

A Loyal Ally In Stomach Ailments

As soon as you notice the appetite failing, the digestion becoming impaired or the liver and bowels refuse to perform their daily functions just resort to

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It is really Nature's "first aid"

If it were possible to grow hair on a bald head do you suppose John D. Rockefeller would be wearing a wig?

To Fortify the System

Against Winter Colds Many cases of GHOVER'S TARTARUM emulsion make it a practice to take a number of bottles in the fall to strengthen and fortify the system against the cold weather during the winter. Everyone knows the beneficial effect of Quinine and iron, which this preparation contains in a palatable and assimilable form. It purifies and enriches the blood, assimilates up the whole system. 50c.—Adv.

Our idea of a lazy man here who would rather pay for a state than wash his face.

STOP THAT HACKING COUGH. Mansfield (formerly Hungarian) Cough Balsam heals the inflamed and lacerated membranes and soothes the tickling nerves that lie underneath the infected portions. Invaluable for babies. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

The hen probably is entitled to cackle, but what is the excuse for the crowing rooster?

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A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before drooping, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended all the world over.

A Texas Case

James W. Hardin, Weatherford, Texas, writes: "I bought a new horse and he had a very bad case of distemper. I was unable to get him any better until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. He cured and is now as good as new."

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After your distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

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For MALARIA CHILLS & FEVER A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED

By Carter's Black Leg Pills. Lymphatic system, swollen by venous stasis because they are... (text continues)

IMPORTANT REQUISITES OF GOOD DRIVER



Excellent Specimens for Farm Work.

The first requisites of a good driver are a cool head and a watchful eye, with ready fingers and the quick understanding of the needs and requirements of his horse.

He must also be ready to detect any object by the roadside which would be likely to annoy the horse and grasp at a glance the character of the road that lies ahead of him.

No quick-tempered, loud-voiced man can expect to have a quiet, obedient horse; and the undue haste of the quick-tempered driver to correct what seems to him his misbehavior is one of the reasons why so many horses are dangerous to drive.

Much of this abuse, however, to which the horse is subjected, arises more from sheer ignorance and carelessness than from wanton cruelty.

Before starting on a long drive you should examine the horse, the harness and the vehicle—the bit should be as easy a one as possible, the harness must be comfortable and well-fitting.

Do not use a check rein if the road is long and hilly, but should one be necessary then loosen the head of the horse before ascending a hill, when going over muddy roads, and also whenever you stop, as it is natural for a horse to lower his head when he makes an extra exertion, and also to droop it when he is resting.

A horse should not only be allowed to walk slowly along steep and muddy parts of the road, but also occasionally on level ground; the change from one

set of muscles to another rests him. When your horse begins to feel fatigued he will strike one of his hoofs against the ankle opposite, often bruising and cutting it.

As it is generally one of the hind ankles, an ankle boot should be worn during a long drive, even if it is unnecessary on other occasions.

Two other indispensable articles on a long drive are a wooden scraper for removing foam and a hoof-pick for dislodging stones. For one who is often on the road it is also useful to have a few pieces of rope and some brass wire, as with these in his possession anyone with ingenuity can quickly repair ordinary damages to the harness or carriage.

Horses, when traveling, should have water given to them frequently in reasonable quantities. If you drive slowly for a while after watering your horse, no injurious results will follow, and they may be refreshed by a few mouthfuls of grain, hay or grass.

Should you chance to stop where there is a strong breeze blowing, put a light blanket on your horse, even if the weather is warm.

Do not, at any part of a long trip, yield to the temptation of racing with passing vehicles, for the quickening of a horse's steady "road pace" to a racing gait heats him unnecessarily, and if done frequently is very fatiguing.

Good horses are in such demand now that it will pay any farmer with good horse sense to sit up and take notice.

MORE WEIGHT IN HORSES IS ESSENTIAL



Type of Horses Needed on Southern Farms.

It does not follow that the horse the southern farmer needs is the one he thinks he needs. Moreover, since opinions differ as to the type of horse needed and the various kinds of work required of farm horses demand various types of horses, it is quite certain no one type of horse will do best all the different kinds of work required on southern farms.

The horse most needed will, therefore, of necessity be in the nature of a compromise. We must first determine the most important work required of the farm horse before we can determine the type of horse most needed, for it is only reasonable that in his selection his most important service should be given greatest weight.

For those who expect to continue the use of one-horse implements to any large extent, the horse or mule weighing around 1,000 pounds is most needed. He must have quality, speed and endurance, for with small one-horse implements the only chance to obtain economical service is through greater activity.

The class of farmers who are adopting modern methods and using two and three-horse implements, because they do more economical and better work and save man labor, is growing rapidly, but is still comparatively small. Many of those who use larger implements for plowing and preparing the land still adhere to one-horse implements for cultivating the crops.

But the demand for larger farm work stock is growing and will continue to grow rapidly. The average man who has begun the use of modern implements and methods now demands a horse or mule weighing 100 to 200 pounds more than was most popular ten years ago, and ten years from now a horse or mule weighing 200 pounds more than the popular type of today will be demanded.

To do good, efficient and economical service the horse needed on southern farms must weigh 1,200 to 1,400

stock to supply its needs. Moreover it must be largely bred from our native mares. This will be a slow and possibly the most expensive method in the long run, but it is the only one likely to prove practicable.

If we are right that the southern farmer needs a horse weighing 1,200 to 1,500 pounds and that such an animal must be bred up from our native mares weighing 800 to 1,000 pounds, it is apparent that the sire must be from the draft breeds. It then seems to follow that the horse needed on southern farms is a draft horse. The southern farmer has much the same attitude towards a draft horse that a mad bull has toward a red flag, but we offer to him the quieting thought that a real draft horse, these times, weighs 1,600 pounds or more and therefore the type of horse we have suggested is really not a draft horse, but a horse with sufficient draft blood to give him the size required to do good and economical farm work.—Progressive Farmer.

RAISE DEWBERRIES IN SOUTH

Plant Does Especially Well on Light, Sandy Soil—Plan for Healthy Cane Next Year.

Dewberries can be grown to advantage in almost all parts of the South, especially on light, sandy land. Plantations are started by setting out the rooted tips in rows five or six feet apart. Fat lightwood stakes seven feet long make good supports for the vines, which are usually twined about the stakes and tied at the top.

As the dewberry is very subject to anthracnose, a disease which destroys the canes, it is a good practice to cut off and burn after the fruiting season, all parts of the plant above ground.

A high-grade fertilizer should then be applied and the vines cultivated thoroughly during the rest of the season to produce new, healthy canes for next year's crop.

Dewberries, raspberries and strawberries can be grown to advantage in the wide middles between pecan trees.

GOOD REASONS FOR DAIRYING

Not Enough Butter, Milk and Cream Produced in Louisiana to Supply Demands of Farmers.

(By J. M. CADWALLADER, Louisiana State University.)

Many people will no doubt be surprised to learn that there is not enough butter, milk and cream produced in Louisiana to supply the people on the farms of the state, to say nothing of supplying our small and large cities.

The northern dairymen are enjoying the profits realized by producing butter and selling it to our southern farmers for 40 cents per pound when we can produce butter and milk cheaper than they. If for no other reason, Louisiana farmers should engage in dairying to supply their own needs.

HOUSES FOR STORING COTTON

Upon Construction of Structure Depends Rate of Insurance Paid on Staple It Contains.

The correct designing of a cotton warehouse is of much importance, because upon the construction of the warehouse depends the rate of insurance charged for the cotton inside it.

The average insurance rate, it is said, in the buildings now in use is as high as two dollars a year on \$100. In standard warehouses, properly protected by automatic sprinkler equipment, this rate could be reduced to 25 cents on \$100.

It is a curious fact that many of the warehouses now in use cost more to build than if they had been made to conform to the standards.

Ground Feed for Hogs.

As any animal, especially the hog, is being finished for the market, the need of ground feed becomes more imperative, since there will be less exercise, which makes it necessary for the animal to be furnished with a concentrated, easily digested ration for the upbuilding of fatty tissue.

Keep Cream or Milk Sweet.

Milk begins to sour within a few minutes after it is taken from the cow if it is not cooled. The bacteria that cause souring do not thrive in cold milk. Therefore, to keep your milk or cream sweet, cool it without delay.

DISTEMPER A MOST PECULIAR DISEASE

Veterinary of Oklahoma Agricultural College Tells How Horse Should Be Treated.

(By W. P. SHULER, Department of Veterinary Medicine, Oklahoma A. & M. College, Stillwater.)

For the treatment of distemper in horses, I would recommend the following:

Have prepared this prescription and administer it in tablespoonful doses three times daily to the full-grown animals and in teaspoonful doses twice daily to the colts: Powdered nux vomica, one part; powdered belladonna leaves, one part; powdered chlorate of potash, two parts; powdered colchicum root, one part; pine tar sufficient to make a pasty mass. It may best be given by means of a little wooden paddle, with which the material can be placed on the back of the tongue and it will there go directly to the spine.

In cases where abscesses have formed and broken they should be syringed out with an antiseptic solution and painted with tincture of iodine. Be sure that the animal's bowels are in good condition. If there is any tendency to constipation, administer a suitable purgative, such as oil, salts or aloes. In cases where the nose and throat seem to be especially affected, place the animal in a small stall, taking a gallon or two of boiling water, add to it half a pint of carbolic acid, and tie the animal so that its head be directly over this bucket. This will give relief by the inhalation of carbolic acid vapors.

VERY SOUR SILAGE IS NOT PALATABLE

It Is Not Rich Food and Animals Are Therefore Compelled to Eat Much of It.

Silage is palatable because it is green forage preserved with the exception that the sugar has been converted into agreeable acids that stimulate appetite and give a good flavor. It is possible to have too much acid in the silage. A very sour silage is not palatable. If the plant siloed contains too much sugar, too much acid will be produced. If it does not contain much sugar, not enough acid will be produced to give the desired flavor and aroma to the silage.

Silage is not a magic foodstuff. There is not quite as much food value in it as there was in the plant from which it came. It is not a rich food and stock is therefore compelled to eat a rather good quantity of it. A good-sized cow may safely eat 40 pounds of it in a day. Combined with some feeds richer in protein, it meets the needs of the animal. Too great things must not be expected of it. It is fair to expect that an acre of corn put through the silo will have a greater feeding value than the same acre handled in the usual way. But the added feeding value will usually not be more than a third or a fourth.

TO TELL A SHEEP'S AGE BY THE TEETH

Animal With One Pair of Permanent Molars Is Yearling, Says Minnesota Expert.

(By T. G. PATTERSON, Animal Husbandry Division, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.)

A lamb has eight small first-teeth on its lower jaw. When the animal reaches the age of about one year, the middle pair are replaced by two permanent teeth; at the age of about two, the teeth on either side of these permanent teeth are also replaced with a permanent pair; at the age of three, the next tooth on either side gives way to a permanent tooth; and at about the age of four, the last or back teeth are replaced in like manner.

Briefly then, a sheep with one pair of permanent teeth is a yearling; a sheep with two pairs is a two-year old; with three pairs, a three-year old; and with four pairs, a four-year old.

After a sheep is four years old, one cannot tell by the teeth about the age. However, one who is purchasing a sheep should see to it that it has not lost any teeth, or that the teeth have not become long and shoe-peggy in appearance.



Just Colts.

pounds. This is larger than is thought best by most farmers, but if future needs and breeding requirements to meet these future needs, are considered, this weight is still too light, for the horse needed ten years from now will weigh 1,300 to 1,500 pounds.

The farm horse does most of his work at a walking gait, and he must have the weight to pull sufficiently large loads to more than make up for any deficiency in speed as compared with lighter animals. The greatest need on southern farms is for better work. Texas, for instance, has used more horses as a means of doing more work, cultivating more acres, but the real seed for heavier farm horses is to enable the farmer to do better work. The best work cannot be done with one-horse plows and other one-horse implements. Large plows and disk harrows require larger horses.

But this 1,200 or 1,400-pound horse must be of good quality. He need not have the speed of the 900 or 1,000-pound horse, but he must be of gentle disposition, good quality, compactly built and rugged.

A horse weighing 1,300 or 1,400 pounds is too large for light driving or saddle purposes, and yet these services are required of farm horses. It is true that these are unimportant services, compared with the work of cultivating the land and hauling the farm products to market, and this being the case it follows that the horse of most service on the farm is the one that will cultivate the land best and most economically. If the mule is to remain the chief draft animal of the South, we must breed the type of mares that will produce the type of mule needed, and here again, the need is for a mare weighing 1,200 to 1,500 pounds.

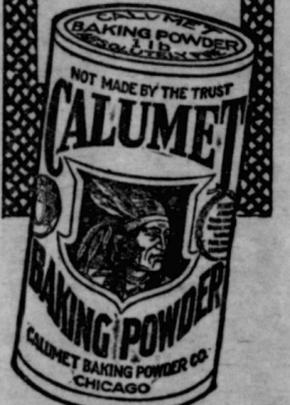
The horse the southern farmer needs must be bred, for no country ever can buy sufficient farm work



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For a number of years I was troubled with my kidneys, condition so serious that part of the time I was unable to work. Tried several remedies, also different physicians without relief. A sample of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root was left at my house. I commenced to take it and continued it until I had taken several bottles and am now cured. Am sixty-two years of age and able to work every day. I attribute my cure to the use of your Swamp-Root.

My wife also was cured by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Symptoms were very serious, including hemorrhages, great pain and distress. I commenced giving her Swamp-Root and it was just as healing in her case. We can heartily recommend your Swamp-Root to all kidney sufferers.

Very truly yours,
H. C. GRIFFITH,
Mexico, Texas.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 8th day of April, 1912.

T. BENNETT,
Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

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CLARENDON, TEXAS

AGED QUAKERS.

Quakers have been noted for the longevity of their members, and an interesting example of the continued truth of the fact was furnished a few weeks back by an "old age party" at Whittier, Cal., to commemorate the one hundred and fifth birthday of a woman Friend. Altogether 73 persons over seventy were present. Active part in the proceedings was taken by elderly Friends of eighty-eight, eighty-three and eighty-two, while others present were aged ninety-six, ninety-four, eighty-six, eighty-four, eighty-two and eighty-one.

A LAME EXCUSE.

"I'll never trade with that druggist again," snapped Mrs. Twobble. "How now, my dear?" said Mrs. Gadders.

"After I bought a stamp from him I asked him if he wouldn't lick it for me, and he said I would have to excuse him, as he had a pimple on his tongue."

HIS ONLY COMMENT.

"So you told your boss about my two-hour public speech, did you?" said the suffragette.

"I did," answered the meek and lowly husband.

"And what did he say?" she queried.

"He said," replied the mere man, "that he wished his wife would make her two-hour speeches to the public instead of to him privately."

HIGH FINANCE.

"Economy isn't the road to wealth," remarked the proverb smasher.

"But I thought the way to get rich was to make dollars go farther," remarked the dense person.

"Then you are entitled to another think," replied the party of the first part. "The secret of acquiring wealth is to make them come faster."

ADVICE TO THE POINT.

"I don't know that I like that repair man," remarked Mr. Chuggins, thoughtfully.

"Doesn't he do his work well?"

"Oh, yes. It's the style of his conversation I object to. I asked him what I could do to keep my car from getting out of order so often, and he said, 'Hire a regular chauffeur.'"

THE DIVORCE COURT, TO WIT.

"Mrs. Divorsay belongs to the cream of society, doesn't she?"

"Well, she's been through the separator."—Boston Evening Telegram.

TOO DANGEROUS.

Professor—Aren't you taking my course next year?

Student—Can't possibly. I wall in my sleep.

STEEL THAT STAYS BRIGHT

Product Now Being Made in America. It is Said, Will Not Rust or Corrode.

A steel that will neither rust nor tarnish has been discovered and is being made commercially in the United States, says the Iron Trade Review. The importance of this invention can hardly be exaggerated. Rust and corrosion are the great enemies of iron and steel. Cut through a lemon with your pocket knife and it comes out tarnished—corroded; stop the street cars, even for a few hours, and the rails are yellow with rust. Various more or less clumsy expedients have been adopted to fight this condition. For fine tableware the metal is silver plated, galvanized or painted. Sooner or later the coating fails, then rust and corrosion start their work of destruction. The loss of steel through rust in the United States has been estimated at 1,000,000 tons a year, valued in the crude, semifinished state at from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000.

The new stainless steel need not be plated or otherwise coated, and it stays bright under all conditions of weather and usage. For years scientists have been seeking such a metal for tableware, pocket knives, watch cases, for certain parts of typewriters, guns, sewing machines, automobiles, bicycles and for countless other uses. Table knives forged of this metal can be used with impunity to cut acid fruits with no fear of stain and the knife will remain bright without incessant scouring that is a bugbear to every household.



HIS CHIEF DELIGHT

Marjorie—Don't you think Mr. Bragg suffers from exaggerated ego?

Virginia—No; he doesn't suffer. It's his chief pleasure.

SELF-PITY.

"I'm sorry for the man who is married to a nagging woman," said Mr. Meekers.

Knowing his unhappy wedded life, those who heard the remark stared at him in some surprise, but said nothing.

"Yes," continued Mr. Meekers, more earnestly, "and frequently in the morning while shaving I say to him, 'You poor, unfortunate wretch!'"

AN APPREHENSION.

"Is that dog of yours intelligent?"

"Yessuh," replied Erastus Pinkney. "He kin do everything but talk in' sometimes when he's been out ate wif me in de evenin' I's kind o' skeered dat he might take a sudden notion to do dat."

MEAN HINT.

"Will proposed to me last night, and he did it so much better than any of the others I have had."

"Well, from the number of girls he's tried to impress with it, he ought to be perfect in it by this time."

SUITABLE HEADGEAR.

"What color do you think most becoming for our telephone girl's hat?"

"I should suggest something ou a yell-oh order."

THE SEA COW.

Milkman—I see the Washington police are puzzled over a sea cow.

Customer—So that's where all the watered milk came from!

NOTARY PUBLIC
Bring your Notary work to
G. A. WIMBERLY

AN ELABORATE SYSTEM.

"You're managing to wake up earlier this morning."

"Yes, I've just bought a parrot."

"Instead of an alarm clock?"

"I already had an alarm clock, but I got so I didn't pay any attention to it. Now I hang the parrot's cage in my room, and put the alarm clock under it. When the alarm goes off it startles the parrot and what that bird says would wake anybody up."

JUDGED BY SOME PASSENGERS.

"Step lively, please," said the conductor.

"Say, what do you think this is?" asked the grouchy person. "A tango parlor?"

"No," answered the conductor briefly, "but there are times when I think it must be a cattle car."

PRETENSIONS.

"Doctor Bragg has been telling of some swell patients he has had lately."

"I know. They're a family down with the mumps."

PHYSICIAN'S FRIEND.

The Lady—Are you fond of lobster salad, doctor?

Doctor—No, I'm not fond of it, but I'm very grateful to it.—Life.

IT ALWAYS IS.

Sympathizing Friend—Didn't you find it hard to lose all your money?

Hardup—No; easiest thing in the world.—Town Topics.

MORE MODERN.

Wedding Guest—The bride is of old Puritan stock, I understand?

Second Wedding Guest—Puritan stock? Union Pacific.



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Preparedness in Farming Is Urged

By C. F. DAVIS, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.

Now that in every field of human endeavor there is coming to be a greater specialization, now that every form of activity proceeds according to established laws and principles; now that success in any line depends upon a knowledge and proper application of these laws; it is no longer possible to meet the brutal competition of business successfully without careful and systematic preparation.

Agriculture, once looked upon as the occupation to which every man might turn when he had failed at everything else, has become a business in which, to succeed, a man must have a thorough preparation.

No young man would presume upon his native ability to carry him through the practice of law or medicine; none would believe that in any of the arts or trades requiring the exercise of real skill he could bluff his way through. Even in the work of the teamster, the digger of ditches and the driver of railroad spikes, there is a best and most economical way to do the work, which must be learned from one who knows, or by the long and wasteful process of repeated failures. Yet, knowing all this, knowing that in every element of the business of life there is need of preparation, how many young men there are who take up this business of life entirely without preparation.

With opportunities such as were never before offered for acquiring a thorough working knowledge of the principles underlying any art, craft or trade he may wish to pursue, we see the young man idling away his time, and finally driven to take up some occupation for which he has made no preparation.

An observant man scarcely passes a day of his life without meeting with someone who has a tale of woe to recite of how everything he undertakes ends in failure; how "luck" is always against him, and how he cannot understand why others succeed while he, working much harder, always fails.

In the very great majority of cases there is no mystery; the whole explanation lies in the fact that he who always fails is always undertaking a work which he does not understand and for the understanding of which he has not prepared himself.

Jobs Stand Between People and Money

By Harold H. Coryell, Boston, Mass.

Many people do not like their jobs because many jobs are obstacles. Jobs stand between people and money, and no one likes something which stands between him and something he wants. Lots of people think a job is a means of getting money, and so they do not care what they do as long as they get the money. Some people care more about the position and persuade themselves they really do like the jobs. This is not because they are persuasive reasoners but because they are so weak-minded they are easily persuaded. They are unable to tell the difference between a hindrance and a help. But it is not clear that anything which has to be removed to get at something else is an obstacle and not an aid. Culebra hill can hardly be said to have been of much help to Colonel Goethals in his desire to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, but it was his job to remove it.

That a job is never a help. On the contrary. If Jones is working for \$3 a day and Smith is selling what Jones makes for \$5, Smith's job is a help to Smith. A job can be a great help to someone who is not doing it, but it is an obstacle to the person who is doing it and getting something else.

Many people think a job is unpleasant because it is hard, but these same people, when Saturday afternoon comes, will race around in the hot sun slamming a ball back at another fellow and think it great fun. They probably would give as their reason for playing tennis that they liked it.

Ask your slightly adipose friend why he closes the office an hour early and goes off to knock a little white ball around a retired farm. If his conscience pricks him he may tell you it is to reduce weight, but he knows as well as you do that if he lay on his back night and morning and raised his legs 20 times until they were at right angles to the floor, and ate moderately, he would achieve his end—if it really were to reduce weight—much more rapidly.

It is not the hard work which makes a job disliked and determines the difference between work and play. It is the reason for doing a given job which makes it pleasant or unpleasant. If you catch fish for money and you get no joy in it, however much fun it may be to get up at 4 a. m., to go out and bite and off to the fishing grounds until sunset.

Wheat in "Book Farming" Is Spreading

By Dr. A. B. Moore, Minneapolis, Minn.

Increased yield per acre of wheat, corn, oats and other grains has convinced even those farmers who ridiculed "book farming" that the only way to make a success of agriculture in this country is to practice advanced scientific methods.

Wisconsin was one of the first states to point out the advantages of book farming, and former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Willet M. Gresham was a member of the faculty of the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station. One of the leaders in the breeding of new and improved varieties of wheat in Wisconsin, however, has rather taken away the honors from Wisconsin. Today Wisconsin purebred seed are known the world over. At winter rye, barley, oats and four standard varieties of corn, Wisconsin is unclouded as the purest strains of cattle or horses, and in Wisconsin.

It is possible by breeding to get a variety of corn that will nearly double the yield. One variety that used to give only 6 per cent seed ears now gives 50 per cent. To carry out the work of seed selection and breeding of the grain an association has been formed in Wisconsin. The first steps in this direction were taken in 1898, and it took years of careful elimination and selection to obtain the first seed. It was eight years from the time the first seed plot was sowed before any seed was ready for distribution. From that time on the increase was rapid.

Enlighten Public on Health Problems

By Dr. Charles W. Lillie, Springfield, Ill.

I believe that one of the duties of the State Medical Society is to enlighten the public on health problems and I would suggest, as one of the best means of doing this, to reach the public through the schools and churches throughout the state. A system of public lectures by physicians should be a part of the course in every school, and I would urge our members to propose such a method to the boards of education in every city, and to the directors of the small villages and hamlets.

