	2,665 47
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net	11,069 69
Cash Items	315 06
Currency	3,465 00
Specie	1,198 50
Interest in Depositors' Guaranty Fund	16,048 25
Other resources as follows	79 34
Total	\$80,170 00

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	\$25,000 00
Surplus Fund	5,500 00
Undivided Profits, net	742 95
Individual Deposits, subject to check	29,192 25
Time Certificates of Deposit	4,542 00
Cashier's Checks	192 80
Bills Payable and Rediscounts	15,000 00
Total	\$80,170 00

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Donley, We, W. T. White as president, and G. A. Wimberly as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

W. T. WHITE, President.
G. A. WIMBERLY, Cashier.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 9th day of Sep., A. D. nineteen hundred and fifteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date aforesaid.
W. E. REEVES, Notary Public, [SEAL] Donley County, Texas.
CORRECT—ATTEST:
JOE DEVINE, [Directors]

opinion, until we learn some thing of which we have been in ignorance that might change our minds on the subject. Not to be open to conviction is pig headed. Narrowness is the bane of our whole system of civilization. Let your mind be open to every argument, and think—think for yourself.

PANHANDLE STATE FAIR NOTES

The total premiums offered for the 1915 Panhandle State Fair at Amarillo, September 21st to 25th inclusive, total \$12,000,000 00, by far and away a larger amount than ever before offered for fair premiums in the history of West Texas, and more than offered by any other fair in the State except the Dallas Fair, which is alone a greater fair than the Panhandle State Fair. These premiums cover livestock, racing, agricultural and horticultural products, and kindred others. It is indeed an imposing premium list; and one regarding which the whole Panhandle should be proud. More than thirty five counties have signified their intention to have county exhibits at the Panhandle State Fair this year; and the officers of the Fair are now able to announce that some of the leading race horses in the United States will enter the races during the last four days of the Fair.

The amusements will be clean and instructive. Ample preparation has been made for the comfort of all. The railroads have offered very attractive rates. And in every respect every visitor to the Fair this year will see, hear and do things on a bigger and larger scale than ever before.

Informer \$1.00 per year.

Official Statement OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE GUARANTY STATE BANK

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 2nd day of Sept., 1915, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 10th day of Sept., 1915.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$31,856 29
Overdrafts	131 69
Real Estate (banking house)	3,391 45
Furniture and Fixtures	1,584 68
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net	8,549 92
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check, net	441 58
Cash Items	194 02
Currency	1,728 00
Specie	733 40
Interest in Depositors' Guaranty Fund	2,655 42
Other Resources as follows	33 59
TOTAL	48,288 26

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	\$15,000 00
Surplus Fund	1,000 00
Individual Deposits, subject to check	25,688 26
Time Certificates of Deposit	1,600 00
Bills Payable and Rediscounts	5,000 00
TOTAL	48,288 26

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Donley: We, J. G. McDougal as president, and C. D. Akers as ass't cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. G. McDOUGAL, President
C. D. AKERS, Ass't Cashier.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 9th day of Sep., A. D. nineteen hundred and fifteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.
J. I. STEELE, Notary Public, Donley County, Texas.
CORRECT—ATTEST:
W. B. Quigley
W. J. Greer [Directors]

The W. O. W. Camp of Hedley, will unveil a monument the first Sunday in October, and every member is asked to attend each meeting of the Camp from now until the unveiling. Meets every Saturday.

SCHOOL BOOKS

We now have a full line of School Books which the publishers have instructed us to sell for Cash only. They have also instructed us to make no exchanges this year. These books do not belong to us, but are the property of the publishers—we only act as their agents—so will have to obey their instructions regarding sale of same. Hedley Drug Co

CHANGE IN MEETING

Rev. M. L. Story requests the Informer to announce that the date for the Methodist revival has been changed to begin the Third Sunday in October. This change is made because of the fact that the singer is Mr. Ed. who is known to all our people either personally or by reputation. He is a good choir leader and a great worker in revivals.

Stop at Mrs. W. M. Dyer's Private Boarding House on block East of Woodridge lumber yard. Nice clean beds and good meals for 25c. Board per week \$4 00; per month \$16.00.
Mrs. W. M. Dyer, Prop.

