

The Hedley Informer

T. R. KIDD LOST HOUSE AND CONTENTS BY FIRE

Last Saturday night the farm residence of T. R. Kidd about ten miles northeast of Hedley was totally destroyed by fire as well as nearly all the household effects. The fire started from the explosion of a lamp and the flames spread so quickly that but few articles were removed from the house.

The front rooms of the dwelling were just built first of the year, and nicely finished. Besides the front rooms he had one in the rear about 12x20 feet. Fortunately Mr. Kidd had several months ago taken out insurance to the amount of \$500, which, though it will not cover half his loss, will be much help in replacing the building.

HONOR ROLL

Following are subscriptions received since last issue:

- C B Battle,
- J R Hillman.
- J B King.
- Frank Kendall.
- J A. Moreman.
- J L Tims.
- Mrs. W. A. Wylie.
- N C. Tims, Augusta, Tex.
- S. C. Buckalew, Percilla Tex.
- J H. White, Canyon, Texas.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

The following article, clipped from a recent issue of the Dallas News, might be of interest to some of our readers, as we understand a few of our people contributed and likewise got stung. The article follows:

Minneapolis, Minn. Oct. 23 — Thousands of letters, each containing 10 cents, are pouring into the local postoffice daily, from women in the various parts of the country, who have joined in an "endless chain" scheme, promoted by the so-called "National Brokerage Exchange."

Federal agents are searching for the agents of the "Exchange" who are wanted for using the mails to defraud. A room in a local business block, to which all letters were addressed, was suddenly vacated three weeks ago, so the authorities say.

To every woman who would send 10 cents in silver and would write five friends, urging them to join in the chain, the "Exchange" promised a new "1917 Model Silk Petticoat." The volume of mail for the Exchange is rapidly growing, said postmaster Purday, and today we received 25,000 letters enclosing 25,000 dimes. Thousands of the letters have been returned to writers, but a large majority carry no return marks, and, as a result, the dead letter office is becoming clogged. Other mail channels are choked daily by the influx of mail for the "Exchange." —From The State Line Tribune

T B Starkey and daughter came over from Plymouth first of the week to meet Mrs. A. Morgan of Demolines, New Mexico, and Miss Leota Roff of Shamrock. They visited at the W. E. Bray home from Monday over Wednesday.

Naylor Springs Correspondence

Mesdames Hall, Lyell and Naylor visited Mrs. C L. Fields Sunday afternoon.

N. T. Hodges and wife were callers at the T. N. Naylor home Sunday.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. A O. Hefner is still sick, but hope she will improve rapidly.

Lewis Fields and sister, Miss Ruth and the Misses Naylor motored to the plains Sunday, going to Groom, White Deer and other points.

Dr. Younger and wife motored to the Fields home Monday afternoon.

T. J. Wood returned home last week.

FRANK CAPERS.

J. E. Blankenship and J. S. Beach made an exchange of property last week. The former traded his residence property on north Main street to the latter in on his farm north of town. Then Blankenship sold the farm to F. M. Eckard of Jacksboro, who went home Sunday to get ready to move here between now and first of December. We extend the welcoming hand to this estimable family.

Mrs. K. W. Howell and children left last Friday night for Stephenville to see her mother who has been sick some time.

STORK APPROVES FORD CAR

The stork pulled off quite a stunt in our city Tuesday morning when he swooped down on one of main streets and deposited a package in a swiftly moving automobile.

Ernest Hall, of the Lee Garage, received a hurry up call from the katy depot immediately after the north bound passenger arrived. He cranked his Ford car and made it to the depot in one minute flat. On arriving there he found a man and his wife wanting right now transportation to the Matthews Hotel. They got it. In fact the trip was made in less than 30 seconds, but it was too slow. The stork beat them easily.

The episode is unique and has no parallel in the annals of his tory, ancient or modern.

That this, the first birth on record on the main street of a city in a flying automobile, should be a Ford is sensational advertising for that excellent machine.

The stork absolutely placed his seal of approval on the Ford car, and who knows but that this emblematic bird of infancy may be fixing to change his nesting place from the chimney and uniformly use automobiles for his purpose?

The youngster has not been officially christened as yet, but we understand his name will be Henry Ford Hall Hodges Turner, and his baby name for short will be "Jitney Boy."

If Henry Ford don't send this baby the best car he can make he is a piker, and his product should be boycotted by all storkdom. He will be duly advised of the occurrence and his answer printed —Archer County N. W. A.

W. O. W. CAMP UNVEILS MONUMENT HERE

Last Sunday afternoon the monument of J. L. Webb, a deceased member of the Quail Camp W. O. W., was unveiled in Rowe Cemetery by the Hedley Camp at the request of the Quail Camp. The unveiling ceremony was attended by a number of Quail members and members of other neighboring Camps, as well as by a number of people who are members of the order. The ceremony went off without a hitch, and the poem, used at unveilings, was delivered by Miss Annie Richey, and to say she did exceedingly well is putting it but it but mildly. The poem is very hard to recite, yet she read it better than it has ever been our privilege to hear. Following the poem Hon. W. E. Fitzgerald of Wichita Falls delivered an address on Woodcraft that was splendid in delivery and composition. Hon. Fitzgerald is a fine orator and those who missed hearing missed a treat.

The Hedley Camp now has a special low rate and will try during the next six weeks to build the membership up to 150. A regular meeting will be held next Monday night, and there will be an initiation or two on hand.

DEMONSTRATION AT MOREMAN & BATTLE'S

This has been a busy week at Moreman & Battle's store. W. L. Morton of St. Louis is in charge of the Majestic Range Demonstration, with Mrs. T. R. Moreman serving hot coffee and hot biscuits prepared on the range. A goodly number of people have attended the demonstration, and several ranges have been sold.

The coffee and flour for the demonstration was furnished by J. L. Tims. The brand of coffee —Maxwell House, and flour—A. corn.

Tuesday was children's day. And the prize winning letter and the names of nearly all the contestants appear in Moreman & Battle's ad elsewhere in this issue. A few of the names were not legible. Two more days of the demonstration remain.

HEDLEY POLLS A GOOD VOTE CONSIDERING---

The election last Tuesday in Hedley was surprising in a way. A heavy vote was polled, considering that McKnight had been out of this voting precinct, and that the farmers were all up to their ears in work. The total number of votes polled was 134. Of this number 115 were Democrat, 15 Socialist, 3 Republican, and 1 Prohibition. The full voting strength of this box is over 200, but we figure that Hedley did well under above mentioned considerations.

METHODIST CONFERENCE IS IN SESSION

Rev. L. A. Reavis left Tuesday morning for Stamford where the Northwest Texas Conference convened Wednesday morning in annual session.

Rev. Reavis has rounded out a splendid year's work in Hedley. We are told that during the year he raised about \$2400 for church purposes, such as paying the church building out of debt, conference claims, salary, incidentals, etc. During the year the church was dedicated and the parsonage was improved.

It will not be known until next Monday who will be the pastor for another year—whether Rev. Reavis will be returned or some one else will be sent.

Same Old Story

Under a spreading willow tree a stubborn auto stands, and Smith (an angry man is he) with trouble on his hands. He curses softly to himself and crawls beneath the car and wonders why it didn't burst before it got so far. The carburetor seems to be the cause of all his woe, he tightens half a dozen bolts, but still it doesn't go, and then he tries the steering gear, and finds no trouble there, till wet with perspiration he quits in sheer despair. He squats beside the road to give his brain a chance to cool, and ponder on his training at the correspondence school; and then he starts the job once more, until by chance it's seen, the cause of all the trouble is, he's out of gasoline.—Exchange.

McKnight Correspondence

W. L. Lewis and wife and Mrs. C. E. Watkins and family are moving to Memphis.

G. Y. Tate made a flying trip to Oklahoma Saturday in his new car.

W. C. Watkins is shipping two cars of cotton seed to the Fort Worth markets.

Miss Capps, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Bales, has returned to her home at Bowie.

McKnight school opened up Monday morning with a good attendance, with Misses Hicks and Ratcliff as teachers.

McKnight held her first general election Tuesday.

Rev. Reavis filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Mrs. Horn is here from New Mexico visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam DeBord.

John Tate has come home from Dickens county.

Plumer Neely has been sick the past few days.

Charlie Hardy has gone to Tulsa to take charge of some land that W. J. Hardy has purchased.

Mrs. H. F. Fortenberry visited Mrs. Jim Gligewell Sunday.

H. F. Fortenberry, Tim Billey and Charlie Lowery motored over to the Unveiling at Hedley Sunday.

FOREST.

TURKEY GOBBLES

The nights are cool, the mornings are chill, the turkey gobbles on the hill. The turkey is a gobbling bird as Johnny Bill would say "My Word." He gobbles from when he is born till the sun lights Thanksgiving morn, he gobbles living, gobbles dead, for ere we get him for a spread he gobbles three round plunks or more out of our lean and hoarded store. So when on glad Thanksgiving Day we gather around to put away some of the white meat from the breast, some peas, potatoes and the rest of the stuff that makes up the meal, the price has nearly made us squeal. But who cares for a plunk or two? This glad Thanksgiving when we chew the tender meat of the fat turk, we'll think, as our glad jaws we work, of all our blessings manifold, and when we are full as we can hold of that glad meal topped off with pie, gladness shall glim in either eye, we'll have much to be thankful for. We're glad we've been kept out of war, we are glad for Woodrow Wilson's way, and we'll be glad Thanksgiving Day that the long slow campaign is over and we'll have Woody four years more. We're glad our country's rich and free and peaceful as it ought to be. We're glad we haven't them things to rule us that are known as "kings." And that is why we rise and sing: We're sorto glad for everything.—Judd Lewis.

STRAYED—1 bay horse, 15+ hands high, old, shod all round. Receive reward. R. M. Stone, Clarendon, Texas.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IS YET IN DOUBT

Up to Thursday noon the returns gave Wilson the lead with enough doubt to make his way to his election. The contest is so close between Hughes and Wilson that it may be several days yet before it is decided. The following table shows how the electoral vote stood Thursday at noon:

	Wilson	Hughes	Doubtful
Alabama.....	12		
Arizona.....	3		
Arkansas.....	9		
California.....			13
Colorado.....	6		
Connecticut.....	7		
Delaware.....	3		
Florida.....	6		
Georgia.....	14		4
Idaho.....	20		
Indiana.....	15		
Iowa.....	13		
Kansas.....	10		
Kentucky.....	13		
Louisiana.....	10		
Maine.....	6		
Maryland.....	8		
Massachusetts.....	18		
Michigan.....	15		
Minnesota.....	12		
Mississippi.....	10		
Missouri.....	18		
Montana.....	4		
Nebraska.....	8		
Nevada.....	3		
New Hampshire.....	4		
New Jersey.....	14		
New Mexico.....	3		
New York.....	45		
North Carolina.....	12		
North Dakota.....	5		
Ohio.....	24		
Oklahoma.....	10		
Oregon.....	5		
Pennsylvania.....	38		
Rhode Island.....	5		
South Carolina.....	9		
South Dakota.....	5		
Tennessee.....	12		
Texas.....	29		
Utah.....	4		
Vermont.....	4		
Virginia.....	12		
Washington.....	7		
West Virginia.....	8		
Wisconsin.....	13		
Wyoming.....	3		
Totals.....	228	215	67

Our Clarendon friends held a big celebration Wednesday night in honor of Wilson's re-election. Bet they felt like they had been a little previous when the returns Thursday morning came out giving neither candidate the majority.

BURGLARS ENTER STORE

The store of Richardson & McCarrall was burglarized last Saturday night, and a few articles taken out, such as clothing, shoes, cap, cuff buttons, and some little change. The intruder made entrance by breaking one of the large front plate glass windows and crawling in that way. Several articles were taken out were found in the store near Lelia Lake, and the burglar is thought to have gone to New Mexico.

The above article is unavoidably left out last issue, but to not be outdone will run this week.

NEW GARAGE OPEN READY FOR BUSINESS

We have equipped our Garage with a good pair of automobile repairs. Also have employed J. L. McFarland, who is a skilled mechanic. We strictly guarantee our work. When needed our line call on us.

BELL & CROW Hedley, Texas

ALFALFA SEED IN SEMIARID REGIONS



INSPECTING AN ALFALFA FIELD IN WEST.

(By A. DOANE, Oklahoma Experiment Station.)

Alfalfa seed is rarely ever grown commercially except in semiarid regions. It is difficult to grow this crop for seed in the humid sections. About half of the seed produced in the United States is grown on irrigated lands in regions of dry summers. Rain or moisture from irrigation after the alfalfa plants are in bloom has a tendency to stimulate new growth from the crown. This greatly reduces the yield. When a seed crop is desired irrigation is withheld until the seed has been harvested. Usually the second crop of alfalfa is allowed to produce seed. However, in the southwestern states the third crop is often preferred for seed, while in the Eastern and Northern states it is necessary that the first crops be used for seed production.

Various factors affect the amount of seed that the alfalfa plants produce, such as thickness of stand, moisture supply and conditions favorable for tripping. The heat of the sun often

favors tripping, as less seed is usually produced in the shade than where the plants are exposed to the sunshine. Abundant moisture lessens seed production, apparently because it stimulates the growth of new sprouts. Too little moisture may also seriously reduce the seed yield, but with the deep root system of alfalfa it is not so frequently subjected to this extreme. In all producing sections the yield of seed varies greatly from season to season. From three to nine bushels of seed is the average yield. Recently alfalfa seed production has been on the increase in the semiarid regions with irrigation. This seed is considered profitable for dry land farming. The stands are best for seed production on dry land. Planting it in rows about three feet apart is also desirable, since it allows frequent cultivation.

For seed the alfalfa should be harvested as soon as most of the pods are ripe and the seeds yellow and hard.

ANT IS SERIOUS PEST

Insect Introduced Into This Country From Brazil.

In Dwellings and Stores Food Supplies Are Attacked and Outdoors Aphids and Mealy Bugs Are Given Protection.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Both indoors and out the Argentine ant is becoming a serious pest in the South, according to entomologists of the United States department of agriculture. In dwellings and stores the pests are attacking food supplies, and out-of-doors they are protecting aphids and mealy bugs, which infest cotton, corn and sugarcane plants. Department Bulletin No. 374, just issued, suggests control measures for the ants.