A Fairyland of Nature



TURRETED CASTLES

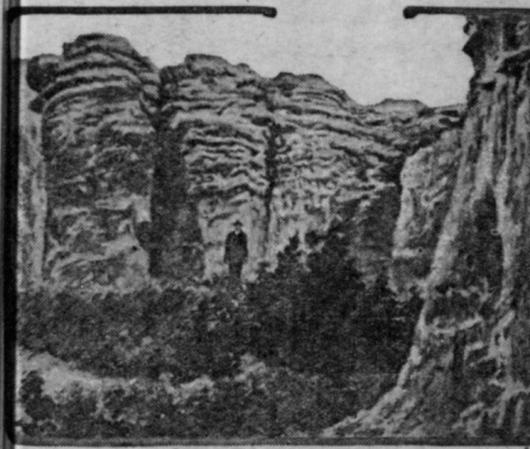
THE Black Hills of South Dakota and Wyoming, which are in fact mountains rising from the great plains to an elevation of 7,000 or more feet above sea level, were millions of years ago, a small, low island, surrounded by a vast shallow sea. This sea extended as far west as the Rocky mountains, which were mere highlands rising above it, writes Guy E. Mitchell in the *Nica Saturday Globe*.

The average traveler today, much like the bandits and Indians who have in recent years infested this elevated region, would probably, according to their various nationalities, smile grimly or laugh to scorn the statement that this portion of the country, now so arid and barren, was once the ocean, and later a vast tropical swamp, among whose rank and luxuriant vegetation lurked strange and large reptiles, and on the shores of which roamed giant herbivorous animals, which were in turn preyed upon by the terrible flesh-eating monsters of the early world. Such, however, is the fact as attested by the vast quantities of fossilized bones which have been found imbedded in the rocks and many of which are now mounted in lifelike attitudes in various museums of the country.

Following this age of sea and swamp the whole region was uplifted thousands of feet by the dynamic forces from within the earth; the hills became mountains and the bed of the

reached. The fact that many of these fantastic structures appear to be falling into ruin in no way detracts from the romantic charm of the scene; such indeed seems in harmony with the silent, deserted aspect of the region. Fortress after fortress and embattlement after embattlement meet the eye from different positions as the traveler wanders here and there through the Bad Lands, some sadly in need of repair—long abandoned in the imagination—others standing out bold and sharp against the clear blue Dakota sky. Hardly can there be anything more impressive than the vast silence and great desolation of the Bad Lands.

Over most of the region few living things can be seen. Here and there, in some favored hollow, a stunted tree clings desperately to existence, and animal life is equally scarce. A few springs support a little vegetation, vividly green in contrast with the surrounding grays, blues, pinks and olive shades of the rocks, while in two or three places animals are found. A high ridge of some extent located near the center of the region, and representing probably the original level of the old plateau, has sufficient soil and fertility to support a scanty growth of grass and on this live considerable numbers of the great Rocky Mountain Bighorn, the noblest of American wild sheep. This ridge is some 500 feet above the rest of the Bad Lands, and is known as Sheep



LOCALITY OF THE SKULL

ancient sea. Long since turned to land, became a lofty plateau. Then the rivers began their slow work of cutting, carving and dissecting this plateau. The result today is that wonderful region of several hundred square miles east of the Black Hills, known as "The Big Bad Lands," where nature has chiseled the soft rocks into thousands of strange and curious shapes. The cloudbursts of spring and summer which visit the Bad Lands create innumerable rivers, from small hills to raging torrents, whose rushing waters cut deep into the old ocean bed—layers of hardened sand and clay—carrying it into most startling shapes and forms. There is a bewildering variety, a kaleidoscopic change from every different viewpoint. The Bad Lands are not, as might be supposed from the name, somber and desolate in appearance. Bad they are for the unwary traveler's comfort, even indeed his safety, since the watering places are few and far between.

Chaos of Rugged Shapes. Different from the titanic carvings of nature, such as the great canyon of the Colorado, which has been cut largely by a single river running ceaselessly through the endless centuries, the Bad Lands present a fine network of comparatively minute sculpturing, in hundreds rather than thousands of feet, the result of intermittent erosion. Neither does the wanderer's eye rest on any forests, glittering lakes, or green meadows. Instead, there is a veritable chaos of rugged and grotesque shapes fashioned by the rains and the winds out of the crumbly rocks, softly tinted with many hues. The bright western sun reflects the light from thousands of glittering pyramids, towers, galleries, and cathedra; spires, all bare of vegetation, but casting back in subdued shades every color of the rainbow.

No land of fabled could picture a greater variety of fairy castles, with watch towers, battlements and turreted, impregnable strongholds built on lofty cliffs, commanding the country around, until the domain of the next turreted castle or nesting castron is

mountain. What a vast amount of washing and erosion of the rock and what endless centuries of time must have elapsed to have cut away the thousands of square miles which now spread below this elevated remnant of the sea bed! From Sheep Mountain the views in all directions comprise the most notable Bad Lands scenery in the world. Below lies the shattered and fantastic fragment of the once great plateau, curved and cut and twisted into thousands of queer and eerie shapes. There are groups of great gray birdlike forms; there are things with long necks and heads that resemble ostriches; there are shapes that might be taken for herds of some monstrous, unknown animals, and gardens of giant mushrooms; even profiles and full views of the human face that might surely, from their appearance, have been sculptured by clever workmen of some forgotten race, so perfect are the expressions of these heroic statues—all carved, however, by the rain and the wind blowing the sand particles against the soft rock.

Once Teamed With Life. Absolutely deserted as are the Bad Lands today, except for the occasional traveler, this great plateau, in the very long ago, when the world was very young, was teeming with animal life. No such animals are alive today; only their smaller descendants. The huge Titanotherium, which fed upon the luxuriant growth of almost tropical vegetation which the Bad Lands were at one time clothed, would have made the largest rhinoceros of the present age look like a suckling pig. This antediluvian monster was 14 feet long and stood nine feet high. Other monsters were the Oreadon and the Elatherium, while a great cat or panther-tiger preyed upon the herb eaters of the time. The bones of hundreds of these animals have been found imbedded in the rock strata of the Bad Lands. The region has ever been renowned as a veritable storehouse of the fossil skeletons of these prehistoric animals which lived hundreds of centuries before the epoch of the first man.

HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By A. NEELY HALL and DOROTHY PERKINS
(Copyright, by A. Neely Hall.)

A SIGNAL LANTERN.

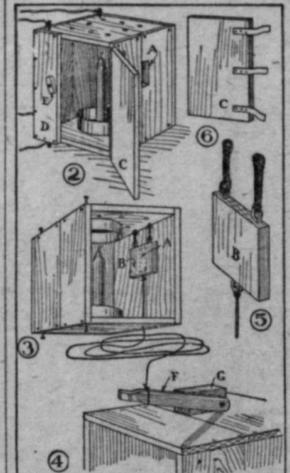
You boys can easily communicate with one another after dark by means of homemade signal lanterns similar to that shown in Fig. 1.

You will need a small box for the lantern. The dimensions are not important, but ten or twelve inches is about right for the depth, width and length. Fig. 2 shows the completed



lantern, and Fig. 3 shows the box before the door has been put on.

One side of the box becomes the front of the lantern. In the center of the width of the front, a little above the center of the height, cut a slot one inch wide and three inches long, through which to flash the lantern light (A, Figs. 2 and 3); and make a shutter block (B, Figs. 3 and 5) by which to regulate the lengths of the flashes. Screw a couple of screw-eyes into the top edge of the shutter, and a third screw-eye into the center of the bottom edge; and loop a heavy rubber-band through the upper pair of eyes, and tie a strong cord to the lower eye (Fig. 5). Then tie the free ends of the rubber-bands to a pair of screw-eyes screwed into the under side of the lantern top, in the right positions



to come directly over the pair in the shutter when it is placed over slot A; and bore a hole through the bottom of the box for the cord attached to the shutter to pass through (Fig. 3). Then, by pulling the cord, the shutter can be opened so light will pass out of a small portion of the slot, for a "dot" of the code, or all the way open, for a "dash" of the code.

The lantern may be lighted either by a candle or a bicycle lamp. If you use a candle, tack a can cover to the lantern bottom for a holder, and tack

MORSE CODE		
A	..-.	1
B	-.-.	2
C	-.-.	3
D	-.-.	4
E	..	5
F	..-.	6
G	-.-.	7
H	..-.	8
I	..	9
J	..-.	0
K	-.-.	
L	-.-.	
M	-.-.	
N	-.-.	
O	-.-.	

another to the top to protect the wood from the candle flame. Bore holes through the top for ventilators.

The cover board C (Figs. 2 and 6) is hinged with three strips of leather or tape. Strip D (Fig. 2) provides a place for attaching the wooden button E.

The lantern is now ready for signaling.

The operating key is shown in Figs. 1 and 4. Cut it about eight inches long and of the shape of F (Fig. 4); then nail a block G to a box (Fig. 4), and screw the end of the key to this block. Tie the operating cord to the key, allowing just enough length of cord to operate the shutter properly.

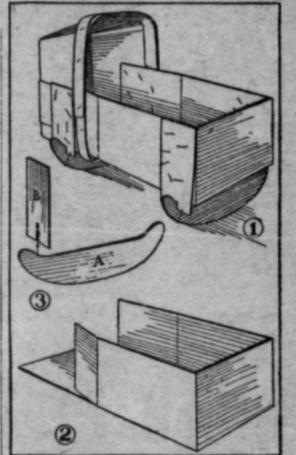
Fig. 7 shows the Morse alphabet code. Cut out and paste this diagram upon a piece of cardboard, and tack the cardboard to the box on which the key is mounted so the code will always be before you. Practice will enable you to memorize it.

BERRY-BOX AND BASKET TOYS.

More toys than you would imagine can be made out of the little berry boxes and baskets.

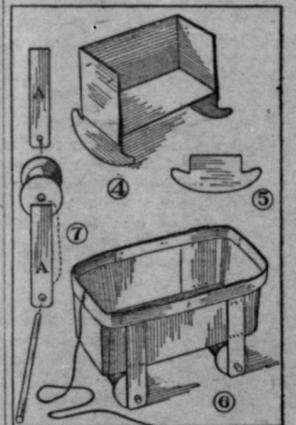
The little cradle shown in Fig. 1 is made of a berry box with a basket hood. Open the side of the box that has the lapped ends, and fold down and out the doubled pieces (Fig. 2). Then set the box inside of the basket, with the opened side pieces against the basket sides, and sew securely to the basket.

Figure 3 shows the rockers (A) and the upright supports for attaching them (B). Make the rockers two inches longer than the width of the



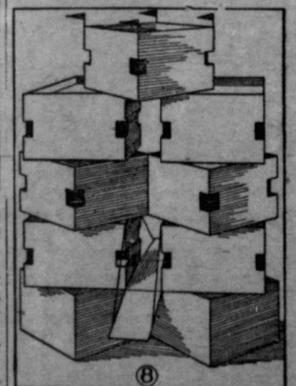
cradle, and cut a slot in the lower end of uprights B just wide enough to receive their ends. Figure 1 shows how the uprights should be stitched to the sides of the cradle.

The doll rocker in Fig. 4 is another of the many pieces of berry-box furniture that can be made. Remove one side of a box, and about one-third of each of the adjoining sides and the bottom, and use the remainder for the seat, back and arms of the chair. By selecting the doubled sides of the box for cutting, the upper parts of the rockers can be slipped up and fastened to the doubled pieces (Fig. 4). Cut the rockers by the pattern of Fig. 5, making them long enough to



project about an inch in front and back of the seat.

Figure 6 shows a simple wagon made of a berry basket. You may fasten another basket over the end for a hood, if you like, and thus convert the wagon into a doll-carriage. Get a pair of large ribbon spools for wheels (Fig. 7), and cut two sticks to the diameter of a pencil for axles, and a pair of uprights (A, Fig. 7) for connecting the axles to the basket. Make holes near the ends of the uprights just large enough for the axles to fit



in, cutting very carefully so as not to split the wood.

The castle in Fig. 8 may be built as high and wide as your supply of berry boxes will permit. The windows are cut at the corners of the boxes, because there is less danger of splitting the wood by cutting them at that point. Cut a doorway in each box of the second tier, to lead out on to the drawbridges. The drawbridges can be made either of pieces of a berry box or cardboard.

The Hedley Informer

ASKS ENGLAND TO ECONOMIZE

The Standard of Living at Present is Much Too High, Says Lloyd-George.

During the budget debate the chancellor of the exchequer returned to the point which he made with great force the other day—the vital necessity that the people of this country should put by their savings for the demands which will be made upon them later.

Hundreds of millions will be wanted to finance the war. There is no chance of getting enough revenue by merely taxing the rich. The nation's savings will be indispensable for the coming loans. Saving, therefore, is not a question of meanness but of patriotism, and the time has come for a return to the old system of simple living. Better face it at once, said the chancellor. The standard has been steadily going up. It will have to come down.

"Plain living and high thinking are no more," wrote Wordsworth in 1802 in a famous sonnet. Mr. Lloyd-George said nothing of high thinking, but he earnestly begged the nation to be wise in time, to return to plain living, to realize that the glittering prosperity of the moment was purely artificial, and to be sure that a period of collapse would most certainly and inevitably come.—London Telegraph.

BEWARE THAT POWDER PUFF!

It May Give You Lumbago, Appendicitis, or the Pip, Says a Philadelphia Physician.

More trouble in store for the summer girl! They've made her the butt of all sorts of jokes, patrolled the beach and park with cops, regulated the size and style of her bathing suit—and now she mustn't borrow a powder puff.

Doctor Ziegler, of the department of health and charities, says so. It's insidious and might spread all sorts of diseases, including lumbago, appendicitis and pip. Inasmuch as the average summer girl would rather have all three of these ailments than a shiny nose, the advice probably will go unheeded.

Nevertheless, Doctor Ziegler places the borrowed powder puff with the common drinking cup, the common towel and the common bathtub in the category of "summer hotel evils to be avoided." He treats of them in a bulletin to vacationists about to leave the city.—Philadelphia North American.



CATTLE IN DEER FORESTS.

The deer forests and grouse moors of Scotland are, so far as possible, to be used for the grazing of cattle and sheep, in order to increase the available food supply. It is expected that wherever there is land of this class which can be used to better purpose than at the present time, landlords and agents will cooperate with the district committees of the department of agriculture in making it available.

Subscribe for the Informer.

COMPLETE HISTORY OF TREES

"Library" That Probably Cannot Be Equaled in Any Part of the Earth.

There is, perhaps, one of the most curious collections of books in the world to be found in a small town on the continent. It is really a botanical collection. Outwardly each volume presents the appearance of a block of wood, and that is what it actually is; but an examination reveals the fact that it is also a complete history of the particular tree which it represents.

At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common name of the tree to be placed as a title for the book. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other side shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves and other products of the tree, the moss which usually grows upon its trunk and the insects which feed

upon the different parts of the tree. These are supplemented by a full description of the tree. In fact, everything which has a bearing upon that particular tree secures a place in the collection.

THREADED NEEDLES AT HOME.

Threading needles at home, skimping in lunches, denying themselves all amusements and carrying work home are some of the ends that they were compelled to resort to before the strike of clothing workers was called in order that they might earn as high as \$7 a week, girl strikers in Chicago said. Sarah Mold, who formerly was employed in one of the largest houses, said:

"I often threaded as high as ninety needles at home so I would not lose the time. I did work besides at night, which I carried home, and when I complained that I did not feel able to do this I was told by the foreman not to waste my time going to picture shows. Since 1913 there has been a general cut of from 25 per cent to 50 per cent in wages, and where I formerly earned twelve or fourteen dollars a week, I now can make only six or seven dollars."—Chicago News.

ROBS METER; DIES OF GAS

Man Smashes Quarter-in-the-Slot Contrivance and Cannot Escape the Fumes.

In order to get money, the police say, to satisfy his craving for liquor, Robert Heskets, thirty years old, smashed the gas meter in the cellar of his home at 2441 North Mutter street and died a victim of the fumes before he could escape. The gas so filled the cellar that when his father, John Heskets, sixty-six years old, later entered it he was rendered unconscious.

The elder Heskets now is in the Episcopal hospital and is threatened with pneumonia. The police say young Heskets had been drinking heavily and had attempted to steal money from his father's trunk.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

WHY THE FIRELIGHT DANCES

Scientific Explanation of Action Which Has Delighted Countless Generations of Youngsters.

Have you ever watched the blaze in the fireplace dance and flicker? Of course you have. A little flame

jumps from one piece of coal to another and changes color. Sometimes it seems to go out, and then it comes back to life in another place.

If the coal were one pure substance and the air was supplied in a steady draft, the firelight would not jump and dance that way. But in the coal there are gases imprisoned that cannot get out until the coal begins to break up in the fire. As these gases escape they burn, making beautiful flames of different colors that flicker about over the surface of the coal.

Fire must have air to burn and in the fireplace the supply of air is moved by the wind at the top of the chimney. So sometimes the blowing of the wind will make the fire flicker.

Coke, coal from which the gas has been removed, is pure carbon. It makes a hot fire but has little or no flame. Of the fire in a fireplace a large part of the gases and of the carbon goes up the chimney unburnt. You see that is a great waste, but it is part of what we have to pay for our pretty fires.

Job Printing at Informer Office.

REBUKE THAT WAS DEEDED

Very Probably, After This Lesson, Mrs. Johones Will Carry Her Small Purchase Home.

Mrs. Johones is an inveterate shopper. The other morning she went to the local draper's and, after turning three departments upside down, solemnly bought a reel of cotton, and asked them to send it home.

"That's the limit!" groaned the owner, when he heard the result of the lady's visit. "But we'll get even with her."

That afternoon a large wagon drew up at the gate of Mrs. Johones' pretentious villa. On the vehicle sat three burly laborers, strenuously holding on to something in the middle of the dray.

With many "hoos!" and sundry other shouts, they backed on to the pavement, the laborers struggled and gasped and groaned, and hauled down to the road level—the reel of cotton!

This was solemnly rolled up the garden path, and up-ended on the doorstep. Then the men solemnly resumed their places on the wagon, which drove away.

The delight of watching neighbors was complete when Mrs. Johones, very red in face, opened the front door, kicked the reel into the road and then slammed the door again.—London Tit-bit.

PAID LICENSE ONLY

Man's Seeming Violation Proved a Matter That Was Easy to Explain.

A young constable, who had beat one day in a Staffordshire village, met a man who had a dog with him.

Going up to him, the constable said:

"That's a nice dog of yours."

"Yes," replied the other.

"Have you any more dogs?"

"Yes, two more," said the man.

"You pay license on them, suppose?" asked the constable.

"Not me. Only on this one."

Next day the man received summons to appear before the bench of magistrates for non-payment of license fee.

He duly appeared.

Asked if he owned that dog, he only paid license for one.

Sweetly and replied:

"Well, yes; and here it is."

"I don't pay license on it."

At the same time he pulled it from his coat pockets.

The constable looked at the dog, the court laughed they rattled, and the man paid full expenses.—London Tit-bit.

QUITE APPROPRIATE

"I would like to be a convict in this prison."

"What is your objection?"

"I am president of the society."

A LITTLE BIT

Evangeline—How do you like my new hat?

Caroline—I think it's charming.

I had one just like that last year.

ANTICIPATION

"Why do they always select hot weather for baseball games?"

"But, then, you know, they always have a lot of fans."

IN THE NEAR FUTURE

Wife—I see that Mr. Hub has got a divorce.

Hub—Confound it! That means another wedding present.

WANTED HIM TO SPECIFY.

She (broker's daughter)—Will you always be true?

He—As true as steel.

She—Common or proper?

GREETINGS

The holiday season is again upon us. The old year with its cares and successes, its pains and its pleasures, is silently fading into the new year--1916. At this thought men should pause and take a personal inventory of life's experiences, and in so doing, many, no doubt, will find on the trial balance of life both debits and credits, a review of which will better fortify them for the duties of the new year.

For ourselves, we hope during the good year 1916 to be more serviceable to our fellow man; to cultivate a closer relationship with those with whom we come in social or business contact; to be frank; to be fair; to give a little more than we expect; to go more than half way, if need be; to be pleasant and agreeable under all circumstances.

We wish for you the fullest enjoyment of the bountiful things of life, and no biting experiences, or anything that approaches the bad; good health, sound sleep, vigilant wakefulness, increasing prestige, and a year of unbounded happiness and prosperity.

FIRST STATE BANK

HEDLEY, TEXAS

We believe business goes where it is invited, and stays where it is well treated.

Desirable Occupations for Boys
By Wells Andrews, M. D., Chicago

try there seems to be no place for the lads who must shortly be the men of another generation.

There was a time when boys were regularly apprenticed at mechanical trades or in mercantile business houses. They served five or seven years in the shops, store or counting room and rose by slow degrees to be partners, heads of houses or independent masters in their own line of life.

To enter what are called the learned professions, an expensive education is necessary. This is not attainable by most youths, and even when it is acquired it does not always lead to success. In these professions there is "always room at the top," which is small consolation to those who are hardly able to crowd in at the bottom.

Vast numbers of boys, therefore, are driven into mercantile pursuits where the pay is small, and, generally speaking, the chances for promotion and ultimate independence are smaller.

In the mechanical trades one of the demands is that a limit be placed to the number of apprentices to be taken into any working force. The theory of this sort of proscription appears to be that men who have acquired a trade are determined that their number shall be kept within certain limits during their lifetime. Any attempt to invade the magic circle is met with a threatened strike, in which the workers have the employers temporarily at their mercy. As employers are not specially anxious about posterity, they usually surrender.

When we consider what possibilities are bound up in the boy—those only badness, possibly, is what he has inherited without his own consent—his future, with only a few exceptions, is not promising.

Today the boy stands at the dividing of the ways. The chances are that he will take that which leads to thriftlessness and uselessness, or that he will take the boy who learns no trade, masters no useful and productive calling, has lost his chance and pursues life handicapped. Men, though they may be prosperous and successful as the world goes, sometimes turn back with a great cry for their lost youth. For a moment, before they take up their burden and go on, they plead that the youthful bloom, which no power in heaven or earth can restore, shall be theirs again.

The boys of this generation are in great need that something be done to fit them for the manhood which comes to them apace.

Needed Attention Given to Teeth
By G. S. CLYDE, Washington, D. C.

of this work is impressed upon us by the reports from the war hospitals of Europe that diseased teeth and mouths reduce a soldier's resisting and fighting power. There can be no question about the truth of these reports. Any common stubborn disease, such as rheumatism, neuralgia and appendicitis, are known to have their beginning in neglected mouths. Progressive dentists everywhere are trying to show to the public that the mouth condition in the child is an important index to his whole physical status and development.

In this particular field dentist and physician should work together in harmony. Septic mouth conditions are the cause of 75 per cent of the surgical operations performed in our hospitals today. It is appalling to note the conditions of the mouths of boys entering industrial schools. Practically all are from the city and live upon a meat diet, which is hurriedly eaten. It is far better to eat fruit and vegetables.

Every parent should see that his children's teeth are examined every little while, and the establishment of dental clinics in the public schools undoubtedly will go far toward improving the race.

Boys and girls with good teeth and mouths are more efficient and more obedient at home. The state owes it to itself to see that our boys and girls have their mouths properly attended to, and the best way to do this is by compulsory examination and attention in the schools.

Boys to Perpetuate the Grand Army
By E. R. Monfort, Cincinnati, Ohio.

What will become of the Grand Army of the Republic as an organization, after the last veteran of the Civil war has passed away? That is a question that frequently has been discussed by veterans. Many of the veterans have favored the passing of the organization along with the dying of the last soldier. Others have advocated the organization be perpetuated through the Sons of Veterans. The question of taking in the sons of the soldiers has come before the veterans' annual encampments on several occasions, but always has been voted down. There may be a different view taken now.

Some time was when the members of the G. A. R. rather objected to young fellows coming into the organization, but age mellowed, and before the last soldier of the Civil war passes away the Grand Army will have decided to let the boys take up and keep alive the organization.

The Spanish-American War Veterans is an entirely separate organization. But they were soldiers of the republic, and in the years when the Grand Army of the Civil war is only a memory, the fellows who fought in the Spanish-American conflict and the sons and grandsons of the veterans will perpetuate at least in memory the great organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic.

