

The Hedley Informer

VOL. VI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JUNE 16, 1916

NO. 80

R. E. NEWMAN ANNOUNCES FOR PUBLIC WEAIGHER

The Informer is authorized to place in the proper announcement column this week the name of R. E. Newman as a candidate for the office of Public Weigher of Precinct 3 and 4, subject to the action of the Democratic primary in July.

Mr. Neman is too well and favorably known to need introduction from us. He has been a citizen of this county and city for a number of years. Anyone wishing to know anything about him are urgently requested to ask any business man of Hedley, as they know him well enough to give you any information you desire. He is well qualified to fill the office of weigher, and promises if elected to tend strictly to the performance of his duty, and render the best service that is in his power. He will appreciate your support and influence in the election.

H. Lott Granted Change of Venue By District Court

H. Lott, who was recently tried in the District Court on charge of murder, was this morning granted a transfer of venue in the District court. The case will be tried in Henrietta, Clay county. Court is in session now at that place. Whether the case will come up at this term in the court there was not known this morning in the office of the district attorney.

The court also overruled the motion for new trial in the case of Price Stewart, charged with burglary, and confirmed his sentence of two years. This will close the criminal work of the court unless a plea of guilty is entered by some party who does not necessarily have to face trial this term.—Daily Panhandle.

Wheat Crops Destroyed.

Shamrock, Wheeler Co., Tex. June 10.

One of the severest hail-storms in the history of Shamrock fell Thursday afternoon. It is estimated that at least three inches of hail fell. All crops in its path, which was about six miles wide, were practically destroyed. P. M. Montgomery reports his wheat a total loss.

Mr. Braxton, six miles north of Shamrock, reports crops three-fourths lost. He has 400 acres in wheat.

A. Lisle, two miles west of town reports his crops a total loss; H. Sehlegal also claims his crop destroyed.

The wind was terrific and considerable damage was done. One house in the eastern part of town was blown across the storm cellar and the people in the cellar had to dig their way out.

B. W. M. W.

The B. W. M. W. meets at the Church Wednesday June 21, 8 p. m.

Bible lesson beginning Matt. 1, question 850 to Luke 3, question 874.

Please note change of meeting days from first and third Mondays to first and third Wednesdays.

Press Reporter

C. H. DYE DEAD

On June 11, at 4 o'clock at his home in Memphis, occurred the death of C. H. Dye. He had been ill for some time, and, while his death came as a great shock to his friends and relatives, it was realized that he could not survive long. The funeral services were held at the Methodist church; Rev. A. L. Bowman conducting same. He was buried by the Masons.

Mr. Dye's age was 67 years, 6 months and 4 days. He was a member of the Methodist church and lived a Christian and useful life. He was also a member of the Masonic Order. He was highly esteemed by every one, and has hosts of friends who mourn his death.

He leaves three younger children and several married children, besides other relatives. His wife passed to the Other Clime some years ago.

The relatives who went from Hedley were: D. M. Moore and family, J. M. Shannon and family, J. M. Whittington and family and Mrs. W. M. Dyer.

The Informer extends its sincere sympathy to the bereaved ones in their hour of sadness.

Sherman Woman Blinds Husband While He Sleeps.

Sherman, Texas, June 9.—Because she regarded her husband as too attractive to other women.

Mrs. L. P. Gathright, told authorities here she poured a quart or more of concentrated lye in his face and body while he slept early today, burning out both of his eyes and badly burning and disfiguring his body.

"I did not want to kill him, but I did want to put his eyes out and spoil his handsome face so he would not be attractive to other women, so I poured the lye on him," is the statement the sheriff said she made to him today.

Gathright, 45, who owns a restaurant here, it is said will be totally blind. He requested that his wife be not arrested.

Straw Hats at your own price at The Dixie.

Ice cream cones at the Hedley Restaurant Saturday and Sunday.

For Sale—One Standard Cultivator, cheap. Bob Adamson.

Surry good as new to trade for milk cow. See J. Walker Lane.

Lively wants your hides and other produce top price paid

WELCOME NEWS FOR LOCAL PEOPLE

People in this town will be glad to hear the mixture of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-ika, can be obtained at our store. This simple remedy became famous by curing appendicitis and JUST ONE SPOONFUL relieves sour stomach, gas and constipation INSTANTLY because it drains off such a surprising amount of old foul matter from the body.

The Hedley Drug Co

LITTLE RACHEL WOOD DEAD

Tuesday morning at 9:30 o'clock the spirit of Little Rachel Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cruse Woods living in East Hedley, took its flight to the Heavenly home after a very short illness. Funeral services and burial at Fairview Cemetery, at 7 o'clock p. m., Rev. I. J. Spurlin preached the funeral.

Little Rachel was four years old and was the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. She was a lovable child, and her departure from this vale of tears leaves a vacant spot in the home that can never be filled. Only God can heal the sickness of sorrow.

The Informer joins the entire community in extending our heartfelt sympathy to the grief stricken family.

Bale of Cotton Sells for \$950.

Houston, June 10.—The first bale of cotton of the 1916 crop, the earliest bale marketed this season in the United States, was sold at auction by Secretary J. F. Burwell in the cotton exchange this morning.

Jesse H. Jones bought the bale for \$950, about \$1.56 a pound. It was unusually large, weighing 608 pounds. The previous early record bale, which came in 1911, weighed only 493 pounds. The 1916 bale classed strict middling, good staple.

We sell Heinz Products. Boles Grocery.

"Eggs" 14c at Lively's for Saturday.

Everything

in the way of buggy poll and shaft line at J. Walker Lane's shop.

WHAT'S WHAT

Louis Hill, is taking up the reins of executive authority over the vast interest controlled by his father, talks in a way that shows him a worthy heir to a tradition of hard work with no frills, as well as to the fortune created by the abstemious and steady paternal habits, enforcing the genius of the railway emperor. The son says: "I had to be a self made man; in spite of my father's standing, I never subscribed to 'Who's Who,' but I would like to read an authentic book called 'What's What.'"

The man of action has little time left for trumpet soles about himself. He has no private parade ground, no hangar to house a swollen balloon of personal conceit. He does the work and lets the headlines and the sidelines take care of themselves. He wants to get to the bottom of things and he seeks to know the facts. Those who must hold up the proceedings till some petty personal idiosyncrasy is satisfied only retard the work in hand. The school of J. J. Hill was that of "What's What and not 'Who's Who'." He was not after the rodust hustler who "did his work and held his peace" and delivered the goods on the minute, right side up with care.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Eat a dish of cream every day. Hedley Drug Co.

Guaranteed flour for only \$3.00 per 100 pounds. Cash at Lively's.

Those lovely waist pin sets at Hedley Drug Co.

All kinds of feed at the Boles Grocery.

See our nice Summer Dress Goods in Organdies, Flaxons and Batiste at 12 1/2 to 15c yard. The Dixie.

DIED

The death angel knocked at the door of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gullidge of Giles last Saturday and called from their home the little seven-year-old son, George Jr. The little one's spirit joined the Heavenly ranks at 7 o'clock in the morning. The remains were carried to Memphis for burial Sunday.

The child was ill only a short time, and his loved one could scarcely believe that he was no more. Little George was loved by all, and his little play mates will wonder why he doesn't come out and play with them. He has gone to the Land where there is no more sickness, sorrow nor death, and will stand at the Portal to welcome his loved ones when they are called.

The Informer joins the friends in offering our consolation and sympathy to the bereaved ones in the sad hour of death, and points them to the path that leads to the Heavenly land where "The Circle Will be Unbroken."

Are You a Good Citizen?

We ask you to kindly consider the above question and if we criticize you too severely later on for your short comings, kindly remember that we still love you and that it is done in a spirit of friendliness and with no malice whatever. Probably it won't sound good to you or to the other fellow, nor to us either, for the simple reason that it is only too true.

What we want to speak about is the lack of a brotherly community spirit here in this town, and the presence of so much enmity that exists in the minds of the people.

How often on our rounds about town we hear remarks like these: "Well, he's a good fellow, I suppose, but he's a grafter," or "they are only doing that for a show," and again, "she's stuck up," and a hundred other petty remarks that would take a week to enumerate.

So many times we have noticed that when a public meeting is called dozens of our best citizens stay away because of enmity toward some man or woman, and we always notice that the absent ones are the quickest to criticize. It doesn't matter how much money you may contribute to any public cause, your failure to meet and mingle with your fellow citizens and take an interest in the things that tend to make this town a pleasanter, healthier and better place to live in, you are falling short of what a good citizen should be.

It doesn't matter what church you may belong to, or how many times you pray, if you are not interested in the health and happiness of those living about you and don't get a little of the milk of human kindness in your old soul and get the germs of hate out of your poor, disordered mind, it is our opinion that you are a punk Christian, and that you are doomed to spend eternity with some of our delinquent subscribers.

Hereafter, let us resolve to point out the good things in our fellow citizens and try and forget the their faults; let us resolve to get a little sunshine in our lives and help dispel the trouble and misery about us.

Remember, yesterday is gone; today is short; tomorrow may never come, so let us make the best out of life.—Pampa News

C. W. TURMAN FOR REPRESENTATIVE

The news is authorized to announce our fellow townsman, C. W. Turman, as candidate for Representative of this 124th district in the State Legislature subject to action of the Democratic Primary in July.

Mr. Turman is a young man of unusual energy and application, and has made his own way since early childhood. He has spared no time or refused any sacrifice to equip and educate himself for his life work and the measure of success which he has attained as instructor in this section of the state discloses his true worth as a student and unflagging zeal for the success of any enterprise he undertakes. For the past ten years he has made McLean his home, but has taught at various points over this district during that time, having been Superintendent of the public schools of McLean, Jericho, Ochiltree and Higgins, besides teaching a number of terms at different places.

The gentleman has prepared a complete resume of his platform, and the things, to his mind, should demand the attention of the state legislature which he hopes to present the voters early in the campaign, and in the meantime he desires us to say that he will deeply appreciate any effort that may be exercised by his friends and the voters in general that will further his candidacy in any way.

Mr. Turman owns two splendid farms in this county and devotes his vacation time to stock farming, which he has found unusually profitable. He considers this the most important industry in this section of the state, and if elected to the legislature, will use his best efforts to promote every phrase of its development that can be reached through this medium.—McLean News.

Low priced Laces and Embroideries at The Dixie.

Facing the Mistakes in Life

There are only two classes of people who never make mistakes they are the dead and the unborn. Mistakes are the inevitable accompaniment of the greatest grit to a man—individual freedom of action. If we were only a pawn in the fingers of Omnipotence with no self moving power, man would never make a mistake but his very immunity would degrade him to the ranks of the lower animal and the plants. Mistakes are the growing pains of wisdom, the assessment we pay on our stock of experience, the raw material of error to be transformed into higher living. Without them there would be no individual growth, no progress, no conquest. Mistakes knots the tangles, the broken threads, the dropped stitches in the web of our living. They are misdeals in judgement, our unwise investment in morals, the profit and loss account of wisdom. They are misleading bypaths from the straight road of truth and truth in our highest living is best the accuracy of the soul.

Life is simply given to man to learn how to live. Mistakes are always a part of learning. The real dignity of life consists in cultivating a fine attitude towards our mistakes and those of others. It is the fine tolerance of a fine soul.—William George Jordan in "The Crown of Individuality."

Some awfully cheap slippers, all ages at The Dixie.

Lively will fill your oil barrel for 10c gallon

ANNOUNCEMENT

I respectfully announce that I have opened up a
TAILOR SHOP
in the back section of T. M. Little's Men's and Boys' Furnishing Store on West side of Main Street.

I am so equipped that I can do all kinds of cleaning and pressing, and will appreciate a share of your patronage, and I guarantee you service and prices to please.

Claude Strickland

**EFFICIENT
= HELP =**

Must be provided when the

**Appetite is Poor
The Digestion Weak
The Liver Lazy and
The Bowels Constipated**

= TRY =

**HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH
BITTERS**

It is an excellent tonic, appetizer and stomach medicine.

Get The Genuine

The Strong Withstand the Heat of Summer Better Than the Weak

Old people who are feeble, and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the depressing heat of summer by taking regularly Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. 50c.

It's easier to raise a disturbance than a mortgage.

TRY CAPUDINE

—For Colds and Gripp—
RELIEVES the ACHING and FEVERISHNESS. Helps Nature to get right again. Good for Headaches also. —Adv.

Virtue may be its own reward, but vice gets more free advertising.

STOP THOSE SHARP SHOOTING PAINS

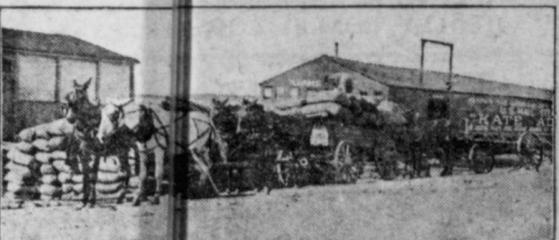
"Femenina" is the wonder worker for all female disorders. Price \$1.00 and 50c. Adv

Labor conquers all things.

For wire cuts use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

South America is short of coal.

USE COTTONSEED MEAL AS FERTILIZER



Loading Cottonseed Meal.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

At the present time, when potash in the form of salts is practically unobtainable and when both nitrogen and acid phosphate have advanced in price because of the use of nitrates and sulphuric acid for munition purposes, cottonseed meal, which carries all three of the fertilizing elements, becomes of great importance. In recent years immense quantities of this material have gone into fertilizers, approximately 1,000,000 tons having been so used in 1913.

Cottonseed meal, the residue after the oil has been extracted from cottonseed, is a dry, yellowish powder, having excellent mechanical properties for fertilizer mixtures, and contains about 6.5 per cent of nitrogen, 2 per cent of phosphoric acid and 2 per cent of potash. It is, therefore, according to specialists of the United States department of agriculture, primarily a nitrogenous fertilizer, but under present conditions its potash content is highly important and a decided factor in determining the price at which the material is sold.