It is practically certain, states the bulletin, that the Argentine ant was introduced into this country at New Orleans in ships from Brazilian ports. It was first observed in that city in 1891, and at present it is distributed throughout portions of nine southern states. There are three forms of the Argentine ant—the worker, the drone and the queen—all of a dark-brown color. The worker is about one-tenth inch in length, the male is somewhat larger and has wings, while the queen is nearly three times as large as the worker.

Because of its small size and inconspicuous color the worker is able to invade every part of ordinary buildings. Any exposed food or food refuse attracts the workers, and the bulletin states that residents and keepers of grocery stores, meat markets, confectioneries, etc., must either suffer considerably or almost constantly use poison or barriers of various kinds. The farmer, nurseryman, and truck grower find scale insects and aphids more troublesome because of the protection the ant gives to insects depositing honeydew.

Control Measures.
Three methods of controlling the insect are discussed in the bulletin—the use of barriers, poisons and traps.

Ant Barriers. In grossly infested houses much relief may be secured by isolating tables, refrigerators, safes, beds, etc., with bichloride of mercury tape, but extreme care should be taken in using this poison. Placing the legs of articles of furniture in saucers filled with moth balls or coal oils forms a simple and efficient barrier. Trees, beehive stands, and other outdoor objects may be isolated with the sticky substance used on fly paper but made thinner than usual. If 5 per cent of carbolic oil be added, the durability of the bands will be considerably increased.

Ant Poisons.—Strong antimony or arsenical sirups, a number of which are sold by druggists in infested territories, are used to keep the ants from buildings. They give quick relief for short periods, but are not a factor in the reduction of the infestation. The only effective poisons yet known

for permanent control are poisoned sirups. An arsenical sirup is recommended in the bulletin which will be spoiled and which is superior to any other formula yet tested on account of its stability at high temperatures, freedom from crystallization, and continued attractiveness.

Trapping Ants.—Ants may be trapped by providing boxes of decaying vegetation in the winter. The colonies will move into these boxes and the ants may then be killed with carbon bisulphide.

PROFITABLE TO PRODUCE HAY

Southern Farmer Can Raise Feed for \$10 to \$15 Per Ton—Why Pay Northerner Bigger Price?

Folks like bargains. If they can buy at cost they will often go to town and load up with things they do not need just because they are cheap. If the merchant placards his goods at cost he has no trouble in selling his stock and a great many farmers take advantage of the "great sacrifice" that must be made in 30 days.

It is funny that there are so many who never think of selling themselves something at cost. Take hay for instance. Suppose that northern hay is selling for \$20 a ton. Suppose again that the Florida farmer can produce a ton of hay for \$10 to \$15. He could sell himself that hay at cost and keep the difference, which he would have to pay for northern hay, in his pocket. That five or ten dollars is worth saving. It is probable also that the profit would be greater since the price of northern hay is usually higher than \$20 and hay probably can be produced in Florida cheaper than \$10 a ton—Florida Experiment Station.

MANURE PRODUCED AT HOME

Fertilizer Should Not Be Allowed to Accumulate in Stalls—Apply Soon as Possible.

The horse manure produced at home should not be allowed to accumulate in the stalls for longer than a few days at a time. Preferably it should be applied as soon as possible after being made and should be plowed under at the first opportunity.

At times when the land is occupied by growing crops, the manure is best conserved by placing it under cover or in a basin or pit in the barnyard. If, in addition, it can be firmly packed and saturated with water occasionally, the losses will be reduced to a minimum under the circumstances.

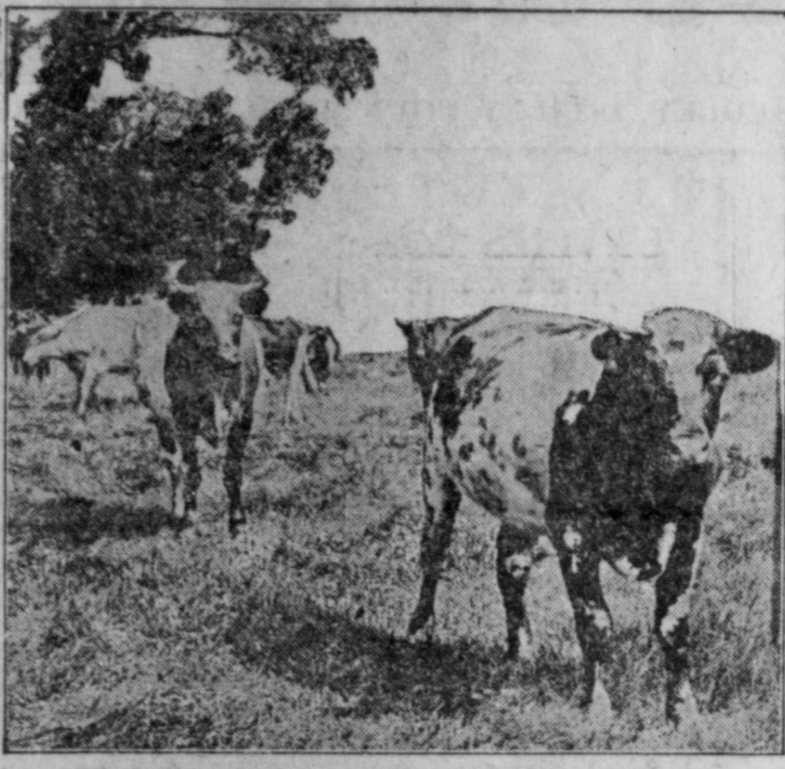
It is well to apply and plow under such manure as soon as possible.

PRODUCE IS POORLY PACKED

Farmer Must Practice Better Methods of Preparing Fruit and Vegetables for Market.

It is a lamentable fact that the great bulk of our produce comes to the market poorly packed and graded. The producer must practice better methods of grading and packing of either fruits or vegetables.—Progressive Farmer.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES APPLIED TO DAIRY



MAN FEELS INDEPENDENT WHEN HE HAS GOOD HERD.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There are so many leaks in the dairy business that only by the use of the best business principles can it be made permanently profitable. Individual cows must each make a profit over the cost of feed; this can be determined only by weighing each cow's milk and the feed that she consumes. The old argument that the best cows are known may have some foundation, but few men know the poorest cows, and the latter go to make up the average as well as the good cows. No dairy is better than its average production. If this is too low, the herd is not paying a profit. Business principles must therefore be applied to lowering the cost of milk production. Efficiency is as much a necessity on the farm as in the factory. Few men feed their cows in proportion to the quantity of milk produced, yet what could be more simple and more nearly right? With little regard for her needs, feed is put before the cow in plenty if it is cheap, and in less quantity if the price is high. Cows use about 60 per cent of their feed merely to keep their bodies working, and it is the quantity that is fed above this fixed necessity that furnishes the material for the milk. Too often the dairyman says "I would do all the up-to-date things if I had the time." Can the storekeeper afford to run his business without keeping books? Yet that is what the farmer is doing.

Benefits of Cow Testing.
Working in co-operation, dairymen can obtain the benefits of business

methods at a very small cost through the organization of a cow-testing association. An organization of this kind that hires an expert to determine the feed cost of milk or fat production for each cow in the herds of the members is easily possible. Such an expert travels from farm to farm, spending usually one day at a place. Each cow's milk is weighed and tested, as is her feed. An account is opened in the ledger for each animal and at the end of the year the profit or loss of each one can be ascertained. The heifers of good cows should be selected and the poor cows should go to the slaughterhouse, otherwise they may be the means of ruining the owner's business. A cow-testing association is a co-operative organization with local offices, and one that can be of use also for advertising the sale of cattle. The results obtained with such advertising have often been remarkable. Dairymen and breeders are certain to be interested in such a movement for the bettering of the business.

At present about 350 of the organizations keep the records for about 150,000 cows owned by about 7,500 farmers. These men are realizing the benefits of co-operation.

The dairy business is well adapted for co-operative organization, and concerted effort by dairymen usually means much greater profits on milk and cream through the elimination of waste, the application of more economical methods of production and manufacture, and the development of more productive cows.

UTILIZE CORNFIELD TO PREPARE LAMBS

Light Corn Crop Makes It Necessary to Get Most Possible Out of the Field.

(By H. HACKFORD, Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station.)

The light corn crop this fall makes it necessary to get the most possible out of the field. The practice of utilizing the undergrowth in the cornfield and the lower leaves of the cornstalks by pasturing the field with lambs has become quite a common one.

Fifty-three to 60-pound western feeding lambs are used by those who wish to make a 90 to 120-day feed, finishing off the lambs in dry lot the last 30 or 40 days. The heavier lambs are used by feeders wanting to make a 90 or 70-day feed. Good to choice lambs are commonly fed. The number of lambs per acre will depend upon the amount and condition of the forage. Usually 3 to 4 lambs per acre will be sufficient.

A single-deck carload of lambs will be about 150 or 160. Lambs can be purchased at the Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Joseph, and Omaha stock yards through any reliable commission house.

The following is a reliable quotation from a sheep commission company the Kansas City yards: "Lambs have been fattened very successfully in cornfield by a good many of our customers. Conditions may be a little ferent on account of the dry weather, and no doubt the lambs will require 30 days' feed in the feed lot before they are considered finished."

"We look for a good high market throughout the fall, and if we are able to make a guess as to the market the first of December, we would reason for us to expect high prices year than last."

The department of animal husbandry of the Missouri College of Agriculture will be at the service of any farmer who wishes help in the management of his lambs or assistance in the management of them.

Mulching.
Prevents the growth of weeds. Retains moisture in the soil. Adds humus, one of the necessary elements.

Short Bits for Sheep.
Sheep will thrive on a short bite, but don't let the bite get too short.

INFLUENCE OF AGE ON VALUE OF HORSES

Animal Considered to Be in His Prime Shortly After He Is Six Years of Age.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Estimates obtained by the department from about 150 owners indicate that a farm work-horse is considered to be in his prime shortly after six years of age, and that even though still perfectly sound, he has declined in value about one-half from the maximum when between fourteen and fifteen years. The estimates were made on the basis of a maximum value of \$250, and covered values by yearly steps from birth to sixteen years of age. The accompanying table, showing the rise and fall of value with age in dollars and in percentage of maximum value, summarizes the results of this study.

Influence of Age on Values of Farm Work Horses.

(Average of 157 estimates.)	Maximum value.	Per cent of maximum value.
1 yr.	\$50	20
2 "	65	26
3 "	90	36
4 "	120	48
5 "	150	60
6 "	200	80
7 "	225	90
8 "	240	96
9 "	245	98
10 "	245	98
11 "	240	96
12 "	230	92
13 "	210	84
14 "	190	76
15 "	170	68
16 "	150	60
17 "	130	52
18 "	110	44
19 "	100	40

Trees Starved to Death.
Fruit trees are just about ready to die. They show it in their leaves. The soil should be made so that the roots may find nourishment for fruit, leaf and branch.

Take Care of Pastures.
Pastures, like most meadowlands, are not given the care and attention they merit, for no other lands on the farm will produce such profits as they if properly managed.

Improves Milk for Pigs.
A little carbonate of soda will keep separator milk quite sweet and palatable for the pigs.

Superlatively Inconspicuous.
"Does Brown amount to much?"
"No more than a horse at a horse show."

A HINT TO WISE WOMEN.
Don't suffer torture when all female troubles will vanish in thin air after using "Femina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Philadelphia mint is swamped by gold receipts.

Ask for and Get
SKINNER'S
THE HIGHEST QUALITY
MACARONI
36 Page Recipe Book Free
SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.
LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA.

W. L. DOUGLAS
"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.
W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wear protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.
The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.
Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.
LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.
W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

At Bridge.
Bridge Friend—You ought to be able to write fine comedies, Mr. Scrib.
Mr. Scrib—You flatter me, Miss Beatrice. Why ought I?
Bridge Friend—Because you make such amusing plays.

No Home Ties.
Lady—Oh, think of your mother!
Burglar—No use, lady; I was brought up in an incubator.

Quick Progress.
Only 44 years ago the first newspaper was founded in Japan. Now there are 2,000 of them in that country.—Buffalo Times.

San Francisco will operate a line of municipal jitneys in Golden Gate park.

Chicago has bought six monkeys for use in studying infantile paralysis.

Buy materials that last
Certain-teed
Fully guaranteed — best responsibility
Roofing
For sale by dealers everywhere at reasonable prices
General Roofing Manufacturing Company
World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers
New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh Detroit San Francisco Houston New Orleans Los Angeles Minneapolis Kansas City Seattle Indianapolis Atlanta Richmond Houston London Sydney

ECZEMA!
"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded without question if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Scabies, Ring Worm or any other skin disease. See the box.
For sale by all drug stores or by mail from the
A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

\$15 Invested May Make \$1,000 Yearly
Get a Warranty Deed, also interest in co-operative oil well we're getting ready to drill in big gasbar oil territory. \$1 cash, \$1 monthly. Four lots \$65. Buy before value in price, which may be soon. Particulars free.
TRIANGLE OIL COMPANY
Houston, Texas
104 Carter Bldg.

COTTON
We handle cotton on consignment only and have the finest concrete warehouses with almost unlimited capacity, where your cotton will be absolutely free from all weather damage. Highest classifications and lowest interest rates on money advanced. Write us for full particulars.
GOHLMAN, LESTER & CO
The oldest and largest exclusive cotton factors in Texas.
HOUSTON, TEXAS

Your Liver Is Clogged Up
That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.
Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature
Brentwood
W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 43-1916.

DEFIANCE STARCH is constantly growing in favor because it does not stick to the iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 15 ct. package 1 lb. 1/2 more starch for same money.
DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska
"ROUGH ON RATS" kills rats, mice, bugs, etc. outdoors, 15c and 30c.

WINCHESTER
HUNTING RIFLES
When you look over the sights of your rifle and see an animal like this silhouetted against the background, you like to feel certain that your equipment is equal to the occasion. The majority of successful hunters use Winchester Rifles, which shows how they are esteemed. They are made in various styles and calibers and ARE SUITABLE FOR ALL KINDS OF HUNTING

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—"Insist and Demand—But get it in hand"

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THE place for you and your wife or sweetheart to eat your meals while visiting the Fair—the place some of you have been coming for twenty years. Reasonable prices, "IT'S A TREAT" SO EAT AT THE ELITE

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DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES. For District Attorney E. T. MILLER. For County Judge J. H. O'NEAL. For County and District Clerk J. J. ALEXANDER. For Sheriff and Tax Collector G. R. DOSHIER. For Tax Assessor B. F. NAYLOR. For County Treasurer E. DUBBS. For Public Weigher Pcts 3 and 4 D. C. MOORE. For Commissioner Pct 3 E. R. CLARK. For Justice of the Peace Pct J. P. JOHNSON. For Constable Pct 3 L. F. STEWART

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. You will love TODAY'S not only because it is practical and dependable, but because every number will bring into your home, joy, inspiration, encouragement and good cheer. 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.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER. J. CLAUDE WELLS Editor and Publisher. Published Every Friday. \$1.00 Per Year in Advance. Entered as second class matter October 28, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Four issues make a newspaper month. Advertising locals run and are charged for until ordered out, unless specific arrangements are made when the ad is brought in.