Buttermilk Is Excellent for Health
By JOHN BROWN, Atchison, Kan.

Among other things buttermilk contains a certain amount of cream, which enables one to make a most satisfactory meal off a glass of buttermilk plus a small amount of meat and potatoes.

Buttermilk also contains an excess of the bacteria which are capable of producing great quantities of lactic acid, and it is because of this that buttermilk is most valuable. This microbe does not exist normally in the human body, but can be introduced with very great benefit to the health, as it preys on the hundreds of thousands of microbes which infest the intestines.

Sour milk is valuable as a food for the same reason, both for humans and for stock. It is said that if hogs are given all the sour milk they can drink there will be no danger of their contracting hog cholera.

There is a very good general complaint that it is becoming more and more difficult to find desirable occupations for boys. In all the vast industrial and commercial machinery of the country

Prevailing Styles in Furs



Looking through the displays of the furriers, for styles in neckpieces and muffs which are representative of the season, one concludes that fur sets, to be alluring, need not run after strange gods of fashion. For in neckwear the flat scarf or muffler of fur, or the pelt of the animal, lined and provided with a fastening, or the short high collar, seem to about cover the variety of the best sellers.

In muffs there is somewhat greater diversity, but the moderately large, almost round muff, the smaller round muff and the barrel-shaped model include the majority of all. They sometimes are finished with tails, but often without, and they are smaller than for several seasons. Otherwise there is no decided change in styles. But for those who insist upon novelty, there are the "small furs" of fashion. This is the name given to wide bands, or collars, for the neck, that are just long enough to encircle it comfortably, and as wide as they can be worn, with small, round muffs to match. And fur usually appears in the turbans or hats worn with these sets. Some of the collars are attached to very narrow caps or collarettes, and there are wide cravats of fur which entwine the neck with one end slipped under a slide made of the fur and extending over the shoulder to the back. It is

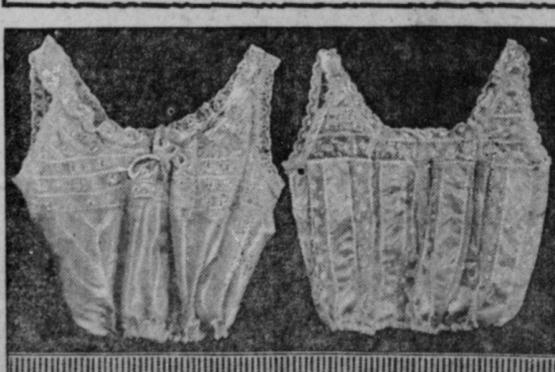
the fad to fasten these neckpieces, and others, at the back. Even the scarf with long ends is worn muffler fashion, with a knot at the left back and ends hanging over the shoulder and floating behind. To be muffed up in the furpiece, be it ever so small, is the effect to strive for.

As neckpieces and muffs are small and only a touch of fur is needed on the hat to match, these sets are beautifully adapted to the tailored suit. Seal, squirrel, chinchilla, kolinsky, cony and beaver are liked for these, and very attractive sets are made of several fur-fabrics. The latter are not at all difficult to make at home and so inexpensive that one may indulge in an extra set for the sake of change or to spare the set made of real fur.

Gift is Popular. Gowns are trimmed with gift, and evening wraps are sometimes literally sprayed with it. The new silks of the season are chiefly glorious metal brocades, silks interwoven with gold, silver or iridescent metal threads. These metal brocade silks are used alone or in combination with other silks, as one prefers.

Gift braids will be used in limited quantity upon suits displaying military tendencies. In short, the dress season is a glittering one.

Silken Underbodies



As an ally to the diaphanous blouse—which continues to triumph in the face of winter—the underbodies of wash silk and lace is evidently destined to divide honors with it. It is equally soft and attractive, and has only made its entry on a career of usefulness that is to grow in importance.

Washable silks and satins, crepe de chine and some new silk weaves are used, with lingerie laces, to make these underbodies. They launder as easily as cotton or linen fabrics and are just as durable. With these practical attributes in their favor, and the elegance and beauty lent by the silk, to recommend them, it is safe to anticipate their appeal to women.

Two of the most popular underbodies are shown in the picture above, both very simple in construction. Val insertion and edging is used in combination with silk and with ribbon for making them. In one of them the bodice is formed by sewing alternating rows of lace and wash ribbon together with machine stitching. In the others a yoke is made of rows of the insertion, machine stitched together and edged with narrow lace, and having a wide band of thin silk set on to it. When bodices of this kind are made at home the edges of the lace insertion may be whipped together by hand with a little better effect than is possible in machine stitching.

White and light pink silks are used with cream-colored lace for making the majority of silk and lace bodices, but they are sometimes made in a light shade of the color in the blouse with

which they are worn, or exactly to match it. Some of the prettiest models have narrow insertions of val or cluny lace let in to the silk in figures, and are finished with narrow lace beadings and edging. Lingerie ribbon is run through the beading and used in rosettes and bows for ornamentation.

Julia Bottomley

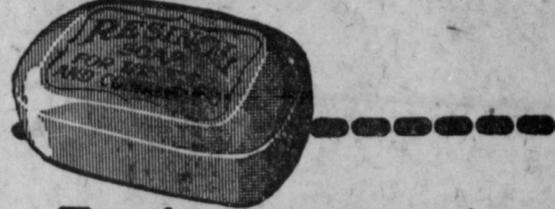
Gloves With Frills. New-walk gloves for wear with long-sleeved coats and frocks have tiny frills in contrasting color at the top, the little frill running down the wrist, which fastens with snaps. White gloves have navy blue or black frills on gloves in the new sand and putty shades, and in a pale champagne tint which is very fashionable. The frills on these new gloves are made of the woven silk fabric of the glove plaited in the tiniest of side plaits.

Steel a Feature. Steel is to be a feature in winter millinery. Not only are steel buckles used, but also the most delightful ornaments of steel, which suggest the jeweler's art, so lightly are the beads strung together. For instance, an ornament of steel may be finished with a steel tassel which has hardly more weight than one of silk. These ornaments are especially pretty combined with fur or used to catch up the flaring brim of the hat.

Mrs. Rosa A. Kline, 218 C. 1st Ave., Kansas City, Mo.: "I had a cold in the head. I used Peruna. Was well pleased with the results. I do not need any other medicine."

"PE-RU-NA"
(Registered Trade Mark U. S. Patent Office)

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Try this easy way to clear your skin with Resinol Soap

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished how quickly the healing, antiseptic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear, fresh and velvety.

Different Attitude.
"Isn't John Henry crazy over his new automobile?"
"He seems to be mostly crazy under it."

HANDS LIKE VELVET
Kept So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

On retiring soak hands in hot Cuticura soapuds, dry and rub the Ointment into the hands some minutes. Wear handage or old gloves during night. This is a "one night treatment for red, rough, chapped and sore hands." It works wonders.
Sample each free by mail with 32-p. Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Framing a satisfactory album for the writing of obscene letters probably is the most difficult undertaking.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.
You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

One can often dodge a coming event by observing its shadow.

Orders It Up.
"Do you pass the plate at church?"
"No; I go to sleep and let it pass me."

AVOID A DOCTOR'S BILL.
on the first of the month by taking now a bottle of Mansfield Cough Balsam for that hacking, hollow cough. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

One Way.
"Does Bill get along very well?"
"I guess so. He says his rent bill keeps him moving."

An Improved Quinine, Does not Cause Nervousness nor Ringing in Head
The happy combination of laxatives in LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE makes the Quinine in this form have a far better effect than the ordinary Quinine, and it can be taken by anyone without affecting the head. Remember to call for the full name, Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Grove. 25c.

However, the man at the bottom of the ladder hasn't far to fall.

Cuts clear to the bone have been healed by Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

A lazy man wants to paddle his own canoe by proxy.



Save This Trade-Mark and Get a Complete Set of Oneida Community Par Plate Silverware Given Free With

SKINNER'S Macaroni Products

SEND us your name and address on coupon below, and we will tell you about how we are giving complete sets of Oneida Community Par Plate Silverware, guaranteed ten years, FREE with Skinner Products. In the meantime commence saving up the trade-mark signatures from Skinner packages.

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Please send me full information how I can obtain Oneida Community Par Plate Silverware free with Skinner's Macaroni Products.

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The Heart of Night Wind

By Vingie E. Roe
Illustrations by Ray Walters

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Dally's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Dally, foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co. or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work he has come from the East to superintend and make successful. He writes to his father that he intends to get a handful of the wealth in the uncut timber of the region.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

Sandry was enjoying her succinct precision of knowledge and expression.

"And you've spent all these years in the midst of this wet-blanket climate?" he smiled. "How in the world did you do it—and keep your cheerfulness?"

"Son," said Ma Dally kindly, "you can knock the country to me, but don't you go down it where the men'll hear you. Us web-feet are used to the rain, but we don't like to hear the Easterners talk about it. It's a chip on every Oregonian's shoulder. You don't want to queer yourself."

There was a note of genuine good advice in her tone, and Sandry got a sudden insight into several little happenings that had puzzled him—for instance, the emphasized wearing of blue shirts in a rain that had soaked his overcoat, and a few remarks about the fact that Oregon rain didn't wet through.

"Thank you, Mrs. Dally," he said earnestly with a sudden feeling of friendship between him and this kindly old general of men.

He turned presently to the girl, busy in the lamplight, her black hair shining, a shadow over her eyes.

"By the way," he said, "if you care to you may ride Black Bolt whenever you wish."

She nodded quietly, without a flicker of the pleased excitement he had expected in the light of her seeming passionate love of the animal, but a slow, dull flush spread upward in her dark face and her fingers trembled a bit, he fancied, on the reins.

They trembled in all surety the next morning, when, with a bridle of colored and woven horsehair over her arm, she entered the lean-to.

Black Bolt was a gentleman born. Though he was wild as the girl for the free air, the green slopes and the yielding soil under his feet, he stood still while she came up lightly, as a cat springs, with a little soft alighting, and they were gone, down over the smooth slope of the valley toward the lower rollyway.

There were two interested spectators to that splendid flight—Ma Dally from the cook-shack porch, who wiped her eyes a bit and said aloud: "Bless the child! Wild—wild! But it's natural," and Walter Sandry standing at the south window of the office.

"Did you like it?" Sandry asked her amusedly that evening as he passed through the eating room.

"Yes," said Siletz with her belying quietness.

"I believe I've found a study," he said to himself as he went on, "a worthy study in human nature."

And Siletz had found a new heaven and a new earth. Something wild within her that had ever moved restlessly broke forth, by a glorification of ecstasy. Day by day thereafter she loosed Black Bolt and sped into fields of Elystun, lost to earth, intoxicated, mad with the rush of wind and rain. Always when she came back there was the dusky intoxication in her eyes, the sleepy look of fixation in her face.

Thus winter closed in on the lonely camp in the mountains, blue-black and gray with mist and rain and vivid green with the new grass of the coast country.

CHAPTER VI.

Trouble With the Yellow Pines.

Walter Sandry sat in the office at the slough's edge, busy with file and ledger. Two months had passed and something had lifted from him in these two months; a weight had lightened. Where had been a huge disgust, almost intolerable in its intensity, for this rain-soaked land, there had crept in an insidious admiration. Often now he looked down the green little valley sharply defined between its binding hills and felt the subtle charm of the intimate shadows, the near white dusk and the great trees under whose drooping feathery branches there lay silence and a sense of refuge.

Suddenly there came to him a clatter of voices, oaths and the throaty tones of strong men in anger. Up from the lower rollyway a group of loggers came stalking in their spiked boots. Behind them Murphy rooked excitedly along in the tiny locomotive.

Sandry shut his ledger and stepped outdoors.

"What's the matter, Collins?" he asked of a huge man in the lead, a peaked type of the logger of the great Northwest, sun-browned, hard-muscled, wiry of figure and with the endurance and power of a bull elephant.

"Matter enough. Them damned Yella Pines' saved five piles in th' rollyway an' tore up two lengths of track."

Sandry went ahead down the track

and found a state of things sufficient to raise the ire of any riverman or timberjack.

Where the track approached the rollyway it had been torn up bodily, the ties and rails thrown into the narrow slough, as evidenced by a few projecting ends, and the rollyway itself, a slanting floor of logs some two feet thick supported on a group of graduated piles, sagged in the center where two piles had been cut and dried sideways. The lower edge also drooped for the same reason. It had been the work of pure malice, that he saw at a glance.

"Collins," he said as the men came up in a sullen group, "get to work and see if you can raise those saved supports and pry them back on their bases."

The gang went slowly down the shaft bank of the tidewater slough. "Johnny Eastern," said one rollyway, "all right, all right! Prize up a sofly! My Aunt Maria!"

Sandry stood near, realizing his limitations and raging helplessly, watching them lazily testing and pushing here and there.

"Haden't we better just spike 'em on to the sides?" asked Collins, with a droll upward glance.

Sandry was about to reply when John Dally slipped down from the track beside him under the lee of the damaged rollyway.

"Collins," he said sternly, "you get back to camp and bring tools—peavies, hooks, a couple of chains and some picks. Bring a couple of axes, too. What do you mean by such business?"

"Orders," said Collins with a grin.

"You see, Mr. Sandry," said Dally apologetically, "there's no fixin' such timbers as them, not when they've got to carry such weight. They'll have to be taken out entirely an' new ones set."

"I didn't know," returned Sandry frankly; "won't they hold back the work?"

"A day or so, mebbe. We can take the fallers out an' put them on with Collins an' the rest. There's enough down to keep the buckers busy a day or two, anyway. We won't lose much."

"Do you think this is the work of the Yellow Pines people, Dally?"

"Sure," said Dally with certainty, "they've done worse than this before now. Cut our best cable two years ago and twice they've run the dinkey off the track into the slough. They're bad actors."

"But what's the use? What do they gain?"

"They want to run us out of the hills. Been at it for ten years. They're just givin' you a hint as the new owner."

The repairing of the damaged rollyway was another revelation to the easterner. New timbers were brought down and the slanting floor was thickly underpinned. Then with pick and

shovel the men went at the work of digging out the damaged timbers. The work was heavier, more dangerous and disagreeable by reason of the water, four feet deep at low tide, eight at high, which lapped their bases.

Dally put them at the digging from the slope side at low tide; but on the second day he stood long running his blunt fingers through his hair, as was his custom when perplexed.

Sandry had come down from the office and now stood on the track above the rollyway looking over the wet country below. At the rollyway's foot the sluggish ribbon of tidewater, sullen and discolored, wound up from the south. To the north the valley lifted gently toward the camp and the wilderness beyond.

Suddenly, "Dally," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't just know. Them men can't work in the water, and them pines can't get to come out. But there's a way of doin' it, of course."

"Of course," said the easterner, "and why not go at it from above?"

The foreman looked at him inquiringly.

"That left bank of the slough up there is in the form of a ridge. Don't you think we could set a crew at it at low tide and dig it through, turning the water into the slough yonder? That would leave the slough empty here for the time between high tides. Could you get the timbers out in a few hours?"

Dally's experienced eye had already taken in every detail of the possibilities as Sandry talked.

"That's a good scheme, Mr. Sandry," he said slowly. "I believe it'll work." So it was that the first practical suggestion of the new owner was set into action.

The whole crew of the camp was brought out of the hills and set to work and the damaged rollyway was repaired as good as new, the break in the west bank filled, the slough running full again and nothing to show for the trouble but the flooded field of tules.

Under Walter Sandry's cool demeanor there was a small glow of satisfaction, a sense of having in a way redeemed himself.

At supper time Siletz, moving between the tables, laughed to herself, softly, and her dark eyes under the little shadow of her parted hair held a sparkling gleam as if she had seen that conflict and enjoyed it.

"Siletz," said the owner, coming in suddenly from the east porch after the men had tramped heavily away to the bunkhouse, "how do you know outside this camp?"

She was alone in the big spotless kitchen, her sleeves rolled up from her arms, slim and brown with a smooth color that was of the sun's giving.

"Outside the camp?" she asked, turning to him for the moment, stopped in some task of the aftermath of the meal, "why—nobody."

"Don't you ever go down to Toledo?" Sandry was leaning in the doorway, his bright blue eyes upon her.

"Sometimes."

"Have you no friends there? No girl friends?"

She shook her head and he noticed the clean profile, the shape of the small pointed chin, the good forehead conflicting with a vague suggestion of fleeting wild things in the velvety eyes.

"Is there no one with whom you associate outside the camp? Think."

Suddenly there passed over her features a quick change. He could liken it to nothing but a wind on the surface of water, just a breath of change.

"Only the preacher," she said with a swift slurring of softness in her voice.

"You don't know him. He only comes sometimes. He was here just before you came."

"Who is he?" asked Sandry curiously.

"I don't know. Nobody knows. But I love him."

"The preacher," he said to himself a little later in the bare south room under the dripping eaves. "H'm! The Bible—of course."

With a new interest he picked up the quaint old book of Holy Writ and let it fall open in his hands as it had a way of doing.

Out from that marvelous song of an inspired soul, the Psalms, there looked his answer, as he was to know in another day, the truest answer that could have been given to his question:

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

With an odd feeling of truth struck from the page he closed the book and laid it gently down on the white cloth.

CHAPTER VII.

Night Wind.

From that time forth Sandry began to take a keener interest in Siletz. For one thing, he noticed that everyone called her Siletz, with a soft slurring of the first syllable, and he found himself using the name which he thought particularly beautiful. It was the name of the reservation to the north and of a small part of the odds and ends of tribes thrown in there by a beneficent government. What was her other name? He had always thought of her as Ma Dally's daughter; and yet, now that he came to the task of it, she had never seemed akin to the easy-going, open-minded foreman who was so like the old woman. She was alien to both with her silences, her whimsical speech and her look of hidden fire.

One day in the late fall, when the white mist and the evergreen of the forest had got on his nerves unbearably, Sandry left the office and went to the shed for Black Bolt, only to find him gone. He had meant to ride off to the fit of blues. Failing that, he decided to walk it off, and struck up the wet green valley to the north.

Almost immediately the tumbling hills closed in upon him and he found himself in a wilderness of towering firs, of dripping vine maples and mysterious paths lost in the crowding ferns. He was standing at rest in a small glade carpeted with pine needles

and surrounded with ferns, when he caught the sound of voices. They came from the dense wall of the woods at his right and unconsciously he listened, tipping his head and straining his ears. Presently a look of blankness spread upon his face.

One of the voices was familiar, soft and sliding with the minor, the voice of the girl Siletz, and she was speaking jargon.

Even as this amazing knowledge was borne in upon him the tangle parted and she stepped out before him. A Siletz squaw followed her, a short brown creature of comely features, clad in brilliant flannel, a towering pyramid of baskets slung to one shoulder. Nosing eagerly at the girl's elbow stepped Black Bolt, while Coosnah brought up the rear. They perceived him instantly and the Indian woman turned away with a few guttural words which Siletz answered gently. But in the moment that she had confronted him, Sandry had seen her face and received a shock.

Beginning just under the lower lip and running downward to the base of the chin there stood out three blue bars, each composed of minutely tattooed designs. Unconsciously she started eyes flew to the dark face of the



Watched Her Turn and Ride Down One of the Mysterious Paths.

girl. There, on her lighter skin, tell-tale in its truth of outline, was the beginning of the same mark, broken in its inception by some mysterious hand.

For a moment Sandry's head whirled and a sort of nausea came over him. Then he became conscious of her dark eyes, level and calm, upon his face and a thrill that sent the blood pounding in his veins shot through him. The mighty trees around them, the eternal majesty of the hills under the intimate gray sky, the girl in her trim, sensible attire of blue shirt, short skirt and boots, with that sudden revelation of the wild about her, combined to suggest the unreal, the mysterious, the lawless; in a flash he understood her silences, her calm, her occasional stilted modes of speech, and her whimsicalities.

"Why—why—Siletz!" he stammered, following out the train of his illumined thought, "what are you? Who are you? A star in the dusk! The night wind in the pines!"

In the flush of the pregnant moment he laid his hand on her bare arm under the rolled-up sleeve—her soft arm, wet with the mist—closing his fingers strongly upon it. For the enchanted present she was romance and mystery, and Sandry was beneath its spell.

But Siletz looked from his face the blood rose slowly in her dusky cheeks, and when she raised her eyes again they were dim with the same look of intoxication as had come with the madness of the rushing wind on Black Bolt's back.

"Yes," she said dreamily, "I am the Night Wind. That's what they call me—my friends the Indians. But how did you know?"

"I didn't. I just heard the words in my heart. They are right."

He did not remove his hand, and silence fell between them while they stood gazing into each other's eyes. Sandry saw the heavy look in hers, the dull fire that bespoke a very drunkenness of emotion, and in another moment he had lost his head. Without thought, as simply as the first runner of those forests took what he wanted, he leaned forward and kissed her, softly, lightly, on her smooth cheek. Her eyes darkened perceptibly and she covered her face with her hands.

In a sudden great embarrassment Sandry stood silent beside her, his heart pounding and his manhood already apraising him. He searched his clearing brain for some word of apology, some contrite expression, but found none, and the next moment could not in any case have spoken it; for Siletz lifted her face and it was glorified. The intoxication had drifted away from her features, leaving them bare in the utter simplicity of the primal woman, and there was in them a white fire of self-surrender.

Without a word—and Sandry knew instinctively that she could not speak—she turned to Black Bolt, threw the reins over his head, crouched beside him on a little lift of moss and leaped upward. He watched her land on the horse's blanketed back with that imitable grace of the wild, turn and ride swiftly down one of the mysterious paths whose nodding ferns closed

after her. Coosnah, following with a lithe rolling of all his huge muscles, cast a lowering glance backward at the man.

The incident had taken all the helplessness out of the day and the wilderness, and Sandry wended his way slowly back to camp, arriving just in time for supper. Siletz tended the table in her usual silence, but when she reached him she was constrainedly aloof, as if fearing to break a spell by a word or touch. Once he looked up at her, striving for recognition, but she avoided his eyes and to save his heart he could not repress the wild thrill that had betrayed him in the hills, though he was conscious of anger flushing hot upon it. He suffered a very real humiliation in that he had so far forgotten his training, his sense of the fitness of things, as to kiss this wild mountain creature. His ancestral blood rose up in condemnation.

The next few days were crowded full to overflowing with work and he laid aside all personal perplexities. The first raft of logs, a great cigar-shaped monster, laced together in all its length and breadth with giant chains, lay in the backwater at Toledo ready for its voyage into the world beyond.

A crew of river drivers was picked from among the men and all was in readiness save for a draft of directions which was to be given, along with the raft, into the custody of Captain Graetz of the long dun-colored steamer that would stand in across the bar at Newport on the twenty-sixth.

Sandry thrilled with contemplation of the great, reddish-brown floor, slightly raised in the center, sloping gently to the sides. Its building had been a thing of wonder to him. It would in all probability scatter to the ends of the earth, and its worth ran well into five figures. He watched its departure, an impressive matter of sluggish rising with the tide, of almost imperceptible motion and then of majestic speed that carried it westward toward the ocean. Then he turned back to his logging camp with a heightened joy in the new life.

That night he wrote to the white-haired gentleman who was then going to be under silken covers with the aid of the faithful Higgins; and his letter was long and brilliant, touched with that cheer and hope, that light of awakening strength and ability which was beginning to stir and ably to its foundation.

"Ah!" said Mr. Wilton Sandry when he got that letter, looking down on the page of Riverside drive in its winter livery, "what a boy he is! What a soul! The metal is beginning to ring."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARING FOR THE UNKNOWN

Patriotic Work Undertaken by German Women That is of Real Service to the Fatherland.

A correspondent of the Companion in Germany writes of a touching thing that the lonely women of the nation have done—women who have no sons, no husband, no brother, no father in the war; who are perhaps too old or too feeble to nurse or to be otherwise active. No one knows where the idea started, but some women of that sort made inquiries of the regiments regarding soldiers who had no father or mother; they begged to be put in communication with those soldiers.

The names of soldiers were sent to these women, this strange name and that, the names of men whom they did not know and had never seen! Each woman chose one or two soldiers to be her especial care. The children mothers sent gifts, and sewed and knit for the motherless soldiers. Now and then came, in return, a grateful post card from the field from the adopted son. Once I read one of the cards.