In practice, cottonseed meal should be mixed with other ingredients. Most of the formulas here published have advocated various proportions of acid phosphate and nitrate of potash in combination with cottonseed meal. Muriate of potash is of all intents and purposes unobtainable this year and must be omitted from present consideration. If 1,000 pounds of cottonseed meal and 1,000 pounds of acid phosphate are mixed, however, a ton of material results which contains about 150 pounds of phosphoric acid 65 pounds of nitrogen and 20 pounds of potash. This is about 9 per cent phosphoric acid, 3.25 per cent nitrogen and 1 per cent potash, and makes a very satisfactory mixture for many soils where field crops are to be grown. For trucking and gardening present practice demands a higher content of potash, and the mixture may be supplemented by the application of unleached wood ashes if obtainable.

Nitrogen in cottonseed meal is not so quickly available as when applied in the form of nitrate, but on the other hand is not so likely to be leached out in times of heavy rainfall. In light sandy soils, where leaching is rapid, the use of organic material such as cottonseed meal is to be preferred in supplying the necessary nitrogen. Decay of the organic material liberates the nitrogen gradually and there is much less danger of loss than in the case when soluble salts, like Chilean nitrate, are used.

Most of the mineral ingredients in cottonseed meal are recovered in the manure if the material is used as a cattle feed. The most economical use of cottonseed meal is, therefore, to feed it and apply the manure to the land. In this way the material is made to serve a double purpose. European dairymen have for some years bought large quantities of American cottonseed meal for feeding purposes. As the live stock industry develops in our southern states doubtless an increasing amount of this material will be diverted from the fertilizer trade for use as stock feed, and at present wherever possible the practice of feeding the meal and using the manure for fertilizer should be followed, rather than the direct application of the cottonseed meal to the land.

BUNGALOW IN COLONIAL STYLE

Type of Architecture That Always Presents an Attractive and Dignified Appearance.

PRACTICAL PLAN GIVEN HERE

Distinctive Home That Can Be Built at Comparatively Small Expense—
Basement for Heating Plant
Provided—Living Room
One of the Features.

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

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

The colonial type of house has retained its popularity for many years and is still used to a large extent in all parts of the country. Even the bungalow is made so as to include certain features that are colonial in appearance. There are certain impressions that are created by a colonial house that are hard to get with any other form of construction.

The colonial house always has a dignified appearance. It never seems like the ordinary run of houses, but always seems to stand by itself. Along with this, however, there is a warmth and an impression of comfort. The idea of a home is carried by the colonial design along with its dignity.

The accompanying illustration shows a bungalow that is built in colonial style, and it certainly has an attractive but dignified appearance. The fact that the bungalow type can be adapted to this style of architecture shows the adaptability of bungalows. When you consider that many of them are made with all sorts of fancy trimmings and are all varieties and shapes, it doesn't seem consistent that they can be adapted to a style such as is shown here. And yet there is nothing inconsistent about the plan as shown.

There are no very elaborate finishings in the construction of this bungalow, so that the cost can be kept down comparatively low. For this reason it presents a good practical plan and offers a distinctive home to the discriminating home builder.

The combination of the gray stucco walls and the white trim and columns is in keeping with the dignity of this colonial home. The projecting roof over the side porch, with its white col-

umns, is a pleasing decorative feature.

To retain the bungalow appearance in the colder climates, it is necessary to make several changes in both the lot on which the bungalow stands and also in the house itself.

Cellars are needed in the cooler climates and these must be provided without giving the appearance of raising the house in any way. The bungalow looks best when it is close to the ground, so the lot should be graded toward the front so as to bring the front entrance just a little above the ground. In the back of the house and along the sides it is not necessary to have the lot graded so high, and the windows for lighting the basement can be placed at these places. This is the method most commonly used for getting the bungalow effect in colder climates.

The basement that is provided must be of a depth sufficient to accommodate a modern heating plant. A complete hot-air heating plant will require about 7 feet 6 inches headroom in the basement. In bungalow construction this generally means a rather deep excavation, because the building is never built very far above the ground. Other types of heating plants require slightly less headroom than the hot-air system.

In keeping with the tendency in modern homes, the living room in this design is made quite large and comfortable and a fireplace of good size is provided. The living room is connected to the dining room and the back hall by cased openings.

There are very few bungalows built now that do not have a fireplace included in the plan. A big fireplace is almost always the most striking feature of a living room and adds more to the cozy appearance than anything else. There is a real home atmosphere

in a living room that has a bright fire blazing in the fireplace on the cold winter evenings. Also a fireplace is one of the best aids to ventilation that can be included in a plan.

The placing of the one shown here has been very carefully done. It is opposite the cased opening leading to the dining room, so that the cheery light of the fire can be seen from this room as well as from the living room. It helps to bind the two rooms together when they are being used for entertaining.

In the back part of the house there are two bedrooms. These are located in the two back corners, which makes it possible to have windows facing in two directions in each room. This insures a cross draft through the bedrooms, with the plentiful supply of air that is so essential. Constructed in this way, the bedrooms are practically as sure of a good air supply as is a sleeping porch.

The kitchen is placed between the dining room and one of the bedrooms



and has a side entrance and porch so that it can be reached from the outside. It is small and compact—a good arrangement for this bungalow. Doors into the hall and into the dining room are provided.

The main entrance is into a vestibule that opens into a hall which connects with the different rooms. A cased opening leads from this hall to the living room.

DWARF TREES EASILY GROWN

Secret, Long Known Only to the Japanese, Has Become a Matter of General Knowledge.

For many centuries the Japanese have closely guarded the secret of growing miniature trees. Indeed, says the Youth's Companion, until recently they did not allow the trees to be taken out of the country; wealthy people keep them as art treasures. Now, in America, dwarf trees bring a good price and are used as house plants and table decorations. By following the plan here described almost any one can raise diminutive trees with little trouble.

Get a few large, thick-skinned oranges and halve them. Remove the

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For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hathcock*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms

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ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS AND CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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CASTORIA



REDUCE ACREAGE OF COTTON

Difficulties of Getting Staple Shipped Abroad Are Increasing—Raise More Food Crops.

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal declares that "if the Southern farmer is even moderately wise he will reduce his cotton acreage from last year, rather than increase it." It points out that the difficulties of getting cotton abroad are steadily increasing, and adds: "On the other hand, the demand for good crops bids fair to increase. Corn and wheat, oats, hogs and cows and chickens bid fair to be even higher next fall than they have been before. Foreign nations can and will have these products, and we also have 100,000,000 people in this country to feed. In other words, the outlook is bullish on everything to eat. While it may not be decidedly bearish on cotton, it can easily be made so with a big yield this year.

"If farmers of the South increase their cotton acreage this year at the expense of food and food crops they will buy food this fall at record high prices and pay for it out of low-priced cotton."

MULES BETTER THAN HORSES

Less Subject to Accidents and Injury—More Inclined to Take Care of His Own Interests.

Mules are said by some to be harder for than horses. Because of the mule's disposition it is probably true that he is inclined to take care of his own interests somewhat better than the average horse. He probably exerts less energy in fretting than does the horse. As to whether or not he can stand more actual work than a horse of similar type, weight and condition is still a question.

Mules are said to be less subject to accidents and injury. Insignificant blemishes on mules affect their value less than the same blemish on horses. Because of the mule's ability to care for himself he shows somewhat less tendency to get into trouble when in pasture or in accidents of various sorts.

COTTON IS MOST ESSENTIAL

Wonderful Product is the Basis of All High Explosives—Makes Modern Warfare Terrible.

Next to air, water and food, there is probably nothing more essential to man's existence in the way of civilization prescribes than cotton. A bit of the "irony of the gods" is found in the fact that while war has demoralized the cotton industry, yet without cotton there could be no war. Not a single modern gun could be fired, not a battleship sail nor an army be put in motion without this wonderful product of the modest cotton plant, for its fruit is the basis of all high explosives and smokeless powder. A warship is a floating cotton mill, from the suits of its Jack Tars to the grim shells ready as fuel for the mighty guns that make modern warfare so terrible.—Ranch and Range.

KILLING FLEAS ON CHICKENS

Grease Face With Little 33 Per Cent Mercurial Ointment and Disinfect Roosting House.

Fleas on chickens can be killed by greasing the face with a little 23 per cent mercurial ointment and sprinkling the sand where the chickens roost with a solution of kerosene and soap, or other disinfectants.

MIXED FARMING PAYS BEST

Rational Diversification of Products is Biggest Single Factor in Soil Rejuvenation.

The rational diversification of farm products is the biggest single factor in soil rejuvenation and maintenance. In the eradication and prevention of soil and crop pests; in insurance against much of the loss and vicissitudes of uncertain seasons, weather and markets. "Put not all thine eggs in one basket."

TOP BUDDING PECAN TREES

Saw Off Main Trunk So as to Leave Five or Six Branches—New Shoots Form on Stubs.

Cut back old budding pecan trees for top budding during the coming summer. Saw off the main trunk so as to leave five or six branches, and cut these back to stubs 8 to 10 inches in length. New shoots form on the stubs, which, by the middle of summer, will be ready to be budded.

Kill All Flies! They Spread Disease

Find anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, and strong. Lactic acid. Kills house flies, stable flies, and all other flies. Ask for Daisy Fly Killer. Sold by dealers, or 50c per quart or 10c per ounce. Write for literature. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic.

The cloak of charity is inefficient unless elastic.

There is No Art in Taking Medicine. Just follow directions on every bottle of "Plantation" Chill Tonic and see how quickly those dreadful chills will leave you. It leaves the liver in healthy condition and yet contains no Calomel. Price 50c.—Adv.

Don't sit on the tail of progress and shout "Whoa!"

A FRIEND IN NEED. For instant relief and speedy cure "Mississippi" Diarrhoea Cordial. Price 50c and 25c.—Adv.

The kiss of a hypocrite tastes like fried ice cream.

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The European war has made a great demand for khaki.

Texas Directory

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn \$150 to \$300 a month. Travel around the world. Experience unnecessary. Write Universal Detective Correspondence School, Houston, Texas



BACK EAST

Low Round Trip Fares to **New York, Boston** and all Atlantic Coast and New England Points

Tickets on sale daily throughout the summer via **New York Central Railroad**

Stopover privileges at all points enroute. The most complete service between Chicago and the East

Let Us Plan Your "Back East" Trip

Write us in a general way about your needs. We answer in your party, and the amount of money you want to spend, and we will provide you with a complete plan for your vacation, with complete information, and send you a descriptive folder.

Apply to your local agent for tickets and check our reservations, or for complete information call on or address our

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FORTUNATE OF EARTH

ARE THOSE WITH WHOM CHILDREN ARE CONFIDENTIAL.

Probably the Most Precious Gift That the Fairies Bestow and It is Not Given to the Majority of Mankind.

It is very likely a fairy gift, and if you haven't it there is little hope of your ever getting it. If you have it, however, you are the most fortunate sort of all sorts of fortunate folks. You are the sort that the children talk to in the street. And the reason that the person the children talk to in the street is so very fortunate is that they tell him things that nobody else ever hears, and very good things to hear, at that. From that fact it is easy to understand that this talk of theirs is no mere "good morning" or "hello" sort of conversation. It is real talk about real things, although, to be sure, it is only the fortunate person who hears it that can really understand it.

They begin very abruptly, these children, and the beginning may be in the middle or at either end of a thing. It does not matter. The talk may start something like this, entirely unexpected or unsolicited on the fortunate person's part: "You'd think they'd fall out anyway, if you did think anybody growed on the moon, wouldn't you?" And it may lead anywhere.

Sometimes it is much more personal than that. You may meet a small boy armed with a toy gun and a sword and he may begin, "You'll have to run for it," meaning the street car, "but if you ain't got any better luck than me you'll miss it anyway. I bet I got the worst luck of anybody, and I bet I've found the most horse shoes. If I had good luck I'd been a girl and then I wouldn't have to fight all the time." And this is probably from the terror of his neighborhood, a boy who is supposed by teachers and neighbors and parents, to exist solely for the joy of battle.

If you are the fortunate sort of person, you will be stopped and consulted about everything the children are doing. It may be cold and almost dark, and you may be hurrying home to supper, but if you are the right one, the little girl who is contemplating the snow woman, a plump stylish creature with full skirts and a hat with a feather, will call to you without a doubt of your sympathy, to know whether or not you don't think "she is just a little cross-eyed."

"It's the newsboy's fault," she explains, "he poked her in the eye and it ain't been right since. I could take a couple of buttons off her waist, they're only walnuts, and make her some other eyes just to match, but she is getting so slippy."

They may run after you to tell you a bit of gossip about their "friends," imaginary friends that nobody else ever heard of. They may trot along with you repeating the most astonishing conversations that they have had with squirrels or bears or stars or policemen. And it is all true. It is all because they believe it, and it is the expression of their queer little selves.

Justice, Then Prosperity.

The difference between the men in office now in city, in state and in federal government, and those men in office 20 years ago, in those rather narrow but controlling areas of our politics where there are actually marked differences, lies not in matters of honesty, not in matters of capacity, not in matters of party faith. The real difference is found in their philosophy of life. William Allen White writes in the New York Independent. The political leaders of majorities in the eighties and nineties of the last century believed in business for itself, that prosperity was an end in itself. Today our governments, city, state and national, are more or less under the control of men who all profess, and who in the main believe that justice is more important than prosperity. And the politicians are only taking their cue from the people. A sense of justice—with here a backset and there a reaction—is growing steadily and overwhelmingly in the American heart.

Zeppelins Built Since the War.

According to a dispatch from Bern, Switzerland, there are now some eighty Zeppelins in the German service. This statement is said to be based on information developed at Friedrichshafen, where the airship works are located. Recently one of the latest-type Zeppelins made a trial flight. It bore the number LZ-95, and in design varied considerably from the anti-hellum Zeppelins. Its gondolas are said to be of plated steel. The craft is plentifully supplied with machine guns and apparatus for throwing bombs and aerial torpedoes; among the latter being a new type which is reported to be far more powerful than any heretofore developed. In fact, rumor has it that the new aerial torpedo is to play a prominent part in the event of the German warships and Zeppelins coming out from their sheltering harbors and engaging in battle with the British fleet in the North sea.—Scientific American.