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

The bark of a dog or the grunt of a pig is sublime music to the growl of a chronic grouch.

Good men in public office are often hard to get, but human nature is so perverse that once we get them we are never satisfied until we get rid of them.

David W. Boliver died at his home in Troy, Bell county, last week after several months of ill health. Mr. Boliver is the father of Ed C. Boliver, editorial writer and foreman of the Clarendon News. We extend to Ed our sincerest sympathy in the loss of his father.

A great many people fondly imagine that if they are honest, pay their debts, and do not speak disparagingly of other people they are among the mainstays of the town. But such is not always the case. Honesty and careful mouth are much to be commended, but this town needs more than that. It needs citizens who will go out of their way to DO SOMETHING for the town, who will labor to better local conditions, who will go their length to bring new industries and new people to our community. Such people as these are in reality the mainstays of a town. And we need a few more mainstays.

It makes not a bit of difference who you are or what you are, this town has done more for you than you have done for it. You may be rich, or you may be poor, or just in moderate circumstances, but in either case your home town has done much for you that you have never recognized or repaid. This statement is worthy of serious consideration by every citizen who believes in giving as he receives. If you give it the consideration it deserves you will get busy right away and do your full share towards making this a bigger and better and more prosperous town in every way.

PROSPERITY POINTERS FOR FARMERS. In the interest of further developing and upbuilding the territory through which their lines are operated, the Fort Worth & Denver City and Wichita Valley Railway Companies have issued an attractive thirty page booklet entitled "Prosperity Pointers For Farmers" and containing valuable information regarding soil conditions and the money making crops that same is best adapted as proven through the production of the numerous bumper crops which have produced generally prosperous conditions and are constantly making it possible for Renters to become prosperous Home Owners. A few of these booklets are available for those whom it may be possible to all rec...

BUSY-BEE Cafe-Confectionery. has a large fresh line of CANDY & CIGARS. West side Main Street.

the question of locating in North-west Texas. If, therefore, you have any friends that you desire to interest, and will send us their names and addresses, we will find pleasure in mailing them copies of the issue referred to. If you have friends to whom you would like to send copies your self, instead of having us do so, we will be glad to send you the booklets desired free of cost. W. F. Sterley, G. F. & P. A., F. W. & D. C. Ry Co. Fort Worth, Texas.

For the best of service go to King's Barber Shop where you can get fresh shaves, wet baths and clean clothes. Satisfaction guaranteed or whiskers refunded. Informer ads get results.

Save Pennies—Waste Dollars. Some users of printing save pennies by getting inferior work and lose dollars through lack of advertising value in the work they get. Printers as a rule charge very reasonable prices, for none of them get rich although nearly all of them work hard. Moral: Give your printing to a good printer and save money. Our Printing Is Unexcelled.

NEW HOME. "I'll get it for my wife". 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. Insist on having the "NEW HOME". WARRANTED FOR LIFE. Known the world over for superior quality. Not sold under any other name. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. Dealer W...

DONLEY COUNTY. Judge, J. C. Kibbey. Clerk, J. J. Alexander. Sheriff, G. R. Doshier. Treasurer, E. D. Babb. Assessor, B. F. Naylor. County Attorney, J. P. Johnson. Justice of the Peace, J. P. Johnson. Constable, J. M. Babb. District Court meets in January and July. County Court convenes in February, March and November.

City Directory. HEDLEY BAPTIST CHURCH. Every 1st Sunday—Pastor, T. J. Stansel. Sunday School every Sunday 10 a. m. N. M. Hornsby, 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.

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 10 a. m. at the Presbyterian church. A most cordial invitation is extended to everyone.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Preaching every First Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

At The First Baptist Church. W. H. McKenzie, Pastor. Preaching first and third Sundays, morning and evenings. Sunday school each Sunday at 10 a. m. O. E. Johnson, Supt. Prayer meeting and choir practice each Tuesday night at 7:30.

Ladies Aid Society meeting Wednesdays after 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m. The public is cordially invited to attend any of these services.

Every 2nd and 4th Monday nights. J. C. Wells, C. C. L. A. Stroud, Cleric.

I. O. O. F. Lodge meets on every Tuesday night. M. 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.

Do You Use Good Paper When You Write? We Can Print Anything and Do It Right.

New York on Fire! One touch of the button and a mansion burns—another pressure and the biggest bank in the city bursts into flames. It's only a question of minutes before all New York will be on fire—Manhattan is at the mercy of a hand. Read the engrossing details in Arthur Stinger's "The Iron Claw," the startling motion picture serial story about to be published in this newspaper. Things happen at the rate of sixty to every second in "The Iron Claw." The reader who misses it will always regret it. Read the Story Then See the Picture at the Theater.

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.

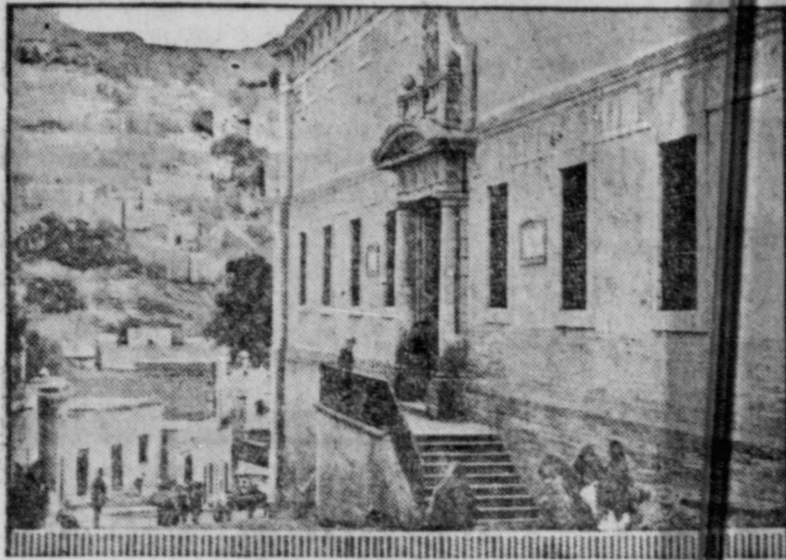
J. F. Fincher's Tin and General Repair Shop. Any Kind of TIN WORK done. Any and Every Kind of Repair Work, Woodwork, Painting, Carpentering, etc. All work guaranteed. ALSO BUY AND SELL SECOND-HAND GOODS. Your patronage will be appreciated. East Side Main Street Hedley, Texas

To My Friends in Donley County: I desire to call your attention to a list of bargains in wheat land, which I am offering for sale, as follows: A half section southwest of Washburn, all level land at \$12.50 per acre. A section of land, with seven room house in a small town, land adjoining town within 100 yards of a pot, 300 acres in cultivation, all tillable, \$20 per acre. A half section 6 miles from Amarillo at \$15.00. A quarter section 10 miles east of Panhandle at \$15.00. A perfect section, 8 room house, 300 acres in wheat 8 miles from Happy at \$15.00 per acre. A quarter section, one mile from Panhandle, at \$25.00. A section near Wildorado at \$12.50 per acre. 950 acres of land, improved, 3 miles from Amarillo, \$21.00 per acre. A perfect section south of Vega, at \$10.00 per acre. Let me know your wants and I will fill you up.

Over old P. O. Bldg. L. A. WELLS AMARILLO, TEX.

365 COPIES No. of Copies Yearly. DURING BARGAIN DAYS Dec. 1 to 15 Annually. You Can Subscribe or Renew for a Complete Year to The Fort Worth STAR-TELEGRAM 40,000 DAILY (8 Editions) 45,000 Sunday. A \$6.00 Daily and Sunday Newspaper for \$3.60 A PENNY A DAY. IMPORTANT NOTICE! With the exception of black ink, all raw materials used in the manufacture of a newspaper have advanced in cost during the past twelve months approximately 100 per cent. This means that it will cost our publisher practically double to supply you with a newspaper the coming year. Under stress of these unusual conditions, The Star-Telegram has been forced to increase its "Bargain Days" rate from \$3.25 to \$3.60. An increase of 40c per year (3 1-3c per month) or 12 per cent. Based on the conservative estimate increase in production cost of 100 per cent, this price the division of added expense will be as follows: Increased expense to The Star-Telegram 8% Increased expense to The Reader 12% This situation means that after "Bargain Days" the regular rate of \$6.00 per year must be strictly enforced. We have battered the price to the very bottom in order to protect our Annual Subscription Campaign Rate Period, which has been in effect since the establishment of The Star-Telegram. Do not take chances, save the \$2.55, by ordering before Bargain Days expire. Take advantage of the \$3.65 rate. The high standard of The Star-Telegram will be maintained as long as there is a Star-Telegram regardless of any war burdens. Bring Your Order to This Office. 365 CENTS

NATIVE LIFE IN GUANAJUATO



SCENE IN GUANAJUATO

A STRIKING picture of native life in Guanajuato, the treasure chest of mercurial Mexico, is given in a communication to the National Geographic society by Frank H. Probert. Mr. Probert reveals the Mexican peons as they are known only to the American who has lived among them.

Leaving the walled inclosure of the railroad yards, says he, one looks down on the apparently cramped and crowded city of Guanajuato, capital of the richest of the south central states of Mexico. Hard by, to the right, is the bull ring, the scene on Sundays and fiestas of farcical combats between two-legged brutes and four-legged beasts.

In the soft sunshine of summer days the first vista of the city is striking indeed. Churches of magnificent proportions; ancient and modern architectures strangely blended in the same edifice; stately buildings; imposing markets; stores of all descriptions; and dwelling places, rudely bare, variously colored with neutral tints of calcimine, their grated windows and open doors exhibiting to all the sparsely furnished interior where bird, beast and human eat and live together. The sordid squalor of the many contrasts strikingly with the oppressive opulence of the few.

The cobblestone streets are crooked and narrow; so narrow, in fact that caballeros must take to the sidewalk to permit of the passing of any kind of vehicle. The dingy tram cars drawn by relays of mules, three abreast, beaten into subjection by the stinging lash or coaxed into action by the curses of the youthful drivers, whose vernacular is wonderfully expressive and effective; indeed, I doubt if anything but a mule can really appreciate the depth of feeling and irresistible persuasiveness of the vile expressions.

Odd Sights in the Streets. What strange sights one can see in these main arteries of the city! I have set my camera on the balcony of my room at the Woods hotel and will snap what passes by. At first, a herd of patient-plodding burros loaded down with slabs of the pale green sandstone quarried near by and used for building purposes; a legless cripple shuffles along on a board, propelling himself with his hands; a cargador trots along tirelessly with his awkward burden, in this case a sewing machine; more burros overloaded with charcoal; another pack struggles under the weight of sacked ore from the mines; still another bearing grain to the market, and the street car demanding loudly a clear track; a funeral procession where laughing children carry a baby's casket, swaying from side to side to the accompaniment of anything but appropriate music, and behind the mourners in silent solemnity.

Strangely superstitious are these people. Grossly ignorant, constant in their faith, pathetic in their simplicity, kindly and respectful, their life is epitomized in the verse: "Let the world slide, let the world go; A fig for care and a fig for woe! If I can't pay, why I can owe, And death makes equal the high and low."

Hanging Judas Iscariot in Effigy. 'Tis Eastern Sunday morning. I am awakened at early dawn by the tooting of tin horns, accompanied by the sonorous screeches of brass violins and fiddles as sounds are seen from their strings; by the shuffling of sandaled feet over the stones of the street, and by the babel of voices of passing peons. Church bells clang, sirens scream, whistles wildly mingle in the melody of merriment; for is not this the day when Judas Iscariot is to be hung in effigy.

A grotesque dummy figure is paraded through the town, followed by the jeering and cheering crowds, who have risen early to give expression to their righteous indignation against the betrayer. After circling the city the procession halts, Judas is promptly yanked by the ropes from the bearers and dangles in midair, a sorry sight, spit upon, cursed, condemned, consigned to everlasting purgatory, to which place, at sunset, he is sent by the explosion of dynamite concealed in his carcass. Ribaldry runs riot as the day advances, and night falls on an exhausted though happy people. What matters if the prison is overcrowded that night, or that the supply of pulque or mescal is depleted almost to the degree of exhaustion?

To the casual visitor from the States the habits and customs of these lowly people are strange, but fascinating. They do not need our con-

demiseration or sympathy; they are content in their mode of living and who shall say that they are less happy or human in their habitat than many of us?

Peon is Always a Peon. The Mexican peon knows that he is born to serve, as did the old southern darky, and caste or class distinction is emphasized on all occasions. The mazo rides silently behind the lordly caballero; the peon woman steps into the street and bows her head as the padre passes; in the plaza on Sunday evenings, when the melodious martial music fills the air, the upper classes parade in one direction while the peons gyrate as an outer ring in the opposite direction. As a class they are industrious and skillful at the time element is eliminated.

The peon miner is a competent workman when unhampered by modern machines and has a "nose" for ore that is truly remarkable. As matters of the soil their methods are primitive but productive; they still use oxen and the wooden plow share, and the fields are fenced with imperishable dry-rock walls. In the making of pottery and basketry they excel; in tanning hides, saddlery and the working of metals they are inimitable. The women, too, can grind corn on a mague, cook tortillas and frijoles, raise families, launder clothes on a rock near the creek, and make the most exquisite laces and the finest of drawnwool with equal skill.

IS MODERN MILES STANDISH

Bashful West Virginia Youth Speaks Proposal into Photograph and Sends Record to Sweetheart.

It is too bad to have to climb up and remove the laurel wreath from the bearded brow of Miles Standish. His has always been a name to thrill the youth of the seventh grade and the Indians he made upon the Indian population of New England gentle him to a high place in the hall of fame.