"Many thanks, dear friend," it read, "for the package of warm things. Imagine my surprise! The mail arrived! I expected nothing, but I was the only one to receive a package—I alone, the orphan! From you I received the only package I ever got in my life!"

Eight days later the orphan soldier's boy fell; a comrade brought the news, and a gentle, lonely soul wept for him, whom she had never known. He had been the means of forming a strong tie that bound in imagination a woman's silent life with the mighty fate of her country. She who had never been a mother had become a volunteer mother.—Youth's Companion.

The Lid on Mt. Lassen.

The government geological survey sends out the somewhat reassuring report that old Vulcan has clapped the lid down on Lassen peak. The great eruption in May seems to have spent the energy of the volcano, and the general indications are that it will cause no more disturbance this season. Though the mountain may continue to be an active volcano, the report says that it is believed that it will not "develop into a devastating fury, after the manner of Vesuvius or some of the Alaskan volcanoes or other well known foreign volcanoes." While Lassen in a rage makes quite a spectacle of itself, and while a volcano in eruption adds variety to the attractions that "see America first" offers, yet we could get along quite well if Vulcan keeps the lid screwed down, and a lit tighter, too, than it is in a great many municipalities.

Parental Cruelty.

"What's worrying you?" "Father says he's going to cut my allowance down to a point where people won't say that I have more money than brains."

"Gee, you'll starve to death if he does that."

A Profitable Habit

Keeping daily watch of THE APPETITE THE LIVER AND THE BOWELS

At the first sign of trouble resort to

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It takes Nature's restorative conditions throughout the system.

SWAMP-ROOT Is not recommended for every one, but if you have a weak, nervous, or bladder trouble it may be found just the remedy for you. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may receive a sample of this reliable medicine by enclosing a letter to the publisher, Dr. K. M. Pierce, 251 N. 7th and Erie St. St. Paul, Minn. Also mention this paper.

Try, to remain Blondine—I understand Mrs. Gid-dig has been married three times. Brunetta—Yes, poor deuce, she never seems to have any luck with her husbands.

Spartan Women Suffered Unpleasant but who wants to be a Spartan? Take "Femina" for all female ailments. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Before and After She—Did you ever meet your ideal woman? He—Yes; three years ago. She—And she still is? He—Oh, no. We are married now.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet is a laxative—three for a cathartic. More saving and less suffering. Another thing that is bad for this country.



RAIN OR SHIN

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The OLD YEAR and the NEW

By HARLOWE RANDALL HOYT

THE New Year comes. The Old Year goes Adown the pathway of the years, Bent beneath his pack of joys and woes, Of junetide smiles and April weas, Across the fields with snowdrift white, The Old Year passes on tonight.

A TWELVEMONTH past we welcomed him. A New Year he, one year ago, But now his eye is weak and dim, He totters on with footstep slow, His voice, complaining on the breeze, Comes in the groaning of the trees.

We watched him grow. The wintertime he bled into spring, and summer, then saw him pulse with virile pride. When autumn fields were ripe again, And now, we view him at the last, Nipped by December's chilling blast.

WELL, let him go. His race is run. We wish him a goodly year, indeed. He is toast him, every one, I bid the wanderer "God-speed!" Old year, a final health to you! You were a comrade, tried and true.

THE Old Year goes. The New Year stands Before the door and waits us here. Of this world bring him in with welcome hands. The Year is dead! Long live the Year!

Happy New Year

The following New Year wish is ascribed to Goethe.

Health enough to make work a pleasure.
Wealth enough to support your undoubted needs.
Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.
Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.
Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.
Fidelity enough to shall see good in your neighbor.
Firmness enough to shall others' faults.
Candor enough to shall move you to be helpful and helpful to others.
Faithfulness enough to shall make real the things of God.
Anxiety enough to shall remove all fears concerning the future.

QUAINT SOLDIER CEREMONY

How the 42nd Highlanders, the Seaforth Highlanders, Usurers in the New Year.

The Seaforth Highlanders, one of Scotland's crack regiments now at the front, have one of the most peculiar New Year's eve customs of the whole British army. The ceremony is picturesque and imposing.

On the night of Hogmanay, at about 10:30 o'clock, the regiment assembles in the barrack square. A few minutes later the oldest soldier in the battalion, dressed as a Druid, makes his appearance, to the accompaniment of a flourish of trumpets. Ascending the improvised throne, he calls on the veterans to show their uniforms and achievements of bygone times. To the music of the pipes and brass band veteran after veteran, arrayed in the uniforms worn by the regiment at different periods, marches past and salutes the Druid. The Druid then toasts "The Seaforth Highlanders."

After a display of Highland dancing the alarm is sounded, and the second oldest soldier, arrayed as Father Time, approaches. The veterans then retreat, leaving their honors to be guarded by their successors, and Father Time expels the Druid.

At the last stroke of midnight a loud knock is heard at the gate and out rings the sentry's challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?" "The New Year," comes back the answer. "Advance, New Year, and give the countersign!" is the next command. "Pass, New Year; all's well!" The gate is then opened and the

youngest boy of the battalion enters, dressed as the high chief of ancient Ross, to represent the New Year. The colonel shakes hands with the boy, while the band strikes up, "A Guide New Year to Ane and A'."

After the colonel's greeting to the battalion the national anthem is played and the rite fall out.

When the World's All New.

It is the same old world that we greeted on New Year's morning. But somehow it looked so different. The invisible dividing line between last year and this has made possible a new angle of vision. The grip of old passions seems to have lost its hold and a new purpose, partly old, partly new, throbs for recognition. A gentleness appears in faces thought to be hard and cynical. Happiness sparkles in the eyes of sad and lonely folk. A sort of introduction is needed to oneself. For the dawn of the new year makes possible a fresh attack on the age-worn problems, another attempt to produce the best instead of the good, and a new walk down by-ways of human experience where one may be a good Samaritan with no eye but his to see and understand. The world is all new on New Year's morning—my world, your world, our world—to make over for the Kingdom.—Ralph Waldo Keeler.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

Lord, help me reach that higher plane Above all sordid, selfish strife! Help me a pure life to attain, Nor count the cost, nor heed the pain. Even though I lose this present life, While God's clear Flagah heights I gain.—Rev. Grover C. Clark.

Musician's Sally.

Victor Herbert tells this story of two famous musicians: "De Pachmann and Goldmark once met in front of the latter's Vienna home. Goldmark was a most estimable old chap, and, as everybody knows, a writer of exceptionally brilliant and melodious music, but his one great fault was his overwhelming conceit. As De Pachmann and Goldmark walked away from the composer's house the pianist pointed back ward and said: "That modest little edifice will be signally distinguished some day after you are dead."

"Indeed!" said Goldmark. "Yes," continued De Pachmann, "they will decorate it with a tablet."

"And what do you suppose that tablet will say on the tablet?" asked the composer, eagerly. "To let!" replied De Pachmann.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The essence of friendship is entire-ness, a total magnanimity and trust.—Emerson.

TURNING A NEW LEAF

By De Lysle Ferree Cass

ROGER FEATHERSTONE ROSE late on New Year's morning with the heaviest suggestion of a headache. That was the aftermath of the previous night's celebration, memorabilia of which were scattered all about the apartment in a haphazard way. Roger's coat was still brightly speckled with red, yellow and blue confetti; there was a battered tin horn protruding from one pocket, and a particolor paper cap made of tissue paper was tucked rakishly askew on the bronze bust of Beethoven on the piano.

In the hazily-recalled grotesquerie of last night's homecoming, Roger had denuded himself progressively, beginning with his shoes at the door, the hat and waistcoat beside the dresser; trousers and linen at the foot of the bed and, last of all, his scarf tied in a beautifully neat bow beneath the sob of the bedpost.

Roger sat up regarding all this whimsically for some time and wondering dully how it is that morning daylight always imports such a baggy aspect to the rosy visions of the night before. He yawned and stretched prodigiously; then made a bound for the washbowl and immersed his head in gratefully cold and refreshing water from the tap.

"Heigh-ho! New Year's morning and my fortieth birthday all in one! The good Lord knows that I don't feel that old, but these periodic 'parties' sure are beginning to pall upon me. If I were to do the conventional thing now, I'd begin the new year by making some amazingly moral resolution and then—But, after all, why not? I'll make a resolution and not break it, either! I'm forty years old today and as comfortable a bachelor as any I know. Hereby I do solemnly vow a placid life of celibacy. No wedding bells for me!"

Roger dined leisurely, not a little pleased with the positive formulation of the idea that really had been in the back of his head for months past. He liked and admired girls, of course—what real man doesn't? But it was in a detached, impersonal sort of way. He enjoyed their chatty conversations as mentally restful after weighty business conferences at the office all day long; he liked vivacious femininity across the table when he dined out in the evening. But as for actually burdening himself with one woman for life—as for voluntarily domesticating himself, eschewing the good fellows at the club, and as for systematizing his life into a humdrum routine—no, no! Not for Roger Featherstone!

Ah! there went the telephone bell! His sister Madge undoubtedly—Madge who had married Phil Barnes and taken out of the merry whirl of things as jolly a chap as ever—

"Hello! Hello! Yes, this is Roger talking. Oh, I thought it might be you,



Roger Sat Up.

Why, no-o-o! I've no particular appointment for tonight. For dinner at your house? Yes, I'll come, thank you. Eh? You don't say? Betty Hurling going to be there with you, too? Well, well, of course I remember her! We used to be sweethearts back in kid days. When did she get back in town? Must be four or five years since we've met. All right, I'll be over."

Roger sighed as he hung up the receiver; then grinned. "Tonight will be a good time to tell them about my New Year's resolution."

The cozy little dinner party was over. Sister Madge and Phil—"Hub" she patronizingly called him—were somewhere out in the back of the house. They had left Roger and his old chum Betty alone tete-a-tete in the dimly lit parlor.

How that girl had grown and "improved" during these five years the Roger hadn't seen her! Why, she had developed into a positively little peach! What a sensation she would make at one of the club dances! She hadn't forgotten about their old

days together, either—recalled lots of little childish intimacies that had slipped even Roger's memory. Why, those fuzzy little tendrils of hair curling at the nape of her neck were positively adorable! Yes, and those liquid, mischievous eyes of hers! Deuce take it! what was that elusive scent she used? Did it come from that fluffy hair, or the gown, or—

Roger was in the midst of telling her about his resolution to eternal bachelorhood. He had intended to do it humorously, epigrammatically. But the warm, physical proximity of the girl was an indubitably permeating thing—went to one's head—and that little-pink-nailed, soft hand lying passive so near to his was—

"So when I got up and remembered that today is New Year's and my fortieth birthday, I said to myself—"

"Yes, Roger,"—oh, the subtle, amused, encouragement of that infection. It piqued him strangely. "I said to myself that—"

"Yes, Roger—"

The man stared at her confusedly and all at once was accusingly con-



She Hadn't Forgotten About Their Old Days.

scious that that somehow or other, that soft, warm little hand of hers was nestling comfortably within his own tremulous grip.

"You were saying, Roger, that you told yourself that—"

"That I've been needing you for ever so long, dear," mumbled the man, red-faced.

And she: "Oh, Roger! What a perfectly lovely New Year's resolution!"

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN OLD WALES

New Year's day in old Wales was not marked with such celebrations as were some of the other days during the Christmas season, but there were two customs observed which are rather interesting. The first was the visit of the male members of the house to the homes of their neighbors on New Year's morning. It was considered unlucky for a female to enter the house first on New Year's day, but should this happen by accident, it was supposed to be a sign of death in the family during the coming year. So firmly rooted is this old superstition in the minds of the peasantry that some of the old folk will engage men or boys to visit their home on the early morning of New Year's day. I was thus hired when a boy not more than one entering certain homes as the first male visitor on that day, for which I received a few pence.

The second custom was the visit of the "waits" on New Year's morning with the "New Year's Water." The "waits" were supposed to be an established institution of professional musicians wearing armor, but now the name is used to designate companies of people who go around caroling during the Christmas season. On New Year's morning these "waits" would journey throughout the community. Arriving at the door of a home, they would sing the following verse:

Get up on New Year's morning, The cocks are all a-crowding, And if you think it is too soon, Get up and look at the stars and moon.

After this they would knock loudly and repeat slowly the following lines:

The roads are very dirty, Our boots are very thin, We wish you all a "Happy New Year," And please to turn us in.

When the door was opened a member of the party who was styled the "Sprinkler," carrying in his hand a cup of clear water and a bunch of the box tree, would sprinkle the members of the household with the New Year's water, repeating while doing so the following lines:

Here we bring you water from the well so clear, For to worship God with us this "Happy New Year," Sing Levy Dew, sing Levy Dew, the water and the wine.—J. S. Ladd Thomas.

The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so high that we cannot see him; but he is always looking down upon us, and will soon hover near to us.—Richter.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word.—Emerson.

Good-by, Old Year!



GOOD-BY, Old Year! With words of grace, Leave us with him who takes your place, And say, Old Year, unto the New, "Kindly, carefully, carry them through. For much, I ween, they have yet to do."

—John Godfrey Saxe.

NEW YEAR "NEVER AGENS"

Suggestions for Husbands, Wives and All Lovers, Married or Single, That Are Timely.

If you haven't thought up any, here are a few timely suggestions:

For hubby: Never again to spend a moment out of the presence of the wife unaccompanied by a trustworthy guardian appointed by her, who will report faithfully all of your doings, even to the irregular quiver of an eyelash, or the drinking of soda instead of buttermilk.

Never again to be such a brute as to want to stay at home when the wife wishes to go out, or to wish to go out—by yourself—when wife desires you to stay at home in the bosom of your family.

Never again to growl, grumble or swear, or pretend to be asleep when the wife pokes you in the back and asks you to walk with the baby in the middle of the night.

Never again to threaten to forbid tradespeople to allow the wife credit if she and the girls do not cease their extravagance—when the monthly bills come in.

Never again to forget to peck wife on the cheek upon leaving her in the morning and coming home at night, to tell her that her frightful new bonnet is a perfect gem, and that her "fourteen-year-old" short dress is altogether too old-looking for her youthful figure.

For wife: Never again to make biscuits for breakfast until you have tried them on your own digestion for a few weeks in the absence of the rest of the family.

Never again to notice pa exchanging glances with the pretty girl across the aisle all the way downtown.

Never again to keep the lights turned on when pa has been detained downtown "on business," in order to see what time he gets home, or to

insist on his kissing you that you may smell his breath.

Never again to come to the table with hair in crimpers and wearing a soiled kimono.

Never again to subject pa to spells of lachrymose reproaches, telling him that he doesn't love you any more.

For lovers, married or single: Never to miss an opportunity to tell the dear old story over and over again.

Never to lose the loveliest elusiveness that makes lovers so delightful to each other.

Never again to spend the sweets of young lover souls in cheap flirtations when there is such a world of real happiness at your command.

Never to become insensible to the delicious tremblings and flutterings of your own heart, or to become lax in all of those lovely attentions and gifts that help to keep a keen response a-thrill in the heart of the beloved.

THE OLD YEAR

He had his virtues. This old year was impartial. No discrimination knew he between classes or conditions. He meted the same number of hours to the man in the aovel and the man on the throne. The hour-glass he turned the same number of times for him whose garments were plain and coarse and him who wore garments of costliest fabric. Like God who sent him, this old year was no respecter of persons. He showed constant vigilance. No laggard, no loiterer, he. Having been sent to fill a space in time's calendar, he filled it to the full. Sent to mark off so many hours on time's dial, his hand was never slack; he slept not for a single swing of the pendulum. May we keep our vigils as faithfully! He fulfilled his mission. God's plans are deep, and we know little, perhaps, as to the real mission of any of these passing years, decades, centuries, and eycles, yet we know that each fulfills a purpose in the betterment of humanity; and in the closing year has served well his embassy in bringing the race nearer its final goal. A prize, peerless and bright, awaits each of us if we are true to our mission as the old year has been to his.—Rev. J. M. Hubbard.

Their Resolutions.

They were young as April as they were pressed close to a window full of wonderful confessions.

"What bad habits are you going to give up this New Year?" he asked.

"You," she answered briefly; "what bad habits are you going to give up?"

"Letting you have your own way," he responded firmly, "so our engagement stands."

"Very well, then, go in and buy me that heart-shaped box of candy." And both New Year resolutions went the way of their kind.

The Old and the New.

Another year has joined his shadowy fellows in the wide and voiceless desert of the past, where, from the eternal hour-glass forever fall the sands of time. Another year, with all its joy and grief, of birth and death, of failure and success, of love and hate. And now, the first day of the new o'erarches all. Standing between the buried and the babe, we cry, "Farewell and hail!"—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Helps Some.

"Some folks say that mere words don't count," said Uncle Eben, "but de fact dat some folks think enough of you to say 'Happy New Year' to you helps some."

Look to the Future.

In reverent gratitude for the year gone, may we turn our faces toward the more blessed year to come.

Good Resolutions



VALUE OF DRAINAGE

Much Swampy Land May Be Made Quite Productive.

WORK IS ONLY FAIRLY BEGUN

Lands Too Wet for Profitable Production of Crops Should Be Drained—Improves Soil by Making It More Porous and Friable.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

By simple drainage much of the wet swampy farm land which cannot be cultivated in its present condition may be made productive. There is also many a piece of cultivated land which is not producing what it could be made to do if it were properly drained. Indeed, according to the department's specialists, drainage in the United States is only fairly begun, and its immense possibilities are but little known. Farmers' Bulletin No. 524 of the United States department of agriculture discusses this subject in some detail.

Lands that are too wet for the most profitable production of crops, such as wet level land, low spots, and the dry subsoils of flat areas on the summits of knolls, river and creek bottoms, and peat bogs, should be drained. Even uplands may often be drained with profit, especially hillsides subject to erosion or inclined to be "spouty." Indeed, drainage is profitable wherever it is necessary to the fullest use of the land. It is not uncommon for lands too wet for cultivation to produce, when drained, 60 to 70 bushels of corn or oats or from one to one and a half bales of cotton to the acre. On much of the drained land the increase of yield is from 25 to 100 per cent, and by the increased yield and decreased cost of cultivation the value of the land is often doubled.

Improves the Soil.
Drainage improves the physical condition of the soil by making it more porous and friable. Thus stiff soils are made more easy to work. The roots of plants are given a greater feeding depth by the lowering of the water level and hence the ability of crops to utilize moisture is increased. Well-drained soils absorb more rainfall than undrained soils, thus decreasing erosion and damage by floods. Drainage warms the soil. Heat from the sun acts directly upon the soil when excessive moisture is removed by drainage. This is noticeable in the North, where the planting season is from one to two weeks earlier on drained land than on similar land when undrained. The danger of damage by frost both in the spring and in the fall is reduced. Warming of the soil also causes the



Fig. 1.—Field Needing Drainage.

seed to germinate more readily, thereby giving a better stand of crops and causing the plants to grow more promptly.

Drained land can be plowed earlier in the spring than undrained land. Crops can be cultivated sooner after a rain, and if covered tile drains are used instead of open ditches machinery can be used to better advantage and the cost of cultivation decreased.

Health conditions are also improved by the drainage of swamps and standing water. The breeding places for mosquitoes are removed, with the consequent abolishment of malaria in the locality.

Practical System.

The most practical drainage system is one that is adequate, permanent, uses the least possible land, and is not a hindrance to cultivation. Tile drains which empty into either open or closed outlets most nearly provide such a system. By the open-ditch system much valuable land is occupied, the drainage is seldom thorough, and the ditches become filled and have to be cleaned out. Open ditches sometimes occupy as much as ten per cent and frequently five per cent of the area drained. Thus it is that tile drains, while more expensive to install, are generally the most economical in the end.

In laying out a drainage system, the outlet is the first consideration. On rolling or hilly lands channels have usually been washed out, although they may need to be straightened and cleaned out. On low, level land it is usually necessary to dig open ditches, and they should be straight and deep, since curves check the flow of water, while in a deep ditch water generally flows more rapidly and less vegetation is likely to be present. The outlets should be deep

enough to take care of the flow from branch drains, which may necessarily be placed low to secure sufficient fall.

Open ditches work well with a drop of four feet to the mile, although some, of necessity, have no more than one foot drop. In loamy soils subject to freezing the sides of the ditch should have a slope of 45 degrees, in sandy soils a greater slope, while in stiff soils subjected to little freezing a less slope will do.

Outlet ditches should usually follow the natural course of the water, although efficiency and economy may necessitate a diversion from the natural watercourse.

Use of Open Ditches.

When the ditch runs through a field, the earth should be leveled back from the bank, so that no more ground than is necessary will be lost from cultivation. When the value of the land is high, the open ditch should not be used where it is practicable to use tile. In the middle West tiles as



Fig. 2.—Same Field After Being Tile Drained.

large as three feet in diameter are frequently used, and, being covered over, they do not occupy tillable land or divide a field. Where properly laid, there is little danger of the tiles filling and practically no maintenance cost. Because water runs faster through tiles they can be much smaller than the open ditch. The latter, however, has an advantage in holding more water after a rain, though, perhaps, not carrying more. The farmer is in a position to judge for himself when it is profitable to use tile.

PROFIT FROM ALFALFA ACRE

Greatest, Most Profitable and Productive Swine Forage—Test Made at Iowa Station.

(By JOHN M. EVVARD, Chief in Swine Production, Animal Husbandry Section, Iowa Experiment Station.)

Recently there was returned a profit of a little over \$250 for the operations carried on an acre of alfalfa; the corn was charged at 60 cents, and the hogs sold for \$7.

Now these are the returns for the happy combination of self-fed corn and an acre of self-fed alfalfa, taking young growing fattening pigs to the weight of 250 pounds, no charge being made for the alfalfa. Charge the alfalfa at \$10 an acre and there remains \$240 pork values (assuming no loss of pigs) over and above feed costs. Labor is arbitrarily assumed to be offset by the manure residues remaining; of course a charge of \$1 a pig labor could be charged and still leave for the acre's operation a net return of \$206.

The alfalfa acre carried 44 pigs on the average from weaning to market, these pigs finishing at 250 pounds, fat and high-dressing. No alfalfa, of course, was left on the acre; it was all pastured. This is not the best practice, but it shows what corn on an alfalfa acre will do when the corn as well as the alfalfa is pushed to the limit.

These pigs gained 1.46 pound a day during the entire grazing season of 140 days, requiring 387 pounds of corn feed for a hundred pounds gain, this costing \$4.14 with 60-cent corn. The charge for alfalfa on the basis of a hundred pounds gain amounts to \$12 (12 cents), making a total cost of \$4.26.

After paying for the alfalfa and crediting all the profits to the corn the net return per bushel was, with \$7 hogs, almost a dollar, or exactly 98.5 cents.

But let us remember that alfalfa in itself will not net \$250 on the acre, or corn alone 98.5 cents to the bushel when fed to \$7 hogs.

It is the very happy combination of self-fed corn and self-fed alfalfa that does these things. The cost of gains with 60-cent corn, and \$10 alfalfa at \$4.25 perhaps tells the story best—although it is well to bear in mind that after all is said and done in the swine forage story that corn and alfalfa are pre-eminently the most profitable corn belt doublet of economic feeds that it is possible to grow and fatten swine on.

Alfalfa is our greatest, most productive, most profitable swine forage and corn is our greatest, most productive, most profitable swine growing feed.

Why not plan the swine feeding with alfalfa and corn as the basal feeds?

Storage for Cabbages.

Where only a few cabbages are to be stored it is a good plan to wrap the heads in newspapers and put them on shelves in a cool cellar.

Skim Milk Buttermilk.

Skim milk buttermilk is the equal of natural buttermilk in practically every important respect.