OIL! OIL!

Mr. Farmer, Mr. Ranchman, I want to list your land, if you want to sell.
J. E. Dickson, Real estate.
27-4t Electra, Texas

The prettiest tablets in town can be found at Hedley Drug Co.

Amarillo Invites the WorldTO THE..... Panhandle State Fair

September 21, 22, 23, 24,
and 25, 1916

The combined forces of the Panhandle State Fair Association and the Amarillo Board of City Development are preparing to present to the world this year an exhibit proportionate to the vast extent and stupendous resources of the Panhandle and Plains Country of Texas.

\$12,000.00 in PREMIUMS

With special awards in the Livestock and Agricultural Departments, insure exhibits demonstrating the products of all sections. Racing program and other attractions in keeping with the general high standard set by the Association.

Big Free Barbecue SEPTEMBER 22

FOR INFORMATION OR CATALOGUE, ADDRESS
Panhandle State Fair Association
Amarillo, - - Texas

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.

L 47 THE NEWS

BOOST!

Hedley Does Things

fire), their pomp and glory gone the way of hapless Ninevah and Tyre. Our town is young, but growing fast; it's opportunities excell, and though we have no storied past, the future will our story tell. Though, too, no Coliseum grand have we, nor Circus Maximus; our tabernacle and the old string band is good enough for us. Athens had her Acropolis; no more imposing than our school house is, as I might emphasize in closing. The center of a farming belt, the richest in the state, 'tis here prosperity is felt, our market is a golden gate; and lest you think I distort the facts in flowing verse—just wait, here is the last stunt Hedley has pulled off; she has entertained at least 100 Baptist visitors, and in a royal way that none can scoff.

Few men really think, although each would deny the accusation, though man is supposed to be a thinking animal, think actually the hardest work he rarely does. We hear ordinarily, and immediately, opinions about it, at the We t wo g and wing into same the lon, ery, to do tional judg have it

THE PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, sues with his friend Bainbridge at Chaudiere's restaurant in New Orleans and declares that if necessary he will steal to keep from starving. He holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Security, in his private office and escapes with \$100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"The dragon may have teeth and claws, but it can neither see nor smell," he said, contemptuously, turning his steps riverward again. "Now I have only to choose my route and go in peace. How and where are the only remaining questions to be answered."

For an hour or more after his return to the riverfront, Griswold idled up and down the levee; and the end of the interval found him still undecided as to the manner and direction of his flight—to say nothing of the choice of a destination, which was even more evasive than the other and more immediately pressing decision.

His first thought had been to go back to New York. But there the risk of detection would be greater than elsewhere, and he decided that there was no good reason why he should incur it. Besides, he argued, there were other fields in which the sociological studies could be pursued under conditions more favorable than those to be found in a great city. In his mind's eye he saw himself domiciled in some thriving interior town, working and studying among people who were not unduly individualized by an artificial environment. In such a community theory and practice might go hand in hand; he could know and be known; and the money at his command would be vastly more of a molding and controlling influence than it could possibly be in the smallest of circles in New York. The picture, struck out upon the instant, pleased him, and having sufficiently idealized it, he adopted it enthusiastically as an inspiration, leaving the mere geographical detail to arrange itself as chance, or subsequent events, might determine.

That part of the problem disposed of, there yet remained the choice of a line of flight; and it was a small thing that finally decided the manner of his going. For the third time in the hour of aimless wanderings he found himself loitering opposite the berth of the Belle Julie, an up-river steamboat whose bell gave sonorous warning of the approaching moment of departure. Tolling roustabouts, trailing in and out like an endless procession of human ants, were hurrying the last of the cargo aboard.

"Poor devils! They've been told that they are free men, and perhaps they believe it. But surely no slave of the Toulon galleys was ever in bitterer bondage. . . . Free?—yes, free to toil and sweat, to bear burdens and to be driven like cattle under the yoke! Oh, good Lord!—look at that!"

The ant procession had attacked the final tier of boxes in the lading, and one of the burden-bearers, a white man, had stumbled and fallen like a crushed pack animal under a load too heavy for him. Griswold was beside him in a moment. The man could not rise, and Griswold dragged him not ungrudgingly out of the way of the others.