That little piece of love-making which he carried off with Priscilla with John Alden as his proxy, has long appealed to the hosts who look upon bashfulness as one of the attributes of a brave warrior.

Of course, Napoleon, Alexander and Antony weren't particularly backward about their wooings and Richard III was rather a parlor favorite in his way; but soldiers, that is, good American colonial soldiers have usually been bashful.

Washington was, he says so himself. And so was Standish. Both lost girls because they were too slow. But when it comes to downright dyed-in-the-wool bashfulness we must all stand back and let the ushers lead Alfred B. Manning of Parkersburg, W. Va., down to the front seat, says the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. Gentlemen, bring forward the cruise of oil and anoint Mr. Manning. Hand him the cake.

Amid all these wars and rumors of wars comes from Parkersburg a story which alleges that Mr. Manning, unable to nerve himself to the point of asking a young woman to be his wife, spoke his little piece into a photograph and sent her the record.

By and by he received another record. Putting it in his machine and cranking up, he ceased the mechanism and, while great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, he heard the little oak doors emit the single word "Yes."

To the captives, Mr. Manning's methods might be considered as smacking too much of Indian customs. It will be recalled that the aborigines, meaning to deceive war, would send their enemy a snakeskin filled with bullets. But these critics are too harsh; proposing by photograph is businesslike, to the point of sanitary. It may lack some of the sentiment, but it accomplishes the purpose. It fetches home the matrimonial bacon. We sincerely hope that in the years to come Mr. and Mrs. Manning will have no occasion to smooch the record.

Strongly Disapproved. "We won't stand for suggestive motion pictures in this town." "No?" "Yesterday, just as a kiss began on the screen, something went wrong with the projecting machine and it lasted for nearly thirty minutes." "Well! Well!" "That in the meantime 24 indignation matrons got up and left the place."

WHY FOR WILSON!

Great Manufacturer Gives Reasons for His Vote.

Employer of Well-Paid Thousands Advocates Opinions That Will Weigh Heavily With the Voters in the Coming Election.

Henry Ford, the great automobile manufacturer, humanitarian and life-long Republican of Detroit, Mich., who congratulated President Wilson upon his prevention of the railway strike, is out with a clean-cut statement declaring that he will vote for Wilson and giving his reasons why. Mr. Ford says flatly that the eight-hour day is a good thing for business, that he "can prove it," and that President Wilson is keeping the "unseen hands" off the government.

"I'm for Wilson," reads Mr. Ford's statement, "because he is on to the interests—the 'unseen hands' that seek to control government, and he is holding them off. This is proved by his refusal to rush into war with Mexico, sacrificing the lives of thousands of young Americans to save the dollars that Wall Street has invested in Mexico on a gamble.

"But for purely business reasons, which may appeal more directly to many men, the welfare of the country demands Wilson's re-election. The Republicans are raising a great roar about the eight-hour law and how it will hamper business. I say—and I say from experience, not from guesswork—that the eight-hour law will help business. Business men and employers who are hostile to the eight-hour law do not know their business.

"We have had the eight-hour day in force in the Ford factory for three years, and we have made more money each succeeding year under it. It has proved its own merit.

"The business of the United States today has a momentum that no man or group of men can stop. As for the tariff, which the Republicans say must be revised to help save our prosperity after the war, I want to say that the tariff is nothing but a hothouse remedy.

"It may make business sprout for a little while, but its effect is artificial, and it never can produce a hardy, permanent business plant.

"I know Hughes, Teddy and Wall Street are behind him.

"I'm a Republican, but I'm for Wilson. I'm a Republican for the same reason. I have ears—I was born that way. But I'm for Wilson because I believe he can do more to enhance the prosperity and assure peace for this nation than any other candidate. Anyone who does not want peace and who wants to gamble with prosperity, should vote against him."

Washington and Wilson.

Woodrow Wilson is proving to be the George Washington of the present century. He is proving himself able to save the republic after it was founded by the wisdom of Washington. He is the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night that is guiding the republic out of the wilderness of labor wars, out of the wilderness of financial panic and out of the wilderness of poverty and into the Canaan of peace at home and abroad and of financial prosperity secured under the Owen financial act which makes panics impossible, and by the child labor legislation which will develop a more healthy and better educated citizenry. There is a strong analogy between Washington and Wilson.—Durant (Okla.) Democrat.

Our Prosperity at Home.

If the war orders for automobiles this year are equal to the orders last year, making a total of 200,000 for two years, the record in the automobile industry will stand 200,000 automobiles to the allies in Europe and a million automobiles to the farmers in America. This is a fair idea of the extent to which American prosperity is dependent upon the war in Europe.—Chippewa Falls (Wis.) Independent.

Hughes' "Punch."

It would be safer for the "100 per cent" candidate to put the "punch" in the campaign himself than to let Mr. Roosevelt do it. The call for something explicit and precise from Mr. Hughes is so loud that he is likely to lose as much by his pussy-foot methods as he could by any degree of candor.—Lockhaven (Pa.) Dispatch.

The Independent Vote.

Behind the candidacy of the president and giving it support no less positive and enthusiastic than that of his own party is a vast army of independent, thoughtful citizens who will fall in November to attest their appreciation of the president's course and the president's accomplishments.—Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel.

Real Preparedness.

A comparison of the percentages of the total orders for munitions during the McKinley, Roosevelt, and Wilson administrations shows the following figures: Projectiles—McKinley-Roosevelt 24 per cent; Roosevelt, 8.6 per cent; 22.4 per cent; Wilson, 63.9 per cent. Torpedoes—McKinley-Roosevelt 18 per cent; Roosevelt, 9.4 per cent; Taft, 18.3 per cent; Wilson, 73.3 per cent. Misses—McKinley-Roosevelt, Roosevelt and Taft, 9.7 per cent; Wilson, 96.3 per cent.

SEES WELFARE OF COUNTRY

Why Unsympathetic Critic of President Wilson Has Become His Strong Political Friend.

Life, the fearless, talented and clever oracle of society, once an unsympathetic critic of Mr. Wilson, has seen the light. In a recent issue it ventures the opinion that Mr. Wilson is the greatest American progressive since Thomas Jefferson. It says: "He is perfectly willing to use the rich to beat rich and aristocracy."

"Jefferson fought the Federalists, including most of the rich and respectable people in the country; Jackson fought the United States bank; Lincoln fought here and there—the trusts, the railroads, the bankers, off and on, but Roosevelt is an aristocrat and has compassionate bowels for his own kind.

"But Mr. Wilson is not an aristocrat. He has fought, according to his lights, against the exploitation of the bodies and energies of the common people to defend the interests and investments of the prosperous. At the start he would not fight in Mexico to defend American investors; he would not take sides with Rockefeller in the Colorado strike; he helped reduce the tariff; he alleviated the domination of the money trust; he would not get us into war, even after the Lusitania, though he did risk doing so, and though all 'society' wanted to get in; and he would not side with the railroads against the brotherhoods.

"This man is for the mass of the people. He is really a great Democrat. He is a good hand to nip the tariff cobra, the banking adder, and the railroad bonconstrutor when that is necessary.

"It is his nature to fight these creatures. It was not Roosevelt's nature to fight them. He could slash around among them on occasions, but he enjoyed their society. His notion of government was always government by aristocracy."

ROOSEVELT THEN AND NOW

Theodore's Affiliations in 1913 Seem to Present a Sort of Difference to the Observer of Today.

William H. Ayer, Progressive leader of Connecticut, made public a letter written to him by Theodore Roosevelt on May 9, 1913, which he contrasts with Roosevelt's present affiliation with Taft, Root, Smoot, Penrose, Crane, Cannon, Barnes, Guggenheim and other Republican bosses, and his spectacularly staged reconciliation with William Howard Taft. Mr. Roosevelt wrote in part as follows:

"It is as idle to talk of our amalgamating with either of the old party machines as it would have been to talk of Lincoln amalgamating with Bourbon Democrats or the cotton Whigs of their day. There is no place in our ranks for the boss, for the man who represents the alliance between privilege in business and privilege in politics."

Mr. Ayer makes this comment on the foregoing:

"If Mr. Roosevelt really believes what he said in 1913, then Progressives can never reconcile his attitude when he wrote the letter and his attitude at the present time. For the same old ring which he repudiated in 1912 and the ring which controls the Republican party today are one and the same. On the other hand, the Democratic party, under Woodrow Wilson's leadership, has indicated practically all of the principal planks of the Progressive party in the Democratic party platform, as well as having legislated into law many Progressive measures. The Republican party, on the other hand, through its presidential candidate and standpat leaders, is even now advocating the repudiation of these very Progressive measures."

Leading Republican for Wilson.

Frederick F. Ayer, author, lawyer, financier, manufacturer, railroad director, large stockholder in the New York Tribune association, and a Republican of many years standing, has forwarded to Vance C. McCormick, chairman of the Democratic national committee, a check for \$1,000 as his contribution to the campaign to re-elect President Wilson.

"I am convinced that Mr. Wilson is one of the greatest presidents we have ever had. His hatred of war and love of his country perching like Jewels in his office," said Mr. Ayer in accompanying his contribution.

Wages Up 20 Per Cent.

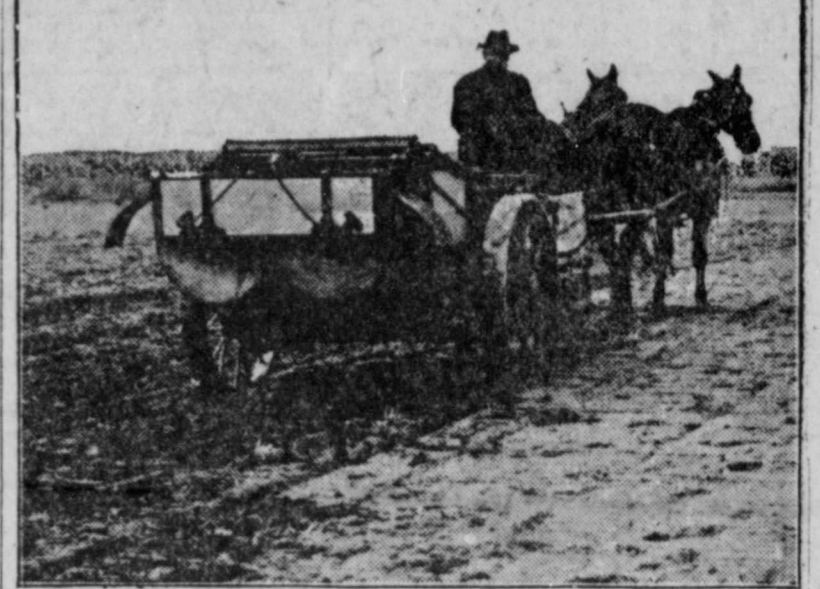
Unlucky editors throughout the country suggesting that when Roosevelt paid and well-fed people of the Democratic high cost that they are low enough to be average as compared with the wages of the bottom out of the Republic.

Hughes Another Taft.

Being out that Taft's administration was wrecked by old guard Republicanism and that the same element of the Republican party are in power, the New York World suggests Hughes to Taft: "Hughes does not differ in any way from respect from Mr. Taft. A Hughes administration would inevitably be another Taft administration. Colonel Roosevelt for reasons of his own might be satisfied with another Taft administration, but we cannot believe that the country is keen for it."

MAKING the FARM PAY

By PROF. P. G. HOLDEN, Former Dean of the Iowa Agricultural College.



Proper Way to Apply Manure to the Land.

WASTING THE FARM MANURE

The farmer who sells 1,000 pounds of red clover hay worth from \$4 to \$7, sells from his farm as much soil fertility as he would if he sold a 1,000-pound steer or two fat hogs weighing 500 pounds apiece; and the hogs or the steer would bring him from \$75 to \$100. In 50 bushels of corn there is about \$15 worth of soil fertility; in 100 pounds of butter about 4 cents worth of fertility; or in other words from 70 to 85 per cent of the fertilizing elements, such as nitrogen, phosphorus and potash taken from the soil by crops are returned to the soil if the crops are fed to animals and the manure put back on the land. It is well to remember that manure represents fertility which has been taken from the soil by crops and must be returned to it if productiveness is to be maintained. It not only adds to the store of plant food in the soil by returning a large per cent of the nitrogen, phosphorus and potash removed by crops, but it also renders the native plant food of the soil more available. It improves its physical condition, makes it warm and enables it to receive and retain more moisture; lets air into the soil, aids in the development of bacteria and helps to prevent washing.

No Substitute Found.

No substitute at present known is capable of completely filling the place of farm manure. Notwithstanding its great value, there is probably no material on the farm in which so great and needless waste occurs. It is a common sight in almost any section to see stables and feed lots situated upon the bank of a stream or ditch where the most valuable portion of the manure will pass into the stream.

There is no soil so fertile that its producing power cannot be eventually exhausted by continued cropping which takes away fertility and returns nothing. We must not forget that the manure crop does not belong to the farmer, but to the soil, and must be returned to the soil.

Manures are carelessly thrown out where they are washed into the streams or the fine particles leached away or burned by self-generated heat and robbed of a large portion of their nitrogen.

Can you expect manures to be worth much after they have been washed by rains, dried by winds, burned by combustion, rooted over by hogs and tramped into the ground by stock?

Interesting Experiment.

A very interesting experiment was conducted at Cornell university to show the effect of weathering and leaching upon the value of manure.

Four thousand pounds of manure from the horse stable composed of 3,319 of excrement and 681 pounds of straw were placed out of doors in a pile and left exposed for six months. (April 25 to September 22.) At the end of this period out of 4,000 pounds only 1,730 pounds remained—a loss of 57 per cent of the gross weight and 65 per cent loss in fertilizing value.

During the same period 10,000 pounds of manure from the cow stables were exposed for six months. The cow manure showed a loss of 5,125 pounds, or 49 per cent of the gross weight and 32 per cent of its value. A 1,000-pound horse will produce about nine tons of manure a year (without litter) valued in plant food at about \$15.

A 1,000-pound dairy cow will produce 12 tons of manure a year worth approximately \$20.

One hundred dairy cows weighing 1,000 pounds each will produce in one year about 2,400,000 pounds of manure worth over \$2,000.

Don't you think that \$2,000 is worth looking after? The Ohio experiment station found that 48 grade polled Angus steer calves weighing on an average 448 pounds each at the time they were stabled, produced in 13 months 699,504 pounds of manure, nearly 350 tons including bedding. This amount of manure is worth in plant food element nearly \$700.