NOMADS OF NORTH SIBERIA

AN INTERESTING account of the travels of the Siberian expedition promoted by the Oxford university's school of anthropology and the Philadelphia museum is given by Czaplica in the London Times. He tells of experiences among the Tungus, strange and primitive nomad people of the Mongolian type, who live along the Yenisei river, far within the arctic circle, saying:

The few Russian traders who venture as much as three hundred or four hundred versts (a verst is about two-thirds of a mile) into the tundra between the Yenisei and the Lena follow the so-called "Russian route," starting eastward from a little river settlement known as Dudinka, on the Yenisei, in about 68 degrees north. But the prospect of finding, along the route, natives who have not come into contact with Europeans was small, and consequently the idea which I had at first entertained of reaching by this means the Tungus, who were the objective of the journey, was abandoned. Another route—the one which we finally decided to follow—was suggested to me by a Tungus. The starting point was the village of Monastir (Turukhansk), also on the Yenisei. This is the most northerly point in the Russian empire where there is a post office, to and from which mails are sent at more or less—rather more than less—lengthy intervals.

Into Far Tungusland.

Russian settlers and the few Tungus who live within two or three days' jour-

cling to your fur boots before entering a tent, or at least before approaching the fire. Otherwise your feet get damp, and to travel with wet feet involves the certainty of frostbite. This beating of boots is thus the first act of the somewhat elaborate ceremonial required of a stranger on entering the tent of his host. It took me some time to learn all the details of etiquette required of one who aspires to be persona grata in the best Tungus circles.

At the Tungus Table.

The Tungus are great eaters. Their diet consists principally of fish and reindeer meat, which they eat either raw or cooked. It takes some time to adapt oneself to the conditions under which food has to be taken sufficiently to be able to eat with appetite. It needs all the philosophy you can summon to your assistance to accustom yourself to the dirt and the smoke and the congested condition of the tents, but it is unquestionably much easier—and safer—to face the cold and the wind on a full stomach than on an empty one.

"And laugh much!" Indeed, no work would have been possible without "laughing much" and make your interlocutors laugh. What appealed most strongly to their sense of humor was my "foreign accent" in speaking Tungus. They are a cheerful people, and though not apt to be communicative about the things I wanted to learn, a lively story or an opportune jest would usually put them in the right humor to relate a legend, full of tribal cus-



TUNGU FAMILY AND TENT

tom, or subject to be measured—anthropologically.

The use of more than a single cupful of water for washing is held as great an extravagance as a bath in champagne would be among us. For water in winter is precious since it has to be obtained by the tedious process of melting ice or snow. Once before I had come to realize this fact, I thoughtlessly asked my hostess one morning for a second cupful of water from the big family kettle which always hangs above the fire; I had extravagantly used up the whole of the first cupful on my teeth, and wanted a little more for my face and hands. A stare of blank astonishment was followed by a look of indignant surprise from the outraged housewife.

"Nienaknma (to the dog!)" she muttered through her teeth, as she handed me a scanty half cupful; "you can wash as much as you like in the river when it is not frozen; but it is a shame to waste water in winter."

Strong Love of Country.

The attachment of the Tungus to their native land, strong and even passionate as it is, cannot be said to be inspired by, or to inspire, any visible appreciation of its beauty. When the northern lights turn one-half of the sky into a field of pulsing flames, the Tungus herdsman turns an indifferent glance northward and sums up the whole magnificent spectacle with a casual "It burns"—his only expression for this phenomenon which, in spite of its frequency, always filled us with a new sense of wonder and mystery.

The shadowy ravines, the vast frozen moors sounded on all sides by sheer precipices, the towering peaks, the frowning crags appeal to him only from the point of view of the trapper or the herdsman; here the moss is plentiful, this is a good place for Arctic foxes, last season the hunters got many wild reindeer in this valley. It is all an economic question with him. His environment is his opportunity or his foe. This is the land he has won for himself against the sightless owners of the wilderness, immemorial enemies of man, and he clings to his hard-won foothold with a tenacity inveterate and unshakable.

Greece's Debt to the Allies.

The independence of Greece was gained in 1830, when it was declared a kingdom under the protection of Great Britain, France, and Russia.

Good Neighbors

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Could you lend me your stepladder? I want to take out some of the window screens."

The man addressed, next-door neighbor, Robert Mason, nodded simply. He was the owner of the house into which Earle Pelham and his wife had just moved. Pelham had paid a liberal rent for the place. The unsocial manner of his landlord displeased him. The latter simply lifted the article asked for over the low dividing fence, bowed and turned away.

"Humph!" commented Pelham, almost irritably, as he entered the house.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired Mrs. Pelham, tracing displeasure in his manner and voice.

"That landlord of ours. Asked him just how to loan me a stepladder to get at the screens and he acted as if he grudged even a decent word."

"Oh, you misjudge him, Earle, indeed you do!" Mrs. Pelham hastened to say. "I feel so sorry for him—all the town does. I learn. His life is a sad, sad history. A year ago his wife, a bride of a year, had a fit of sickness which led to a complete nervous breakdown. She got so bad they had to send her to a sanitarium. Two months ago she escaped. They have not been able to trace her since. It is feared that she wandered out among the swamp lands beyond the sanitarium and perished from hunger or was drowned."

"Poor fellow!" spoke Pelham, his sympathetic heart deeply touched by



She Turned Toward the Intruders.

this recital. "I will be more charitable in my judgments after this."

The Pelhams had not dealt with Mason personally in renting the old home of Mrs. Mason's family, but through an agent. After the death of the departed wife, Mr. Mason had moved into the old home. Now he was renting it furnished and had taken up more limited quarters in the adjoining cottage, which he owned.

The Pelhams had just moved in. Mrs. Pelham was busy all day long getting the interior in order. Her husband attended to outside matters. He removed the screens, tidied up the garden and both retired that night pretty well wearied with their unusual labor.

"The house is too large for us, Earle," Mrs. Pelham remarked. "I wish we had taken the one Mr. Mason occupies."

"I don't know that we could get it," observed her husband. "I heard he was going to sell both places if he could and leave the town. The associations of this old house, where his unfortunate wife was born, must be very painful to him."

Robert Mason had given up his wife as dead. In trying to locate her after her escape from the sanitarium the searchers had discovered several clues that led them to believe that the fugitive had wandered into the swamp district. This was a dangerous and interminable swamp spot, and three days after the disappearance of Mrs. Mason a fire had swept the greater portion of it. There was every reason to believe that Mrs. Mason had perished.

A distressing feature of her fate was the fact that the physician in charge of the sanitarium had entertained great hopes of her eventual recovery. She had been improving for some weeks prior to her escape.

It was about midnight when Mr. Pelham, soundly asleep, was aroused from his slumbers by a quick nudge from his wife. Her voice was tremulous and agitated as she whispered breathlessly:

"Get up at once, Earle!"

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired her better half drowsily.

"Burglars!" shuddered Mrs. Pelham. "Oh, do be careful! I've been over half an hour lying awake and listening to suspicious sounds."

"The wind, I suppose—"

"No, I thought so at first, but found I was mistaken," continued Mrs. Pel-

ham in a timorous voice. "First I heard the front door rattle. Then someone tried the side windows. Then there was a window lifted in the garret. Oh, I am sure someone is up there! Now, Earle—do you not hear?"

"You're right, Rachel," assented Mr. Pelham, after a moment of intense listening.

There was no doubting the fact that the floor overhead creaked as hurried footsteps crossed it. Then there was a scraping sound, as of someone pulling a trunk or box over the boards. Then a breaking sound.

Mr. Pelham got out of bed, dressed, and lighting a lamp got a revolver from a bureau drawer. His wife followed his example by throwing on a dress. She was close behind him as they crept up the attic stairs.

"Oh, do be careful!" she implored whisperingly, as they reached the top of the stairs, and a low, vague crooning sound reached their hearing from beyond the threshold of the attic door.

"Hold the lamp," directed her husband. "When I pull the door open suddenly lift it so I can see where to fire."

Mr. Pelham gave the door a quick pull. With a trembling hand his wife lifted and extended the lamp.

"Don't—don't shoot!" almost screamed Mrs. Pelham. "It's a girl—a woman!"

The flickering lamp fell across a woman, singing softly to herself and taking dress after dress from a trunk she had opened. She turned toward the intruders in a dazed way.

"Visitors," she opened in a soft, plaintive tone. "You have to excuse me till I get ready to go down and meet my guests. I have just arrived home. Some wicked people stole me from my husband and I escaped—"

"Oh, Earle!" gasped Mrs. Pelham, tugging at her husband's sleeve, "don't you understand? It's that poor lady next door they mourn as dead. Oh, quick! quick! run for her husband. She has four children at last—and see, that open trunk! She must have reached it with a stepladder."

Mr. Pelham, terrified, hurried away. Mrs. Pelham, who had been on the side of the woman, whose garments were nearly in rags.

"Pick out your dress, dear," said soothingly. "Your husband will be here soon."

"But—strangers in the house!" began the other suspiciously.

"Oh, we are just guests," answered Mrs. Pelham. "You will find everything in order below."

It was a great shock for Robert when his neighbor advised the strange arrival of the night; he calmed himself as he realized the situation. As he entered the attic, he wild cry of delight his wife ran to his arms.

"Oh, Robert! those wicked men who stole me away from you—"

"Gone entirely out of our life, my darling," assured Mason. "Come to your own rooms and get ready to join our kind neighbors at a little lunch," he proceeded, and made a sign to the Pelhams, who retired.

Half an hour later Mr. Mason led his wife, neatly dressed and looking calm and happy, into the rooms below. The quick-witted Mrs. Pelham had spread out a small refection. To the letter the program of "visitors" was carried out, and in the eyes of the neighborly derelict all could trace a slow returning of reason.

"You will have to keep up the tense of going down to the kitchen till I can arrive," said the departed Mr. Mason.

"Oh, you must be careful with anything," answered Mrs. Pelham. "And besides—we like home best!"

Famously good people, the Pelhams shared the glad, grateful joy of their landlord, as the days went on. The quick-witted Mrs. Pelham had spread out a small refection. To the letter the program of "visitors" was carried out, and in the eyes of the neighborly derelict all could trace a slow returning of reason.

LUCK OF THE HORSESHOE

Popular Superstition Has Been Traced to an English Demon of Tenth Century.

Why is the horseshoe considered a sign of good luck? There is especially pretty about a horseshoe of iron shoe, and no doubt the horseshoe believer in medieval times tell why he treasures it.

The origin of the superstition can be traced back to the thirteenth century.

The monk Gervaise of Tilbury informs us that at that time there was a kind of demon in England which appeared as a horse rearing on its hind legs and with sparkling eyes. Whenever this apparition was seen it was a sign that a conflagration would soon break out.

Hence, as giving a kindly warning, this mysterious horse was regarded as a friendly spirit, and the animal in general was believed to be a beneficent mystic power.

A horse tooth carried in the pocket prevented tooth ache; it was a sign of good luck to find a horseshoe, and one was placed under the pillow of a child to cure the colic, or nailed against a building to prevent it catching fire. This led to its general adoption as a protective symbol.—Stray Stories.

Dubious Praise.

"I stand on my record," said the candidate, pompously.

"Whoopie!" shouted a member of the opposition.

"How now, my brother?"

"If you can do that you are as sure-footed as a mountain goat and as light as a thistle-down."

WHAT IS URIC ACID?

THE CAUSE OF BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO

Ever since the discovery of uric acid in the blood by Scheele, in 1775, and the bad effect it had upon the body, scientists and physicians have striven to rid the tissues and the blood of this poison. Because of its over-abundance in the system it causes backache, pains here and there, rheumatism, gout, gravel, neuralgia and sciatica. It was Dr. Pierce who discovered a new agent, called "Anuric," which will throw out and completely eradicate this uric acid from the system. "Anuric" is 37 times more potent than *Nitro*, and consequently you need no longer fear muscular or articular rheumatism or gout, or many

other diseases which are dependent on an accumulation of uric acid within the body. Send to Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., for a pamphlet on "Anuric," or send 10 cents for a trial package of "Anuric" Tablets.

If you feel that tired, worn-out feeling, backache, neuralgia, or if your sleep is disturbed by too frequent urination, go to your best store and ask for Dr. Pierce's "Anuric." Dr. Pierce's reputation is back of this medicine and you know that his "Pleasant Pellets" for the liver and his "Favorite Prescription" for the kidneys of women have had a splendid reputation for the past fifty years.



Watch Your Colts

For Colic, Colds and Diarrhea, and at the first symptoms of any such ailment, give small doses of that wonderful remedy, now the most used in extensive practice.

Couldn't See an Opportunity. "Do you know," said the dense young man, "that for the last hour I have been watching for a chance to kiss you?"

Magic Washing Stick

This is something new to housewives—something they have wanted all their lives, but never could get before. It makes it possible to do the heaviest, hardest washing in less than one-half the time it took by old methods, and it eliminates all rubbing and mauling effort. No washing machine is needed. Nothing but this simple little preparation, which is absolutely harmless to the finest fabrics, colored or woven. It makes the hardest task of the week a pleasant pastime—a delightful occupation. You will be delighted at the rinsing water; and all without any soap, suds, or lather. The Magic Washing Stick is most delicate goods, colored or white. Contains no alkalis, no acids, no irritants. It makes its use dangerous to the health of the clothes.

Chopin's Birthplace Destroyed. The birthplace of Chopin, the Polish composer, has been completely destroyed by the fleeing Russians. The country estate at Zelazowa-Wola near Warsaw, where the immortal genius was born, was burned and of the monument of the composer in the park of the castle nothing is left but a pile of broken stones.

THE FARMER'S CHANCE

THE SPUR FARM LANDS IN Dickens, Kent, Crosby and Garza Counties, Texas, offer the farmer his opportunity to secure productive farms at low prices and on easy terms. Several hundred farmers have already bought from this remarkable body of agricultural lands, and are rapidly paying for the same from the products thereof—in many cases paying notes before they are due. No BOLL WEED EVER KNOWN. NO MALARIA. About 2,500 feet. Wonderful feed crops grown. For a booklet, address Chas. A. DeGager for S. M. SWENSON at Spur, Dickens County, Texas.

CONTRADICTION. There are so few suitable marriages to be had nowadays. You can say so when the press led in this one week the marriage of Miss Corn to Mr. Cobb and of Snow to Mr. Blizzard.

KEEP HANFORD'S BALSAM ON HAND FOR ACCIDENTS. It's good insurance.

TAKE Tuff's Pills. The first dose often astonishes the mind, giving elasticity of mind, buoyancy of body, GOOD DIGESTION, regular bowels and solid flesh. Price, 25 cts.

TRY THE OLD RELIABLE WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC FOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER. A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC.

EC-ZENE KILLS ECZEMA. Let us prove it. For FREE SAMPLE, write Ec-Zene Co., 105 S. University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

PATENTS. Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Inventor. High-class references. Best results.

W. N. U. DALLAS, NO. 50-1915.

BEST FARM DRAINAGE

Factors to Be Considered in Deciding Upon Plan.

First Determine Whether Open Ditches or Covered Tile Drains Are to Be Constructed—Economical Arrangement of System.

In planning a drainage system for the farm it is necessary to determine first whether open ditches or covered tile drains are to be constructed. Open ditches are generally used when large quantities of surface water are to be removed or where land and labor are cheap. The disadvantages of open ditches include the large amount of land they occupy, their interference with farming operations, and the high cost of keeping the ditches clean and

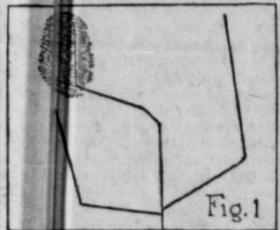


Fig. 1—"Random" Drainage System.

the tanks free from weeds. Tile drains usually give more thorough drainage. They occupy no land surface, and do not interfere with farming operations. If properly constructed they are practically permanent and require almost no expenditure for maintenance.

The farmer must decide the amount of money that he can invest for drainage. Usually it will be best to start with that part of the farm where the profit from drainage will be greatest and to extend the system as more funds are available. Often the first work must include a main or outlet for the whole farm and, therefore, will cost more per acre drained than future work. If the drainage system for the whole farm can be constructed at once the work can sometimes be done at a little less cost than if it is done a part at a time. However, the plan of doing a part at a time has the advantage of permitting the farmer to observe the results obtained and in the following work to make any improvements that may be found expedient in the plan. It also permits the farmer to estimate closely whether it will be profitable to invest the money necessary for completing the drainage system.

On rolling lands, where only occasional wet spots are to be drained, the random system (Fig. 1) is commonly used. On level lands needing artificial drainage a uniform system (Figs. 2 and 3) must be planned that will provide drains for the entire area. The most economical arrangement of such a system is one which permits the use of long laterals and requires the shortest total length of main drains. The advantage of this arrangement is shown graphically by figures 2 and 3, in which the systems drain equal areas. The cost of purchasing and putting in the tile is, however, considerably greater than for the system shown in Fig. 2.

It is hard and fast rule can be given for determining the sizes of tile to be used. Drains should be large enough to remove the surplus water before the crops are injured, even after a

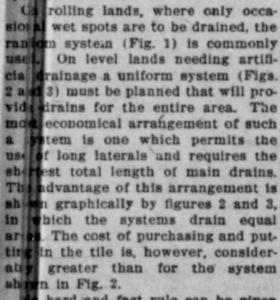


Fig. 2—System of Drainage With Double-Drained Area.

heavy rainfall in continued wet weather. It is better to use sizes too large than too small, and no tile less than four inches inside diameter should be used.

The mains should be large enough to take the flow from the laterals. Actual practice has shown that for the dark silt loams of Illinois and Iowa, where the average annual rainfall is approximately 36 inches, 8-inch tile having a fall of 2 inches in 100 feet will provide outlet drainage for 40 acres, 7-inch tile for 30 acres, 6-inch tile for 19 acres, 5-inch tile for 10 acres, and 4-inch tile for 6 acres. On stiff soils with equal rainfall the same sized outlets will be adequate, but on the level soils of the

South Atlantic and Gulf states where the annual rainfall is approximately 50 inches, only about one-half the area named above can be drained with tile of these sizes.

The proper depth for tile drains depends upon the soil and varies from 2 to 4 feet. In heavy silt loams and clays the depth should be from 2 to 3 feet. In more open soils it should be greater. The best distance between laterals when common farm crops are to be grown is determined by much the same conditions that determine the proper depth. In close, retentive soils where the drains are placed from 2 to 3 feet deep, the laterals should be placed from 30 to 50 feet apart. In open soils that give up water readily and where the drains are 3 to 4 feet deep, the laterals may be from 50 to 150 feet apart. In very porous soils the spacing may be even greater.

Unless a farmer has had considerable experience in drainage work and knows how to run accurate levels it will usually be advisable for him to employ someone to assist in planning and laying out the drainage system. The tile should have a fall of not less than 1 inch to 100 feet if possible, and greater fall than this is very desirable. Where little fall can be obtained, particular care must be taken to secure a true grade and alignment for the drain. If the land is level, the drain must be started deep at the outlet in order to get the fall. If the ground surface is level for 1,000 feet, a 2-inch fall to 100 feet can be obtained by starting the drain 5 feet deep at the outlet and running to 3 feet 4 inches deep at the upper end.

The special tools commonly used in constructing tile drains are tiling spades, ordinary long-handled round-pointed shovels, a drain scoop, and a tile hook. There are several machines for digging trenches which are profitable on large projects. There are also special plows and scoops which are not expensive and may be used for loosening the soil before it is thrown



Fig. 3—System of Drainage With a Minimum Area of Double-Drainage.

out with shovels. The traction ditcher will dig trenches more cheaply than hand labor in ordinary soils, but it is not adapted for use where large stones or many stumps are encountered.

A ditch should be started at the outlet and dug by a line. It must be kept clean-cut and straight, for any crook that occurs in the top is likely to be greater at the bottom. If the direction is changed, it should be done by an easy curve. Sharp turns must be avoided.

The ditch need be no wider than is necessary for the laborers to work in conveniently, an extra width means unnecessary removal of earth. For a 4-foot drain with a 6-inch tile or smaller, 12 inches at the top is ample. For deep drains or large tile more space is required.

Digging to the grade and making the bottom are the crucial operations in excavating for a drain. Where there is plenty of fall, the grade is often made in wet seasons or on wet lands by using the water for a level. If the water runs from the ditcher as the bottom is made, it indicates that there is sufficient fall. In all cases the bottom should be accurately leveled so that no water will stand in the ditch.

Further information upon land drainage may be obtained on application to the office of Public Roads and Rural Engineering.

PLAN FOR BERMUDA PASTURE

Nothing to Prevent Doing the Work This Winter—Keep Down the Weeds and Other Vegetation.

If the weather has been too dry or too hot, or other work has been too pressing, or for any other reasons a few acres could not be set in Bermuda for a real pasture during the summer, none of these reasons should prevent the work being done this winter. Run a shallow furrow every 18 to 24 inches, drop the Bermuda sods in the furrows, and then turn another shallow furrow on these sods to cover them.

Next spring run a section harrow over the furrows to smooth off the surface, and the warm weather and the Bermuda will do the rest—if you will simply keep down the weeds and other vegetation until the Bermuda gets a good start.

HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By A. NEELY HALL and DOROTHY PERKINS

(Copyright, by A. Neely Hall.)

A TOY VILLA.

The suggestion in Fig. 1 for a villa beside a lake can be elaborated upon by adding cottages, summer houses, paths and roadways, if you wish. First find a dishpan, washtub, or other receptacle to hold water for the lake. Set this in a hole several feet away from a corner of the yard. Then between the lake and the corner, pile up earth to form hills.

The log house is built of straight sticks cut from branches. Figure 2



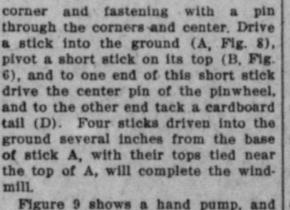
shows it completed, and Fig. 3 shows how the walls are built. Notch the stick logs an inch from each end, on two sides (Fig. 4), and place the sticks so the notched ends will come over one another (Fig. 5). Where there is a window or doorway, use shorter sticks, and bind together the ends next to the openings with string (Fig. 3). The stick logs between the doorway and window (Fig. 2) are tied at both ends with string.

There must be a windmill, and Fig. 5 shows one that is easily built. Make a paper pinwheel (C, Fig. 6), by creasing a six-inch square of paper from corner to corner (Fig. 7), then cutting along the creases from the corners to within half an inch of the center, and then turning over one-half of each



corner and fastening with a pin through the corners and center. Drive a stick into the ground (A, Fig. 8), pivot a short stick on its top (B, Fig. 6), and to one end of this short stick drive the center pin of the pinwheel, and to the other end tack a cardboard tail (D). Four sticks driven into the ground several inches from the base of stick A, with their tops tied near the top of A, will complete the windmill.

Figure 9 shows a hand pump, and Fig. 10 shows how it is made of a clothespin (A), with a short peg (B) fastened in its slot for a spout, and a



digging to the grade and making the bottom are the crucial operations in excavating for a drain. Where there is plenty of fall, the grade is often made in wet seasons or on wet lands by using the water for a level. If the water runs from the ditcher as the bottom is made, it indicates that there is sufficient fall. In all cases the bottom should be accurately leveled so that no water will stand in the ditch.



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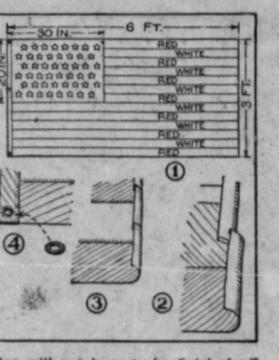
Next spring run a section harrow over the furrows to smooth off the surface, and the warm weather and the Bermuda will do the rest—if you will simply keep down the weeds and other vegetation until the Bermuda gets a good start.

A HOME-MADE AMERICAN FLAG.

Flag-making is within the ability of any girl handy with the needle. A medium-sized flag requires but little more work than a small one, and for this reason I have shown in Fig. 1 a diagram for a flag six feet in length. It will be easy to alter these dimensions if you want a flag of different length.

Red, white and blue bunting for the stripes and field can be purchased at any dry goods store.

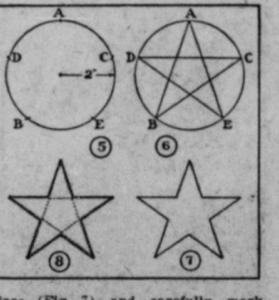
After cutting the stripes three inches wide, by the lengths shown in Fig. 1, sew them together, turning in their edges slightly, as shown in Figs. 2 and 3, and sewing with a double row of stitching. The top and bottom red stripes should be cut from the selvage of the cloth, so their outer



edge will not have to be finished off. Join the blue field to the stripes in the same way you joined the stripes.