"Where are you hurt?"

The crushed one sat up and spat blood.

"I don't know; inside, somewhere. I been dyin' on my feet any time for a year or two back."

"Consumption?" queried Griswold, briefly.

"I reckon so."

"Then you have no earthly business in a deck crew. Don't you know that?"

The man's smile was a ghastly face-wrinkling.

"Reckon I hain't got any business anywhere—out'n a hospital or a hole in the ground. But I kind o' thought I'd like to be planted 'longside the woman and the childer, if I could make out some way to git there."

"Where?"

The consumptive named a small river town in Iowa.

In Griswold impulse was the dominant chord always struck by an appeal to his sympathies. His compassion went straight to the mark, as it was sure to do when his pockets were not empty.

"What is the fare by rail to your town?" he inquired.

"I don't know; I never asked. Somewhere between twenty and thirty dollars, I reckon; and that's more money than I've seen since the woman died."

Griswold hastily counted out a hundred dollars from his pocket fund and thrust the money into the man's hand.

"Take that and change places with me," he commanded, slipping on the mask of gruffness again. "Pay your fare on the train, and I'll take your job on the boat. Don't be a fool! He added, when the man put his face in his hands and began to choke. "It's a fair enough exchange, and I'll get as much out of it one way as you will the other. What is your name? I may have to borrow it."

"Gavitt—John Wesley Gavitt."

"All right; off with you," said the liberator, curtly; and with that he shouldered the sick man's load and fell into line in the ant procession.

Once on board the steamer, he followed his file leader aft and made it his first care to find a safe hiding place for the tramp's bundle in the knotted handkerchief. That done, he stepped into the line again, and became the sick man's substitute in fact.

It was toil of the shrewdest, and he drew breath of blessed relief when the last man staggered up the plank with his burden. The bell was clanging its final summons, and the slowly revolving paddle-wheels were taking the strain from the mooring lines. Being near the bow line Griswold was one of the two who spring ashore at the mate's bidding to cast off. He was backing the hawser out of the last of its half-hitches, when a carriage was driven rapidly down to the stage and two tardy passengers hurried aboard. The mate hawled from his station on the hurricane deck.

"Now, then! Take a turn on that spring line out there and get them trunks aboard! Lively!"

The larger of the two trunks fell to the late recruit; and when he had set it down at the door of the designated stateroom, he did half absently what John Gavitt might have done without blame: read the tacked-on card, which bore the owner's name and address, written in a firm hand: "Charlotte Farnham, Wahaska, Minnesota."

"Thank you," said a musical voice at his elbow. "May I trouble you to put it inside?"

Griswold wheeled as if the mild-toned request had been a blow, and was properly ashamed. But when he saw the speaker, consternation promptly slew all the other emotions. For the owner of the tagged trunk was the young woman to whom, an hour or so earlier, he had given place at the paying teller's wicket in the Bayou State Security.

She saw his confusion, charged it to the card-reading at which she had surprised him, and smiled. Then he met her gaze fairly and became sane again when he was assured that she did not recognize him: became sane, and whipped off his cap, and dragged the trunk into the stateroom. After which he went to his place on the lower deck with a great thankfulness throbbing in his heart and an inchoate resolve shaping itself in his brain.

Late that night, when the Belle Julie was well on her way up the great river, he flung himself down upon the sacked coffee on the engine room-guard to snatch a little rest between landings, and the resolve became sufficiently cosmic to formulate itself in words.

"I'll call it an oracle," he mused.

"One place is as good as another, just so it is inconsequent enough. And I am sure I've never heard of Wahaska."

Now Griswold the social rebel was, before all things else, Griswold the imaginative literary craftsman; and no sooner was the question of his ultimate destination settled thus arbitrarily than he began to prefigure the place and its probable lacks and havings. This process brought him by easy stages to pleasant idealizations of Miss Charlotte Farnham, who was, thus far, the only tangible thing connected with the destination dream. A little farther



She Saw His Confusion, and Charged It to the Card Reading.

along her personality laid hold of him and the idealizations became purely literary.