HOSPITAL IN HISTORY

INSTITUTIONS HAVE BEEN KNOWN FROM EARLY TIMES.

Before the Christian Era the Care of the Afflicted Was Considered a Public Duty — Philadelphia Had First in America.

The first hospital established in America was opened in Philadelphia on February 7, 1750. For nearly two years Benjamin Franklin and other influential men were working for the establishment of such an institution. A charter was granted in May, 1751, and the first board of trustees was elected the July following.

The day of the opening a number of patients were admitted who were regularly attended and given their medicine free. Joshua Crosby was the first president and Benjamin Franklin the first clerk.

The second hospital established was in New York in 1771. From these early beginnings there has now grown up in the United States a veritable forest of hospitals. Every city, town and village has its duly appointed institutions of this character, and the hospitals of the United States are now acknowledged the most handsomely and thoroughly equipped in the world, and serve as models for European architects.

Hospitals were founded in very early times. India, Persia and Arabia had hospitals supported by their kings and rulers before the Christian era. As far back as the earliest period in Greek history the sick are said to have been treated in the Temple of Aesculapius at Epidaurus.

In the early Jewish period a house for the reception of the sick was called Beth Holem. Such an institution was Beth Saida, mentioned in the New Testament.

Military hospitals are of comparatively recent origin, born of the needs of warfare and the advance of medical science and hygiene. In the Crimean war of 1854 the French alone of the allied powers possessed anything approaching the equipment now common to all armies.

The English wounded were carried off the field in rough-and-ready fashion, sailors' hammocks being ultimately utilized as a rude substitute for the French stretcher and ambulance.

Surgeons attended the wounded on the field, for whom there were little or no after accommodations, until, spurred by the publication of Florence Nightingale's description of conditions, the English government appointed Lord Merbert's commission, which resulted in more effective hospital service.

The hospital ship was established in the early sixties, and shortly afterward the United States hospital corps was organized. The army nurse corps which is an auxiliary branch of the medical department, was established in accordance with an army bill passed as recently as February 2, 1901.

Hospital Sunday is observed in the United States on the last Sunday in December, and in England the Sunday nearest June 15, on which days the collections in churches are devoted to the support of hospitals. The custom has been generally adopted since 1873.

Old English Street Names.

Old street names in London often assumed strange forms through popular corruptions. Gutter lane, for instance, was named after its owner, who happened to be one Guthurun. A flagrant example was Hangman's Gains, by the Tower, "a strange corruption," as Strype tells us, "for Hammes and Guynes, where the poet tradespeople of Hammes and Guynes were allotted to dwell after Calais and those places were taken from the English." Many years ago, in Pentonville, there was a Dobbins's place, and that homely Dobbins's was but D'Aubigny upon English tongues.

In some cases it is possible to transform an ugly road name into something quite pleasant, and even romantic, without much difficulty. There is the steep road which runs up from Parliament Hill Fields to Highgate. It used to be known as Swine's lane, according to local antiquarians. Nowadays the Cockney may pronounce it much as before when he takes his ticket on the tram from Holborn. But the spelling is different—Swain's.—London Chronicle.

To Promote Safety.

The newest museum in New York is called the American Museum of Safety. It contains collections of models, charts and photographs, actual machines safeguarded in full size, to gather with models of safety devices and sanitary appliances. The museum is free to the public. By special arrangement it is open in the evenings to classes and societies. The activities of the museum of safety are devoted to the safety, health and welfare of industrial workers and the advancement of the science of industry. The society gives yearly medals to those which make notable achievements in devices for the security of human life, and to firms that make notable progress in the promotion of hygiene and the mitigation of occupational disease in their industry, and to railroads that promote safety for trains while

NEVER LEARNED THE TRUTH

Callow Youngsters Might Have Repented of Their Condemnation If They Had but Known.

Youth and presumably innocence were waiting at a French goods counter while the clerk wrapped up jars of pink stuff which they didn't need. Each was audacious in the matter of short skirts, and both were chewing gum.

On a stool at the same counter sat another customer, a woman just facing the agony line which separates beauty from vandal Ago. And Youth and Innocence felt called on to dissect her. They banded impressions as to the woman's looks, and giggled over her desperate attempts to retain her complexion and age. Their sharp young eyes took in the nobby dress that was almost shabby, and their sharp young voices would have stabbed her to the quick except that she seemed to be walled in by some concentrated thought that cloistered her from their blows.

"I bet shoes had."

The gum-stuck verdict came from innocence, whose lawful place at that minute should have been in some eighth-grade schoolroom.

"Uccorse. Anybody tell that. Whodjeapos would lookatarole mut like her?"

Then Youth and Innocence, without explaining how they came to be so sordidly enlightened at their callow years, suddenly switched interest to their wrapped-up stuff, and—That was all there was to it.

Except that the woman, having bought and paid for her own little box of something, got up and hurried to the store entrance, where another woman stopped to congratulate her on some appointment obtained by her son:

"Isn't it splendid. Papa and I are so proud of him—I'm especially glad for papa, because he has been so depressed ever since his last attack—Ned's going to send him to Atlantic City right away—Imagine! After all these poverty-pinched days—"

"Well, you surely deserve all the good luck that's coming to you—Don't see how on earth you keep your color after all the nursing you've had to do—"

"Rouge, my dear. Papa'd be too wretched for words if he knew my complexion had gone yellow—but Ned says I shan't need it after this—"

This isn't much of a yarn, of course, but we have Plutarch's word for it that truth is always worth considering. And this is true.—Washington Star.

Scientists Study "Flying Sickness."

"Flying sickness" in its more essential particulars is deserving of careful and scientific investigation, according to the London Lancet. It raises matters of interest in connection with so-called mountain sickness. Edward Whymper states from his own experience of this condition that the abiding symptoms are profound lassitude, intense headache, feverishness, accelerated respiration and occasional spasmodic gulping of air, "just like the fishes when taken out of water," palpitation and tinnitus. The latter two symptoms, no doubt, occur also with great frequency at relatively low levels.

"It is clear," says the Lancet, "that flying sickness is not comparable in the strict sense with mountain sickness, in spite of the fact that some of the symptoms are more or less identical. Hitherto we have had little direct evidence of what occurs as a result of rapid transference from high to low altitudes, for the laborious ascent of the mountaineer into rarified air is very different from a speedy return to normal pressures, while the climb of a flying machine is hardly so rapid as to cause any ill effect. The pilot who is lifted from his machine, after a fast voyage, in a semiconscious condition, falling thereafter into a deep sleep, shows a phenomenon not met with either in mountain sickness or in caisson disease."

Help! Help!

"Do you know, Miss Peaches, I think you must be very egotistical." "Why, Mr. Sympe! How can you imagine such a thing?" "Because you have such capital eyes."

ARE YOU GUILTY?

A FARMER carrying an express package from a big mail-order house was accosted by a local dealer. "B'fo didn't you buy that bill of goods from me? I could have a real good the express, and besides you would have been patronizing a home store, which helps pay the taxes and builds up this locality." The farmer looked at the merchant a moment and then said: "B'fo don't you patronize your home paper and advertise? I read it and didn't know that you had the stuff I have here." MORAL—ADVERTISE

Got Something You Want to Sell?

Most people have a piece of furniture, a farm implement, or something else which they have discarded and which they no longer want.

These things are put in the attic, or stored away in the barn, or left lying about, getting of less and less value each year.

WHY NOT SELL THEM?

Somebody wants those very things which have become of no use to you. Why not try to find that somebody by putting a want advertisement in THIS NEWSPAPER?

NEWHOME



NO OTHER LIKE IT. NO OTHER AS GOOD.

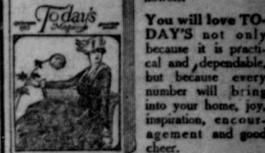
Purchase the "NEW HOME" and you will have a life asset at the price you pay. The elimination of repair expense by superior workmanship and best quality of material insures life-long service at minimum cost. Insure on having the "NEW HOME". WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME. Known the world over for superior sewing qualities. Not sold under any other name. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS. FOR SALE BY

Dealer wanted

TODAY'S MAGAZINE

With Its Many Improvements WILL DELIGHT YOU

Most Subscribers consider TODAY'S a genuine necessity because it actually helps to solve almost every problem of the wife, mother and homemaker. You will find the clever fiction and romantic stories from real life like refreshing breezes over fields of flowers.



A year's subscription costs you only 50 cents. Many single issues will be worth that to you in money-saving ideas and pleasure. Subscribe today.

TODAY'S MAGAZINE CANTON, OHIO

P.S.—If your church needs money, write for free details of TODAY'S \$100.00 Cash Offer to Every Church. Send for free sample copy.

WANTED—Jobs on farms for large boys, to start them at small wages. Emile Reck, Agent. Weatherford, Texas.



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 housekeeper 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 best value for your money.

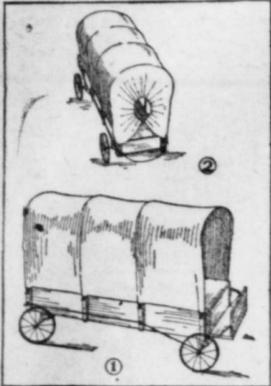
HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By
A. NEELY HALL and DOROTHY PERKINS

(Copyright, by A. Neely Hall)

A CAMP WAGON.

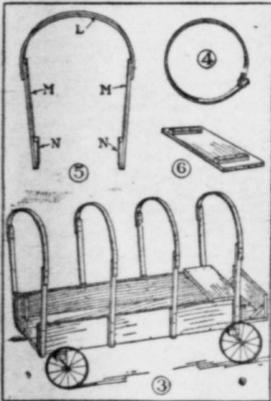
First you must get two pairs of wheels. If you haven't any, you will most likely find a boy who is willing to sell his wheels or make a trade. By laying flat upon the ground you can determine the proportions necessary for a wagon to sleep in. The iron axles that belong to your wheels will probably be too short. To lengthen them, get a piece of iron pipe just



large enough for them to slip into. Go to a blacksmith or a machinist, and have him first cut each axle in half, and the iron pipe in two pieces of the width of the wagon box, and then rivet the axle halves in the ends of the pipe (Fig. 10).

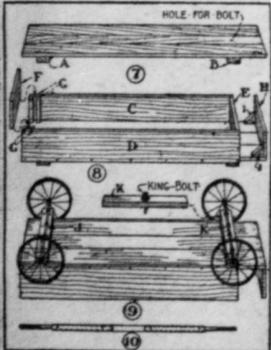
Fig. 7 shows the wagon bed. Fasten the boards together by means of the two-by-four crosspieces A and B. Then cut the side boards C and D and nail them to the edges, and cut the end boards E and F to fit between. Fasten end E and F to fit between. Fasten end E between the sides, and form grooves by means of the strips G (Fig. 8) for the end F to drop into. Dashboard H is of the same size as E. Brace it with the brackets I.

The wheel-axles must be stapled to the two two-by-fours J and K (Fig. 9).



Make these pieces of the length of crosspieces A and B (Fig. 7). Nail J to crosspiece A, and pivot K at its center to crosspiece B with a carriage bolt long enough to extend through K, B, and the wagon bed. Enlarge the hole in K so the bolt head will set down flush and allow the iron axle to pass over it. In bolting on the front wheels, slip an iron washer over the carriage bolt so that it will come between crosspieces K and B, and place another next to the bolt nut.

Fig. 3 shows the wagon with the frames for the top covering in position. Separate the ends of four barrel hoops (Fig. 4) for the arched tops of the frames (L, Fig. 5), and nail each to a pair of stick uprights (M). Then nail a pair of wedge-shaped blocks (N, Fig. 5) to the uprights, so



when the frames are nailed to the wagon box sides, the uprights will slant outward (Fig. 3).

Make the front seat out of a board, with cleats nailed across its under side (Fig. 6) to fit close against the sides of the wagon box. This seat must be removable if you intend to use the wagon to sleep in.

Figs. 1 and 2 show how to attach lines to the axles, and carry them around the sides, through screw eyes, to the back, for steering when pushing the camp wagon. Another pair of lines may be provided for pulling the wagon.

SOAP BUBBLE FUN.

It is not necessary to have special soap or a patent blower to blow bubbles successfully. There is nothing better than castile or ivory soap for a solution, and a clay pipe like that in Fig. 1, which can be bought at a drug store, is as good as any blower on the market. But for large bubbles, the finest sort of a blower is a tin funnel about 2 1/4 inches in diameter (Fig. 2). Probably your mother has one in her pantry. Another blower which you will find handy is a short lemonade straw (Fig. 3).

To make up the solution, shave the soap into a pan of warm water, putting in as much soap as the water will dissolve.

To make a bubble with the tin funnel, place the end into the solution,



then lift it out gently, and if it is covered with a film blow upon the small end and a bubble will appear. Steps A, B and C (Fig. 4) indicate how to release the bubble by inverting the funnel and tossing the bubble out of it.

Fig. 5 shows how to bounce a bubble upon your arm. By dropping your arm slightly as the bubble descends, as indicated by the dotted lines, the bubble will land with less shock.

Fig. 6 shows how you can drop larks into the funnel spout without bursting the bubble.

Place several glass tumblers upon a table, and blow a bubble upon each



(Fig. 7), then add other tumblers and see how many bubbles you can place before the first ones burst.

Fig. 8 shows how to blow one bubble within another. First blow a large bubble on a pie tin having a depth of one-quarter inch of solution in it. Blow the bubble as you raise the funnel, then turn the funnel sidewise and slide it off of the bubble. The inner bubble is blown with a lemonade straw.

If you have two clay pipes, you can blow two bubbles, and then by bringing them together cause them to unite in one large bubble (Fig. 10).

Fig. 11 shows the steps required to blow a bubble over a spoon. After



blowing this bubble you can place a smaller one inside on top of the spoon (C, Fig. 11). A small doll's head can be enclosed in a bubble, as shown in Fig. 12, and there are many other tricks which can be carried out.