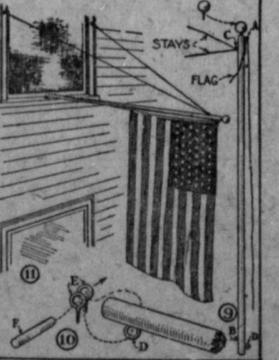
With the field and stripes assembled, make a binding of canvas for the staff edge, doubling this over the ends of the stripes and field, turning in the edges and sewing with a double row of stitching (Fig. 4). Then buy a couple of large iron washers at the hardware store, for grommets (Fig. 4), and sew these in the doubled binding edge, one at each corner, to tie ropes to for fastening the flag to a pole.

Cutting and sewing on the stars neatly requires care and patience. For the forty-eight stars needed you must cut twice as many, because they must be fastened upon both sides of the field. To make a pattern for the five-pointed stars, first describe a circle four inches in diameter upon a piece of cardboard, and divide the circumference into five equal parts (Fig. 5); then connect the five division points with straight lines (Fig. 6) out the



piece (Fig. 7), and carefully mark out the 96 stars upon muslin. Locate the centers for the stars by ruling lines horizontally and vertically across the field, so the positions will be the same as shown in Fig. 1. Then, in sewing the stars in place, stitch down the edges and around the centers, as indicated in Fig. 8.

A round rug-pole, nicely painted with a brass curtain-pole ball screwed into one end makes an excellent flag pole (Fig. 9). Screw screw-eyes into it at A and B, through which to run the ropes for hoisting the flag, another at C to attach the supporting stays to, and a fourth at D. Screw-eye D should be large, and two others of the same size (E, Fig. 10) should be screwed into the window sill or other ledge on which the flag is to be supported, and a peg (F) cut to fit the eyes. By placing screw-eye D between screw-eyes



B. and slipping peg F through the three, the end of the pole will be held securely. But before this end is fastened, the stays (Fig. 9) must be tied to screw-eye C and to screw-eyes screwed into the sides of the window, as shown in Fig. 11, to carry all of the weight of the pole.

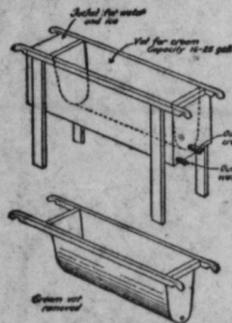
DAIRY

BENEFITS OF RIPENED CREAM

Makes More Butter, is Easier to Churn and Product Has a Better Flavor—Use of "Starter."

Ripened cream makes more butter than cream not ripened; it churns more easily and the butter has a better flavor. Butter made from sweet cream is quite flat in flavor and aroma. A good flavor in butter makes a price difference of two to three cents a pound. This flavor is simply a result of ripening.

To ripen cream, place it at a warm temperature for 24 hours or more. During this period the bacteria be-

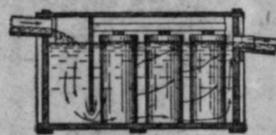


Cream-Ripening Vat.

come very numerous and produce various chemical changes, giving rise to products of special taste and aroma. It makes a great difference what species of bacteria the cream contains at the outset. One class produces the flavor of high-grade butter, while a second class does not affect the flavor.

The bacteria present in greatest number are those of the first class. The correct temperature of ripening, not far from 60 degrees, favors the growth of this class, and results are generally satisfactory.

Butter made in winter is almost always inferior to that made in June



Tank for Cold Water.

The difference in flavor is largely due to the ripening and the presence of different bacteria.

The use of "starter" to inoculate cream with the proper bacteria gives more uniform results. This is made by growing the right kind of bacteria in sterilized milk, or simply by taking a lot of milk from the cleanest dairy that can be found, keeping it in sterilized vessels and allowing it to sour naturally. The practical results of the last methods are very satisfactory.

GUARD AGAINST CALF SCOURS

Trouble Caused by Deranged Digestive Organs, Which in Turn May Be Due to Dirty Pails.

Perhaps many farmers were troubled last summer with calf scours. This trouble is caused by a deranged digestive system, which in turn may be caused by various conditions. Chief among them and one that can readily be guarded against is unclean feeding pails.

Another common cause is a change from sweet to sour milk or vice versa. The milk should be either sweet or sour. Souring or half-sour milk often brings on scours.

Feed the calves regularly. A little bran or crushed grain, fed dry, immediately after their milk, is desirable.

Successful herdsmen claim that a tablespoonful of pure dried blood mixed with the milk at each feeding is partially effective in preventing and in relieving cases of scours. Four tablespoonfuls of castor oil every two days until the trouble disappears is one of the most valuable remedies for scours.—Press Bulletin, Ohio State University.

VARIETY OF FEED FOR COWS

Alfalfa Hay and Ground Corn Should Be Supplemented With Succulent Feed of Some Kind.

Cows will do very well when fed nothing but alfalfa hay and ground corn. It is better, of course, to have these feeds supplemented with some succulent feed like roots or silage or pasture.

It is well to take a small portion of the alfalfa hay, chop it fine, moisten it from twelve to twenty-four hours before feeding, and then mix it with the corn chop. This way, the corn becomes lightened and the moistening of the crop and alfalfa hay adds a little variety to the ration.

Cottonseed meal may be fed at the rate of one pound to each animal, but it is not necessary, as the alfalfa hay will furnish all the protein the cow needs. Oil meal would be a better feed to use, if it could be purchased at the same or even at a little higher price. Oil meal is a splendid feed to use when animals are receiving no succulence.—Hoard's Dairyman.

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK



TOURISTS' CAMP

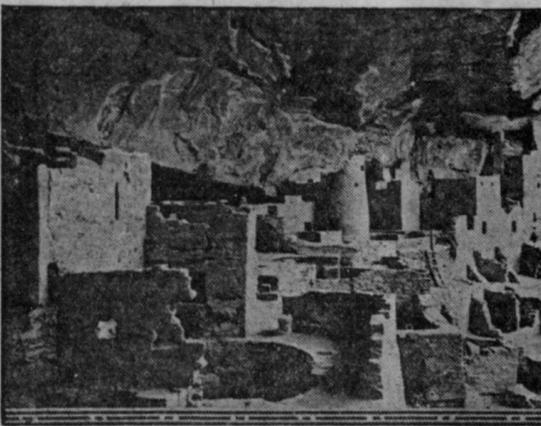
IT APPEARS strange that the greatest of American prehistoric ruins, those now inclosed in the Mesa Verde National park in southwestern Colorado, should have escaped discovery until 1888. Years before, innumerable ancient ruins left in several other states by the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians had been described and pictured. They had been the subjects of popular lectures; they had been treated in books of science and books of travel; they had become a familiar American spectacle. Even the ruins in the Mancos canyon in Colorado were explored as early as 1874. W. H. Jackson, who led the government party, found there many small dwellings broken down by the weather. The next year he was followed by Prof. W. H. Holmes, later chief of the bureau of American ethnology, who drew attention to the remarkable stone towers so characteristic of the region.

But these discoveries attracted little attention because of their inferiority to the better-known ruins of Arizona and New Mexico. Had either of the explorers followed up the side canyon of the Mancos they would have then discovered ruins which are, in the words of Baron Gustav Nordenskiold, the talented Swedish explorer, "so magnificent that they surpass anything of the kind known in the United States."

This explains why delvers in libraries find so little about the Mesa Verde. Most books and magazine articles were written when cliff dwellings were a novelty.

Monument of Bygone Ages. Baron Nordenskiold thus describes in his book, "The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde," the discovery of the wonderful dwellings in this side canyon of the Mancos:

"The honor of the discovery of these remarkable ruins belongs to Richard and Alfred Wetherill of Mancos. The family owns large herds of cattle, which wander about on the Mesa Verde. The care of these herds often calls for long rides on the mesa



CLIFF PALACE

and in its labyrinth of canyons. During these long excursions ruins, the one more magnificent than the other, have been discovered. The two largest were found by Richard Wetherill and Charley Mason one December day in 1888, as they were riding together through the pinyon wood on the mesa in search of a stray herd. They had penetrated through the dense scrub to the edge of a deep canyon. In the opposite cliff, sheltered by a huge massive vault of rock, there lay before their astonished eyes a whole town, with towers and walls, rising out of a heap of ruins. This grand monument of bygone ages seemed to them well deserving of the name of the Cliff Palace. Not far from this place, but in a different canyon, they discovered, on the same day, another very large cliff dwelling. To this they gave the name of Spruce Tree House, from a great spruce that jutted forth from the ruins.

"During the course of years Richard and Alfred Wetherill have explored the mesa and its canyons in all directions. They have thus gained a more thorough knowledge of its ruins than anyone. Together with their brothers, John, Clayton and Wynn, they have also carried out excavations during which a number of extremely interesting finds have been made."

Like Great Apartment House. Spruce Tree house has a distinct likeness to a gigantic hotel built in a cave with a crescent-shaped roof, the floor of the cave being fifty feet above the bottom of the canyon and the roof thirty feet high. Its total length is

216 feet, and its greatest width eighty-nine feet.

In places were rooms originally three stories in height, the final story at the top of the cave, but most of the rooms now to be seen are on the first floor, although in some places a second story is still standing. There have been traced 114 separate rooms in this great structure, besides eight subterranean ceremonial chambers, known as kivas. It has been estimated that the building had a population of about 350 natives.

Cliff palace, the second of these important ruins, is nearly three times the size of Spruce Tree house, and has over 200 rooms. It was repaired in 1900 and now presents a very respectable appearance to the visitor. Like Spruce Tree house, it is in a cave, the roof of which arches about seventy-five feet above it, and is located in Cliff canyon, the floor of which is several hundred feet above the level of the canyon. It is approached by means of steps cut in the rock, and ladders.

Deep under the debris which covered the lower entrance of Cliff palace the excavators found the ancient entrance to the building, which leads by a gradual slope to the center of the village.

These wonderful archeological ruins present to the visitor unusual opportunities to see the early type of dwellings, and offer to the student opportunity to study early life, construction in buildings and religious and secular ceremonies of the ancient cliff dwellers.

Castle is Most Wonderful. Only recently there has been discovered, across the canyon from Cliff palace, the most remarkable of these remarkable ruins—a cut-and-polished stone citadel, already known as the "castle."

The stone edifice is built in the shape of an enormous "D." The vertical line of the "D" measures 132 feet, while the circular wall measures 245 feet, a mammoth affair covering



nearly a city block. The architecture is perfect, the stones are polished to marble smoothness and every stone joins its neighbor with exactness.

The walls are hollow and filled with tiny rooms, from which doors open into the main court. So far no doors have been found through this outer wall, and it is supposed that entrance either was made from the top by way of ladders or through a tunnel down under the walls.

Enclosed in the walls are circular stone rooms, called kivas, supposed to have been meeting places for the men. Probably twenty such rooms are included in the main court.

Pottery of exceptionally beautiful design and workmanship has been found in the interior of the walls. Excavation has not progressed far enough down to reveal other examples of the craft of the extinct cliff-dwelling tribes.

The finger prints of the women, who evidently laid the stones, are in the clay between the stones.

No inscriptions have been found, although several of the stones bear triangular designs and other markings.

The discovery of the "castle" opens again the question of whether the toiling hordes of the "cliff dwellers" were a warlike race. No reason can be given for the erection of this pretentious work except that it was intended as a refuge in time of war. No warlike weapons, however, have been discovered in the ruins. Their energies seem to have inclined toward pottery making, basket weaving, soil tilling and garment making.

As a man grows older he uses the moonlight less and less and a lantern more and more.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Murine Your Eyes—Don't tell your age.

Mean Fling. Ethel—"Jack proposed three times before I accepted him." Marie—"To whom, dear?"—Boston Transcript.

PROMPT RELIEF can be found in cases of Colds, Coughs, LaGrippe and Headaches by using Laxative Quinidine Tablets. Does not affect the head or stomach. Buy your winter's supply now. Price 25c.—Adv.

Prepared. Maddern—I understand ink is going up. Blixon—I don't care. I just filled my fountain pen.

Always Have it on Hand. Don't wait until you get scalded or burned because that will mean much suffering while you are sending to the dealer's for Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Always have it on hand and be prepared for accidents. The Balsam should give you quick relief. Adv.

When the Devil Was Sick. Genevieve—I want to give Jack some books. He's ill, you know, and I can't decide what kind to get.

Gertrude—Why not get something religious? Genevieve—Oh, my no! He's convalescing now.—Judge.

FROM ECZEMA AND RINGWORM You can obtain instant relief by using Tetterise, also the best remedy known for Chafes, Bites of Insects, Tetter, Itching Piles, Burns, Chilblains, old Itching Sores, etc. Because you have spent hundreds of dollars and experienced no relief for your itching skin troubles, besides devoting a great deal of energy scratching and pawing at the plague spot until the blood issued forth, don't despair. Nature wisely provides a remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to. Tetterise will cure you permanently, positively and completely, nothing else will. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 50c. by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

Large Club for Boys.

The boys in the city must avoid many sidetracks if he desires to lead an upright and useful life, says the Boston Globe. Constantly he is beset with distractions which may lead him astray into the ranks of the incompetent, idle or even vicious. He is an inquisitive, knowledge-thirsting creature, full of the great possibilities of youth. His latent powers are precocious; yet they are wasted with a prodigality akin almost to that of nature.

Hence the establishment of the large boys' club in Roxbury, handsomely housed and well equipped, means that many boys will be given the opportunity to keep on the main line leading to a useful life.

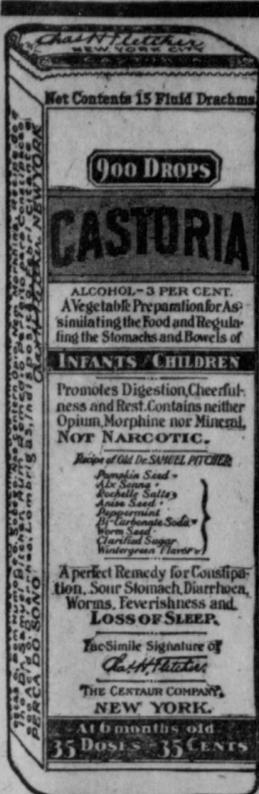
A boy's enthusiasm is more often aroused when he thinks he is playing than when he is working at school. The boys' club can catch him when he is enthusiastic and start that enthusiasm toward many accomplishments. We wish the club every success.

Changed His Grammar.

A schoolmarm, reproving a young offender, said: "Now, Tommy, Tommy, you know better than that—you shouldn't say 'Willy done it'; that isn't right."

"Ah, no, of course not," said Tommy, with just resentment; "then Willy lied about it."

A woman dressed as a nun at a masquerade ball naturally makes a good appearance.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

CONFIDENT HE WAS THERE

Woman Wished She Was Able to Send Post Cards to Her Husband in Heaven.

"I wish I could send post cards to heaven."

When you hear a remark like that you naturally turn around and take notice. So the persons who overheard turned around and—

She was looking over "Views of Washington," strung in line all around the stove, and there was nothing in her face or voice to give notice of a lacking brain behind the really beautiful, black-tooled head. The woman with her just smiled.

"The city has grown so since John died that every time it reaches out to take in another suburb I want him to know it. He always believed in Washington—"

And she was right. It would be perfectly splendid if all of us could send post cards to our folks in heaven.

And what would it be if they could send post cards to us!—Washington Star.

Guess. A little girl who made frequent use of the word "guess" was corrected for it and told to say "presume" instead.

A lady friend, noticing the admirable set of the little girl's apron, asked something in regard to the pattern.

"Mamma doesn't cut my dresses and my aprons by pattern," said the small lady. "She just looks at me and presumes."

And some women wouldn't enjoy living in a heavenly mansion unless they could clean house at least once a month.

DESCRIBES LIFE IN TRENCHES

Englishman's Graphic Picture of the "Joys" That Are a Part of Soldier's Existence.

Albert Robbins of Kansas City, Mo., received a letter from his brother, Harry Robbins of Evan, Worcester, England, who is fighting in the trenches, exactly where Albert does not know.

Harry has got a "hit on the forehead with a piece of shrapnel," but is "crying on." Here is his picture of life near the firing line:

"We get it pretty stiff out here now and again, especially when there is a bombardment on and hundreds shells of all sorts and sizes whiz and whistling round like rain, when one has a lovely dinner of Chicago canned meat and biscuits as hard as bricks, and a drop of water with a good percentage of Condy's fluid to kill the germs, put before you in a huge rabbit hole dug in the ground called a dug-out, where you have to keep your head down and look out for trench mortars coming over."

The Truth Comes Out. "Of course," said the minister solemnly to the young widow at the cemetery, "your late husband was good to you during your married life."

"Indeed he w-was," she sobbed as she turned on a fresh flow of the briny. "He w-was more like a f-friend than a h-husband."

Cause and Effect. "Daddy—No." "Yes, Collier never." "Facts, An." "Facts."

Preparedness The Vital Factor

not alone in affairs of the Nation, but with the health of every citizen.

One seldom knows when the common enemy, sickness, in one form or another, is about to strike; and the best form of preparedness is to keep body and brain healthy.

Active brains and vigorous bodies are the result of right living—food plays a big part.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the bone- and brain-building, nerve- and muscle-making elements of the grains, including the vital salts, phosphate of potash, etc., often lacking in the diet of many, but imperative for bounding good health.

Grape-Nuts is easily digested—comes ready for table directly the germ-proof, moisture- and dust-proof packet is opened. With good milk or cream Grape-Nuts supplies complete nourishment.

A ration of Grape-Nuts each day is a safe play for health, and

"There's a Reason"

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

An Appreciable Christmas Gift



\$2.00
For All
Three

Holland's . . . 2 years
 Our Paper . . . 1 year
 Farm and Ranch 1 year
 4

As Reflected in a Mirror

— *you* see in your local paper each week all the news of events taking place around you—among the people you know and love. You'll also find the more important happenings of the world chronicled in this paper—yes, this is your paper in every sense of the word. It leads the fight for everything that will make this community a better place in which to live; it's looking after your interests all the time and right now we have arranged to offer you double value for your money.

Brain Against Brawn

Why do some farmers prosper and enjoy many luxuries, while others, who work just as hard, are always hard up? The answer is simple: one has used his brains and kept posted on up-to-date farming methods, while the other has felt that there is nothing for him to learn. He will not even read a first-class farm paper because he thinks no one can possibly tell *him* how to run his farm. FARM AND RANCH is prepared especially for farmers, gardeners, live stock and poultry raisers and fruit growers of the Southwest—the home builders. It has been the Southwestern farmer's right hand man for more than a third of a century.

Double Value This Year

This Year Holland's Magazine is just as large and much more interesting than ever before and the publishers are entering all subscriptions **TWO FULL YEARS** for the same price you formerly would have paid for a one year subscription. The short stories and special articles are clean, snappy and timely. The departments for the house-keeper are many and complete; the fashion pages show the late styles, and the children have a corner of their own. Holland's is truly a Southwestern Home Magazine of sunshine and good cheer which, in ten years time, has become indispensable to more than three quarters of a million people in the Southwest.

Send us your order for these three publications—our paper one year, Farm and Ranch one year and Holland's Magazine **TWO YEARS**—right away; also show this **BIG VALUE OFFER** to your neighbor who is not a subscriber to this paper. New and renewal subscriptions will be accepted at the rate advertised so bring or mail your order now and get the benefit of the combination price.

Try The Combination

HAD PELLAGRA; IS NOW CURED

Hillsboro, Ala.—J. W. Turner, of this place, says: "I ought to have written you two weeks ago, but failed to do so. I got well and then forgot to write you. I can get about like a 10-year-old boy; you ought to see me run around and tend to my farm. I can go all day just like I used to. I am so thankful to know there is such a good remedy to cure people of pellagra."

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 Baughn.

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; go Baughn'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 the remedy is refunded in any case where the remedy fails to cure.—Adv.

There Was Danger.

A rather heavy storm burst over a suburban town, and a young wife, startled by a peculiarly sharp crash, made a dive for the porch to the darkened parlor.

"I won't stay here another minute!" she exclaimed in a terrified voice. "You can't tell what may happen next."

"You are foolish, dear," responded the hubby, following her into the house. "Don't you know that thunder cannot hurt anybody?"

"You are mistaken, Harry," positively rejoined the young woman. "Haven't you ever heard of people being thunderstruck?" — Philadelphia Record.

Economy.

"I'm through with the 'penny-wise, pound-foolish' policy," said the young wife on her return from the grocery. "That's fine," replied her husband. "You are just the dearest little economist in the world. By the way, how do you go about it?"

"I never buy less than two pounds of anything. See, I've just bought two pounds of nutmegs."

As Indicated.

Parker—An Omar loaded last night? Heiny—I should judge so from the way he shot off his mouth.

More men would acquire knowledge if they could absorb it without being taught.

STOP THOSE SHARP SHOOTING PAINS

"Femina" is the wonder worker for all female disorders. Price \$1.00 and 50c. Adv.

Beatina the Censor.

"Veni, vidi, vici," wrote Caesar. And then he added, acrimoniously. "Let's see 'em delete that now."—Puck.

WONDERFUL HOW QUICKLY RESINOL STOPS ITCHING

To those who have endured for years the itching torments of eczema or other such skin-eruptions, the relief that the first use of Resinol ointment and Resinol soap gives is perfectly incredible. After all the suffering they went through and all the useless treatments they spent good money for, they cannot believe anything so simple, mild and inexpensive can stop the itching and burning INSTANTLY! And they find it still more wonderful that the improvement is permanent and that Resinol really drives away the eruption completely in a very short time. Perhaps there is a pleasant surprise like this in store for you. Resinol ointment and Resinol soap are sold by all druggists.—Adv.

War Hath No Fears.

"If you don't stop this business of getting arrested," remarked his honor to a tramping southern ne'er-do-well who was in the habit of appearing before the court at least once a week, "we'll have to see if we can't send you over to Europe. They make men hustle in that section just now."

"Judge," replied the tramping person, yawning and rubbing his hand over a stubby chin. "of you had et som' of t' pie that has been handed out t' me since my bein' on t' road you wouldn't let a leetle thing like a bustin' shell worry ya."—Case and Comment.

Unfit.

"What brought you to housebreaking, my man?" "Lost my job as a baseball pitcher, judge."

"Well, you were foolish to go into burglary, if you are poor at locating the plate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Acrid.

The Tombstone Man (after several abortive suggestions)—How would simple "Gone Home" do? Mrs. Newwoods—I guess that would be all right. It was always the last place he ever thought of going.—Puck.

A Facer.

He—I like simple things best. She—I've noticed how self-satisfied you are.

COMBINING ICE AND DAIRY HOUSE

Equipment That Will Be Found to Work for Economy on the Farm.

DRAINAGE IS PROVIDED FOR

Hoisting Pulley for Lifting the Ice Is the Best System—Clean Straw or Hay Is a Good Substitute Where Sawdust Is Unobtainable.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

This is the time of year to build an icehouse. A happy, goodhearted neighbor admitted in his comical way that he had always wanted an icehouse—in summer—but there was no ice at that time to fill it. In winter it was cold enough without it.

Every farm should have an icehouse, and every farm should have a dairy house. There is economy in combining the two. The illustrations show the perspective and floor plan of a combination farm icehouse and dairy, large enough to handle the milk from a good-sized herd of milkers. The icehouse is large enough to hold a cube of ice 16 feet in diameter. To keep well there should be considerable bulk of ice together in one block.

In this design the dairy wing is built to the south, which helps to protect the south side of the icehouse from the hot summer sun. Also, a dairy room needs considerable sunshine, so it works right both ways.



still almost to the peak, making one continuous opening, so that the ice can be put in at any level, as the house is being filled.

A handy way to lift the cakes of ice is with a hayfork toggle and a pair of heavy ice tongs. A single rope is attached to the tongs and passed over the hoisting pulley in the track carriage at the top and run through a single sheave at the bottom, so that a horse can quickly lift a cake of ice to any height necessary.