"She is a magnificently strong type!" was his summing up of her, made while he was lying flat on his back and staring absently at the fitting shadows among the deck beams overhead. "Her face is as readable as only the face of a woman instinctively good and pure in heart can be. Any man who can put her between the covers

of a book may put anything else he pleases in it and snap his fingers at the world. If I am going to live in the same town with her, I ought to jot her down on paper before I lose the keen edge of the first impression."

He considered it for a moment, and then got up and went in search of a pencil and a scrap of paper. The dozing night clerk gave him both, with a sleepy malediction thrown in; and he went back to the engine room and scribbled his word picture by the light of the swinging incandescent.

He read it over thoroughly when it was finished, changing a word here and a phrase there with a craftsman's fidelity to the exactness. Then he shook his head regretfully and tore the scrap of paper into tiny squares, scattering them upon the brown food surging past the engine room gangway.

"It won't do," he confessed reluctantly, as one who sacrifices good literary material to a stern sense of the fitness of things. "It is nothing less than a cold-blooded sacrilege. I can't make copy of her if I write no more while the world stands."

CHAPTER IV.

The Deck Hand.

Charlotte Farnham's friends—their number was the number of those who had seen her grow from childhood to maiden—and womanhood—commonly identified her for inquiring strangers as "good old Doctor Bertie's only," adding, men and women alike, that she was as well-balanced and sensible as she was good to look upon.

She had been spending the winter at Pass Christian with her aunt, who was an invalid; and it was for the invalid's sake that she had decided to make the return journey by river.

So it had come about that their staterooms had been taken on the Belle Julie; and on the morning of the second day out from New Orleans, Miss Gilman was so far from being travel sick that she was able to sit with Charlotte in the shade of the hurricane deck aft, and to enjoy, with what quavering enthusiasm there was in her, the matchless scenery of the lower Mississippi.

At Baton Rouge the New Orleans papers came aboard, and Miss Farnham bought a copy of the Louisianaian. As a matter of course, the first page leader was a circumstantial account of the daring robbery of the Bayou State Security, garnished with startling headlines. Charlotte read it, half-absently at first, and a second time with interest awakened and a quickening of the pulse when she realized that she had actually been a witness of the final act in the near-tragedy. Her little gasp of belated horror brought a query from the invalid.

"What is it, Charlie, dear?"

For answer, Charlotte read the newspaper story of the robbery, headlines and all.

"For pity's sake! in broad daylight! How shockingly bold!" commented Miss Gilman.

"Yes; but that wasn't what made me gasp. The paper says: 'A young lady was at the teller's window when the robber came up with Mr. Galbraith—' Aunt Fanny, I was the 'young lady!'"

"You? horrors!" ejaculated the invalid, holding up wasted hands of deprecation.

Charlotte the well-balanced, smiled at the purely personal limitations of her aunt's point of view.

"It is very dreadful, of course; but it is no worse just because I happened to be there. Yet it seems ridiculously incredible. I can hardly believe it, even now."

"Incredible? How?"

"Why, there wasn't any robbery. I know, I remember that the man did seem anxious or nervous at least, not quite comfortable in any way; but the young man was pleasant, and he looked like a criminal rather than a desperate criminal."

Miss Gilman's New England conservatism, unweakened by her long residence in the West, took the alarm at once.

"But no one in the bank knew you. They couldn't trace you by your father's draft and letter of identification, could they?"

Charlotte was mystified. "I should suppose they could, if they wanted to. But why? What if they could?"

"My dear child; don't you see? They are sure to catch the robber, sooner or later, and if they know how to find you, you might be dragged into court as a witness!"

Miss Farnham was not less averse to publicity than the conventionalities demanded, but she had, or believed she had, very clear and well-defined ideas of her own touching her duty in any matter involving a plain question of right and wrong.

"I shouldn't wait to be dragged," she asserted quietly. "It would be a simple duty to go willingly. The first thing I thought of was that I ought to write at once to Mr. Galbraith, giving him my address."

Thereupon issued discussion. At

the end of the argument the conservative one had extorted a conditional promise from her niece. The matter should remain in abeyance until the question of conscientious obligation had been submitted to Charlotte's father and decided by him.