In Woman's Realm

Extremely Pretty Dress for Summer May Be Made of Plain and Dotted Organdie, Though Other Materials May Be Chosen—Selection of the Veil Is Most Important—Innumerable Patterns From Which to Choose.

A very pretty and summery dress of plain and dotted organdie achieves fine style by combining these familiar materials. Organdie in cottons, as tafeta in silks, proved peculiarly well adapted to the styles of today. The originality of the model lies in combining the plain and dotted surfaces so that they play parts of equal importance, and it suggests the use of other goods in the same way.

In the model shown the body and skirt are of the plain organdie. Five

millinery. Those to be worn over the face are of unbroken mesh with all sorts of fancy borders, and are woven of fine hairlike threads, so that they will not interfere with the vision. Others, to be thrown back, are purely an adjunct of the hat and show surfaces broken by big polka dots of flat sequins, or lace patterns in conventional and floral designs.

These small veil-trimmed hats are very chic, but this management of the veil is quite outside the real realm of



SUMMER DRESS.

graduated ruffle of the dotted organdie encircle it, the first and widest about the hem and the narrow fifth ruffle at the waist line. The underskirt is gored and gathered to flare. Its crispness and that of the ruffles is almost equivalent to the effect of crinoline.

The three-quarter length sleeves and square cape of the dotted organdie are edged with narrow ruffles made of it. The throat opens with a shallow V. A belt of ribbon in any color desired may be worn with this dress. White moire, corded near the edges, makes that shown in the picture. Silk stockings and white buckskin or canvas slippers will finish the pretty toilette suitably.

Among the new summer goods there are plain voiles and lawns in beautiful

its usefulness. Veils are worn for two reasons, to keep the hair neatly in place and because they are becoming. There are so many patterns to choose from that a selection is a matter of trying them on as in choosing a hat or a color for a gown. One may buy a mesh in almost any shape, at square, round, diamond shape or hexagonal. Borders vary also and there are several colors to choose from. Taupe, brown, gray and purple tones with several shades of dark blue, make it worth while to experiment, as they are adapted to varied complexions. Black remains most popular, but is not always the happiest choice. The threads of which veils, and especially black veils, of today are woven are incredibly fine, and the heavy veil has no following.



MOST POPULAR VEIL.

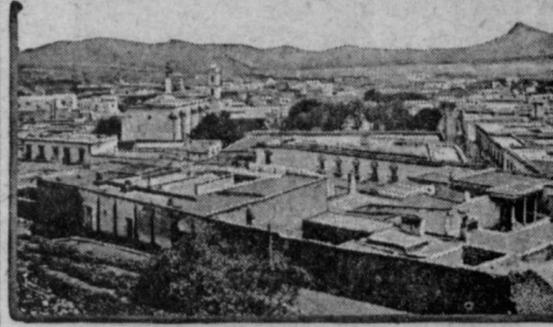
colors with which dainty interpretations of Scotch plaids may be found in light tints and varied colors. Something very distinctive and original might be made by combining these in the manner shown in this organdie dress. Then there are the crossbar and striped organdies, which might be used instead of the more familiar dotted varieties. The rare sheerer than chiffon, the daintier of all cotton, weaves, and retain the crispness which distinguishes the plain material. Nothing could be better for a graduating gown.

A circular veil with hexagonal mesh and border of small chenille balls is one of many that have aided designers in the conception of new effects in

Veilings and separate veils are made in narrow widths with narrow borders. The border reaches to the chin so that the veil covers just the face. No eccentric methods of draping have appeared so far in the season's history, unless we class the harem veil, which has been introduced for the motorist, under that head. Many of the new motor veils are of very thin chiffon and some of them are circular, suspended from an elastic cord that holds them in place about the hat in the manner shown for the face veil pictured here.

Julius Bottanally

Amid Mexico's Rich Mines



VIEW OF PARRAL.

PARRAL, Mexico, which recently was the scene of tragic happenings in connection with the arrival there of General Pershing's punitive expeditionary force, is in the heart of the fabulously rich gold and silver mines district of the southern republic, mines which were among the first discovered by the Spanish conquerors and which began pouring their streams of wealth into the coffers of the monarchs of Aragon and Castile as early as 1547. This town, which has a population of less than 20,000, has been the center of Francisco Villa's operations for several years, says a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society.

Situated on the banks of the semidry Parral river, at the foot of the Sierra de la Cruz, Parral's whole history centers below ground, in the marvelously rich Veta Colorado (red vein), which runs from north to south through the Parral mining district, including Minas Nuevas and Santa Barbara.

As early as 1600, before the first permanent English settlement in the United States, there were 7,000 miners employed in this district, bringing from the depths of the earth the yellow metal destined to sustain in splendor, for a time, the opulent court of the then most powerful monarch in Europe. From that day up to the present Parral has continued to enrich the world from its seemingly inexhaustible store of silver and gold, the only interruption having been caused by a rebellion of the oppressed natives, who on one occasion flooded all the mines of the district and then deserted the city by the thousands.

The richness of the ore in this section is shown by the fact that American mining companies find it profitable today to smelt the tailings or refuse of the old Spanish works.

Indian Kept His Secret.

One of the most interesting incidents in the early history of Parral centers about a time-stained church known as La Iglesia de la Virgen del Rayo, the favorite place of worship among the Indians of the district. In 1690 a devout native began the construction of the church, paying his helpers with ingots of pure gold, which he produced mysteriously once a week. During the twenty years required to build the structure the pious Indian baffled the spies commissioned to discover the source of his treasure, but when his work was finished the Spanish commander summoned the miner before him and demanded that the location of the mine be disclosed. When the Indian refused to tell he was tortured to death, carrying with him to the grave the secret which 200 years of search have failed to reveal.

One of the "sights" of Parral is the palace of a multimillionaire mine owner, once a humble peon. In this house, which is shut in by adobe huts and narrow streets, there are big drawing rooms and museums with luxurious carpets, over which the owner's fighting cocks are allowed to roam at will, it is said. Twenty pianos are among the most highly prized possessions of this simple, public-spirited native, the source of whose wealth is La Pamilla (little palm) silver mine, which he discovered many years ago.

Parral was not always the chief city of this mining district. In 1580 the nearby town of Santa Barbara was the seat of government for a vast region equal to one-third the area of the United States today, exclusive of Alaska. The country over which it held sway embraced the territory now comprising Chihuahua, Coahuila, Sonora, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California and Colorado.

Durango Also Rich in Mines.

Parral lies only a little north of the borders of the state of Durango, which is surpassed in the number of its mining properties, aggregating more than 4,000, by only two states in Mexico—Chihuahua and Sonora. Its natural resources include silver, gold, lead, tin, copper, sulphur and rubies. The state's wealth is not confined to minerals, however, for there are extensive forests of valuable timber and the agricultural resources are capable of almost unlimited development, while 1,000,000 head of stock find rich pasturage on its fertile tableland.

The Nazas river, which empties into Lake Haba, is the principal waterway of the state. It is known as the Nile of Durango. In the spring, as the snow melts, the river inundates its valley, leaving a rich deposit of silt brought down from the mountains. After the waters have receded the land bursts into bloom like a miniature Egypt, cotton, barley and wheat grow-

ing in great luxuriance, while the whole landscape assumes the aspect of a flower garden.

One of the most interesting trees to be found on the mountain slopes of Durango is a species of pine, the needles of which the Indians and Mexicans boil and use as a remedy for stomach troubles. Its taste is like that of anise seed. The wood of these trees is much used by the Indians in the manufacture of their primitive violins.

One of the products indigenous to Durango, but one of which the state does not boast, is a venomous species of scorpion whose sting is almost invariably fatal in the warm regions of the state, but which is more painful than dangerous in the higher and cooler altitudes. In the vicinity of Durango City 60,000 of these spiders are killed annually, some of the natives making a business of destroying them, collecting from the municipality a bounty of one centavo per scorpion.

City Has Wonderful Climate.

At an elevation of 6,000 feet, the city of Durango, capital of the state, enjoys a matchless climate, which has earned it the sobriquet, "town of sunshine." It is one of the oldest Spanish settlements in the republic, having been founded by Captain Ibarra two years before the followers of Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles initiated the permanent colonization of the United States at St. Augustine. The site of the present city was reached by the adventurer and silver-seeker, Mercado, who in 1552 discovered the famous Iron mountain of the suburbs. When Ibarra arrived with his colonists the country was occupied by nomadic savage tribes.

One of the odd customs of the Durango district is the funeral ceremony for children. "An angel is being buried" is the explanation which a native will give of a gay procession headed by a woman bearing aloft on a board a bundle bound in white. The parents of the child are obligated to give it joyfully to heaven, to the accompaniment of music and dancing. If there is weeping the baby cannot enter paradise until it has gathered all the tears.

One of the places of historic interest is the town of Santiago de Papatuquero, said to derive its name from "paz quiero," meaning "I want peace." The phrase alludes to the defeat of the Indians following a massacre of the missionaries and a burning of the churches by the Tepehuanes and Tarahumares in 1616. After the outrage the Indians gathered a force estimated at 25,000 and marched on Durango City. The governor of the province, with 600 valiant whites, determined to resist and save the territory for Spain. In the battle which followed, the Spanish chroniclers declare, the governor completely overcame the insurgents, who lost 15,000 men. After this overwhelming defeat the Indians wanted peace.

Durango derives its name from the old Spanish town of that name, in the Basque provinces.

Woman and the Arts.

In the minor art of dancing, and in the nobler work of reproducing the music of the great composers, and in acting the characters of the great dramatists, there are women of high, and even of highest rank. But to leave these more interpretive or reproductive arts, only in action does she approach the mark of men. For here she must be counted with the great of the craft. And even should some crabbed soul insist that the rare company in which are George Elliot, Jane Austen, George Sand, Madame de Staël, and the queen of Navarre, does not include the one who is greatest in the guild, yet there is no discomfort felt in naming these women along with Scott and Dickens, Hugo, Cervantes, and Boccaccio. But speak of the other creative arts, and we feel at once the chill. Chaminade looks ill at ease in the presence of Beethoven; Joanna Baillie, with Shakespeare; Angelika Kauffmann, with Michelangelo;—George M. Stratton, in Atlantic.

He Sold.

He was trying to sell a dog, a bandy legged brute, with features calculated to stop a motor car, and the old lady did not seem averse to buying one. Their ideas as to the brute's value scarcely corresponded, however, and there was little prospect of agreement, when suddenly the lady demanded: "Will he bite?" "Only his meat, mum," responded the fancier. "Oh, but I wanted one for tramps." "Tramps is his meat, mum," was the artful reply, and there was a deal at all.

PROSPERITY IS REAL

Conditions in United States Are Not Due to the War.

Export of Agricultural and Manufactured Products for Twenty Months Prove This—Statistics That Baffle Republican Orators.

"Uncle Sam would be on easy street financially and business would be booming even if there had not been the stimulus to trade arising out of the war in Europe," said Fred B. Lynch of Minnesota, in an interview. "Figures show," continued Mr. Lynch, "that within the last 20 months we have exported \$4,000,000,000 of agricultural and manufactured products, while in the same time the value of war munitions exports make a total of only \$340,000,000. These, indeed, are startling figures, but we could cut out the value of the exports for the warring countries of Europe and have still a tremendous total coming solely from the nation's industry and natural wealth. Of course our Republican friends are quick to say that all this prosperity is due to the extraordinary conditions in Europe, but they are appealing to the credulity of the people and will, I think, make very little headway with those who take the pains to make a careful investigation.

"For a long while the American people were told that they could not have prosperity under Democratic rule. A lot of Republican orators made that statement so often that no doubt they got to believing it themselves. In the face of the cold statistics of today the Democrats can get back at them very neatly; for it is a condition of prosperity and not a theory that now stands revealed where even the dullest man can see it for himself."

Truths About the Navy.

We know now when the decay of the American navy set in under the maleficent influence of Secretary Daniels and the Democratic administration as a whole. The report of the general board of the navy, dealing with our fall from second rank among the fleets of the world, gives exact data. On the basis of displacement of ships built and building, the United States dropped behind Germany in 1909. On the basis of displacement of ships in commission we fell behind in 1911. For part of 1909 Mr. Roosevelt was president. In 1911 Mr. Taft was president. Since it is inconceivable that Mr. Roosevelt should have been responsible for the criminal neglect of our navy, it must be assumed that the loss of second place in 1909 occurred after March 4 of that year. But, on the other hand, a fleet does not go to pieces in a day. There are such things as naval programs which must be drafted years in advance. If, therefore, in 1909 our navy had to make way for Germany's, it must be that, for several years before that, there was no wise provision of our national needs and duties for which responsibility rests on Secretary Daniels.—New York Saturday Evening Post.

"Stampede Proof."

"Republican leaders" are quoted by the New York Times as having no fear that the Chicago convention will be stampeded for anybody. "Such exceeding care," they said, "has been exercised to obtain staid and unemotional delegates, that the condition will be as near stampede proof as a convention can possibly be made."

A "stampede proof" convention, in the opinion of the Republican leaders, is one which will do what the old guard leaders from Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania think is best to be done.—Kansas City Star.

The Issue of Smartness.

The main trouble with the Republican party is that it has no principles and no issues that relate to actual conditions of government, and does not know where to find them. All the claim it can make to power is the egotistical assertion that while there may be no party issue, Republicans are ipso facto smarter than Democrats and so ought to govern. No opposing party ever overturned a national administration on such a platform, and we doubt if one ever will.

Reveals a Sorry Condition.

Republican opportunists find nothing improper in going outside their party to consider the availability of Roosevelt the disrupter, or Ford the ingenious mugwump, but they could not, of course accept the leadership of the man who leads the opposition to Republicanism. Nothing must be done which would so advertise present distress or so imperil the future existence of the party.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Wrong Cart?

The New York Tribune, which came out with such a whoop for Roosevelt a few weeks ago, seems to have quietly crept indoors again. At least it is not whooping any more for the Bull Moose chieftain—not since the Massachusetts primary, but has decided to take a vote among its readers to find out where it is "at." Can it be that it is beginning to fear that the vehicle it jumped into so precipitously is not a band wagon, but a tumbrel?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Just a Dream

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

I Gerald Holmes was what the world called a successful man. At fifty he had won a place in the estimation of his community. He was rich, a widower of several years standing, and the father of grownup children. And, like many successful men, he knew that life had been for him a failure.