Value of Stable Manure.

The money value of the stable manure produced on Wisconsin farms for example amounts to millions each year. The fertilizer ingredients contained in the manure produced in one year by the different classes of farm animals are approximately the following amounts per head—dairy cows \$20, other cattle and horses \$15, sheep \$2 and swine \$4. The total value of the

fertilizer elements contained in the manure produced by these animals during the year is as follows: 1,504,000 milk cows, fertilizer value of manure produced \$30,080,000 1,146,000 other cattle, fertilizer value of manure produced 22,920,000 652,000 horses, fertilizer value of manure produced 9,780,000 822,000 sheep, fertilizer value of manure produced 1,644,000 2,030,000 swine, fertilizer value of manure produced 8,120,000 Total value of the manure produced annually \$72,544,000 by the farm animals in the state is worth twice as much as that annually removed from the soil by crops. If all the fertilizer elements contained in the manure produced on Wisconsin farms could be saved and properly utilized, the fertility of the soil in the state might be maintained and even improved, since the fertility in purchased



Wasteful Method of Handling Manure.

feeds brought into the state more than covers that in agricultural products sold by Wisconsin farmers.

Enormous Waste of Manure.

The United States department of agriculture estimated the number of cattle in the United States on January 1, 1910, at 70,000,000; sheep, 57,216,000; swine, 47,782,000. If we assume that ten sheep or hogs are equivalent to one cow or steer in manure production, we shall have a total of over 80,000,000 cattle. They are no doubt equivalent to 60,000,000 1,000-pound cattle. If these are yarded four months each winter, there should be a total manure production during that period of 150,000,000 tons, having a crop-producing value of at least \$200,000,000 above all cost of handling. It is a very conservative estimate to place the waste of this manure under the present system of handling at 25 per cent, or \$50,000,000 annually. It is no doubt twice that amount.

Manure is lost by weathering, leaching, heating, rotting, by piling in heaps in the field and letting stand before spreading. If you cannot spread it soon after it is produced, store it in a pit or manure shed.

Of all the ways in which manure is handled, piling it in heaps in the field is the most wasteful. It is worse than leaving it under the barn eaves and letting it leach out there, because of the waste of labor involved in hauling it to the field to be thrown away.

The overgrowth of lodged and half-filled grain over such spots ought to be sufficient to convince any man of the mistake of such a method; yet there are thousands of farmers who are still piling manure in the fields.

Value of Liquid Manure.

A greater portion of the fertilizing value of the manure is found in the liquid portion. The full effect of neither the solid nor the liquid portion can be obtained except when used in connection with the other. If the liquid is permitted to flow away or become leached out by rain and separated from the solid portion, whether in yard or field, it carries with it the plant food. The only right way to handle manure is to collect the liquid by abundant absorbents as straw, get it promptly to the field, spread it there at once and let sunshine and rain do their work. The sunshine will evaporate the water and the rain which follows will dissolve the salts and wash them into the soil where they are needed.

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, 529 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, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letter, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

St. Louis laundries have unaccountably raised prices.

Sties, Granulated Eyelids, Sore and Inflamed Eyes Healed promptly by the use of ROMAN EYE BALSAM.—Adv.

Philadelphia has 74,026 pupils in parochial schools.

Worries Bring Aches

Life today brings many worries and worrying brings on kidney troubles, so the doctors say. Kidney weakness reveals itself in backache, pains when stooping or lifting, dizzy headaches and urinary disorders. Be cheerful. Stop worrying. And, to strengthen weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the kidney remedy that is used and recommended the world over.

A Texas Case

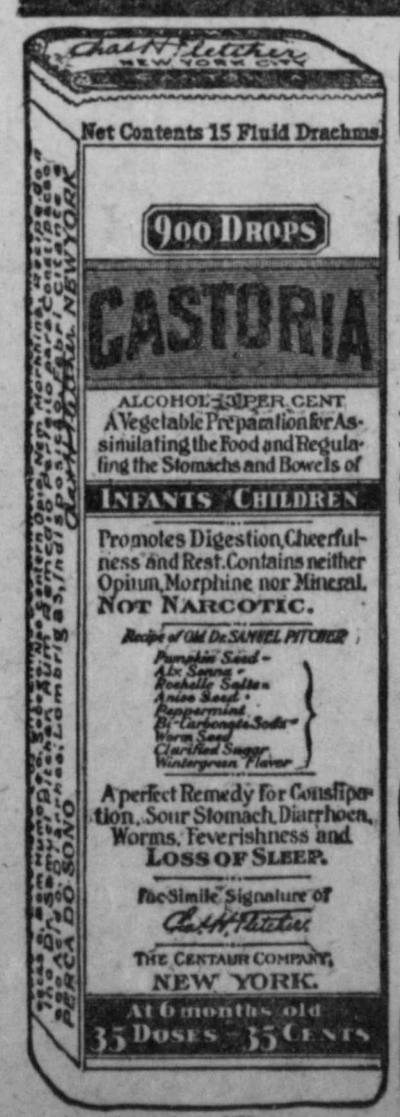
Mrs. George R. ... says: "Kidney trouble kept me in misery. I had a dull, nagging pain in the small of my back and it seldom let up. Finally, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they not only stopped the backache, but restored my health. Whenever I have used this medicine since, it has benefited me."

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

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

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

Nathan Blokford PENSION PATENT ATTORNEY refers to clients in every state. 645 La. Ave., Washington, D. C.



CASTORIA
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
900 DROPS
ALCOHOL-FREE PREPARATION
Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
THE CERTAIN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Headgear in War.
The German army was equipped with steel helmets long before the war was begun. After the conflict was well under way the French discovered that the percentage of head wounds sustained by their soldiers was much greater than the percentage in the German army. The French adopted the steel helmet. The British followed suit, and now even the slow-moving Russians have equipped a small part of their force with the best form of protection against head wounds. After Russia comes the United States with an announcement through the war department that steel helmets for American soldiers are being "considered."—Washington Herald.

To Drive Out Malaria
And Build Up The System
Take the OLD STANDARD GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Unearned Increment Measured in Crop.
The average value of farm land throughout the United States in 1910, aside from buildings, was \$32,49 an acre, according to the census. In 1916, according to the department of agriculture, this value had grown to \$45,50, an increase of 40 per cent. Since the total value of farm lands, aside from buildings was returned in 1910 as \$28,475,000,000, the total increment since then must be more than eleven billions.

PIMPLES, BOILS AND DANDRUFF
Disappear by using Tetterine, a sure, safe and speedy cure for Eczema, Tetter, Infant's Sore Head, Chlubiains and Itching Piles. Endorsed by physicians; praised by thousands who have used it.

"I feel like I owe to my fellowman this much: For seven years I had eczema on my ankle. I have tried many doctors and numerous remedies which only temporarily relieved. I decided to give your Tetterine a trial. I did so and after eight weeks am entirely free from the terrible eczema."
I. S. Giddens, Tampa, Fla.
Tetterine, 50c per box. Your druggist or J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

More Horses Than Ever.
For all the motor vehicles which are multiplying like rabbits, horses are increasing in number. In New York State a census was taken by school children last year under the auspices of the State education and agricultural departments. This was the first census of its kind ever attempted. The children's figures give the number of horses last year at 1,017,728, which is an increase of 108,000 over the Federal census of 1910. The number of cows remains unchanged, but sheep fell off 806,000. A gain of 200,000 is shown in swine.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY
but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Clean Record.
"What makes Jinks so proud of his ancestors? I never heard any of them did anything."
"That's exactly the point. So many persons' ancestors did do things which got them into trouble with the police."
—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

ON FIRST SYMPTOMS
use "Renovine" and be cured. Do not wait until the heart organ is beyond repair. "Renovine" is the heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Its Usual Remark.
"Pa, what does money say when it talks?"
"Good-by."
Youngstown, O., now has 21,000 public school pupils, an increase of 2,000 over 1915.

DAIRY FACTS

VARIATIONS IN CREAM TESTS

One of Most Common Causes is Difference in Amount of Water Used for Flushing.

There are many causes for the variations sometimes found in cream tests. Frequently would be a better word to use than sometimes in connection with this subject, for variations in the tests may always be looked for. A few of the causes are here given.

If the milk of a herd of cows whose average test is 4 per cent is separated so that the cream tests 40 per cent and the milk suddenly drops to 3.5 per cent of fat, as will often occur, the cream will then test only 35 per cent. The amount of fat lost in the skim milk is not affected to any appreciable extent by the richness of the milk separated.

One of the most common causes of variation in the test of cream from the farm separator is a variation in the amount of water or skim milk used for flushing out the cream at the end of the run. It is apparent that especially where a small quantity of cream is separated, a marked difference in the richness of the cream may be made by a change in the amount of water or skim milk added. It is an easy matter to vary a pint or more in the water or skim milk used and this alone may easily change the per cent of fat in the cream from 2 to 5 per cent. The per cent of fat in the cream may be readily changed, as is well known, by adjusting the cream screw.

The cream screw, however, is not changed very frequently and it is not the common cause of the variations in the test which constantly occur and which causes so much friction between the buyer and seller of cream.

SCRUB SIRE NOT PROFITABLE

Farmers Advised by Ohio Expert Not to Sell Head of Herd Until Daughters Been Tested.

Can a bull be worth nearly \$3,000 in one year in a dairy herd? The animal may be worth this much or even more, according to figures given by Prof. C. C. Hayden of the Ohio experiment station. He shows that in the station dairy herd one bull produced daughters averaging 153 pounds more butterfat annually than their dams. If ten daughters produced milk for six years, the total production of this sire would be worth \$2,750 more than that of a bull that produced no increase, if butterfat is worth 30 cents a pound.

Since the value of the bull can be determined only by the milk and butter yields of his daughters, farmers are advised not to sell the dairy sire until his daughters have been tested. Buyers should not discriminate against an old bull if he has some high-producing daughters; for his value cannot be determined until he is at least four years old.

HERD SUBORDINATE TO FARM
Farmer Makes Big Mistake if He Does Not Regard Cows as Assistants or Side Issue.
(By DR. H. B. FAVILL.)
The man who doesn't regard his herd of dairy cows, be they grade or purebred breeding cattle, as the hand-maidens of the farm, as the assistants, as the side issues of the farm, and which is only a means of getting the farm up to its highest point, ought to fail, and he probably will. For, after all, it is the counts, and not the herd that makes the farm. It is the farm that makes the herd, and not the herd. In the take the country through, there be no great breeders except the are great farmers, because the is subordinate to the farm and for the purpose of making the farm.

RICHNESS OF A COW
Mistake to Expect That It Influenced by Character or Given to Animal.
It seems reasonable to expect the richness of milk could be influenced by the character of given to the animals. However, been thoroughly proved that practical purposes it is impossible. The richness of the cow's milk depends upon inheritance and can more be changed permanently by the feed than can the color of her hair. If the milk cannot be changed in richness by the feed it is clearly impossible for cream to be influenced in this way.



Purebred Bull.

DON'T SNIFFLE!
You can rid yourself of that cold in the head by taking Laxative Quinidine Tablets. Price 25c. Also used in cases of La Grippe and for severe headaches. Remember that.—Adv.

The Old, Old Story.
"Owens boasts that he never tells the same story twice."
"His tailor twice differently."

STOP ITCHING INSTANTLY
With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Nothing Better. Trial Free.

Bathe the affected part with Cuticura Soap and apply the Ointment. For eczemas, rashes, irritations, pimples, dandruff and sore hands Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme. Nothing better, cleaner or purer than these super-creamy emollients at any price. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Still Something Due.
Patient—Doc, I owe you my life.
Doctor—Yes, and that isn't all.—Minnesota Minnehaha.

Dr. Perry's "DEAD SHOT" is an effective medicine for Worms or Tapeworm in adults or children. One dose is sufficient and no supplemental purge necessary.—Adv.

Evaporates.
"Pride goes before a fall, you know."
"Maybe it does; but it goes a lot quicker after one."

BREAD WITHOUT SALT IS TASTELESS
A medicine chest without Magic Arica Liniment is useless. Best of all liniments for sprains, swellings, bruises, rheumatism and neuralgia. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Millions in Sand and Gravel.
During the last year 79,281,735 short tons of sand and gravel, having a value of \$23,846,000, were dug out in the United States.

CAPUDINE

—For Headaches—
Try it and be convinced. Good for aches in back and limbs also—Assists Nature to get right and stay so. It's Liquid—easy to take.—Adv.

CANADA HAS BIG TELESCOPE

Reflecting Apparatus at Victoria is Said to Be the Largest Yet Constructed.

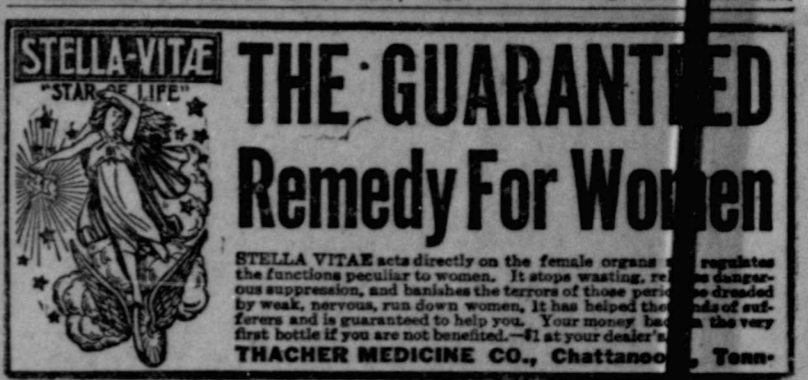
A seventy-three-inch reflecting telescope, which ranks in size as the largest telescope of that type yet completed, has been constructed for the Dominion Astronomical observatory at Victoria, Canada. The instrument is described in Popular Mechanics. The mirror, which in this type of telescope takes the place of a lens in concentrating the rays of light, measures 73 inches in diameter over all, is 12 inches thick at the edges, and is pierced by a hole ten and one-eighth inches in diameter. The silvered upper surface is a parabola to bring the reflected light to a focus, 30 feet above the mirror. This enormous piece of glass weighs two and one-quarter tons and yet is so accurately supported that no flexure can distort the surface, which most nowhere deviate from the theoretical curve more than a 200-1,000 of an inch.