An hour later, when Miss Gilman was deep in the last installment of the current serial, Charlotte let her book slip from her fingers and gave herself to the passive enjoyment of the slowly-passing panorama which is the chief charm of inland voyaging.

From where she was sitting she could see the steamer's yawl swinging from its tackle at the stern-staff; and after many minutes it was slowly borne in upon her that the ropes were working loose. A man came aft to make the loosened tackle fast.

Something half familiar in his manner attracted Charlotte's attention, and her eyes followed him as he went on and hoisted the yawl into place. When he came back she had a fair sight of his face and her eyes met his. In the single swift glance half-formed suspicion became undoubted certainty; she looked again and her heart gave a great bound and then seemed suddenly to forget its office. It was useless to try to escape from the dismay-



The Niche Between the Coffee Sacks Was Empty.

ing fact. The stubble-bearded deck-hand with the manner of a gentleman was most unmistakably a later reincarnation of the pleasantly smiling young man who had courteously made way for her at the teller's wicket in the Bayou State Security; who had smiled and given place to her while he was holding his pistol aimed at President Galbraith.

It was said of Charlotte Farnham that she was sensible beyond her years, and withal strong and straightforward in honesty of purpose. None the less, she was a woman. And when she saw what was before her, conscience turned traitor and fled away to give place to an uprush of hesitant doubts born of the sharp trial of the moment.

She got upon her feet, steadying herself by the back of her chair. She felt that she could not trust herself if she once admitted the thin edge of the wedge of delay. The simple and straightforward thing to do was to go immediately to the captain and tell him of her discovery, but she shrank from the thought of what must follow. They would seize him; he had proved that he was a desperate man, and there would be a struggle. And when the struggle was over they would bring him to her and she would have to stand forth as his accuser.

It was too shocking, and she caught at the suggestion of an alternative with a gasp of relief. She might write to President Galbraith, giving such a description of the deck-hand as would enable the officers to identify him without her personal help. It was like dealing the man a treacherous blow in the back, but she thought it would be kinder.

"Aunt Fanny," she began, with her face averted. "I promised you I wouldn't write to Mr. Galbraith until after we reached home—until I had told papa. I have been thinking about it since, and I—I think it must be done at once."

Griswold had come upon Miss Farnham unexpectedly, and when he passed her on his way forward he had seen the swift change in her face betokening some sudden emotion, and the recollection of it troubled him.

What if this clear-eyed young person had recognized him? He knew that the New Orleans papers had come aboard; he had seen the folded copy of the Louisianaian in the invalid's lap. Consequently, Miss Farnham knew of the robbery, and the incidents were fresh in her mind. What would she

do if she had penetrated his disguise?

He had a shock of genuine terror at this point and his skin prickled as at the touch of something loathsome. Up to that moment he had suffered none of the pains of the hunted fugitive; but he knew now that he had fairly entered the gates of the outlaw's inferno; that however cunningly he might cast about to throw his pursuers off the track, he would never again know what it was to be wholly free from the terror of the arrow that flieth by day.

The force of the Scriptural simile came to him with startling emphasis, bringing on a return of the pricking dismay. The stopping of the paddle-wheels and the rattling clangor of the gang-plank which aroused him to action and he shook off the creeping numbness and ran aft to rummage under the cargo on the engine-room guards for his precious bundle. When his hand reached the place where it should have been, the blood surged to his brain and set up a clamorous dining in his ears like the roaring of a catarract. The niche between the coffee sacks was empty.

CHAPTER V.

The Chain Gang.

While Griswold was grappling afresh with the problem of escape, and planning to desert the Belle Julie at the next landing, Charlotte Farnham was sitting behind the locked door of her stateroom with a writing pad on her knee over which for many minutes the suspended pen merely hovered. She had fancied that her resolve, once fairly taken, would not stumble over a simple matter of detail. But when she had tried a dozen times to begin the letter to Mr. Galbraith, the simplicities vanished and complexity stood in their room.

Try as she might to put the sham deck-hand into his proper place as an impersonal unit of a class with which society is at war, he perversely refused to surrender his individuality. At the end of every fresh effort she was confronted by the inexorable summing-up: in a world of phantoms there were only two real persons; a man who had sinned, and a woman who was about to make him pay the penalty.