His marriage had been happy enough. Hardly anyone knew, and none of his own children knew, the story of his early love affair with Lillian Huntley. They had been classmates at college, they had loved each other since they first saw each other. They were engaged to be married as soon as Holmes had established himself in his profession as a scientific engineer. Often in afterdays, when he was called from end to end of the great continent to achieve success at this profession where other men had failed, Holmes would recall how he and Lillian had fought over those problems together in her little room, where she, with her trained mind, was able to aid even him, the first in the class at the university.

Their lives had had such prospects of rich fruit; they were so perfectly satisfied with each other, that Holmes had always felt their joy was to be snatched from them. Lillian fought for five days against pneumonia.

"Tomorrow will be the crisis," said the doctor.

But when the crisis came Lillian could not withstand it.

He was called to her bedside in her last hours. The struggle for life had ceased, and her beauty, her strength, her faculties were going out swiftly on the ebb-tide.

"I want you to be happy, Gerald," she whispered. And, seeing the look



"Belong to whom?" inquired Holmes.

On his face, she added, with a faith that amazed him:

"I know all good comes to those who wait. I know that some day the perfect life will unfold for me. I want you to marry and be happy in this life, Gerald, and, some day, I—I will come to you again."

Then her eyes closed and she began to pass into that place from which none return, so far as we positively know, though we all hope that we may meet there.

For days after her death Gerald shut himself up in his room and refused to see anyone. Then, all of a sudden, just when his friends had begun to despair of him, he changed. Something had been at work to change the nature of the man. It seemed as if he had resolved to forget all his memories of the past. He worked hard and he played hard. He was now called callous. He married, in due course, and sons and daughters were born to him. Then his wife died, and he lived with his children in his fine house in a suburban district, undertaking only occasional work of a highly remunerative and national character. At fifty his life's interests had closed. He did not know what to do with himself. His eldest daughter wanted him to marry again. She brought suitable ladies to the house; but she soon saw that her father did not look upon her scheme with approval.

II

Among Holmes' civic interests was that of the Girls' home. He was sitting in his capacity as chairman of the board when one of the inmates was brought to him. She was a girl of about eighteen, and apparently incorrigible. He listened to the matron's story as the girl stood sullenly, with downcast eyes, before him.

She was not bad, but wayward. Her parents, poor laboring people, had never been able to control her. She had a passion for finery, and had been caught pilfering from one of the department stores. She had been committed to the home, and had refused to obey any of the rules, and had defied the authorities.

The matron requested permission to have her sent back to the court for sentence for the theft.

"A prison sentence will stamp her

irredeemably as an outcast," suggested Holmes.

"She's that now, sir," said the matron angrily. "There's no way to discipline her."

"What is the trouble?" Holmes asked the girl.

She began to speak without raising her eyes. "They hasn't treated me fair," she blurted out. "I don't belong to them."

"Belong to whom?" inquired Holmes. "That lot down to the East side. I'm a lady. I ain't goin' to mix with that crowd of loafers and shop girls. I want my chance. For God's sake, give me my chance to go to a decent school, instead of shutting me up here."

"Why don't you look at the chairman when you speak to him, you insolent girl?" demanded the matron.

The girl raised her sullen eyes to his, and Holmes saw—Lillian's. He saw the soul of Lillian looking at him directly out of the eyes of this wayward girl of the slums. He saw the appealing gaze of Lillian, and it seemed to say:

"She is not I. She is the product of her environment, but I am I, and we know each other across the bridge of death."

The chairman spoke presently, in a singularly self-contained and quiet voice.

"Matron, I will be responsible for this girl. I will have her educated, and see what I can make of her."

The matron thought that the heat had affected him. So did the secretary and the stenographer. But Holmes and the girl left the home together.

III

Amazement, mingled with scandal, greeted this action on Holmes' part. His new ward excited the bitter animosity of his own children. They guessed that he was infatuated with Laura Dean. When he spoke of sending her to school, they imagined it was to fit her to take her place at the head of the household.

For a month he kept her in his home, but then the mutual recriminations became too strong, and he sent her to a boarding establishment for young ladies. During that month, however, Holmes had satisfied himself that Laura was by no means bad. She was naturally a woman entitled to the good things of life. The pinched and tawdry environment of her home had been impossible for a girl of her type.

Her temper was violent, yet sometimes, when they were alone together, Holmes would see the old look of Lillian in her eyes. And it seemed to him that this girl was Lillian reborn on earth. Once he questioned her.

"Do you know the name Lillian Huntley?" he asked.

The girl looked amazed, almost stupefied. The look of Lillian, the love of Lillian shone in her eyes and was reflected in every feature.

"I seem to remember it," she murmured, passing her hand across her forehead.

Holmes was sure then. But would she remember? If he gave her the advantages that Lillian had had, would she come to know him as her destined lover, destined through all the ages? He resolved to try the experiment.

The school to which he sent her was a special one, guaranteed to inculcate refinement among the children of parents who had suddenly risen in the world. When Laura came home at the end of the first year, with excellent reports, although she was considered a little headstrong, Holmes found that she was as well bred as his own daughters.

This only increased the ill feeling. They thought their father was going to marry her at once. But Holmes had other plans. He meant to send Laura to the same university that Lillian had attended, that her dormant soul might be awakened there.

And it seemed unnecessary to speak of love, because the calm and steadfast eyes of Lillian seemed always in Laura's face, and their love was too real to require utterance.

IV

Holmes was counting the days until Laura's return. He meant to ask her to become his wife. He had no anticipation of a refusal. His children, after protracted quarreling, had talked of leaving him. Holmes did not care. He felt that he had resumed that early life which Lillian's death had broken off. Only two weeks remained till her return.

He read her letters. Affectionate they were, such as a daughter might write to a father; yet Holmes read something dearer into them. In his infatuation he could hardly wait for the time to expire.

That evening a telegram was put into his hand. He tore it open, while the messenger waited; and, as he did so, he felt a sudden chill foreboding.

It read as follows:

"Professor Murray and I were married this afternoon. Dear father, will you send us your blessing?"

The man, retaining full self-control in that moment of stunning shock, pencilled: "God bless you as I do," upon the form. Then he turned away.

And it came to him then that life is for living and not for dreaming. Lillian, if she had ever come back to him, required his strength, his cognition, to make her know herself. He saw that she was lost to him in life forever.

But afterwards he saw, with a great gladness, that love was never lost, and that what part of Laura's personality had been his would remain his forever.

TRY DARKENING YOUR GRAY HAIR WITHOUT DYES

Shampoo your hair and scalp each morning for about a week with Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer. If your hair is gray, streaked with gray, prematurely gray or faded, brittle, thin or falling, all your hair will then be beautifully darkened and to such a natural, even dark shade no one would suspect that you had applied Q-Ban. Q-Ban is no dye, perfectly harmless, but makes all your hair soft, fluffy, thick, with that lustrous dark shimmer which makes your hair so fascinating. Big bottle sent prepaid or sold by druggists for 50c. Address Q-Ban Laboratories, Memphis, Tenn.—Adv.

There are a lot of boarding-house prunes in a life of single blessedness.

For thrush use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

In a small boy's ideal heaven he can always have a second piece of pie.

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.

Man's greed for gold is believed to have been the original yellow fever germ.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS Many war zone hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, for use among the troops. Shaken into the shoes and used in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives rest and comfort and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try it today. Adv.

Men can't understand why women worry over trifles and women can't understand why men do not.

Stick to Your Intentions.

Don't put off getting Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh until something happens. Get it now and be prepared for accidents. You will find frequent use for it in your home and in your stable for cuts, burns, bruises and any sore, any lameness. Adv.

Only Bowed.

After being with Swankons for some years as "general," Mary married. She was a good housewife, but she had become imbued with lofty ideas from her mistress.

One day Mrs. Swankons called on Mary to see the new home. It was all very comfortable and clean, and Mrs. Swankons beamed.

"And, Mary," she said, presently, "have you got nice neighbors?"

Mary drew herself up slightly.

"Well, mum," she replied, "as you know, I don't 'old with being too friendly all at once like; it don't never answer. But, of course, we always bows when we meets at the asphalt!"—Pearson's Weekly.

How the Situation Developed.

"I understand you are now one of the officials of Crimson Gulch."

"Yep," replied Broncho Bob. "I come in on the prohibition ticket."

"And how is prohibition working out?"

"Fine. We've got it fixed now so that nobody but the particular friends of us authorities can buy or sell a drop."

Fatal Error.

"I thought you had given up burnt-wood art, dear."

"Ferdinand, how can you be so heartless? This is pie."—Kansas City Journal.

Two Ways of Putting It.

Knicker—Are you striking because Casey gets more than you?

Pat—No, because Ol' git less than Casey.

CALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP! ACTS LIKE DYNAMITE ON LIVER

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Doesn't Make You Sick!

Stop using calomel! It makes you sick. Don't lose a day's work. If you feel lazy, sluggish, bilious or constipated, listen to me!

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile, crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a

spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.—Adv.

An English inventor has patented a perforated comb for spraying perfumes or lotions into the hair.

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.

Production of copper in the United States is more than 25 times what it was in 1880.

RESINOL SPEEDILY HEALS ITCHING, BURNING SKINS

Usually, resinol ointment, with resinol soap, stops itching at once, quickly and easily heals distressing cases of eczema, rash, ringworm, tetter or similar tormenting skin or scalp eruptions, roughness, and dandruff, when other treatments have proven useless.

Physicians have prescribed resinol for twenty years, while thousands whose skins have been healed say, "What resinol did for us it will do for you." Try it! All druggists sell resinol soap and resinol ointment.—Adv.

Really Not His Fault.

A tall, angular yellow convict was shoeing a mule under one of the many sheds when he was asked to explain what had brought him there, and why, appearing such a quiet, unobtrusive sort of citizen, he should fall from grace.

"You seem to have too much sense to be here with a chain on your leg," commented the judge.

"I is so 'ob nice, suh," was the laconic confession.

"But what brought you here?"

"Too expensive lawyer, judge."

"A too expensive lawyer! How do you make that out?"

"He wanted fo'teen mo' dollars fer perjury in my case, fo' ter free me, judge, dan I happen to hab at de time."

The Precocity of Willie.

"Mamma and I saw some of the nicest chicken dressing today," said Willie, age ten and wise beyond his years.

"Where d'ja see it?" asked the fond papa.

"In a dry goods store window," was the bright reply as Willie "dug" for the outdoors.—Indianapolis News.

An Explanation.

The reason there is a scarcity of dyes is because they have all been put in a few shirts.

A bachelor of arts is wedded to his art.

Our national bird is the eagle—with the stork as a close second.

Get it to the bottom of the affected part. Adv.

It's easier to get a bad reputation than to keep a good one.

EYES, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS Stopped Quickly. Fifty years of unimpaired vision of Dr. Kline's Epilepsy Medicine (Lansing, Mich.) LAUREL TRAIL BOTTLE FIRM. DR. KLINE COLUMBIAN, Red Bank, N. J.—Adv.

Girls with the most cheek do the least blushing.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Cure for Melancholy.

Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two and twenty recipes against melancholy; to one was a bright fire; another was to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugarplums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have, in after life, discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher or more exalted objects; that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.—Sydney Smith.

Dog's Real Value.

Gentleman (to dog dealers)—I gave you a high price for this dog last week because you warranted it to be a good house dog. My house was broken into last night and the dog never even barked.

Dog Dealer—No, sir; I quite believe yer. He was too busy lookin' at the burglars, so as to be able to identify 'em, to even think of barkin'.

If you was out with this 'ere dog and was to meet them burglars, he'd know 'em in a minute. He ain't no common barkin' dog; he's a regular 'ective, an' worth 'is weight in gold, he is."

A gloomy temper is often brightened by a change of wall paper.

Health Worry

only puts one further "under the weather." Often the best way out is to make a decided change in the daily diet, for sound health is largely a matter of selecting right food.

Active brains and vigorous bodies require wholesome, easily digestible food containing true nourishment, and it must include certain mineral elements, phosphate of potash, etc. These elements—lacking in many foods, but abundantly stored in the field grains—are supplied in splendid proportion in

Grape-Nuts

This famous food is specially processed for easy digestion, has a delicious nut-like flavour and is always ready to serve direct from the wax-sealed, moisture-proof package.

Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk affords a well-balanced ration that makes for health and all round comfort—puts worry to flight.

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts.



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Swat the fly.
 Ladies make your selves at
 home at our cream tables, we are
 glad to have you call at all times.
 Hedley Drug Co.
 Our goods are fresh. The price
 is always right. Chas. Boles.
 For plain and fancy sewing
 and altering for women and men
 see Mrs. W. C. Watkins.
 Subscribe for the Hedley In-
 former now.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
 * * *
 The Informer is authorized to
 announce the persons below as
 candidates in Donley County for
 the office under which their
 names appear, subject to the ac-
 tion of the Democratic Primary
 to be held Saturday, July 22, '16

**For Public Weigher
 Precincts 3 & 4:**
 MARTIN H. BELL
 D. C. MOORE
 (Re election)
 JNO. S. CLYMER
 L. L. PALMER
 R. E. NEWMAN

For Commiss'n'r Pct. 3:
 C. L. COOK
 E. R. CLARK

For Constable Prec't 3:
 H. D. BURRISS
 W. M. BOATMAN

For Representative:
 C. W. TURMAN

**For District Attorney of
 47th Judicial District:**
 HENRY S. BISHOP
 (Re-election)
 E. T. MILLER

**For Sheriff and
 Tax Collector:**
 GEO. R. DOSHIER
 (Re election)
 ROY KENDALL

For Treasurer:
 E. DUBBS
 (Re election)
 A. J. BARNETT

For County Judge:
 J. H. O'NEALL
 J. C. KILLOUGH
 (Re-election)

For Tax Assessor:
 B. F. NAYLOR
 (Re-election)

**For District and
 County Clerk:**
 J. J. ALEXANDER
 (Re election)
 VICTOR B. SMITH

**For Justice of the
 Peace Precinct 3**
 J. P. JOHNSON

IF ANYONE HAS—
 Died,
 Eloped,
 Married,
 Left town,
 Had a fire,
 Been run in,
 Sold a farm,
 Come to town,
 Bought a home,
 Gone into business,
 Committed murder,
 Ditto suicide,
 Entertained the stork,
 Fallen from an aeroplane,
IN FACT—
 Done anything new,
 Or anything different,
THAT'S NEWS.
 Telephone 47. We are
 always glad to hear your
 voice.