The instrument weighs 55 tons and will rest on massive piers of reinforced concrete. The tube is 81 feet long, and weighs 12 tons. Of unusual interest from an engineering point of view are the dome and observing bridge. The former is 36 feet in diameter and is provided with a double shutter having an opening 15 feet wide. All the movements, including revolution to any desired position as well as the operation of the shutter, windshield and the observing bridge, are accomplished by means of electric motors.

CALOMEL SICKENS! IT SALIVATES! DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver. If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone



STELLA-VITAE
THE GUARANTEED Remedy For Women
STELLA-VITAE acts directly on the female organs and regulates the functions peculiar to women. It stops wasting, restores suppressed, and banishes the terrors of those periods weak, nervous, run down women. It has helped thousands of sufferers and is guaranteed to help you. Your money back in the very first bottle if you are not benefited.—At your dealer's.
THACHER MEDICINE CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Fall Run of Difteria

MAY BE WHOLLY AVOIDED BY USING "SPOHN'S" A small outlay of money brings very great results. It is a sure cure and preventive of the disease. The 11 size you use it as per directions. Simple, safe and effective. Get your horses in best condition for late fall and winter. All druggists, harness dealers or manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., DOCTORS OF ANIMALS, OSHEN, IND.

It's a still wind that blows nobody harm.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have stood the test of time. Test them yourself now. Send for sample to 372 Pearl street, N. Y.—Adv.

TEXAS DIRECTORY

Hotel Waldor
Patents
Swat the Chigger
Touch each chigger with a brush that has been dipped in kerosene or apply strong solutions of ammonia or common baking soda after the chigger has begun. The better way, of course, is to prevent the chigger from getting a foothold at all. This may be done in a number of ways. A bath in hot water with strong soap is very good if taken immediately after passing through the shrubbery and weeds from which the chiggers are picked up, but the best real prevention is flowers of sulphur rubbed all over the body, particularly from the knees down. The sulphur may be made to stick better if mixed with a little cold cream and rubbed in.—L. Hasegawa.

Big Demand for Pneumatic Tires.
How many people realize the sensational development that the pneumatic tire business has experienced? The first company to undertake the manufacture of pneumatic tires was the Dunlop Company, organized at Dublin, Ireland, in 1889, with a capital of about \$75,000 to make tires for bicycles, and it rapidly grew to be a great business. Then came the automobile to add its demand, and today, only twenty-seven years later, the pneumatic tire business of the world is estimated at the enormous sum of \$650,000,000.—Scientific American.
Moberly, Mo., has celebrated its 112th anniversary.

"We cannot disturb the old natural balance of our food supply and get away with it. We may deceive ourselves, but we Can't Cheat Nature."

—Dr. Goudiss, Editor The Foodist Magazine.

This "old natural balance" is simply Nature's perfect arrangement and proportioning of food elements in our food supply for perfect building of body, brain and nerves. Modern commercialism destroys this "balance," when, in milling flour it casts out (to make it white) most of the mineral elements so essential to health.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

retains this "old natural balance" of nutritional values in its scientific blend of whole wheat and barley flours, including their vital mineral salts.

Ready to eat, easily digested, delicious—every one should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

THE IRON CLAW

by ARTHUR STINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER,"
"THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallardi intriques Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the villain by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallardi flees the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a masked one rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Golden to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count De Esparva figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but De Esparva is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Mauki's poisoned arrows. Manley pilots a mock funeral which fails to accomplish the desired purpose. The capture of the Iron Claw and his gang. Margery is saved from death at the hands of the Iron Claw by the Laughing Mask. An attempt by the Iron Claw to blow up the O'Mara cottage is frustrated in the nick of time.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE

The Hidden Face.

Enoch Golden looked at the heavy shadows about his daughter's eyes. Then he seated himself heavily in the arm-chair which she had so abstractedly turned about for him.

"Margery," he said with an effort at sternness, "are you still worrying about that young Manley?"

For a moment or two the girl remained silent.

"I can't help it, father," she finally acknowledged. And she further discredited her frowning parent by a suspicion of tears in her downcast eyes.

"But I don't believe David Manley is any more dead than I am!" the old millionaire finally and stoutly asserted.

"Then why has there been no word of him, no trace of him, since the night of that awful explosion?"

This question, apparently, was not an easy one to answer. But Enoch Golden was not to be lightly dissuaded from his task of consolation.

"I'll tell you what I believe, my girl. I believe everything's all right, no matter what you think. Everything's going to come out all right. Before the week is out, if what the police tell me is true, we're going to have this man Legar safe behind the prison bars where he belongs. What's troubling me more than David Manley, just now, is the problem of this Laughing Mask person. I had nothing less than a deputy commissioner call me up this morning, for the authorities down in Center street are convinced of the fact this Laughing Mask would be a better haul than even Legar himself. They claim to have a clear record against him, and in ten minutes I've got to face a delegation from the detective bureau and tell them for the twentieth time just how

"Just a moment, gentlemen," this masked stranger suavely announced, although the suavity of his voice was somewhat discounted by the obviously menacing position of his firearm.

"Since denunciations seem to be in order, will you permit me to point out to you that the young lady who has just addressed you is Betsy LeMarsh, alias Williamsburg Sadie, not only one of the most adroit woman crooks in the city, but also an emissary and agent of Jules Legar himself!"

Having made that speech, the Laughing Mask promptly swung the heavy folding doors about. He did so before one of the astonished onlookers could interfere. Then he turned the key in the snaplock and ran headlong along the quiet hallway. He all but collided with Margery Golden herself.

"Here's where I make time by the forelock," he grimly announced, as he darted across the room to a huge old-fashioned grandfather's clock which stood against the other wall. The astonished girl saw him swing open the door and step inside the clock. Then she turned quickly about, for the men from the central office were already in the room. And she had no desire to make their task easier for them.

"That man came into this room!" declared one of the older men, challenging the half-strung girl with an indignant forefinger. "Where is he?"

"How should I know?" asked the calm-eyed young woman.

"Well, he's here, and we'll get him," declared the man who seemed to be the leader of the others. Then Margery Golden's heart suddenly came up into her mouth, for she could see that he was hurrying across the room in the direction of the clock. She could see his right hand go into his pocket and whip out a revolver as his left hand threw open the little black-walnut door along the face of the clock. Then she breathed again for the clock was empty.

But the man with the revolver had dropped to his knees and was patting interrogatively about the clock base.

"I thought so!" he suddenly called out. "There's a spring trap here that opens through the door. Quick, some of you men, get down to the basement!"

Margery Golden was even able to smile again.

"Wilson," she said, "be so good as to show these gentlemen the way to the basement. And then be so good as to have Miss Betsy LeMarsh come here."

But Miss Betsy LeMarsh had commandeered a hat and coat belonging to her mistress, possessed herself of a jeweled ring or two and a small morocco case, which she discreetly stowed away as she stood quietly down the servants' stairs and slipped out through the doorway.

So preoccupied was she, however, in putting distance between her and the house which she had just left that she failed to observe a figure simultaneously and eagerly emerging from a basement window. Yet as she hurriedly rounded the block, in eager quest of a taxi, this figure showed in unmistakable and clear her movements. And when she had finally called a taxi and climbed into it, the stranger in the yellow mask so cautiously skidded down her made a signal

arm, she noticed, was carried in a voluminous white cotton sling.

"Didn't I tell you to keep away from this dump?" he wrathfully reminded her.

"Well, I didn't come because I wanted to!" was the other's retort.

"What's wrong?"

"Everything's wrong! Old Golden had a bunch of flatties in his house, and that Laughing Mask boob squealed on me to the bunch. So I had to beat it."

Legar swung about on her.

"And you beat it straight here, in open daylight, leaving a paper-chase trail at your heels!" There was rage in his voice.

"I tell you I left no trail. I go got my own scalp to take care of. And if I've taken a chance to beat it up here and put you wise, it seems to me there's more than this grouch-talk comin' to me!"

"Then, for the love of heaven, woman, don't holler so the whole house will hear you! Speak quietly."

A one-sided smile played about the hardened face of that worldly wise young woman.

"I guess you're kind o' losin' your nerve," she contemptuously announced.

"Listen to me, my girl. I've been at this game longer than you have, and I've learned there are times when even walls have ears."

The woman laughed.

"Then you'd better get earmuffs on that window sill, for I've got a hunch it's—"

Her voice died away at the same moment that the smile vanished from her face.

"Don't turn around," she said in a sudden startled whisper as she looked down at her feet. "For there's a man's face starin' in at that window now."

Legar remained motionless.

"What face?" he quietly asked.

"It's the man in the Laughing Mask!" was the whispered response.

Legar continued to stare at her, still motionless.

"That means he came up by the fire-escape," mediated the fugitive. "And

that means Red Egan must surely have seen him."

The next moment the man with his arm in a sling had thrown his hand aside and was running towards the window that opened on the fire-escape landing.

On that narrow ledge of sheet-metal, wedged in between the window sash and the escape railing, a terrific combat was already taking place. Before Legar could get the window open the Laughing Mask, by an adroit jiu-jitsu movement of the body, succeeded in pinning the winded Red Egan down on the fire-escape platform. But already a second sentry of Legar's was swarming up the narrow metal stairway, and all the attention of the man in the mask had to be directed towards his new adversary.

It was while countering the onslaught of this second enemy that the Laughing Mask became conscious of still another point of attack. For as he fought there, on his knees, astride the paring form of Red Egan, an iron claw reached viciously out over the window sill behind him, and fixed itself in his shoulder. The next moment he was being hauled bodily in through the open window.

Ready hands were there to take possession of that battered and breathless captive.

"Put him in that chair!" exultantly commanded Legar.

"Now what'll we do with him?" demanded the panting Red Egan.

"Leave him to me," announced Legar, studying his captive out of narrowed and sinister eyes. Then the man with the iron claw stepped slowly and studiously closely to the chair in which the helpless Laughing Mask sat, for the light in the room was none too clear.

"So you're the man of mystery, are you? You're the hero who keeps a dead wall between him and the world, eh? Well, my valiant hero, we'll soon put your visor up!"

Williamsburg Sadie, with her mouth slightly agape, stood halfway between the chair and the wall, watching the man with the iron claw as he exulted over his enemy. She watched Legar's hand as it reached out to the mask of yellow cloth and tore it viciously from the face which it had concealed.

Then a scream, short but high pitched, burst from her startled lips.

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"But you're not through with me yet, my girl. You're going to take this note to Enoch Golden, and you're going to do it without any risk. I'll call on Golden myself and tell him he'll get it back, ten to one, if he makes a single move against you. And besides that, we've got him so beaten at this time that he's going to cry quits the minute he sees we're roped in the last of his gang, the minute I tell him I'll leave the country on condition he coughs up the paper!"

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"What's wrong?" asked the room clerk.

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The house detective suddenly stood upright. "Say, who is in 307 in this house, anyway?"

"That Virginian with his arm in a sling!"

"Then it's up to us to find out what's going on in that room!"

The Laughing Mask, in the meantime, was no longer giving his attention to the wires along the closet wall. But with his pocket knife he had already removed the set screw from the door knob of the closet door. Then, swinging lightly up to the shelf that stood some five feet from the floor, he seated himself there opposite the door.

By grasping the two heavy clothes hooks screwed into this door, and by planting his feet firmly against the sash on either side of it, he felt that he was not altogether at the mercy of his enemies.

Even as he sat there he could hear the key turned in the lock and then the sound of Legar's quick oath of exasperation as the door knob fell loose to the floor, in response to his tug at it. At the same time hope rose in the captive's heart, for he could hear the muffled sound of a knock on the outer door. And still again the prisoner in the closet could hear Legar's oath of exasperation. This was followed by the sudden impact of the heavy wing chair against the panels of the closet door. That blow, repeated again and yet again, was heavy enough to break through the wood. But that dignitary known as High-Collar Davis, being a gentleman not given to inactivity in moments of emergency, and being sufficiently persuaded of untoward proceedings behind the door which refused to open to his knock, promptly seized a fire ax from its vermilion-painted rack in the hall, and sent it crashing through the panels of the door which bore the numerals 307.

Legar, seeing the door giving way before this determined onslaught, drew his revolver and emptied it into the half-demolished closet door even as he backed away across the room to the open window. There he followed his already vanishing accomplices out on the fire escape, swarming down the narrow ladder after them as the outer door of the room gave way and a group of excited hotel attendants, headed by High-Collar Davis, came tumbling into the room.

The man who emerged from the

to the driver of a mysterious limousine, which seemed to be casually engaged in following his own movements.

"Follow that taxicab," he commanded his driver as he leaped into the still-moving car.

The man in the limousine sat tense and silent, watching the light for mile after mile. Then, realizing that it was taxing them beyond the bounds of the city itself, he drew shut the side-blinds of his car, reached under the seat and took from his hiding place a Japanese tin box, remarkably similar to an actor's make-up box.

Balancing this on his knees, he first removed his mask of yellow cloth, adjusted a small folding mirror to the box lid, and busied himself with the assortment of pigments and cosmetics of the make-up putty therein contained. The clear-lined face which first gazed into the folding mirror slowly but unmistakably became converted into something repellent to the eye.

The next moment the limousine came to a stop at the roadside.

"That taxicab has just turned in at the Bellaire Inn," the well-trained driver called back to his master.

"So I notice. And that's the place, I'll wager, where Legar himself is trying to keep under cover."

"There's the woman herself, running up the steps," announced the driver.

"So I also observe. And under the circumstances, I think it would be best for you to slip after her, as quietly and quickly as you can."

"Yes, sir!"

"Then come back to the car and report to me the number of the room she asks for. Find out the number, whatever happens. For in that room, I imagine, we're going to encounter our old friend of the Iron Claw."

The Fix for Help.

Jules Legar was in anything but an amiable frame of mind, and when Williamsburg Sadie was quietly ushered into room 307 of the Bellaire Inn, he greeted her with a malignant scowl which she promptly and openly resented.

"You don't seem exactly crazy to see me," she announced as she watched Legar lock the door through which she had just entered. His right

arm, she noticed, was carried in a voluminous white cotton sling.

"Didn't I tell you to keep away from this dump?" he wrathfully reminded her.

"Well, I didn't come because I wanted to!" was the other's retort.

"What's wrong?"

"Everything's wrong! Old Golden had a bunch of flatties in his house, and that Laughing Mask boob squealed on me to the bunch. So I had to beat it."

Legar swung about on her.

"And you beat it straight here, in open daylight, leaving a paper-chase trail at your heels!" There was rage in his voice.