The cakes of ice are built into a solid mass in the center of the house, usually by breaking joints the same as in brickwork, leaving a space of 12 inches all around the outside. It is much better to pack the ice in the coldest weather, to use a hose or throw balls of water over each layer to freeze the cakes of ice together into a solid body as near as possible. Sawdust enough is needed to pack all around the ice and for a layer 18 inches or two feet deep over the top.

Where sawdust cannot be obtained, clean straw or hay that has been run through the cutting box will answer the purpose, and if carefully handled will keep the ice in a very satisfactory manner. However, sawdust is much to be preferred, and when figuring the cost it is well to remember that the same sawdust may be used for several years by taking good care to keep it clean and to dry it out in summer. Sawdust from pitch pine logs is the best.

The principle of keeping ice on a farm is a little different from the commercial proposition, where ice is stored in the wintertime to sell out in summer. The farmer usually fills his own icehouse. He does the work in the wintertime when help and horses would otherwise be practically idle. A little extra ice under the circum-

stances costs the farmer nothing, so that he does not figure it as a real loss if the meltage is considerable. On the other hand, if it keeps extra well and he has a surplus, there is always sale for it in August and September.

It is better to clear the icehouse out before the cold nights come on, to give it a chance to dry out before being refilled. When considerable ice is left over, it is a temptation to put new ice on top of the old, but this is a mistake. The icehouse should be cleaned out clear down to the bottom every year. This gives an opportunity to examine the drainage and to start right with the next filling. The management of an icehouse is as simple as rolling off a log, but there are a few little things to remember. When you roll off a log you don't want to strike your nose. When you fill an icehouse you want to do it in such a way that most of the ice will stay in the house until you are ready to take it out.

The dairy in this plan is intended for a farm where the milk is sold either in cans or bottles. There is room for a milk cooler and a small bottle suitable for a dairy of 40 cows. The dairy floor space is 13 feet 6 inches by 15 feet, which gives room enough for a cream separator, bottling machine, sink to wash utensils, and a few storage shelves.

The same space may be used differently when the milk is separated and the skim milk fed warm to young stock, and the cream shipped away for sale, or when the cream is made into butter at home.



Section Through Ice Storage and Milk Room.

between the concrete walls under the ice is filled with cinders, pounded down. Above the cinders is a slanting floor of concrete, then a layer of sawdust a foot deep. This makes the very best foundation for ice in a farm icehouse. There are other methods of keeping ice in large commercial storage plants, but what interests the farmers is a cheap, practical way of preserving ice for home use.

There is a drainage system to the icehouse which works in connection with the concrete floor drains. The center drain leads into a cement pit in the dairy room, so that the cold drip water from the ice keeps the water in the pit-tank cold. This pit-tank is where the cans of milk are kept cold over night.

There is a drain pipe leading away from the bottom of the cold-water tank to carry off the surplus water. This drain is fitted with a hollow plug, which reaches high enough to hold the water at the right level.

The icehouse doors reach from the

SUDDEN DEATH

Caused by Disease of the Kidneys

The close connection which exists between the heart and the kidneys is well known nowadays. As soon as the kidneys are diseased, arterial tension is increased and the heart functions are attacked. When the kidneys no longer pour forth waste, uric acid poisoning occurs, and the person dies and the cause is often given as heart disease, or disease of brain or lungs.

It is a good insurance against such a risk to send 10 cents for a large trial package of "Auric"—the latest discovery of Dr. Pierce. Also send a sample of your water. This will be examined without charge by expert chemists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. When you suffer from backache, frequent or scanty urine, rheumatic pains here or there, or that constant tired, worn-out feeling, it's time to write Dr. Pierce, describe your symptoms and get his

medical opinion, without charge—absolutely free. This "Auric" of Dr. Pierce's is 37 times more active than lithia, for it dissolves uric acid in the system, as hot water does sugar.

Simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Auric Tablets. There can be no imitation. Every package of "Auric" is sure to be Dr. Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the ever-famous friend to ailing women.

Penurious. "Is he tight?" "Tight? Why, he couldn't even spend a vacation."

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

And some of the worst cry-babies are more than twenty-one years of age.

DEATH LURKS IN A WEAK HEART, so on first symptoms use "Renovine" and be cured. Delay and pay the awful penalty. "Renovine" is the heart's remedy. Price \$1.00 and 50c.—Adv.

A woman's happiness is never complete unless some other woman has her.

LADIES!

—Take CAPUDINE— For Aches, Pains and Nervousness. IT IS NOT A NARCOTIC-OR DOPE— Given quick relief—Try it.—Adv.

Rather than waste kindness on an ungrateful man, lavish it on a dog.

DON'T MIND PIMPLES

Cuticura Soap and Ointment Will Banish Them. Trial Free.

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

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

But too many people get into an argument who have nothing to say.

THE FARMER'S CHANCE

THE SPUR ARM LANDS IN Dickens, Kerr, Crosby and Garza Counties, Texas, offer the farmer his best opportunity to secure productive farms at low prices and on easy terms. Several hundred farmers have already bought from this remarkable body of agricultural lands, and are rapidly paying for the same from the products thereof—in many cases paying notes before they are due. No BOLL WEEVIL ever known. NO MALARIA. Altitude, 2,200 to 2,600 feet. Wonderful cotton and feed crops grown. For illustrated booklet, address Chas. A. Jones, Manager for S. M. SWENSON & SONS, Spur, Dickens County, Texas.—Adv.

A merry sinner is at least more entertaining than a melancholy saint.

Used Whenever Quinine is Needed Does Not Affect the Head

Because of its tonic and laxative effect LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE will be found better than ordinary Quinine for any purpose for which Quinine is used. Does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember there is only one "Bromo Quinine." That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Groves, Inc.

The female of the species is the weeping expert of the human race.

A NEGLECTED COLD is often followed by pneumonia. Before it is too late take Laxative Quinine Tablets. Gives prompt relief in cases of Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and Headache. Price 25c.—Adv.

Anyways, a pessimist never borrows with his alleged funny stories.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Marine Your Eyes.—Don't tell your age.

A woman is seldom a heroine to her sixteen-year-old daughter.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Some people would rather be happy than good.

Sold Under a Binding Guarantee Money Back If It Fails For Man or Beast

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh A LINIMENT

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblains, Lamé Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About it. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

All Dealers G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

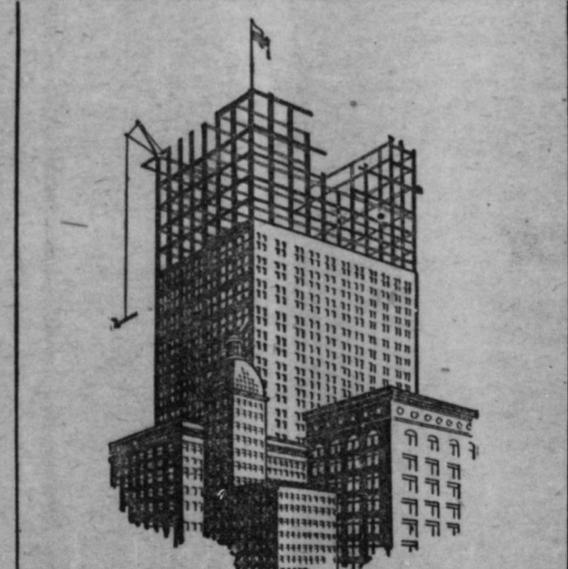
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM A toilet preparation of merit. Rests to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

DROPSY TREATMENT. "MILLY" gives relief, soon removes swelling and short breath, often gives entire relief in 18 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent FREE. DR. THOMAS E. GREEN, Chemist to Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box A, Cassworth, Ga.

Texas Directory

Hotel Waldorf 1800 Commerce St. Dallas, Texas. (formerly Landon European Hotel) Rates: \$1.50 and \$2.00 rooms, all of them a single and well furnished. Bring your family.

EC-ZENE KILLS ECZEMA Let us prove it. For FREE SAMPLE, write to—Sole Co., 108 T-University Ave. St. Paul, Minn. W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 49-1915.



Building For Years to Come

In the erection of modern buildings the primary thought is for endurance.

The same thought should be given to building our own body and brain—but few give it. This building process requires certain essential food elements which, within the body, are converted into the kind of brain, bone, nerve and muscle capable of enduring the severe tests of work and time.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

is scientifically made of whole wheat and malted barley, and supplies, in splendid proportion, all the nutritive values of the grains, including their vital mineral salts, which are all-important for life and health, but lacking in much of the food that goes to make up the ordinary diet.

A daily ration of Grape-Nuts food is good "building" for sound health of years to come.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

Why those Pains? Here is a testimonial unsolicited "If I had my will it would be advertised on every street corner. The man or woman that has rheumatism and fails to keep and use Sloan's Liniment is like a drowning man refusing a rope."—A. J. Van Dyke, Lakewood, N. J.

Sloan's Liniment for RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, SORE MUSCLES

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

THE INFORMER AS "HOME" PAPER

While the Informer has a large number of readers in and around Hedley, we do not believe that all these readers realize the large number of good things that appear in the Informer every week in the year. Sometimes we have wondered whether or not it pays to go to the expense of buying an extra service for the benefit of our subscribers and the community when good patrons of the paper are on things they have in the paper. Our efforts have been sufficient to satisfy us for the trouble we have been put to in going to issue a paper for people.

Four pages of the Informer purchased outright. We such matter as appears on our pages, but the service we give us from a company whose business is to furnish such matter as requested by publishers. This printed service is the best obtainable. There is no question about its quality. There is never any reason for us to make excuses for this service, because the people furnishing it pay particular attention to every article therein. The newspaper is just what its subscribers make it. Read the pages every week. We give this service for you. If we do not believe it was appreciated, we would certainly disagree with it, but our belief in the value of such matter as we give our readers want.

But let us make the most of this glad season. Let us continue to fill with happiness the hearts of as many as we can—especially the little children. Let us swap a diamond lavalier or set of furs to the wife for a pair of shoe strings or a cigar.—Ex.

ADVICE ON XMAS BUY-GIVEN BY AN EXCHANGE

There is more or less advice which we deem proper to give out at this season of the year for the benefit of readers who stand in need of coaching. For instance we would suggest that is highly improper to buy a child a safety razor or an old batchelor a baby buggy. Always invest in something useful. Study out the needs of the recipient of your generosity. Try to get that which you know will be appreciated.

We made a mistake once by sending an old maid a false face and there is a well known Temple citizen who hasn't been able to square with his wife all year

With HOLIDAY THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS

Now that the Holiday Season is Upon Us

We want to thank the good people of Hedley and Donley County for the splendid patronage given us throughout the year 1915. We have tried to merit this splendid patronage by the most liberal consideration for you and have made prices as low as consistent with "QUALITY GOODS" and live and let live has been the idea in our mind all along. To our low prices and our endeavor to give you the best and most courteous treatment we attribute the fact that probably this store has enjoyed the largest trade of any store in town.

We extend the season's greetings to you. May you indeed have a very Merry Christmas and may the New year bring to you the greatest joys of your entire life.

But A Word Yet

Our store and warehouse is running over with good things to eat. A good portion of this stock was contracted for before the prices got scared so high by the war, and you are to share in any such saving. We will have in stock the usual lines of delicacies for your table needed through the Holiday. Command us, we are ready and anxious to serve you.

CHAS. BOLES

THE PURE FOOD GROCER

Phone 21

Hedley, Texas

West Side Main

because last yuletide he filled her stocking with choice cigars.

Another thing to remember is that it won't do to try to make Christmas giving profitable. If you believe that you can come out ahead on the game by "remembering" rich acquaintance with mere trifles in the hope that they will reciprocate by hanging gold watches and automobiles on the tree for you, there's disappointment awaiting at the forks of the creek. We spent our last dollar piking a "plutocratic generosity" once upon a time and the only prize we pulled down was a common clay pipe.

We have seen more Christmas trees threshed with less fruit for ourselves, than anybody else in America. It is simply remarkable how long one can squat down on a church pew on a cold night without ever hearing his name called and how after rich and costly presents have been showered all around him, a homemade night cap will be dangling about by a would be Santa Clause and finally tossed over into his lap after everybody has had a chance to read the name on it.

But let us make the most of this glad season. Let us continue to fill with happiness the hearts of as many as we can—especially the little children. Let us swap a diamond lavalier or set of furs to the wife for a pair of shoe strings or a cigar.—Ex.

The Ten Commandments for Christmas Giving

1. Thou shalt love the giver of the gift, because he has sent the gift.
2. Thou shalt remember first the very young and the very old.
3. Thou shalt buy within thy means, remembering the spirit

of the gift and not the value.

4. Thou shalt not become a party to the mere exchange of gifts. Let thy heart go with each and every greeting or present thou sendest out.

5. Thou shalt make such gifts as thy skill may warrant, inasmuch as the work of thy hands gives added value to the offering.

6. Thou shalt tie up no bitter remembrances with a gift, but only peace and good will.

7. Thou shalt have thy gifts ready several days before the time of delivery, that the immediate days before Christmas may be filled with peace and happiness, and not with turmoil and frenzy.

8. Thou shalt seek the abodes of the poor and friendless with such gifts as may cheer and nourish their hungry bodies and hearts.

9. Thou shalt not gush over thy gifts. Thou shalt show thy gratitude in more sincere ways.

10. Thou shalt, at earliest opportunity, give written or verbal thanks for such kindnesses as thy friends may have bestowed upon thee at Christmas.—Harvey Wake.

DEAD TOWNS---AVOID THEM

Do you ever go into a town and as you stepped from the train, have a strike you suddenly that the town was dead? Have you ever had a town described to you as a "dead" town? Have you ever stopped to analyze just what is meant by these words "dead town"? In the last analysis they mean just one thing—and that is

that is that the merchants of the town won't advertise. A dead town has certain positive aspects of demise which are as bald as a piece of crepe hanging on the door of a private house. The stores seem to be merely existing. Their shelves are covered with apparently unsaleable goods. The storekeepers seem to be vying with each other to see which will win first prize as the town grouch. If you talked with them they knocked the town, they knocked business, they knocked the mail order houses. They were continually complaining that other people did business and made money but that they didn't seem to be able to sell anything. They guessed it was the town. Yes, that was it,—the town. If you asked that merchant if he advertised, he looked at you in amazement. What was the use of advertising when business was so bad? People who had money to spend, he would tell you, were sending it to the mail order houses. No, he would tell you, he didn't advertise. He wouldn't throw good money after bad. On the other hand, go into the live town and what will you see?—The merchants have attractive displays in their stores. The daily or weekly newspapers are filled with big announcements of special sales or low priced goods. They are not afraid of the mail order houses, because they have the same means of reaching the people—advertising—that makes the mail order house great. The merchants have their local association for mutual help, and behind the association the local

newspaper is pushing, pushing, pushing. Everybody is working and everybody is happy and boasting. If you want a live town, get behind the newspaper and the newspaper will do the rest. Forget the time worn arguments that the paper is a dead one. The paper is alive enough if the people are alive. The surest test of a live town is a live newspaper, and a newspaper can't be alive unless the town boosters do their share.

IDLENESS

Idleness is having its summer time. The park bench is its waiting room. It would be well for the city if there were registration of all hands. Every man from 15 to 65 should work or show cause.

The preparedness of a nation was never accomplished by its army of idlers. That looming majesty of darkness finds something yet for idle hands. But it is not the something that eliminates the mollycoddle. His sovereignty is of mischief.

Next to putting a strong man into the grave of a useless and senseless war he does his mischief majesty the most honor by putting a young man to the discard.

And he has them under his guardianship. Pool hall loafers, sidewalk eyes, street corner intruders, park bench slumbers, all are the summed up insolence of his sloth and expression of his cunning.

They are a disgrace to the commonwealth, to the city and the home. They are more, a disgrace to themselves.

The underlying sin of the world is refusal to work. Work is religion. Work is Godlike.

Sit out youth in idleness and come to the hell of old age with no knowledge of the eternal

birthright of work. Self respect is the crown upon the soul-brow of toil.

"My father works, and I work," was the challenge of the Nazareth carpenter.

Who ever heard of the Brotherhood of Idle Hands?

Idleness has nothing to unite. It has no courage to share. It has nothing, for it is a perishing parasite.

The paradise of idle hands is a Flophouse winter and a Slophouse summer.

The elevator of existence is "going down" for him who is at ease in being a creature. He might be a creator. And that is the nobility of work. The creature has two hands. They are soft and generally with the tell-tale forefinger stains. They are idle hands, capable, flexible, but weak, without grip upon a job. Nothing sticks to them. He exists off the dole of a loan or a beggarly gift. In the bottom of the pocket, the pocket that has anything, are the "makings" for a "pill". There is no coin of the realm of manly earnings, the making of independence. The creator of things has two similar hands. But they are ready. They are willing for a pen or a plane. It is as important to put back trees into the open spaces as to take them from the forest for the housing.

There is work, plenty of work for the workers. There is nothing doing, absolutely nothing doing for the idler. He says so himself.

A man got up one day from his loafing, and pushing his way into an office building, put his hands to a scrub brush. It was the longest day of his life. It was the best day. He had been an office man and working under foot was not food for pride. He made a break with his false friend who leered at him as he went. Today that man knows the escape he made.

Are you willing to work? "Yes, but let me tell you—"Never mind the "but," the hard luck story. Are you willing to do anything now? "Yes, if—"

The explanation is plausible—to himself.

The most self appraising individual is often the idle handed. He justifies every flab of his useless existence. Somebody is keeping him down. He is martyr to doings of others. "If he could only get the ear of the president." Self pity, great conceit, marvelous capacity, unexampled misunderstanding, glow in his well spun tale.

Work is not by proxy. Nature has no understudies. Whatsoever is sown shall be reaped. Parsley is not harvest of parsley. Witchgrass is not seeded by barley. But the danger for every field and before every farmer is the intrusion of the noxious weed. Uprooting of soil sapper is necessary. Idleness must be discredited. "Go to the ant, you sluggard." Learn how industry makes mountains and builds canals. The idle rich and the slothful poor are consumptives. They are emaciating from their own short breathing. Idleness may keep the body hanging around old age. But no man counts after he willingly puts down his right to live—a chance to work. Honorable old age and all needy motherhood should be pensioned. The best workers have not always accumulated. Who ever thought of pensioning idleness?

Satan's garden has idle men. When God has a job to be done, he picks a worker.—Dr. A. C. Stevens, in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

FOR SALE—A few choice Barred Rock cockerels, cheap at \$1.00 while they last, 21914 cocks could go. First come first served R 1, Box 64.

The Tingling
Tang-That-Tones
AT FOUNTAINS AND HOMES

El Maté 5c

The Heart of Night Wind

By Vingie E. Roe
Illustrations by Ray Walters

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Dally's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Dally, foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co. or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work he has come from the East to superintend and make successful.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Out of the near gloom, which was lightening a bit with dawn, the log trail rose, an aggressive snake-like trough climbing uncompromisingly at an angle of 36 degrees, its center a straight pine log sunk to its surface, which was polished like ivory, its slightly curving sides the same. How many tapering trunks had gone into its two miles would be hard to say, for in some places they had sunk and been covered—in the dip, say, over the ridge where the real mountain began, at the turn where it wound around the shoulder.

Before ten minutes Sandry was breathing heavily, though he said nothing and kept close at Dally's heels. The logger strode forward and upward with an easy, climbing lift that rippled every muscle in his loose body, while the man from the cities strained and heaved in painful labor, slipping on the wet earth, floundering in the rotten bark and brush that lined the way. They climbed beside the trail, not in it. Ahead of them the gang of men had long since disappeared from sight and hearing.

The forenoon that followed was the opening page in a new chapter of his life, and Sandry bent all his faculties to a grasp of outlines.

He stood silently watching the work go forward. They had reached the cutting. Here, in a wide dip high above the world, it seemed to the Easterner, was a huge circle of activity. Close beside the built trail a second donkey engine fussed and screamed, reaching out uncanonically on all sides for the great logs, to haul them in with screech of spool and strain of cable and turn them over to the mysterious steel rope that came constantly crawling back on its traveling line. This was called the "yarding engine"—the one at the foot of the trail beside the railway and the track being known as the "roader."

The monotonous song of the cross-cut saws had begun where the buckers were converting several hundred-and-fifty-foot trunks into handling sections.

A little below, two foot-wide planks some five or six feet long had been set into a giant yellow pine about eight feet from the ground, one on either side, and on these two men were standing, their flannel shirts open at the throat, their sleeves rolled up from arms of steel and leather, their heads bare. Sandry watched the bending of their backs, every muscle outlined under the clinging shirts, the play of their knees, the whole easy rippling of their entire bodies with the regular give and take of the long saw. The boards, known as springboards, rose and dipped with the even motion.

These men were fallers, and presently they would lay the towering monarch of the great woods to the fraction of an inch in a given place, ready for the buckers, the hook-tender and the cable.

In the meantime the logs already down were swiftly stripped of their limbs, cut into thirty and forty foot lengths, rolled into the trail with peavy and cant hook, and sent up and over the ridge to the accompaniment of shrill, tones from the whistle-bob's restless cord, the straining of rigging and the squeak of fiber on polished fiber.

The built trail ended here in the shallow hollow between the first ridge and the great mountain beyond, though up the face of the latter it was prolonged by a cleared path sharply defined among the dense growth of the timber.

He was impressed by the magnitude of the country. On every hand the lifting hills were clothed in trees, close packed and of such girth and height as to seem almost grotesquely impossible. Humanity was dwarfed to insignificance, like an ant crawling on a cathedral column.

Sandry looked around. Up to this distance the woods were dotted with cuttings where the great stumps glowed white amid the vivid green and the debris of slashings and trimmings which combined with the fern and hazel brush and other undergrowth to make a perfect tangle. But beyond, along the new-cut trail, was nature, dense and untouched, waiting for the hand of pygmy man to come and take her lavish treasures.

By nine o'clock the sun was shining above the peaks and the fog had vanished from the valleys, and although it was late fall there was no feeling of the death of the year. On the contrary, there was a sense of bustle and hurry and work beginning with the advent of the rains. The tidewater slough was bank-full and mud-brown with thick grass and water growths along its edges. The stranger unconsciously drew great breaths of the sweet air of the high hills and began

to feel dimly something of their charm.

John Dally was everywhere, looking at this, lending a hand at that, shouting some good-natured instruction here and there, overseeing with an eagle eye each minute detail of the work.

One of the new owner's first impressions was that in this man he had an object of great value. He was just thinking this when there came one long blast from the donkey over the ridge and the men dropped their tools in their tracks, the two on the springboards jumped down, leaving the saw just where the call had caught it, far out on one side, and the foreman came up to him.

"Dinner time, Mr. Sandry," he said, smiling. "I 'spect you're pretty hungry."

"What?" cried Sandry, "why, I hadn't thought of it! Is it possible we've been here five hours?"

"Sure. Time goes fast in the hills."

"They began to climb the trail, the men straggling out ahead and behind, the youngest forging forward in the eagerness of youth and healthy appetites, the older characters, all of them hardened woodsmen, taking it more leisurely.

Before they were half way up, however, Sandry was breathing heavily. "Might I ask," said Dally, "something about the change in the company?"

"Certainly. There has simply been an outright sale of the interests, all of which, or nearly all, I bought from Dillingworth & Frazer. A fifth, I believe, is still owned by a Mr. Rakeham, who is somewhere in South America. I have come out to take absolute charge and learn the timber business."

"I see. And you've had no experience?"

"None," said Sandry a little shortly. "Maryanna Humphrey!—but my feet is tender!" complained a voice behind.

Sandry glanced quickly back. Three lumberjacks were plodding up the slope, their soamed and weathered faces set intently on dinner. On one, a red-headed chap of some thirty-six or eight, powerful and rugged, he set his sharp eyes.

"But I'm acquiring it," he finished, "rapidly. Discharge that man."

Dally did not turn.

"I can't," he said, "he's just quit."

CHAPTER IV.

Old Reins in New Hands.

The East and the West had met. It was apparent in every essential that had to do with Sandry and his men in common.