It was all very well to reason about it, and to say that he ought to be made to pay the penalty; but that did not make it any less shocking that she, Charlotte Farnham, should be the one to set the retributive machinery in motion. Yet she knew she had the thing to do, and so, after many ineffectual attempts, the letter was written and sealed and addressed, and she went out to mail it at the clerk's office.

As it chanced, the engines of the steamer were slowing for a landing when she latched her stateroom door. The doors giving upon the forward saloon deck were open, and she heard the harsh voice of the mate exploding in sharp commands as the steamer lost way and edged slowly up to the river bank. A moment later she was outside, leaning on the rail and looking down upon the crew grouped about the inboard end of the uptilted landing stage. He was there; the man for whose destiny accident and the conventional sense of duty had made her responsible; and as she looked she had a fleeting glimpse of his face.

It was curiously haggard and wood-bogone; so sorrowfully changed that for an instant she almost doubted his identity. The sudden transformation added fresh questionings, and she began to ask herself thoughtfully what had brought it about. Then the man turned slowly and looked up at her as if the finger of her thought had touched him. There was no sign of recognition in his eyes; and she constrained herself to gaze down upon him coldly. But when Belle Julie's bow touched the bank, and the waiting crew melted suddenly into a tenuous line of burden-bearers, she fled through the deserted saloon to her stateroom and hid the fatal letter under the pillows in her berth.

That evening, after dinner, she went forward with some of the other passengers to the railed promenade which was the common evening rendezvous. The Belle Julie had tied up at a small town on the western bank of the great river, and the ant procession of roustabouts was in motion, going laden up the swing stage and returning empty by the foot plank. Left to herself for a moment, Charlotte faced the rail and again sought to single out the man whose fate she must decide.

She distinguished him presently, grimy, perspiring, in the tramp-back and forth meeting, staggering under the weight of his load and staring stonily at the file leader in end of misery and thought, and with the danger of the conventions heart when she saw her.

"Just the man," she said; and he was repairing a bankment below was a squad of men. The figures struck out sharp background of a reflection of the river lighted up by the leg-ladders.

"The chain-gang," she said briefly. "The security will be there. He'll have well-seasoned through two of you, you think?"

But Miss Farnham could

answer; and even the unobservant captain of river boats saw that she was moved and was sorry he had spoken.

In any path of performance there is but one step which is irrevocable, namely, the final one, and in Charlotte Farnham's besetment this step was the mailing of the letter to Mr. Galbraith. Many times during the evening she wrought herself up to the plunging point, only to recoil on the very brink; and when at length she gave up the struggle and went to bed, the sealed letter was still under her pillow.

Now it is a well-accepted truism that an exasperated sense of duty, like remorse and grief, fights best in the night watches. It was of no avail to protest that her intention was still unshaken. Conscience urged that delay was little less culpable than refusal, since every hour gave the criminal an added chance of escape. The minutes dragged leaden-winged, and to sit quietly in the silence and solitude of the great saloon became a nerve-racking impossibility. When it went past endurance, she rose and stepped out upon the promenade deck.

The Belle Julie was approaching a landing. The electric searchlight eye on the hurricane deck was just over her head, and its great white cone seemed to hiss as it poured its dazzling flood of fictitious noonday upon the shelving river bank and the sleeping hamlet beyond. Out of the dusky underground came the freight carriers, giving birth to a file of grotesque shadow monsters as they swung up the plank into the field of the searchlight.

The foot plank had been drawn in, the steam winch was clattering, and the landing stage had begun to come aboard, when the two men whose duty it was to cast off ran out on the tilting stage and dropped from its shore end. One of them fell clumsily, tried to rise, and sank back into the shadow; but the other scrambled up the steep bank and loosened the half-hitches in the wet hawser. With the slackening of the line the steamer began to move out into the stream, and the man at the mooring post looked around to see what had become of his companion.

"Get a move on youse!" bellowed the mate; but instead of obeying, the man ran back and went on his knees beside the huddled figure in the shadow.