"I tell you I left no trail. I go got my own scalp to take care of. And if I've taken a chance to beat it up here and put you wise, it seems to me there's more than this grouch-talk comin' to me!"

"Then, for the love of heaven, woman, don't holler so the whole house will hear you! Speak quietly."

A one-sided smile played about the hardened face of that worldly wise young woman.

"I guess you're kind o' losin' your nerve," she contemptuously announced.

"Listen to me, my girl. I've been at this game longer than you have, and I've learned there are times when even walls have ears."

The woman laughed.

"Then you'd better get earmuffs on that window sill, for I've got a hunch it's—"

Her voice died away at the same moment that the smile vanished from her face.

"Don't turn around," she said in a sudden startled whisper as she looked down at her feet. "For there's a man's face starin' in at that window now."

Legar remained motionless.

"What face?" he quietly asked.

"It's the man in the Laughing Mask!" was the whispered response.

Legar continued to stare at her, still motionless.

"That means he came up by the fire-escape," mediated the fugitive. "And

that means Red Egan must surely have seen him."

The next moment the man with his arm in a sling had thrown his hand aside and was running towards the window that opened on the fire-escape landing.

On that narrow ledge of sheet-metal, wedged in between the window sash and the escape railing, a terrific combat was already taking place. Before Legar could get the window open the Laughing Mask, by an adroit jiu-jitsu movement of the body, succeeded in pinning the winded Red Egan down on the fire-escape platform. But already a second sentry of Legar's was swarming up the narrow metal stairway, and all the attention of the man in the mask had to be directed towards his new adversary.

It was while countering the onslaught of this second enemy that the Laughing Mask became conscious of still another point of attack. For as he fought there, on his knees, astride the paring form of Red Egan, an iron claw reached viciously out over the window sill behind him, and fixed itself in his shoulder. The next moment he was being hauled bodily in through the open window.

Ready hands were there to take possession of that battered and breathless captive.

"Put him in that chair!" exultantly commanded Legar.

"Now what'll we do with him?" demanded the panting Red Egan.

"Leave him to me," announced Legar, studying his captive out of narrowed and sinister eyes. Then the man with the iron claw stepped slowly and studiously closely to the chair in which the helpless Laughing Mask sat, for the light in the room was none too clear.

"So you're the man of mystery, are you? You're the hero who keeps a dead wall between him and the world, eh? Well, my valiant hero, we'll soon put your visor up!"

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"Follow that touring car those men have just piled into," he called out to his driver. "Follow it until we get into the city. Then swing past it and get to Golden's house before it does. Whatever happens!"

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Beyond the Frontier

By RANDALL PARRISH

A Romance of Early Days in the Middle West

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"Thick as flies out there, monsieur," he answered, "and with a marksman or two among them. Not ten minutes since Bowlin got a ball in his head."

"And no orders to clear the devils out?"

"No, monsieur—only to watch that they do not form for a rush."

The commandant's office was built against the last stockade—a long but no more pretentious than the others. A sentry stood at each side of the closed door, but De Tonty ignored them and ushered me into the room. It was not large, and was already well filled, a table littered with papers occupying the central space, De Baugis and De la Durantaye seated beside it, while numerous other figures were standing pressed against the walls. I recognized the familiar faces of several of our party, but before I recovered from my first embarrassment De Baugis arose, and with much politeness offered me a chair.

De Tonty remained beside me, his hand resting on my chair back, as he coolly surveyed the scene. Cassion pushed past, and occupied a vacant chair, between the other officers, laying his sword on the table. My eyes swept about the circle of faces seeking D'Artigny, but he was not present. But for a slight shuffling of feet, the silence was oppressive. Cassion's unpleasant voice broke the stillness.

"M. de Tonty, there is a chair yonder reserved for your use."

"I prefer remaining beside Madame Cassion," he answered calmly. "It would seem she has few friends in this company."

"We are all her friends," broke in De Baugis, his face flushing, "but we are here to do justice, and avenge a foul crime. 'Tis told us that madame possesses certain knowledge which has not been revealed. Other witnesses have testified, and we would now listen to her word. Sergeant of the guard, bring in the prisoner."

He entered by way of the rear door, manacled, and with an armed soldier on either side. Costless and bareheaded, he stood erect in the place assigned him, and as his eyes swept the faces, his stern look changed to a smile as his glance met mine. My eyes were still upon him, seeking eagerly for some message of guidance, when Cassion spoke.

"M. de Baugis will question the witness."

"The court will pardon me," said D'Artigny. "The witness to be heard is madame?"

"Certainly; what means your interruption?"

"To spare the lady unnecessary embarrassment. She is my friend, and, no doubt, may find it difficult to testify against me. I merely venture to ask her to give this court the exact truth."

"Your words are impertinent."

"No, M. de Baugis," I broke in, understanding all that was meant. "D'Artigny has spoken in kindness, and has my thanks. I am ready now to bear witness frankly. What is it you desire me to tell, monsieur?"

"The story of your midnight visit to the mission garden at St. Ignace, the night Hugo Chevet was killed. Tell it in your own words, madame."

As I began my voice trembled, and I was obliged to grip the arms of the chair to keep myself firm. I read sympathy in De Baugis' eyes, and addressed him alone. Twice he asked me questions, in so kindly a manner as to win instant reply, and once he checked Cassion when he attempted to interrupt, his voice stern with authority. I told the story simply, plainly, with no attempt at equivocation, and when I ceased speaking the room was as silent as a tomb. De Baugis sat motionless, but Cassion stared at me across the table, his face dark with passion.

"Wait," he cried as though thinking me about to rise. "There are questions yet."

"Monsieur," said De Baugis coldly. "If there are questions it is my place to ask them."

"Ay," angrily beating his hand on the board, "but it is plain to be seen the woman has bewitched you. No, I will not be denied; I am commandant here, and with force enough behind me to make my will law. Scowl if you will, but here is La Barre's commission, and I dare you ignore it. So answer me, madame—you saw D'Artigny bend over the body of Chevet—was your uncle then dead?"

"I know not, monsieur; but there was no movement."

"Why did you make no report—was it to shield D'Artigny?"

I hesitated, yet the answer had to be made.

"The Sieur d'Artigny was my friend, monsieur. I did not believe him guilty, yet my evidence would have cast suspicion upon him. I felt it best to remain still and wait."

"You suspected another?"

"Not then, monsieur, but since."

Cassion sat silent, not overly pleased with my reply, but De Baugis smiled grimly.

"By my faith," he said, "the tale gathers interest. You have grown to suspect another since, madame—dare you name the man?"

My eyes sought the face of De Tonty, and he nodded gravely.

"It can do no harm, madame," he muttered softly. "Put the paper in De Baugis' hand."

I drew it, crumpled, from out the bosom of my dress, rose to my feet, and held it forth to the captain of dragons. He grasped it wonderingly. "What is this, madame?"

"One page from a letter of instruction. Read it, monsieur; you will recognize the handwriting."

CHAPTER XXI.

Condemned.

He opened the paper gravely, shadowing the page with one hand so that Cassion was prevented from seeing the words. He read slowly, a frown on his face.

"'Tis the writing of Governor La Barre, although unsigned," he said at last.

"Yes, monsieur."

"How came the page in your possession?"

"I removed it last night from a leather bag found beneath the sleeping bunk in the quarters assigned me."

"Do you know whose bag it was?"

"Certainly; it was in the canoe with me all the way from Quebec—M. Cassion's."

"Your husband?"

"Yes, monsieur."

De Baugis' eyes seemed to darken as he gazed at me; then his glance fell upon Cassion, who was leaning forward, his mouth open, his face ashen gray. He straightened up as he met De Baugis' eyes, and gave vent to an irritating laugh.

"Sacre, 'tis quite melodramatic," he exclaimed harshly. "But of little value else. I acknowledge the letter, M. de Baugis, but it bears no relation to this affair. Perchance it was unhappily worded, so that this woman, eager to save her lover from punishment—"

De Tonty was on his feet, his sword half drawn.

"'Tis a foul lie," he thundered hotly. "I will not stand silent before such words."

"Messieurs," and De Baugis struck the table. "This is a court, not a messroom. Be seated, M. de Tonty; no one in my presence will be permitted to besmirch the honor of Captain de la Chesnayne's daughter. Yet I must agree with Major Cassion that this letter in no way proves that she resorted to violence, or was even urged to do so. The governor in all probability suggested other means. I could not be led to believe he countenanced the commission of crime, and shall ask to read the remainder of his letter before rendering decision. You found no other documents, madame?"

"None bearing on this case."

"The papers supposed to be taken from the dead body of Chevet?"

"No, monsieur."

"Then I cannot see that the status of the prisoner is changed, or that we have any reason to charge the crime to another. You are excused, madame, while we listen to such other witness as may be called."

Tears misted my eyes, so the faces about me were blurred, but before I could find words in which to voice my indignation, De Tonty stood beside me, and grasped my arm.

"There is no use, madame," he said coldly enough, although his voice shook. "You only invite insult when

us, messieurs, and we will fight in the open. Convict Rene d'Artigny from the lies of these hirelings, and you pay the reckoning at the point of my sword. I make no threat, but this is the pledged word of Henri de Tonty. Make haste there! Come, madame."

No one stopped us; no voice answered him. Almost before I realized the action, we were outside in the sunlight, and he was smiling into my face, his dark eyes full of cheer.

"It will make them pause and think—what I said," he exclaimed, "yet will not change the result."

"They will convict?"

"Beyond doubt, madame. They are La Barre's men, and hold commission only at his pleasure. With M. de la Durantaye it is different, for he was soldier of Frontenac's, yet I have no hope he will dare stand out against the rest. We must find another way to save the lad, but when I leave you at the door yonder I am out of it."

"You, monsieur! What can I hope to accomplish without your aid?"

"Far more than with it, especially if I furnish a good substitute. I shall be watched now, every step I take. 'Tis like enough De Baugis will send me challenge, though the danger that Cassion would do so is slight. It is the madame who will have me watched. No, madame, Boisrondet is the lad who must find a way out for the prisoner; they will never suspect him, and the boy will enjoy the trick. Tonight, when the fort becomes quiet, he will find way to explain his plans. Have your room dark, and the windows open."

"There is but one, monsieur, outward, above the precipice."

"That will be his choice; he can reach you thus unseen. 'Tis quite possible a guard may be placed at your door."

He left me, and walked straight across the parade to his own quarters, an erect, manly figure in the sun, his long black hair falling to his shoulders. I drew a chair beside the door, which I left partially open, so that I might view the scene without. I could see the door of the guardhouse, and, at last, those in attendance at the trial emerged, talking gravely, as they scattered in various directions. The three officers came forth together, proceeding directly across toward De Tonty's office, evidently with some purpose in view. No doubt, angered at his words, they sought satisfaction. I watched until they disappeared within the distant doorway. De Baugis the first to enter. A moment later one of the soldiers who had accompanied us from Quebec, a rather pleasant-faced lad, whose injured hand I had dressed at St. Ignace, approached where I sat, and lifted his hand in salute.

"A moment, Jules," I said swiftly. "You were at the trial?"

"Yes, madame."

"And the result?"

"The Sieur d'Artigny was held guilty, madame," he said regretfully, glancing about as though to assure himself alone. "The three officers agreed on the verdict, although I know some of the witnesses lied."

"You know—Who?"

"My own mate, for one—George Descartes; he swore to seeing D'Artigny follow Chevet from the boats, and that was not true, for we were together all that day. I would have said so, but the court bade me be still."

"Ay, they were not seeking such testimony. No matter what you said, Jules, D'Artigny would have been condemned—it was La Barre's orders."

"Yes, madame, so I thought."

"Did the Sieur d'Artigny speak?"

"A few words, madame, until M. Cassion ordered him to remain still. Then M. de Baugis pronounced sentence—it was that he be shot tomorrow."

"The hour?"

"I heard none mentioned, madame."

"And a purpose in that, also to my mind. This gives them two or four hours in which to consummate murder. They fear De Tonty and men may attempt rescue; 'tis to fix the three have gone now to his quarters. That is all, Jules; here with me."

I closed the door, and the bar securely into place. I was now, and felt sick. Tears would not come to relieve, as though my brain were working, as if I had lost all and mental power. I knew how long I sat there, dazed, incoherent even express the vague thoughts flashed through my brain. On the door aroused me, and the insistent raps awoke sleep.

"Who wishes entrance?"

"I—Cassion; I demand to see you."

"For what purpose, monsieur?"

"Mon Dieu! Does a man give excuse for desiring to see his own wife? Open the door, have it broken in. Have you learned I am a master here?"

I drew the bar, no longer with sense of fear, but impelled by a desire to hear the man's message. I took the door opened behind me, as the door opened, and I was about to step out, when I heard the words:

"You are alone."

"Assuredly, monsieur; I expect others to be

"How did I know; you have time enough to spare for others, since I have had no word with you since you came. I come now only to tell you the news."

"If it be the condemnation of Sieur d'Artigny, you may spare your words."

"You know that! Who brought you the message?"

"What difference, monsieur? I would know the result without messenger. You have done your master's will. What said De Tonty when you told him?"

Cassion laughed, as though the memory was pleasant.

"Faith, madame, if you base your hopes there on rescue you'll scarce meet with great result. De Tonty is all bark. Mon Dieu! I went in to

again through my veins. The truth was mine; I felt no inclination to obscure it. The time had come for rejoicing. I loved De Baugis, and, although he had never spoken the word, I knew he loved me. Tomorrow he would be in exile, a wanderer of the woods, an escaped prisoner, under condemnation of death, never again safe within reach of French authority. Ay, but he should not go alone; in the depths of those forests, beyond the arm of the law, beyond even the grasp of the church, we should go together. In our own hearts love would justify. Without a quail of conscience, without even a lingering doubt, I made the choice, the final decision.

I know not how long it took me to think this all out, until I had accepted fate; but I do know the decision brought happiness and courage. Food was brought me by a strange Indian, apparently unable to speak French; nor would he even enter the room, silently handing me the platter through the open door. Two sentries stood just without—soldiers of De Baugis, I guessed, as their features were unfamiliar. They gazed at me curiously, as I stood in the doorway, but without entering the attic. Plainly I was held prisoner also; M. Cassion's threat was being put into execution. This knowledge merely served to strengthen my decision, and I closed and barred the door again, smiling as I did so.