It showed when he sat among them at the head of the long table, in the way he used his hands, his knife and his food. It glared when he spoke, it paraded in his clothes, and most of all it stood forth pitilessly when he sat by himself at night in the plain little room under the dripping eaves. They



He Stood Silently Watching the Work Go Forward.

were nearly always dripping, the pane behind the spotless curtains was always black and glittering, there was nearly always the shut-in silence that rain imposes—that dense silence, listening and lonesome.

Sometimes, to be sure, it was only a little Oregon mist that saddened the night outside, but it had the same effect on the young man from the midland of life in New York.

He was East and he knew it. Also, the men had known it from that first speech in the doorway of the cook-shack. They spoke of him among themselves as "Dillingworth," accompanying the word with grins, tasting its flavor as delicately as any appreciated professor of the East dallying with a new derivative.

Nowhere in the world is discernment brought to a finer point than in the lumber camps and mills of the Northwest, among that floating gentry of the pike and peavy, the knee-laced boot and the "turkey," who pass here and there with the seasons, picking

critically at the speech and doings of many places.

Also, nowhere is there a stronger prejudice against any manifestation of personal superiority, any exploitation of what may be east of the Cascades. To them the man and the place are one—East and Easterner.

They felt for him that contempt which only the seasoned feel for the inexperienced. And with the quickness which was his characteristic, the new owner sensed the feeling among them. It only added to that jumble of sensations and impressions which had crowded thick upon him from the first and which he had had no time to assort and get under control. He had simply laid them away for future attention.

In the meantime he went quickly at the work of settling himself in the new environment. A load of lumber was brought up the slough on the punt from the mill at Toledo and four men were put to building a small office. It was set at the edge of the slough, a bit below the cook-shack, where it commanded from its two eastern windows and door the track, the roading donkey, the log-trail and the railway, and from the southern one the winding slough, the rest of the track and the lower railway, where the donkey engine left the logs, its duty done. After that they rolled down with much splashing to the narrow ribbon of water which, with every flood tide backed in from the bay, lifted them high and trundled them, grinding and groaning, slowly down, perhaps to the mill at Toledo, perhaps to be laced together with mammoth chains, built into a great raft and towed out to the ocean to voyage along the coast, down to southern California or up to Portland. A tiny, wheezy tug fussed about the backwater for the express purpose of starting the monster rafts out on the ebb.

Inside the new office were installed a roll-top desk, a case of books, a map or two and several chairs, beside a small stove. Here, with the four pine walls around him, Walter Sandry at last looked around and called himself at home. The drawers of the new desk were full of documents and memoranda, the history, with statistics and records down to the minutest detail, of the Dillingworth Lumber company. These he set himself to master as his first step toward the vast golden goal of the dream that had brought him west.

Very shrewdly he decided to take nothing out of the capable hands of his foreman. There had been a sort of tense pause in the camp pending this development. When it became apparent that things were to go on as usual the work went forward as if a line had been loosened.

Big John Dally had gone about during the few days of uncertainty with the untroubled calm of his quiet nature, though there was a small, a very small ache somewhere inside him. Ever since he could remember, his life had been cast in Dally's lumber camp—when his father, old John Dally, had logged with oxen on the eastern slopes of the Coast range and there was no jerkwater railroad in Yaquina bay.

When a 200-foot fir had tottered out of line and sent the old man forever into silence in the roaring thunder of its fall, the boy John, at seventeen, had picked up the reins of government in the camp and carried on the work, abetted and aided by that efficient general, his mother. With the years of his young manhood he had worked, following the wilderness as progress pushed it backward to the bay, seeing little of the outside world save perhaps for a trip, once in three years, to Portland or down to San Francisco, and always during the past it had been the Dillingworth Lumber company into whose vast holdings the camp had cut its way.

Always there had been no hand of power in the hills save his own, no supervision excepting the annual visits of some member of the firm who went over things, nodded, estimated, took figures and went away. He had carried on his camp himself, fought since he could remember with the Yellow Pines company, whose holdings were vast as those of the Dillingworth, and had not thought of change.

When Walter Sandry settled quietly down with no voice in the doings of the camp, Dally drew a good breath and went ahead once more.

As for the new timber magnate, he sat down at the new desk on the first day of his occupancy of the little office on the slough's edge and wrote his first letter.

It was on a printed letterhead:

Dillingworth Lumber Company,
Toledo, Oregon.

Dear Dad: Excelsior! I fancy I'm on top of the world! Wish you could step in here for an hour's chat. The country would amaze you as it has me with its mighty bigness. You feel like an atom crawling on the sea's floor—too small to count. The hills are like our beloved Catskills, only they are their wild cousins from the wilderness, unkempt and savage.

There is wealth here, Dad, untold wealth and I intend to get a handful of it. The timber is unsounded, it reaches away to the Siletz reservation on the north and on beyond. These Indians come into camp once in awhile with baskets, a timid sort of people, fishers, not fighters. The stumps are magnifi-

cent. We are the company, though we have a rival, a formidable one, the Yellow Pines, which operates to the south of us. I have met none of their people as yet, but my foreman tells me there is, and always has been, bad blood between us.

Well, dear old chap, I must not weary you. Write me all the happenings that concern you there. Tell Higgins if he neglects one thing about you I will skin him alive when I come home for a flying trip.

I hope, sir, you are feeling comfortable and will go into the winter in good shape. When the spring comes on I believe we can bring you out here with comfort—the Pullman service is smooth as glass across continent. And I know the trip would benefit you.

As he wrote these words the young man's bright blue eyes softened like a woman's and a grim line settled about his lips. He knew, on the word of the greatest specialist of two continents, that the dignified old gentleman to whom they were addressed, a white-haired gentleman with the finest bearing and the gentlest heart, died irretrievably to an invalid chair, had at the most but a scant year to live. Yet he wrote of hope and travel and returning health, wrote determinedly with a force that must communicate something of its light to the lonely wreck left by the tide of life stranded at the edge of that mighty, flowing stream, the metropolis.

He finished the letter with a commendation so tender, so indicative of a great affection, that it did not sound like a man's, a son's to a father—rather like a daughter's to an ailing mother, signed, sealed and stamped it, and sat for many minutes holding it in his hand, staring hard with drawn brows at the yellow pine of the new walls. Again the faint shadow of sadness, of regret, flickered from the past across his features. Then he sighed, rose with his graceful quickness and straightened his shoulders. As he closed the desk and stepped from the office he felt that he had gathered up the reins of the new life.

CHAPTER V.

Wild Blood and Horseflesh.

The fall drew on apace. Sometimes the austere gloom of the mighty country thrilled Sandry with a strange compelling; oftener it held him at a dripping window with a load of lead on his heart. He had no companions. John Dally, easy, simple, suggesting tried force, was his only comfort. In him he found something vaguely fine, as the plain little stone at the bottom of clear waters takes on a certain simple beauty. They spent an occasional evening together in the little office, talking of the work, and the new owner asked and learned many things. Into the ample heart of white-haired Ma Dally Sandry had stepped that first night, wholly without intent.

"He speaks like a man," she opined decisively, "an' you mark my words he'll prove himself so, if his hands are white."

Of the girl Siletz he had scarcely taken a moment's notice. He did not even know that when she served him silently at the olochto covered table the two long braids were tied together at the nape of her neck so that by no chance could they fall against his hand. Neither did he know that the dog Coosnah watched him always with pale eyes. Of these two he knew less than of any others in camp with whom he had as much to do. As for the girl herself, she kept away from his vicinity. Oftener they two, the girl and the dog, silent with a common consent like wild things of the woods, sought the wind-swept top of the great stump on the western ridge. Here Siletz looked down on the drooping slope and wondered of the cities and the sea. He had come from them both. She had never seen a man like him. His clothes were different. His speech was unlike. So were his hands, white and fine grained.

Also there was another of his possessions that she knew in every line and turn, Black Bolt, the splendid horse that stamped and whinnied with impatience in the lean-to behind the fling shed. She could no more let him alone than she could refrain from lying down to drink from a mountain rill. He called to her blood with irresistible force. Day after day she crept shyly to the lean-to and dreamed, watching the slope and the log-trail.

"Oh, you beauty!" she whispered with a soft hand on the arching neck. "Oh, you beauty of the world! God made you strong to serve and beautiful to be loved!"

And at that moment, on that particular day, Walter Sandry stepped into the doorway of the lean-to. At his foot on the sill the girl whirled upon him, her dark eyes wide with fright and confusion.

"I—I—" she stammered like a child.

Sandry looked at her for the first time keenly.

"You are fond of the horse?" he asked.

But her tongue clove suddenly to the roof of her mouth and one of the inherent shutes that sometimes fell upon her shut her lips.

She dropped her eyes, twisted her fingers in Black Bolt's mane, and then, with a gliding motion, soft-footed and swift, went past him, running toward the cook-shack.

The incident was nothing in itself, but it set the man thinking of her. He had seen adoration in the eyes she bent on the splendid animal, heard it in the words, stilled and incongruous. "Queer youngster," said Sandry to himself.

That night after supper he came out, contrary to his custom, from the little south room with its patchwork quilts, its crocheted mat and its antique Bible, into the big eating room.

He found Ma Dally rocking in the little chair, her tired old hands lying comfortably on the Portland Weekly spread out on her slanting lap. The wall lamps in their tin reflectors all

vered her white hair exquisitely and brought out softly the thousand kindly creases on her ruddy face.

On the end of the bench drawn up to the stand Siletz was sitting, wearing a mat of long grasses, and her fingers were deft as an Indian's.

Behind her on the bench lay Coosnah, head on paws, eyes blinking sleepily.

"Come in, Mr. Sandry," said the old lady in her rich voice. "Draw up a chair. We're restin'."

He sat down and bent a smile as brilliant as his blue eyes on this hardy old mother of the wilderness. From the first he had felt her personality, though he had no time to pay more than a passing attention to it.

"I should think you'd need it," he said. "How do you manage to keep up the stroke?"

"Law bless you!" she laughed easily. "I ben trained to it. I've cooked



Looked Around and Called Himself at Home.

In camp, young man, for forty-two year straight ahead."

"Then you've seen the growth of the country, the coming of railroads, the making of towns."

"Right from the bottom up. Seen 'em grow from three cabins an' a covered wagon."

"You've witnessed the inroads of the world on this fine timber, too."

"Yes, an' it hain't teched yet. I've seen it cut up over the Range an' down this side, an' they's double stumps for every acre that's ben cut, between here'n the coast."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TROUBLE FOR LOCAL EDITOR

Cricketer Threatened Physical Resentment of Report of His Prowess in the Game.

At a village cricket match the fielding side were for a time a man short. A farm laborer was pressed into service. Just before the team's own man arrived a ball was hit in the substitute's direction. To the surprise of the spectators generally, and himself in particular, he made the catch.

The local paper the following Saturday was anxiously scanned for the record of this feat, and disappointedly found it reported merely "caught sub."

"What's caught 'sub'?" he asked a friend.

"Don't thee know? That mean 'were accidental!'" was the reply.

Next morning the editor of the local paper was greatly amused by the following epistle:

"Dear sur—You say in yore pape as how I cort a man out in Saturday match—accidental—I mite summo you for libel, but I won't, but shoul you 'appen to git a dump on the no one day wen we meat you will kno Bill Wiggins has done it, and it won be no 'sub' neither."—London Tit-Bit

Weeping Trees.

One of the wonders of plant life is the weeping tree of the Canar Islands. It is of the laurel family, and rains down a copious shower of water drops from its tufted foliage. This water is often collected at the foot of the tree and forms a kind of pond from which the inhabitants of the neighborhood can supply themselves with a beverage that is absolutely fresh and pure.

The water comes out of the tree itself through innumerable little pores situated at the margin of the leaves. It issues from the plant as vapor during the daytime, when the heat is sufficiently great to preserve it in that condition; but in the evening, when the temperature has lowered very much, a considerable quantity of it is exuded in the form of liquid drops that collect near the edges of the leaves until these members so bend down that the tears tumble off on the ground below in a veritable shower.

Gospel and Literature Lots.

An interesting memory of old New York, when church and state still had closer relations than now, is recalled by the supreme court's decision of the "gospel, school and literature lots" in the Adirondack forest preserve, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican states. These lots were set aside in various townships by act of the legislature in 1786 to be retained and devoted to promoting the gospel and literature. The lots were patented to the Sacketts Harbor & Saratoga Railway company in 1856, and returned to the state in 1891 by the Everton Lumber company. The supreme court's decision denies title to the land claimed by various squatter occupants and affirms the state's ownership of it.

LADY, BLINDED BUT CONSCIOUS

Said She Would Turn Blind and Fall When Nervous Spells Came on, Yet Remained Conscious.

Odessa, Fla.—"About 2 years ago," writes Mrs. J. D. Powell, of this place, "I took several bottles of Cardui as a tonic, for I was run down in health. In fact I could hardly do anything at all, could only drag around and couldn't do my work. Life was miserable to me and I knew I must have some relief, as I was so very weak. I would suffer with aching pains in my right side, back and shoulders. I would have such terrible nervous spells, which would come on me, and I'd fall down wherever I was standing. I would turn blind, as though I had fainted yet kept my consciousness. My friends would rub me... circulation was extremely poor, and the arms, hands and limbs would be cold.

"My friends... recommended that I try Cardui. I began using it and soon both saw and felt a great improvement. My appetite became good. I ate so my husband teased me about it. I could rest well at night, and got so I could do all my housework in a short time. I praise Cardui to all my friends."

If you suffer from any form of womanly weakness or irregularity, Cardui, the woman's tonic, is recommended by all druggists.

Watching the Seals.

Visitors at the Aquarium never tire of watching the harbor seals, and one thing that pleases them particularly is to see the seals fall off their table when they go to sleep. In the middle of the pool for the seals there are two low tables, their tops are just above the water, on which the seals climb up to sleep or to rest. At times one or another of the seals will climb out of the water to one of the tables and lie there on it, making along the edge of one side of the table with its head and forepaws, its body hanging over the edge of the table in front, apparently all the time in imminent danger of rolling off the table at the side or of pitching off head first into the water in front. And when a seal lies on a table like that, sleeping or dozing, people stand around the pool watching and waiting for the seal to fall off. He won't hurt himself when he does fall, he will simply fall off into the water; but old and young men, women and children, will stand there with keen interest silently watching and waiting for that seal to fall. And if they stay long enough, as they are pretty sure to do, they are rewarded.—New York Times.

A Boer Don at Cambridge.

Christ's, which has just elected to an honorary fellowship General Smuts, who was graduated there with exceptional brilliance in the law tripos, is not the only Cambridge college which has paid this academic compliment to a prominent South African statesman. Some time ago Downing conferred an honorary fellowship on the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, who was also graduated with the highest distinction in the same Tripos, and was formerly a fellow. Hitherto Christ's college has proved more prolific of bards than lawyers, having been the Alma mater of six poets of such diverse types as Milton S. Calverley.—Westminster Gazette.

Keeping it Dark.

"I don't want to sign my name to this letter. I think I'll sign it 'Cognosco'."

"If you don't want to be known, I think I'd sign it 'Incognosco'."

Treasure for Antiquarians.

In a recent issue of the London Times announcement is made of the discovery at Caerwraon, on the Roman wall, three miles east of Gilsland, in Northumberland, of a remarkable bronze measure of the Roman period. Such officially certified measures are very rare. On the present specimen the name of Emperor Domitian, in whose consulate in A. D. 29 the measure was tested, has been obliterated, owing to the hatred felt toward him after his death. The measure contains 17½ sectarii, about thirty pounds of wine, or rather more than two gallons, and eight pounds have been allowed as the weight of the material. Professor Haverfield is certain whether it was really certified under the order of the emperor, or whether it is a private venture, masquerading as official. In any case, there is no question of the date, and the discovery is of considerable antiquarian interest.

Cause and Result.

"Germany is a large producer of honey."

"Maybe that accounts for the sweet time they're having there."

One Minister's Falling.

Deacon Grabhard—Rev. du Goode says he doesn't believe in raising money by church fairs, suppers, concerts and lotteries.

Fescon Pinchpenny—H'm! He's altogether too conscientious for a minister.—New York Weekly.

To Her Taste.

Jess—Why did Mae marry Harold? He's a perfect blockhead.

Bess—Well, you know she always liked hardwood trimmings in a house.—Judge.

Locals

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor. advt

Mrs Bud Skaggs has been very sick this week.

W. T. Walker is reported very sick with pneumonia.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Blankenship Dec 20, a girl.

Marvin Bishop came down from Claude Saturday night.

For Sale—Full blood Plymouth Rock roosters at \$1 00 each. J. T. Bain.

Rev. J. A. Long returned first of the week from a trip to Paducah.

Mrs. Lizzie Carraway of Clarendon is visiting her son, J. W. Carraway.

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

Born Friday December 20, a ten pound boy to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carraway.

Miss Ethel Bond has been very sick several days, but is reported improving.

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

Mr. Clark returned last Friday from Marlin. His rheumatism considerably improved.

Sheriff Doshier, Assessor Naylor and Treasurer Dubbs were from Clarendon Saturday.

an Bond and wife and L. H. and wife of Wellington spent Sunday with J. W. Bond and family.

We have tax receipts now for all who wish to pay their Hedley Independent School District taxes. First State Bank.

The Lakeview High School played "The Fisherman's Boy" to an appreciative audience Tuesday night.

Satisfactory Banking

OFFICERS:
J. G. McDOUGAL President
FRANK McCLURE Vice-President
T. T. HARRISON Cashier
C. D. AKERS Ass't Cashier
H. C. COOPER Ass't Cashier

DIRECTORS:
J. G. McDOUGAL
W. J. GREER
FRANK McCLURE
T. T. HARRISON
W. B. QUICKLEY

Almost the only compliment, certainly the highest, which the man of business will pay to any service rendered him is that it is "satisfactory." That means everything. This bank renders to all its clients, great and small, a service which faithful, efficient, obliging, correct and reliable. For this reason it is pronounced by the best judges to be "Satisfactory."

We now have some nice strong Customers' Safety Deposit Boxes for rent.

HEDLEY THE GUARANTY STATE BANK TEXAS

The Claude News came out last week in a special Christmas edition filled with good reading and advertising.

Lost—17 jewel Elgin, open face, gold case watch, with leather fob with woman head on fob. T. N. Messer.

W. D. Bishop and family left for Sulphur, Okla., to live. This estimable family will be missed by the people here.

Orby Adamson came home Saturday night from Plainview where he is attending school to be with his homefolks during the holidays.

Mrs. E. G. Dishman returned home last of last week from a several weeks visit with relatives in Bowie Oklahoma City and other points.

J. W. Adamson and wife left Saturday night for Plainview where they will make their future home. The Informer will visit them each week.

The tax roll for Hedley Incorporation is at the Guaranty State Bank, and receipts are also ready. All tax payers of Hedley are requested to call at the bank and pay your city taxes at your earliest convenience.

By order of the City Council of Hedley.

Mrs. C. W. Horschler and children returned Wednesday from Jack county.

J. M. Calhoun of San Antonio is here this week looking after business interests.

Misses Lela and Allie Waldron and brother Newt came Wednesday night from Canyon to spend holidays with homefolks.

Mrs. Gladys Moreman returned to her home at Floydada Wednesday. She made many warm friends during her stay here who regret her going away.

Rev. K. B. Morgan, president of Goodnight College, preached at the Baptist Church Sunday and night. He will preach here again the first Sunday in January.

B. L. Kinsey, R. E. Dunn, W. A. Wood, and Marvin Hamblen made an auto trip this week to Canton, and other points in New Mexico. They report that country in fine shape.

While work is being done on the Hornsby building I will do blacksmithing at the Kendall stand, and invite my friends and customers to bring their work to me there. J. M. Bozeman.

Frank White of Lebanon, Tenn. is here visiting his uncle, J. P. Johnson. He is highly pleased with this country, but says it looks so strange without forest trees all around.

Mr. Blevin and Miss Ollie Johnson, both of the McKnight community, drove to the Methodist parsonage Sunday afternoon where they were united in marriage by Rev. L. A. Reavis.

Allowing special tax of the Hedley Independent School District are asked to call at the First State Bank (the depository) and pay same at your earliest convenience.

Hedley School Board.

H. W. Melton and wife came Tuesday from New Mexico to spend the holidays with A. F. Waldron and family and others.

J. W. Kinsey, superintendent of the Memphis schools, died last Saturday and was buried there Sunday. Just about one year ago Memphis lost her school superintendent by death.

Chas. Boles developed an acute case of appendicitis Saturday and Sunday night went to Adair hospital at Clarendon where he underwent an operation. He is doing nicely and will be out again in a few weeks.

The teacher's institute in session at Clarendon this week is said to be very interesting. The Hedley teachers are all in attendance. Prof. Lewis goes to Houston to spend the holidays with homefolks.

The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. makes loans on improved farms at 8 per cent interest. No commission, attorney or inspection fees charged. C. P. Hutchings, Agt. Amarillo, Texas.

Miss Rosa Marquis, Director of the Marquis Conservatory of Music at Clarendon will have charge of the class in Music in the public schools here and be found in the school studio every Tuesday and Friday. Students received in Piano, Violin and Voice work. Report to Supt. Lewis.

We want to call your attention to the serial story just started in the Informer, the second and third installments of which appear in this issue. "The Heart of the Night Wind" is a stirring story that you will enjoy reading. The story alone in book form would cost you \$1.25, and we run three or four such stories during the year. The subscription price of \$1.00 barely pays for the blank paper.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK

As it is the usual custom among country publishers to not issue any paper during Christmas week, we have decided to not issue the Informer next week. But the readers will bear in mind that this week we are doubling the dose—sending you 16 pages instead of 8 to make up for no paper next week.

Trusting that you may all have a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with many returns of the Holidays, and will excuse our taking a week's rest, we are your well wishing Informer lites.

M. W. Headrick, hardware merchant of Clarendon, was in Hedley Wednesday.

Miss Myrtle Reeves returned from Canyon Wednesday night to spend Christmas with homefolks.

FOR SALE—A few choice Barred Rock cockerels, cheap at \$1.00 while they last. 2 1914 cocks could go. First come first served. R. I., Box 64.

R. N. Condron of Throckmorton arrived Wednesday for a visit with his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Hicks.

J. G. McDougal left Tuesday night for a visit to the old folks at home in Mississippi. It is always a pleasure to go back to one's old home on a visit, especially during Christmas.

"The Old New Hampshire home" was splendidly played by local talent last Friday night at the tabernacle, and again Saturday night at Bray. It was one of the best home talent plays ever put on in Hedley.

Miss Vada Hicks came home Wednesday night from Canyon where she is attending school to visit her parents during the holidays. Her aunt, Miss Emma Condron who is also attending school there accompanied her home.

MONEY TO LOAN

I loan money on Farm and Ranch Lands in this and adjoining counties; look after the renewal of all Darlington loans coming due; and buy Vendors Lien notes. See or write R. R. Sherwood, Wellington, Texas. Office over First Natl Bank.

D. C. Moore informs us that his best day this fall included the weighing of 250 loads of feed. The feed is continually coming in at an average of 150 loads per day. The weather this fall has been ideal for crop gathering.

Next year will be election year and it would be wise for all voters in the incorporated limits to pay their city poll tax, as one cannot vote in the city or county elections without a city poll tax receipt.

FOR SALE

Having bought farm land near town and wishing to improve same, I am offering my home in Hedley for sale at a real bargain for a short time. I have a 5-room house with bath room and closet, well, windmill and tank, barn, lots, garden and some nice young shade trees. Located 2nd block north of depot in the west part of town, known as Smith's addition to Hedley. Could use one or two spans of good young mules in this deal and give easy payments on part.

R. W. Scales, Hedley Tex.

Appreciation...

It is with pleasure that I extend my sincere thanks to the many faithful customers for their patronage during the year 1915 just closing, and ask for a continuation of your splendid patronage during the coming year of 1916. Bear in mind that I sell excellent goods at extra low prices. It is quality that counts, and that is the kind I sell.

For the Good Will you have shown us during the past year we thank you. May your Christmas be merrier and your New Year happier than ever.

KENDALL

The Man who started a Racket in Hedley.....