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 ORENE LANE Ed. and Pub.
 Published Every Thursday.
 \$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 loans run and are
 charged for unless ordered out,
 unless specific arrangements are
 made when the ad is brought in.

All Obituaries, Resolutions of
 Respect, Cards of Thanks, Ad-
 vertising Church or Society do-
 ings when admission is charged,
 will be treated as advertising and
 charged for accordingly.

SWAT THE FLIES.

The Lord gave us sense suffi-
 ciently to build storm caves.
 If we remain out of the storm
 cellar and the cyclone gets us,
 we should not blame the Lord
 for our negligence. — Claude New-

A hundred and sixteen mem-
 bers of the Texas National Guard
 refused to go when the colors
 called them. This is bad, but not
 equal to some of the other states
 who called their state militia and
 could not find enough of them to
 get started you've love and re-
 spect from every body. But what
 about a fellow who wants to be
 loved and cheered in times of
 peace, who wants to be called a
 brave Hero, then when the time
 comes throws up the white feath-
 er. Men who will do this without
 an excuse should have no place
 within the ranks of the true and
 brave. — Miama Chief.

"The world is so full of a num-
 ber of things, I am sure we should
 all be as happy as kings." — Poet.

There is more truth than poet-
 ry in the above lines. Why should
 we not be. We are far more for-
 tunate than some of our brothers.
 The storms that swept this part
 of the Panhandle last week pas-
 sed over us without loss of lives
 and little damage; we all prosper-
 ous and have one of the brightest
 outlooks for a bountiful yield from
 our fields, and still some of us
 go around wearing a face so long
 that when we talk we almost
 stoniton it. Lets wear a smile. It
 makes no difference how thick
 the clouds above us may be, if
 there is some one in our midst
 that is wearing a radiant smile,
 we scarcely notice the dark sky.
 Smiles, kindness and love come
 from God, and we can all possess
 these qualities if we cultivate the
 habit. Smile, and tell the other
 fellow his faults, he knows his
 short comings; a kind word very
 often lifts a person from the very
 pits of sin and degradation, but
 slander and knaves will never.
 Smile and make the world happy.
 Play the "glad game". Always be
 glad, no matter what comes.

Try a Shumate Razor, from \$1
 up. Fully guaranteed for life.
 Hedley Drug Company.

Fresh Tomatoes, Berries,
 Plums, Peaches and Apricots for
 Saturday. Chas. Boles.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. W.
 Lane, Thursday morning June 15
 a nine and one-half pound boy.

For Saturday 5c rounds soda for
 25c at Lively's.

subscribe for the Informer.

Fresh meats, cured meats and
 bread at Lively's

For the best biscuits,
 try Light Crust.
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Never before has such
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 Boy's Clothes, Furnishings,
 Wash Goods, Underwear and
 Summer Footwear been of-
 fered at such awful low
 prices.

Many persons have been profited by them and bought
 supplies for some time. Our determination to clean up
 our entire line of Summer goods in every department
 is plainly proven to you if you will only visit us and
 look things over. A large lot of these lines not only
 can be used for Summer wear, but can be used in the
 Fall. Prices are advancing on almost everything in
 these lines, but our heavy early buying has enabled us
 to furnish you these splendid values as long as the
 goods last. The quality and colors in all late buying
 is poor quality and color, and higher. We want our
 customers to get the benefit by BUYING NOW.

We can save you from 10 to 15 cents on the
 dollar in GROCERIES. Poultry and eggs taken at
 all times. Come and see and be convinced.

MONEY! What is money?
 Money is simply a medium of
 exchange or a measure of values.
 There is no value to speak in
 money outside of its use as a
 medium of exchange or a measure
 of values.

The leading nations of the
 world claim to have the Gold
 Standard—all money backed by
 Gold, redeemable in Gold—but
 the facts are, all money—includ-
 ing GOLD—must have a standard
 of backing or redeemer, and that
 redeemer is simply what we eat,
 what we wear, and what we enjoy
 in this life. This is the only true
 backing for all money—including
 gold.

Remove this backing from all
 money, and the value of all money
 including Gold, would fade away
 like dew before the morning sun.
 Faith, which is confidence,
 moves the world. Its the peo-
 ples' faith in gold as a backing
 or standard which has caused us
 to adopt it. Should they exercise
 the same faith in silver, copper
 or lead, the world over, it would
 do the same work that is claimed
 of Gold. But whatever you do
 or say you cannot get away from
 the fact that all money, includ-
 ing Gold, must be backed and
 redeemed, and that backing and
 that redeemer must be and al-
 ways is, what we eat, and what
 we wear and what we enjoy in
 this life. That is plain and easily
 understood, isn't it.—Claude
 News.

Born of the deep, daily need o,
 a nation. I am the voice of now,
 the incarnate spirit of the times,
 monarch of things that are. My
 "cold type" burns with the fire
 blood of human action. I drink
 from the cup of every living joy
 and sorrow.

I am Majestic in my strength,
 sublime in my power, terrible in
 my potentialities, yet as demo-
 cratic as the ragged boy who sells
 me for a penny. I am the consort
 of Kings, the partner of capital,
 the brother of toil, the inspiration
 of the hopeless, the right arm of
 the needy, the champion of the
 oppressed, and the conscience of
 the criminal. I am the epitome of
 the world's comedy and tragedy.
 I speak and the world stops to
 listen. I am greater than any in-
 dividual, more powerful than any
 group.

I am the dynamic force of
 opinion. Rightly directed, I am a
 creator of confidence, a builder
 of happiness in living. I am the
 backbone of commerce. The trail
 blazer of prosperity. I am the
 teacher of patriotism. I am the
 clarion voice of civilization. I am
 the Newspaper.—Joseph H. Finn

SWAT THE FLY!

Owing to the fact that we do
 not realize any profit from our
 stock of serums, we are com-
 pelled to sell them for cash, this ap-
 ply to one and all. Hedley Drug Co.

TELL OF PAST GLORY
 RUINS OF ROMAN PALACES ME-
 MENTOES OF GREATNESS.

Posilipo, in the "Fairest Land of Eu-
 rope," Has a History Which Makes
 It of Entrancing Interest to
 the Tourist.

The city of Naples gives no idea
 of the beauty of southern Italy. It sits
 like a ragged vagrant by the roadside
 in the fairest land of Europe.

If you would see all of this beauty
 at a glance, visit the steep headline of
 Posilipo, which juts into the sea be-
 yond the city. Here are combined the
 beauties of the modern Campania—the
 smooth roads winding upward past
 white villas, the blue sky, under which
 the earth seems to glow, while the sea
 is tipped with silver—and the most
 striking relics of the long-gone days
 of the Roman empire and the middle
 ages, those periods so full of story and
 color, which have moved across Italy,
 environed in her beautiful landscape
 and inspired by the romantic tempera-
 ment of her people, like the acts of
 some mighty pageant.

At Posilipo stood the villa of Vir-
 gil, greatest of the Latin poets, and
 here today is a vault where his re-
 mains are said to lie. It was at Po-
 silipo that Virgil wrote the Georgics,
 those beautiful Latin pastorals that
 picture all the seasons of the year as
 the poet studied them from his coun-
 try seat. Here after he had died came
 many another poet and sage to put
 flowers on his tomb.

This famous sepulcher is a low
 stone vault with three windows. There
 formerly stood within it a tall urn,
 which was said to contain the ashes of
 the poet, but this has disappeared and
 is said to have been removed by King
 Robert the Wise to his palace for safe
 keeping.

At the very end of the headland
 stands one of the most impressive
 relics of Roman luxury in all Italy. It
 is the ruin of Pausilypum, the villa
 built by Vedius Pollio and bequeathed
 by him to Augustus Caesar. "The End
 of Sorrow" is the meaning of its name,
 which has become that of the entire
 headland.

Here are remains of massive white
 marble walls and pillars and founda-
 tions, reaching far out into the water,
 and from these and from the numerous
 legends and stories that cling about
 them, one may reconstruct the beauty
 and splendor and license of the life of
 decadent Rome. He may picture the
 great villa, sitting on the point of the
 headland, backed by dark groves, with
 its white feet in the breaking sea. He
 may reconstruct in fancy the Odeon
 and the theater, where the lord and
 his guests were entertained; the fish
 pond into which Vedius caused a ser-
 vant to be thrown and devoured for
 breaking a glass; the wide-fung gal-
 leries and porticoes, the elaborate
 marble baths. And this palace of a by-
 gone age he may people with the
 nobles and philosophers, the poets and
 soldiers of Rome, in their flowing
 robes of white and purple, attended
 by the slaves of all their wars—beau-
 tiful women of Greece, black men from
 Africa, fair-haired savages from the
 British Isles and the wild interior of
 Europe—the people of all the races
 conquered by these most powerful and
 dominating men that the world has
 yet brought forth and who are now re-
 membered by crumbling stones upon
 a deserted beach.—Chicago Daily
 News.

His Ferocious Pacifism.

"I have before me," said Professor
 Pate, "the statement of the antipre-
 paredness literary bureau that Thomas
 Carlyle was a pacifist. Indeed, he
 was! At one time a worshipping Ameri-
 can ventured to call on him. The
 genius had filled up on 17 cups of tea
 and was sitting humped over before
 the fireplace, wrapped in a shawl and
 an 8-inch grouch, and paid no atten-
 tion to the visitor. Finally the caller
 uttered a timid 'Ah-h'm!'
 "Silence, you blockhead!" thun-
 dered Carlyle.

"Bub-but," stammered the intruder,
 "I—I am not saying anything."
 "No, but you are interrupting my
 silence. Get out!"

"That is the sort of pacifist Thomas
 Carlyle was."—Kansas City Star.

Ringin' in the Ears.

Swelling and congestion of the mu-
 cous membrane of the eustachian
 tube—generally the result of neglected
 catarrhal "colds"—often produces ring-
 ing in the ears. If not soon relieved
 it will bring on a disease of the in-
 ner ear and deafness. Dr. W. C.
 Braislin of Brooklyn told the Ameri-
 can Otological society recently that he
 treats this by swabbing out the eu-
 stachian tube with a solution of 20
 grains of nitrate of silver in an ounce
 of water, applying it on a pledget of
 cotton wound at the end of two strands
 of thin wire twisted as one.

Tough on Posterity.
 Criticus—By the way, old chap, are
 you writing for money or for fame?
 Scribbles—Neither. I'm writing for
 posterity.

Criticus—Well, all I've got to say is
 that it's a low-down trick to play on
 posterity.

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

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

**Cicero Smith
 Lumber Company**

THE WHOLE TRUTH

The Hudson Super-Six is a revelation in Motor
 Car construction and achievement. See and ask
 for demonstration of this most wonderful car at

Caraway Co.

The City of Numbered Days

By Francis Lynde

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons

SYNOPSIS.

Brouillard, chief engineer of the Niangua irrigation dam, meets J. Wesley Cortwright and explains the reclamation work to him. Cortwright organizes a company and obtains government contracts to furnish power and material. Steve Massingale threatens to start a gold rush if Brouillard does not use his influence to bring a railroad branch to the place, thus opening an easy market for the "Little Susan" mine ore. Brouillard tells Amy Massingale of his need for money to pay off his dead father's debts. She tells him to be true to himself. He decides for the extension. Mirapolis, the city of numbered days, booms. Cortwright persuades Brouillard to become consulting engineer of the power company in return for \$100,000 stock. Stoppage of work on the railroad threatens a panic. Brouillard spreads the Massingale story of placer gold in the river bed and starts a gold rush, which promises to stop the reclamation project. Amy tells Brouillard that her father is in Cortwright's financial clutches. He tells her he has made \$100,000 and declares his love. She loves him, but shows him that he has become demoralized. A real gold find is made. Brouillard sells his stock but does not pay his father's debts. Cortwright's son shoots Dave Massingale. Brouillard threatens Cortwright with exposure if he pushes Massingale to the wall. The magnate promises to give the old man a free field. Stories of the dam's abandonment revive foreclosure on the "Little Susan" is impending and Brouillard loans Dave Massingale his \$100,000 to clear him.

Old Man Massingale is loath to put himself under financial obligations that will involve Amy's marriage. Do you think that Brouillard will trick the father and save his conscience with the saying, "All's fair in love and war?"

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"There's one thing—and I've got to spit it out before it's everlastingly too late. See here, Victor Brouillard—Amy likes you—thinks a heap of you; a plumb blind man could see that. But say, that little girl o' mine has just natchurly got to have a free hand when it comes to palrin' up, and she won't never have if she finds out about this. You ain't allowin' to use it on her, Victor?"

Brouillard laughed.

"I'll make a hedging bet and break even with you, Mr. Massingale," he said. "That check is drawn to my order, and I have indorsed it. Let me have it again and I'll get the cash for you. In that way only the two of us need know anything about the transaction; and if I promise to keep the secret from Miss Amy, you must promise to keep it from Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright. Will you saw it off with me that way?—until you've made the turn on the ore sales?"

David Massingale shook hands on it with more gratitude, colored this time with a hearty imprecation. "Dad burn you, Victor Brouillard, you're a man—ever' single mill-run of you!" he burst out. But Brouillard shook his head gravely.

"No, Mr. Massingale, I'm the little yellow dog you mentioned a while back," he asserted, and then he went to get the money.