At this point the watcher on the promenade deck began vaguely to understand that the first man was disabled in some way, and that the other was trying to lift him. While she looked, the engine-room bells jangled and the wheels began to turn. The mate forgot her and swore out of a full heart.

She put her fingers in her ears to shut out the clamor of abusive profanity; but the man on the bank paid no attention to the richly emphasized command to come aboard. Instead, he ran swiftly to the mooring post, took a double turn of the trailing hawser around it and stood by until the straining line snubbed the steamer's bow to the shore. Then, deftly casting off again, he darted back to the disabled man, hoisted him bodily to the high guard, and clambered aboard himself; all this while McGrath was brushing the impeding crew aside to get at him.

Charlotte saw every move of the quick-witted salvage in the doing, and wanted to cry out in sheer enthusiasm when it was done. Then, in the light from the furnace doors, she saw the face of the chief actor; it was the face of the man with the stubble beard.

She could not hear what McGrath was saying, but she could read hot wrath in his gestures, and in the way the men fell back out of his reach. All but one; the stubble-bearded white man was facing him fearlessly, and he appeared to be trying to explain.

Griswold was trying to explain, but the bullying first officer would not let him. It was a small matter; with the money gone, and the probability that capture and arrest were deferred only from landing to landing, a little abuse, more or less, counted as nothing. But he was grimly determined to keep McGrath from laying violent hands upon the negro who had twisted his ankle in jumping from the uptilted landing-stage.

"No; this is one time when you don't skin anybody alive!" he retorted, when a break in the stream of abuse gave him a chance. "You let the man alone; he couldn't help it. Do you know he sprained an ankle in jumping from the uptilted landing-stage?"

His reply was a brutish stare at the negro. Griswold

Locals

SURREY for sale at a bargain
*M. L. Story.

Coal—Plenty of it.
Wood & Plaster.

Mrs. W. I. Rains went to Clarendon last Saturday.

Now is the time to buy Coal
We have it. Wood & Plaster.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The
Tailor. advt.

Chas. Myers bought the B. L.
Kinsey Overland auto last week.

Don't forget that School Books
are Cash. Hedley Drug Co.

Revs. Ansel and C. E. Lynn
are here this week visiting their
brothers.

Carl Bridges went to Silo, Ok.,
last week for a few weeks' visit
with his parents.

Otis Alexander left Sunday
for Stratford, where he will visit
about a month.

A full line of School Tablets,
Pencils, Ink, etc., at
Hedley Drug Co.

S. T. Embrey of Buffalo Gap is
here visiting old friends, J. L.
Tims and J. O. Rhea.

Lay in your Winter supply of
Coal now while it's cheap.
Wood & Plaster.

O. B. Stanley and family of
visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
T. R. Moreman, over Sunday.

You are invited to call and see
the Fall Millinery at the Ozier.
Frank in Millinery Shop.

Mesdames Nichols, Bird and
Denny were here from Memphis
this week visiting Mrs. Richey.

Get your School supplies early
and avoid the rush at
Hedley Drug Co.

September, THE SEWING MONTH

The time to do your Fall Sewing. Whatever the garment you are to make you will find the proper Material and Finishings here, and all are new and reasonably priced. Materials that must be considered in the makeup of staple garments for every family.

SUITINGS in plaids, stripes, checks and solid colors. Just the thing for school dresses and skirts at 15c to 25c per yard.

NEW SERGES, extra special values, beautiful weaves, 36-inch width, in all the new shades.

NEW FALL GINGHAMS, 10c; the kind that will wash; in all the pretty plaids, checks, stripes and solid colors. Prices 10c and 12 1-2c per yard.

SILKS, beautiful assortment, fancy plaids, stripes, checks and solids.

VELVETS, Costume and Silk in all the desirable colors.

LADIES COAT SUITS: We will receive in a few days a large assortment, made by the leading manufacturers of America. The style and fabric are correct. It will pay you to wait and see these suits before you buy.

OUTING: A large assortment of light and dark colors, in stripes, checks and solid colors, yd 10c.

CHEVIOTS: Best quality, in stripes, checks, plaids and solids, for blouse, shirts, rompers, etc. 10c.

READY-TO WEAR: Just rec'd large assortment of Ladies Skirts, made up since August 20th, correct in style and fabric; price \$3.50 to \$7.00.