Left alone in the small retiring room of the bank where the business had been transacted, David Massingale



"You Borrowed to Meet These Notes?"

took the sheaf of bank notes from his pocket with trembling hands, fondling it as a miser might. Twice the old man made as if he would turn toward the door of egress, and the light in his gray-blue eyes was the rekindling flame of a passion long denied. But in the end he thrust the tempting sheaf back into the inner pocket and went resolutely to the cashier's counter window, finding Schermershorn, the president, sitting at the cashier's desk.

"I've come to take up them notes o' mine with John Wes' name on 'em," Massingale began, pulling out the thick sheaf of redemption money.

"H'm, yes, here they are. Brought the cash, did you? The 'Little Susan' has begun to pan out, has it? I didn't know you had commenced shipping ore yet?"

"We haven't," David Massingale

made the admission and regretted it in one and the same breath.

"You've borrowed to meet these notes?" queried the president, looking up quickly. "That won't do, Mr. Massingale; that won't do at all. We can't afford to lose an old customer that way. What's the matter with our money? Doesn't it look good to you any more?"

Massingale stammered out something about Cashier Hardwick's peremptory demand of a few hours earlier, but he was not permitted to finish.

"Of course, that is all right from Hardwick's point of view. He was merely looking out for the maturing paper. How much more time will you need to enable you to get returns from your shipments? Sixty days? All right, you needn't make out new notes; I'll indorse the extension on the back of these, and I'll undertake to get Cortwright's approval myself. No; not a word, Mr. Massingale. As long as you're borrowing, you must be loyal and borrow of us. Good afternoon. Come again when we can help you out."

David Massingale turned away, dazed and confused beyond the power of speech. When the mists of astoundment cleared he found himself in the street with the thick wad of bank notes still in his pocket. Suddenly, out of the limbo into which two years of laborious discipline and self-denial had pushed it stalked the demon of the ruling passion, mighty, overpowering, unconquerable. The familiar street sights danced before Massingale's eyes, and there was a drumming in his ears like the fall of many waters. But above the clamor rose the insistent voice of the tempter, and the voice was at once a command and an entreaty, a gnawing hunger and a parching thirst.

"By gosh! I'd like to try that old system o' mine jest one more time!" he muttered. "All it takes is money enough to foller it up and stay. And I've got the money. Besides, didn't Brouillard say I was to get an extension if I could?"

He grabbed at his coat to be sure that the packet was still there, took two steps toward the bank, stopped, turned as if in the grasp of an invisible but irresistible captor, and moved away, like a man walking in his sleep, toward the lower avenue.

It was the doorway of Haley's place, the Monte Carlo of the Niangua, that finally halted him. Here the struggle was so fierce that the bartender, who knew him, named it sickness and led the stricken one to a card table in the public bar-room and fetched him a drink. A single swallow of whisky turned the scale. Massingale rose, tossed a coin to the bar, and passed quickly to the rear, where a pair of balze doors opened silently and engulfed him.

CHAPTER XVII
The Abyss

It was at early candle-lighting in the evening of the day of renewed and unbridled speculation in Mirapolis "front feet" that Brouillard, riding the pibald range pony on which he had been making an inspection round of the nearer Buckskin ditchers' camps, topped the hill in the new, high-pitched road over the Chirringo shoulder and looked down upon the valley electric.

Brouillard let the pony set its own pace on the down-hill lap to the finish, freshened himself at his rooms in the Niangua building, and went to the Metropole to eat his dinner with Murray Grislow as his vis-a-vis. The buzzing throngs in the Metropole cafe and lobby annoyed him, and even Grislow's quiet sarcasm as applied to the day's bubble-blowing failed to clear the air. At the club there was the same atmosphere of unrest; an exacerbating overcharge of the suppressed activities impatiently waiting for another day of excitement and opportunity. Corner lots and the astounding prices they had commanded filled the air in the lounge, the billiard room and the buffet, and after a few minutes Brouillard turned his back on the hubbub and sought the quiet of the darkened building on the opposite side of the street.

He was alone in his office on the sixth floor and was trying, half absently, to submerge himself in a sea of desk work when as distinctly as if she were present and at his elbow, he heard, or seemed to hear, Amy Massingale say: "Victor, you said you would come if I needed you. I need you now." Without a moment's hesitation he got up and made ready to go out.

The Massingale town house was one of a row of stuccoed villas fronting on the main residence street, which beyond the city limits became the high-road to the Quadjenal bend and the upper valley. Brouillard took a cab at the Metropole, dismissed it at the villa gate, and walked briskly up the path to the house, which was dark save for one lighted room on the second floor—the room in which Stephen Massingale was recovering from the effects of Van Bruce Cortwright's pistol shot.

Amy Massingale was on the porch—waiting for him, as he fully believed—until her greeting sufficiently proved her surprise at seeing him.

"You, Victor?" she said, coming quickly to meet him. "Murray Grislow said you had gone down to the Buckskin camps and wouldn't be back for two or three days!"

"I changed my mind and came back. How is Steve this evening?"

"He is quite comfortable, more comfortable than he has been at all since the wound began to heal. I have been reading him to sleep, and when the night nurse came I ran down to get a breath of fresh air in the open."

"No, you didn't come down for that reason," Brouillard amended gravely. "You came to meet me."

"Did I?" she asked. "What makes you think that?"

"I know what happened," said Brouillard, speaking as soberly as if he were stating a mathematical certainty. "You left that room upstairs and came to me. I didn't see you, but I heard you as plainly as I can hear you now. You spoke to me and called me by name."

She shook her head, laughing lightly. "You have been overwrought about something, or maybe you are just plain tired."

"You are standing me off," he declared. "You are in trouble of some sort, and you are trying to hide it from me."

"No, not exactly trouble; only a little worry."

"All right, call it worry if you like and share it with me. What is it?"

"I think you know without being told. I am afraid we have finally lost the 'Little Susan.' That is one of the worries and the other I've been trying to call silly. I don't know what has become of father—as if he weren't old enough to go and come without telling me every move he makes!"

"Your father isn't at home?" gasped Brouillard.

"No; he hasn't been here since nine o'clock this morning. Murray Grislow saw him going into the Metropole about one o'clock, but nobody that I have been able to reach by phone seems to have seen him after that."

"I can bring the record down to two o'clock," was the quick reply. "He ate with me at Bongras', and afterward I walked with him as far as the bank. And I can cure part of the first worry—all of it, in fact; he had the money to take up the Cortwright notes, and when I left him he was on his way to Hardwick's window to do it."

"He had the money? Where did he get it?"

Brouillard put his back against a porch post, a change of position which kept the light of the street electric from shining squarely upon his face.

"It has been another of the get-rich-quick days in Mirapolis," he said evasively. "Somebody told me that the corner opposite Poodles' was bought and sold three times within a single hour and that each time the price was doubled."

"And you are trying to tell me that father made a hundred thousand dollars just in those few hours by buying and selling Mirapolis lots? You don't know him, Victor. He is totally lacking in the trading gift. He has often said that he couldn't stand on a street corner and sell twenty-dollar gold pieces at nineteen dollars apiece—nobody would buy of him."

"Nevertheless, I am telling you that he had the money to take up those notes," Brouillard insisted. "I saw it in his hands."

She stood fairly in the beam of the street light. The violet eyes were moist, and in the low voice there was a note of deeper trouble.

"You say you saw the money in father's hands; tell me, Victor, did you see him pay it into the bank?"

"Why, no; not the final detail. But, as I say, when I left him he was on his way to Hardwick's window."

Again she turned away, but this time it was to dart into the house. A minute later she had rejoined him, and the minute had sufficed for the donning of a coat and the pinning on of the quaint cowboy riding hat.

"I must go and find him," she said with quiet resolution. "Will you go with me, Victor? Perhaps that is why I—the subconscious I—called you a little while ago. Let's not wait for the Quadjenal car. I'd rather walk, and we'll save time."

From the moment of outsetting the young woman's purpose seemed clearly defined. By the shortest way she indicated the course to the avenue, and at the Metropole corner she turned unhesitatingly to the northward—toward the region of degradation.

As was to be expected after the day of frantic speculation and quick money changing, the lower avenue was ablaze with light, the sidewalks were passes of peril, and the saloons and dives were reaping a rich harvest. Luckily, Brouillard was well known, and his position as chief of the great army of government workmen purchased something like immunity for himself and his companion. But more than once he was on the point of begging the young woman to turn back for her own sake.

The quest ended unfrantically at the door of Haley's place, and when David Massingale's daughter made as if she would go in, Brouillard protested quickly.

"No, Amy," he said firmly. "You mustn't go in there. Let me take you around to the Metropole, and then I'll come back alone."

"I have been in worse places," she returned in low tones. And then, with her voice breaking tremulously: "Be my good friend; just a little longer, Victor!"

He took her arm and walked her into the garishly-lighted bar-room, bracing himself militantly for what

might happen. But nothing happened. Dissipation of the western variety seldom sinks below the level of a certain rude gallantry, quick to recognize the good and pure in womankind. Instantly a hush fell upon the place. The quartets at the card tables held their hands, and a group of men drinking at the bar put down their glasses. One, a "Tri-Circ" cowboy with his back turned, let slip an oath, and in a single swift motion his nearest comrade garroted him with a hairy arm, strangling him to silence.

As if guided by the same unerring instinct which had made her choose Haley's out of the dozen similar halls,



"It's All Gone, Little Girl; It's All Gone."

Amy Massingale led Brouillard swiftly to the green balze doors at the rear of the bar-room. At her touch the swinging doors gave inward, and her goal was reached.

Three faro games, each with its inlaid table, its impassive dealer, its armed "lookout," and its ring of silent players, lay beyond the balze doors. At the nearest of the tables there was a stir, and the dealer stopped running the cards. Somebody said, "Let him get out," and then an old man, bearded, white-haired, wild-eyed, and haggard almost beyond recognition, pushed his chair away from the table and stumbled to his feet, his hands clutching the air like those of a swimmer sinking for the last time.

With a low cry the girl darted across the intervening space to clasp the staggering old man in her arms and draw him away. Brouillard stood aside as they came slowly toward the doors which he was holding open for them. He saw the distorted face-mask of a soul in torment and heard the mumbling repetition of the despairing words, "It's all gone, little girl; it's all gone!" and then he removed himself quickly beyond the range of the staring, unseeing eyes.

For in the lightning flash of revelation he realized that once again the good he would have done had turned to hideous evil in the doing, and that this time the sword thrust of the blind passion impulse had gone straight to the heart of love itself.

CHAPTER XVIII
The Setting of the Ebb

Contrary to the most sanguine expectations of the speculators—contrary, perhaps, even to those of Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright—the upward surge in Mirapolis values, following the visit of the "distinguished citizens," proved to be more than a tidal wave; it was a series of them. Day after day the "curb" markets were reopened, with prices mounting skyward; and when the news of how fortunes could be made in a day in the Miracle city of the Niangua got abroad in the press dispatches there was a fresh influx of mad money hunters from the East.

Now, if never before, the croaker was wrathfully shouted down and silenced. No one admitted, or seemed to admit, the possible impermanence of the city.

To the observer, anxious or casual, there appeared to be reasonable grounds for the optimistic assertion. It was an indubitable fact that Brouillard's force had been cut down, first to one-half, and later to barely enough men to keep the crushers and mixers moving and to add fresh layers of concrete to the huge wall of sufficient quantities to prevent the material—in technical phrase—from "drying." The Navajos had been sent home to their reservation, the tepees were gone, and two-thirds of the camp shacks were empty.

Past these material facts it was known to everybody in the frenzied market place that Brouillard himself was, according to his means, one of the most reckless of the plungers, buying, borrowing, and buying again as if the future held no threat of a possible debacle. It was an object lesson for the timid. Those who did not themselves know certainly argued that there must be a few who did know, and among these few the chief of the reclamation service must be in the very foremost rank.

Brouillard ought to know what's what. Does his action indicate that he is aware the dam never will be finished, or that the wonder city will never be abandoned and destroyed?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DAIRY THE DAIRY

VARIATIONS IN CREAM TEST

Common Cause of Dissatisfaction on Part of Seller—Use of Tester is Urged by Expert.

(By C. H. ECKLES, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

One of the most common causes of dissatisfaction on the part of the man who sells cream on the butterfat basis, rises from variations in the test. This is especially true if each can is tested separately and the best way for the seller to convince himself that the tester is neither careless nor dishonest is to secure a little outfit for himself. A well-made, accurate and satisfactory tester can now be bought for five dollars and its use will not only satisfy the seller but will enable him to detect the boarders in his herd. The general interest in this subject is compelling the Missouri agricultural experiment station to reprint a circular for general distribution, but a little discussion of the principal causes of variation in this brief form may avoid the necessity for so wide a distribution of that circular.

Speed of Separator.—A change in the speed of the separator immediately causes a change in the tests of the cream, the higher the speed the greater the amount of skim milk thrown out and so the higher the test of the cream secured. Putting it in another way, a low speed results in a larger quantity of thinner cream.

Rate of Inflow.—The use of the float does not always insure a uniform flow of milk into the separator, because the faucet may not always be opened equally wide and the flow will be more rapid when the tank is full than when it is nearly empty. Anything which makes the inflow more rapid will increase the proportion of skim milk which goes through, and lower the test of the cream secured.

Flushing the Bowl.—The amount of water used in flushing may easily be varied a pint or more and this without any other cause or variation may change the test by two, three, or even four or five per cent.

Variations in the Milk Itself.—The milk of an entire herd may rise or fall in its test from day to day because of excitement or change in the weather. If the milk of a herd, whose average test is four per cent, is ordinarily so separated that the cream tests 40 per cent fat, the test will suddenly rise to 42.5 per cent if the milk of the herd is suddenly raised to 4.25 per cent without any change in method of separating.

Cream Screw.—The test is, of course, readily controlled by means of the cream screw, but as it is seldom changed in this way, on the average farm, there should be no trouble because of variation from this source.

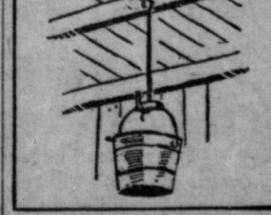
Feed of the Cow.—Variations in cream tests are practically never caused by changes in the feed of the cow as every well-informed cream seller is now aware.