Ladies and Misses Hats

These ladies and misses hats are designed and tailored by the best milliners in America, and absolutely correct in style. From \$2 to \$6.50

School Suits

All wool, with two pairs of pants. The Autumn's newest patterns and stylishly tailored into boys suits that will stand rough play, and a suit that will create in him a feeling that he is well dressed. Norfolk coat, full lined Knickerbocker trousers.

Hedley, M & M CO. Texas...

FOR SALE—A well-trained, well bred and fancy buggy mare. Cash or terms. J. C. Wells.

Mrs. J. B. Ozier returned the last of last week from Dallas where she bought a beautiful line of Fall Millinery.

Come to my shop when you are in need of pleasing barber work. J. B. King.

John and Wil Harris returned from Amarillo Thursday in a new Oldsmobile which they bought there.

Good clean shaves, haircuts, and first class laundry work can be had at my shop. J. B. King.

Chas. Myers took J. T. Adamson and D. C. Moore and daughter to Wellington to attend a debate on Socialism.

Willie Boston returned home last week from an extended visit in Collingsworth county and other places.

Mrs. Walter Rockwell and two sons of Amarillo came Thursday of last week to visit her friend, Mrs. Frank Kendall.

Mr. and Mrs. Oral Masten of Hardeman county are visiting

relatives, D. C. Moore, Mrs. W. Dyer, and J. M. Whittington.

T. M. Little and family of Clarendon visited their son and brother, T. M. Jr., and family last Sunday.

Our Millinery Shop is now open with a bountiful and up to date line of Fall hats.

Ozier Farnkin

T. M. Little continues receiving more goods and fixtures and hopes to soon be ready for business.

Levy Stallworth and Tedde Dorsey were here Sunday from Sunset visiting old friends, J. H. White and family.

G. W. Bolander and wife returned Tuesday, the former from a trip to the north Plains, the latter from a visit to Clarendon.

Misses Vada Hicks and Lela and Allie Waldron and Mr. Newt Waldron entered the Northwest Texas Normal at Canyon this week.

ALFALFA HAY

Good Alfalfa Hay for sale at the Calhoun farm 9 miles north of Hedley. Phone W. T. Simmons for price. 2c

A splendid rain visited this section Monday afternoon. The heaviest part of the rain seemed to have been around Lela Lake and in Windy Valley.

WANTED—Good country homes for orphan boys up to 15 years old.

Address, Emile Reck, Agt. 274 Weatherford, Texas.

Mrs. J. H. White went to Montague county Wednesday of last week in response to a message that her mother was very sick and not expected to live.

FOR SALE—My house and two lots in Hedley, well located. Cash or good terms. Would take good young stock.

Mrs. P. A. Smith

Quarterly Conference will be held at the Methodist church on Saturday before Second Sunday in September. Presiding Elder Hicks will preach Sunday morning and night.

Fall Campaign is On

Change of Tints and Modes Already Asserting Themselves

YOU WILL FIND ready for inspection the very latest fabrics in both silk and wool in all combinations of colors. Visit us early and you will find it both profitable and enjoyable. Inexpensive, yet dependable, Wash Fabrics. "Dependable" in this instance covers a large field of meaning, including service, style, fastness of colors, with a variety of colors and numbers of patterns from which to select, and last but not least, smallness of price with maximum of quality.

New Fall MODELS in WOMEN'S SKIRTS:—A number of stylish and clever models featuring the new ideas are now shown.

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS:—We are showing a line of the newest models in Broadcloth, Gaberdine, Serge, and Chudder, ranging in prices from \$12.50 to \$22.50.

SEE the newest styles in Ladies' BOOTS; also "BABY DOLL" SHOES for Misses and Children.

NEW FALL BAGS:—If you want the very latest, see our new ones—made of high class material.

MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR:—We have a nice assortment of suits, shirts and shoes—up to the minute in style.

Our groceries is complete, our prices the cheapest, and quality of the highest grades.

When you are in Hedley. We will make it worth your while, for we have the latest in merchandise and approval. Yours for courteous treatment,

ON & McCARROLL HEDLEY TEXAS