Mistakes and Dishonesty.—Mistakes are most likely to result from carelessness in taking samples, as they must be very carefully and skillfully taken if they are to tell the truth and result in a fair payment, but actual dishonesty is probably much rarer than many sellers believe. A clever thief would manipulate the reported test in such a way as not to arouse the suspicion that an honest report sometimes brings up in the mind of the man who does not consider all the possible hidden causes of variation.

KEEP THE NEW MILK CLEAN

Pails Are Attached to Overhead Sleepers in Barn, High Enough to Insure Cleanliness.

We keep the milk clean until it is ready to be taken to the house by hanging it from one of the overhead sleepers in the barn. Some old rick teeth not in use were shaped into the city.



Pail Hung on Sleeper.

hooks by one of the farm hands in the home blacksmith shop on a rainy day, writes H. G. Williams in Nebraska Farm Journal. These hooks are fastened over spikes driven into the sleepers. The sleepers are white-washed, and the pails are up high enough to insure perfect cleanliness.

SHORTAGE OF GOOD BUTTER

No Danger of Oversupply in the Big Markets in Spite of Large Production of Last Year.

There is one thing of which there is no danger of an oversupply, and that is butter. There is a shortage of good butter in the big markets at the present time, in spite of the large production of the last year.

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N.Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled



with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEG, 523 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs help, advise her to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

So Sudden, Too. Maude—Do you get me? Frank—is that a leap-year proposal?

DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR

Prevent it by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

If your scalp is irritated, itching and burning and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls try the following treatment: touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Absolutely nothing better. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Russian wheat yield is only ten bushels to the acre.

Keep Hanford's Balm in your stable. Adv.

Some people seek temptation in order to test their strength.

Rest Those Worn Nerves

Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung, when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headaches and irregular kidney action mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. Don't delay. Profit by other people's experiences.

A Texas Case

Mrs. E. W. Meek, 222 E. Franklin St., Tyler, Texas, says: "I can hardly describe my misery. I endured some backache. The pains in my kidneys were intense and I could hardly get up or down. I was very nervous and had pains in my head, along with dizzy spells. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

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

Nervous Women Find Sure Relief in STELLA-VITAE

Nervousness is one of the most certain signs of derangement or weakness of the female organs. Do you get "fidgety" or upset when things go wrong? Do you often feel as if your nerves were on edge? Are you depressed and irritable? You should go right to the root of the trouble and supply a tonic that will restore your feminine organs to their normal condition. Stella-Vitae has been a godsend to thousands of nervous, worn-out, discouraged women. It is guaranteed to help you. You need risk nothing. Buy a bottle from your dealer, and if you are not benefited he will give you your money back. It is a bottle at your nearest dealer's.

Teacher Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

TAKE Tuff's Pills

The first dose often establishes the habit, giving elasticity of mind, buoyancy of body. GOOD DIGESTION. regular bowels and solid teeth. Price, 25 cts.

RAISE TURKEYS by the hundreds, that will not die, at the great feeding, rearing and disease control schools of the "LITTLE EASTERN CHICKEN." 25 pages of course material. Request by return mail, please. Address: RABBIT TO MEAT RABBIT, Boston, Mass.

Locals

O. C. Hill attended the funeral of C. H. Dye at Memphis Monday.

Miss Ione McVane came down from Lelia Lake Monday and spent the day with C. H. Burris and wife.

W. E. Bray went to Memphis Tuesday evening, returning home on the night train.

FOR SALE—A few select gilts, ready for breeding.

T. A. Hart.

Mrs. Clint Philips went to Clarendon Monday in her car.

J. Walker Lane spent Monday and Tuesday in Memphis on business.

Tom Latimer went to McLean Monday in his Ford.

Dr. A. M. Sarvis attended the funeral of C. H. Dye at Memphis Monday.

Mrs. Eula Cox came down from Clarendon Saturday night and will spend a few days at the T. R. Moreman home.

FOR SALE—Alfalfa hay at Calhoun farm nine miles north of Hedley. J. M. Calhoun. 2tp.

Mrs. Dr. Amason and daughter of Wichita Falls are here for a few days, visiting at the home of L. L. Amason.

Ice cream Saturday and Sunday.—Hedley Restaurant. 1tc

J. E. Risley spent Monday and Tuesday in Clarendon. He returned home Wednesday morning.

When you want good satisfactory barber work, give me a trial. Bob McGowan.

A. N. Woods moved Monday to the place recently bought from Clay Akers. South of Hedley.

Clint Philips was touring the northern part of the county latter part of last week with Martin H. Bell who was out mixing with voters of the county.

J. Claude Wells and wife spent Sunday in Memphis at the home of the former's father, J. W. Wells.

B. T. Lane and wife of Clarendon spent Sunday with relatives here.

O. B. Stanley and family of Clarendon visited with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Moreman, from Saturday night to Sunday night.

FARM LOANS—Can make good loans on choice farms and ranches, well located and improved. J. C. Wells.

Miss Ione McVane of Lelia Lake played the piano at The Pleasant Hour Tuesday night.

Travis Lively completed a very successful term of school at Ring Friday. He left Sunday night for Canyon where he will attend the Summer Normal.

The new residence of O. B. Stanley, in East Hedley, is well under construction and will be a very attractive little bungalow when finished.

Bring your clothes to the Adamson Tailor Shop and have them cleaned up so they will look like new.

G. L. Tipton and wife came up from Memphis Sunday morning and will spend a few days here visiting with Mrs. Tipton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Davis, and other relatives and friends.

Ex Governor O. B. Colquitt, candidate for United States Senator, passed through Hedley Monday. He spoke at Memphis in the morning and was en route for Clarendon where he spoke in the afternoon.

FOR SALE—Galvanized milk coolers. Please call Mrs. Clint Philips, phone 6. 2tp

The Hedley W. O. W. Camp has changed its meeting nights to second and fourth Thursday nights instead of second and fourth Friday nights.

"The Scales of Justice" the photo play which was shown at the Pleasant Hour last Friday night was indeed a strong picture. Mr. Davis is giving the public some fine pictures now and are well worth seeing.

Thomas Willis and daughter, Miss Margaret, of Clarendon spent Sunday at the home of his son, E. H. Willis. Little Miss Gretha Lee Willis accompanied them home for a few days visit.

J. W. Caraway and J. G. McDougal went to Amarillo Thursday of last week where Mr. McDougal purchased a new Hudson car. Mr. Caraway is agent for this car in this territory. The new machine is a beauty.

Give me a trial at your cleaning and pressing, satisfaction guaranteed; suits promptly delivered. Bob Adamson.

Ralph Thompson came in from Groom Tuesday and spent the day here, he went to Memphis Tuesday night and will visit at the home of his parents who live a short ways from that city.

Let Us Make Your old buggies, surries, hacks and autos look like new at J Walker Lane's.

Mrs. W. M. Lynn and children came in from their home north of Lelia Lake Saturday night and visited with Ellery Lynn and family until Sunday night, from here they went to Iowa Park for a visit with friends and relatives.

Let Us Make

Your old buggies, surries, hacks, and autos look like new, at J. Walker Lane's.

Card of Thanks

To those who so kindly assisted us during the illness and death of our husband and father, we offer our heartfelt thanks and trust that God's richest blessings will rest upon them.

Mrs. J. C. Clinton and Children

Miss Florence Kingsland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kingsland, came in Monday morning. She attended school at Millsburg, Ky. this last year, and on her way home she stopped over in St. Louis and other points for a visit with friends and relatives.

W. M. Crain of Fort Worth and mother, Mrs. J. T. Crain, came in Wednesday morning for a visit with their sister and daughter, Mrs. J. Walker Lane. Mr. Crain returned to Fort Worth Wednesday night, but the mother will remain here for an indefinite length of time.

"Supreme Flour" best by test, only \$3.50 per 100 pounds. 25 pounds sugar for only \$1.95. Cash. I sack to a customer. At Lively's.

Hon. C. H. Morris of Winsboro, Texas, candidate for Governor, was in Hedley Tuesday of last week. He spoke at both Memphis and Clarendon.

FOR SALE—Galvanized milk coolers. Call Mrs. Clint Philips, phone 6. 15 2tp.

Naylor Springs Correspondence

Rev. Quattlebaum filled his appointment at eleven o'clock Sunday.

Last Wednesday June 7, was the quarterly meeting of the ladies sewing circle.

It was our pleasure to meet with Mr. A. O. Hefner for the day and before the parting hour came we had all realized what a charming hostess Mrs. Hefner was.

The good things that were prepared for the dinner are too numerous to mention but all seemed to enjoy them very much indeed and late in the afternoon just before taking our departure delicious refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Mrs. Espy and children visited in Collingsworth County Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. T. N. Naylor and Mr. John Lane made a business trip to Clarendon Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. McGee, Mrs. Roy Kendall and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Naylor, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hall Thursday of last week.

Mr. T. L. Naylor and family visited at the N. T. Hodges home Sunday.

Mrs. S. E. Lyell had the misfortune Sunday of receiving a painful cut on her left hand between the thumb and forefinger while removing the top of a fruit jar.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer Saturday morning a boy.

Last Friday Mr. Kirkwood, wife and two children and Miss Jessie Kirkwood started on an overland trip to their home in Sherman county after a few days visit with their relatives, Mr. J. S. Hall and others and they were also accompanied by Mr. Durelle Hall, who has been quite unwell.

Ernest Wood was reported on the sick list Sunday.

A. O. Hefner made a trip to Brice Saturday returning Sunday.

Since Saturday night, W. J. Greer and wife are enjoying a visit from their son, Will, and family from Adobe Walls.

Misses Newell Kendall and Elsie Kempson were guests of Mrs. John Wildmon Sunday.

Dr. C. L. Fields and daughter, Miss Ruth, made a trip to Groom Monday in response to a message stating that his son Lewis was sick.

Later in the evening we learned that they had carried him to the Adair Hospital at Clarendon where he would undergo an operation Tuesday morning for appendicitis. We were sorry to hear of Lewis' illness, but hope for him a speedy recovery.

FRANK CAPERS.

Every 2nd and 4th Thursday nights J. C. Wells, C. L. A. Stroud, Cler.

I. O. O. F. Lodge meets on every Tuesday night. A. E. Bidwell, N. G. L. A. Stroud, Secretary.

Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon. J. W. Bond, W. M. E. E. Dishman, Sec.

EASTERN STAR CHAPTER meets on each First Monday night at 7:30. Mrs. Margaret Dishman, W. M. Mrs. Ethel McCarroll Secy.

NOW IS THE TIME

To dig out that old suit you laid off last spring, and let me clean it fresh and bright for fall service. I call for your old goods and return them to you clean and fresh. Goods called for and delivered at any and all times. Prompt service. Call and report your troubles to me and I will do the rest.

Bob Adamson THE TAILOR.

Wanted To Rent—For several weeks, a sewing machine. See Mrs. W. L. Kingsland at the M. & M. Store.

W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. A. meets at the Church at 4 p. m. Monday, June 19.

Bible Study. Lesson Study. — Acts I

Bring us your chickens, eggs and butter. Highest price paid, cash or trade. Boles Grocery.

K. W. Howell has instructed us to send The Informer to him at Trinidad, Colo. He trust he and his family are having an enjoyable visit in cool Colorado.

I have two sets of single harness for sale, in good condition at bargain. J. Walker Lang.

Subscribe for The Hedley Informer now.

McGOWAN'S BARBER SHOP

First Class Work Done. Hair cut to fit you. We guarantee to please you. Your patronage solicited.

Try our Fitch Ideal Shampoo

BOB MCGOWAN, PROP. [East Side of Main St.]

LISTEN!

Let me brighten you up I do painting of all kinds, Auto, Carriage, House Painting, Furniture Refinishing and Sign Writing. See me at once.

Lloyd Lane

LOST—Some where in town a pair of spectacles. In case, finder please return to Informer office.

The Informer \$1.00 per year.

Remember, I call for and deliver your suits any day at any time. Let me do your cleaning and pressing. Bob Adamson.

City Directory

HEDLEY BAPTIST CHURCH

Every 1st Sunday—Pastor, G. A. C. Roy.

Sunday School every Sunday 10 a. m. L. L. Cornelius, Supt.

METHODIST—L. A. Reavis, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except every First Sunday morning.

SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday 10 a. m. C. B. Battle, Supt. PRAYER MEETING

Every Wednesday evening

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

W. H. McKinzie, Pastor.

Services 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 11 a. m. and 8:45 p. m.

Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 10 o'clock.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

K. W. Howell, Supt.

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

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday School every Sunday at 3 p. m. at the Presbyterian church. A most cordial invitation is extended to every one.

R. E. Newman, Supt.

Mexico War

Talk is getting old—it is now time to eat, drink and be merry at the

BUSY-BEE LUNCH ROOM CONFECTIONERY.

West side Main Street

BONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. C. Killough

Clerk, J. J. Alexander

Sheriff, G. R. Doshier

Treasurer, E. Dabbs

Assessor, B. F. Naylor

County Attorney, W. T. Linn

Justice of the Peace Precinct 3, J. P. Johnson

Constable, J. M. Bezman

District Court meets third week in January and July

County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and Nov. m. r.

A TRIP

TO Buenos Aires FOR 5 CENTS

You may not be able to make this delightful sea voyage, but if you will visit El Mate Fountains in your City, you can enjoy a bit of life just as 25,000,000 of your Southern neighbors are doing every day.

EL MATE

Is a rare treat in North America, and you may enjoy that delightful cool sea breeze refreshment in a glass of El Mate. Try a real health giving drink that does good.

Drink El Mate

For its Wonderful Tonic Properties

Note the following analysis:
Dissolved by water from 100 grams Maté as given by König.

Lime	0.14
MAGNESIA	0.46
Iron Oxide	0.02
Phosphoric Acid	0.07
POTASH	0.44
Manganese Oxide	0.11
Chlorine	0.22
Sulphuric Acid	0.13

El Maté Will Do Your Stomach and Nerves Good

5c—All Fountains—5c