I grew dusk and I made almost vain effort to eat, and, at last, pushing the power plate away, I crossed over, and cautiously opened the wooden shutter of the window. The red light of the sunset still illumined the western sky, and found glorious reflection along the surface of the river. It was a dizzy drop to the bed of the stream below, but Indians were on the opposite bank, beyond a half-dozen in considerable force, a rifle shot, and several fires burning. They were too far away for me to judge their tribe, yet a number among them sported war bonnets, and I had no doubt they were Iroquois.

So far as I could perceive elsewhere, there was no movement, as my eyes traveled the half-circle, over a wide vista of hill and dale, green valley and dark woods, although to the left I could occasionally hear the sharp report of a rifle, in evidence that besieging savages were still watchful of the fort entrance. I could not lean out far enough to see in that direction, yet as the night grew darker the vicious spits of fire became visible. Above me the solid log walls arose but a few feet—a tall man might stand upon the window ledge, and find grip of the roof; but below was the sheer drop to the river—perchance two hundred feet beneath. Already darkness shrouded the water, as the broad valley faded into the gloom of the night.

There was naught for me to do but sit and wait. The guard which M. Cassion had stationed at the door prevented my leaving the room, but its more probable purpose was to keep others from communicating with me. De Tonty had evidently resorted to diplomacy, and instead of quarreling with the three officers when they approached him, had greeted them all so genially as to leave the impression that he was disposed to permit matters to take their natural course. He might be watched of course, yet was no longer suspected as likely to help rescue the prisoner. All their fear now was centered upon me, and my possible influence.

If I could be kept from any further communication with either D'Artigny or De Tonty, it was scarcely probable that any of the garrison would make serious effort to interfere with their plans. And his sudden friendliness with De Baugis and Cassion, did not worry me greatly. I realized his purpose in thus diverting suspicion. His pledge of assistance had been given me, and his was the word of a soldier and gentleman. In some manner, and soon—before midnight certainly—I would receive message from Boisrondet.

Yet my heart failed me more than once as I waited. How long the time seemed, and how deadly silent was the night. Crouched close beside the door, I could hardly hear the muttered conversation of the soldiers on guard; and when I crossed to the open window I looked out upon a black void, utterly soundless.

Not even the distant crack of a rifle now broke the solemn stillness, and the only spot of color visible was the dull red glow of a campfire on the opposite bank of the river. I had no way of computing time, and the lagging hours seemed centuries long, as terrifying doubts assailed me.

Every new thought became an agony of suspense. Had the plans failed? Had Boisrondet discovered the prisoner so closely guarded as to make rescue impossible? Had his nerve, his daring, vanished before the real danger of the venture? Had D'Artigny refused to accept the chance? What had happened; what was happening out there in the mystery?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Much progress could be made toward doing things in the time that is wasted in talking about them.



"I—Cassion, I Demand Speech With You."

hold him to account for his insult, and the fellow met us with such gracious speech, that the four of us drank together like old comrades. The others are there yet, but I had a proposition to make you—so I left them."

"A proposition, monsieur?"

"Ay, a declaration of peace, if you will. Listen, Adele, for this is the last time I speak you thus fairly. You are my wife by law of Holy church. Never have you loved me, yet I can pass that by, if you recognize my authority. This D'Artigny has come between us, and now his life is my hands. I know not that you love the brat, yet you have that interest in him which would prevent forgiveness of me if I show no mercy. So now I come and offer you his life if you consent to be my wife in truth. Is that fair?"

"It may so sound," I answered calmly, "yet the sacrifice is all mine. How would you save the man?"

"By affording him opportunity to escape during the night; first accepting his pledge never to see you again."

"Think you he would give such a pledge?"

Cassion laughed sarcastically.

"Bah, what man would not save his life! It is for you to speak the word."

"Monsieur," I said firmly, "I understand your proposition, and refuse it. I will make no pledge."

"Yes, madame, so I thought."

"Did the Sieur d'Artigny speak?"

"A few words, madame, until M. Cassion ordered him to remain still. Then M. de Baugis pronounced sentence—it was that he be shot tomorrow."

"The hour?"

"I heard none mentioned, madame."

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"You are alone."

"Assuredly, monsieur; I expect others to be

THERE'S AN Individuality About HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

that makes it especially appealing to those who need a safe tonic, or who suffer from any stomach, liver or bowel trouble

Every Woman Wants Pastine ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE. Discovered in 1891 for douches, vaginal washings, etc. Sold by Druggists, or sent for "How to Use Pastine" by Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. for ten years. A healing wash for nasal catarrh, sore throat, and sore eyes. Economical. The OFFICE OF THE MANUFACTURER, BOSTON, MASS.

TYPHOID. It is no more necessary than Smallpox. Any epidemic has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficiency of Antityphoid Vaccination. By your physician, and also what has been known as "Typhoid Vaccine" by Dr. Wm. H. Welch, and Dr. J. C. Hensley, of the U. S. Army, and Dr. J. C. Hensley, of the U. S. Army, and Dr. J. C. Hensley, of the U. S. Army.

Treatment of "Sick" Plants. The plan of treating sick plants is believed to be the solution of a serious problem of the people growers in the Hawaiian Islands, though the details of application are yet to be perfected. The black soil of Kona near Honolulu, over an area of 6,000 to 10,000 acres, contains manganese, up to two or three per cent, and pineapple plants in this soil, though growing well for a time, eventually become weak and sickly, with drooping yellow leaves. The fruit, which develops and ripens imperfectly, is made unpalatable by a peculiar acidity and lack of sugar. The investigation of M. O. Johnson, of the Honolulu experiment station, has recently brought to light the discovery that the manganese oxide in the soil renders the iron insoluble, and that, in soil having a great abundance of iron, the plants have suffered from lack of this element. Sections of iron sulphate promptly restored greenness and vigor. In field experiments, feeding iron to the roots when the leaves were wet with copper solution enough iron was absorbed to supply their needs. The favor of the treated fruit was equal to that of the product of the best pineapple land.

Marriage is seldom a failure if neither party to the contract has any relations to interfere. You read some queer American dialect in the English papers.—Kansas City Journal

POSTUM HELPS WHERE COFFEE HURTS There's a Reason

Locals

For Sale—Seven thrifty pigs. See C. E. Johnson.

The Informer \$1.00 per year.

Mrs. Dixie Parker began her school at Martin last Monday.

Mrs. Guinn's new dwelling in east Hedley is almost completed.

Kaffir corn went to about \$27 per ton in Hedley Tuesday.

Try Corona Wool Fat for wire cuts. Hedley Drug Co.

C. E. Johnson last week traded for a Ford car near Estelline.

WANTED—Stalk pasture for one horse. J. C. Wells.

Paul Pyle visited his sister, Mrs. J. G. McDougal, Sunday.

Mrs. Ella Baker and son, Lawrence were Memphis visitors Monday.

I will paint your auto and make it look like new at the lowest possible price. Lloyd Lane.

Little Vera Brinson visited Elizabeth Kennedy in Lelia Lake Sunday.

Chas. Kendall was here from Claude Sunday meeting old friends.

J. M. Clarke, wife and baby were here from McLean from Friday to Sunday visiting friends.

Rev. W. E. Brown complimented the Informer folks with some of as fine turnips as we ever tasted.

I will call for and deliver your clothes at all times. Claude Strickland.

B. F. Stewart of Ellis county is here visiting his brother, L. F. Stewart, and prospecting.

A. L. Miller and B. W. Johnson made a business trip to Memphis Tuesday.

New Jewelry, Cut Glass, and Silverware. Latest design being received daily. Hedley Drug Co.

J. W. Mobley of Memphis spent Sunday here with his brother, Luther Mobley and wife.

J. P. DeVine of Hedley came up Saturday to look after wheat pasture for 250 yearling calves. Claude News.

Art Davis and wife of Clarendon spent Sunday with his sister and husband, Mrs. and Mrs. R. B. Adams.

I have the agency for the Dodge car, and will be glad to figure with you if you are planning to buy a good car. A. L. Miller.

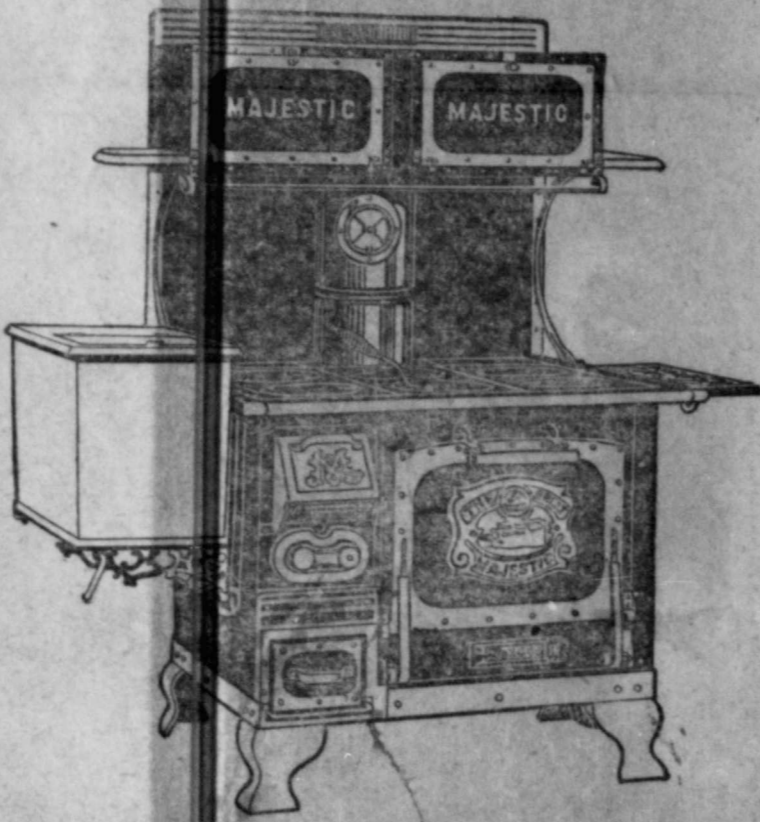
Mr. Charlie Preskitt and Miss Ella Belcher went to Clarendon Saturday, secured license and were married.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Davis of Childress visited their daughter, Mrs. R. B. Adams, Friday of last week.

J. W. Caraway returned Monday from Dallas and brought home an Amplex 110 business car, probably the latest auto in the Panhandle.

Decision of the Coming Generation in Regard to The Great Majestic Range

ONLY TWO MORE DAYS OF DEMONSTRATION



THE PRIZE WINNER

By Leon Reeves Aged 9 Years.

One thing, it cooks quick, and better, and uses less coal, and lasts longer.

Names of Others Who Wrote Letters

Shelby Willis, Tensley Mullins, Fannie McIntosh, Rabb Harrison, J. N. Kendall, Rubr Mullins, Jimmie Killian, Ruth Sanford, Biffie Grace Hart, Ruth Grimsley, Don Alexander, Raymond Dunn, Gretta Lee Willis, Bernice Duncan, Mary Davis, Opal Blevins, James Richey, Margaret Lewis, Beatrice, Hallie Lee Walker, Janette Adamson, James Worsham, Theopal Hefner, Jewel Everett, E. B. Wofford, Raymond Killian, Clyde Bryant, Sanders Reavis, Haskell Gullledge, Ester Wofford, Pauline, Warren

Bray, Amp Watkins, Kermit Johnson, Willie Pool, Madge Lee Richerson, John Fincher Jr., Glenn Willis, Maurice Bray, Fannie Fincher, Nita Fincher, Gladys Cloninger, Mittie Hamblen, Harmond Scales, Malcolm Scales, Zela Woods, Gladys Adamson, Vashti Watkins, Tony Watkins, Cassie Gullledge, Vera Brinson, Alice, Thomas Killian, Cecil Cloninger, Fannie Gullledge, Flora Lane, Alma Adamson, Odessa Jamar, Gladys Hefner, Rector Wimberly, Alice Grimsley, Francis Davis, Ozella Jamar, Ruth Richerson, Henry Kinsey, Agnes Allen, Mildred Fincher, Ruth Marsalis, Vivian Duckworth, Jessie Lee Pool, Earl Stewart, Reba Allen, Lois Masterson, Lawlis Lively Claude Benton Harrison, Haskin Moreman, Ansil Adamson, Ora Belle Hefner, Lucile Neely, Beulah Lane, Dannie Mae Masterson, Leona Jamar, Ernest Johnson, Opal Risley, Porter Pierce, Vera Blankenship, Pauline Stewart, Hallie Reavis, Lionel Davis.

Moreman & Battle

WILSON TO BE PRESIDENT ANOTHER TERM

As we go to press this Friday morning Pres Wilson is assured of election. California, which has been in doubt, has gone for Wilson, making him 269 votes. Barring some untoward change in some of the close states now democratic, Wilson will be our President another four years.

W. H. Madden and wife and J. R. Benson and wife went to Wellington Sunday. Mrs. Benson's mother, Mrs. Anderson, returned home with them after a two weeks visit here.

Carry your best girl a nice box of candy next time and note the results. Maybe your wife has forgotten how good candy tastes, try her and see. Hedley Drug Co.

T. B. Starkey and daughter came over from Plymouth first of the week to meet Mrs. A. Morgan of Demoinis, New Mexico, and Miss Leota Roff of Shamrock. They visited at the W. E. Bray home from Monday over Wednesday.

Rev. W. H. McKenzie and family left Wednesday morning for Dallas where they will have minor operations on their children. From there they go to Carlton to visit relatives a few days, then to the Baptist State Convention at Waco. They will likely be gone about a month.

NEW GARAGE NOW OPEN

Bell & Crow have moved into the new McDougal concrete building west of J. L. Tims store with a good stock of garage supplies and tools, and are preparing to take care of the public in automobile wants. They have a good location and will doubtless do a nice business.

For the best of service go to King's Barber Shop where you can get fresh shaves, wet baths and clean clothes. Satisfaction guaranteed or whiskers refunded. tf.

AMENDMENT CARRIED

The amendment voted on last Tuesday carried in Texas by a large majority. The amendment does not necessarily mean an increase of school tax, but it does provide for the local control of school finances. If patrons want additional tax they can vote it upon their own district.

NEWLY ELECTED COUNTY & PRECINCT OFFICERS

- For District Attorney E. T. MILLER
For County Judge J. H. O'NEAL
For County and District Clerk J. J. ALEXANDER
For Sheriff and Tax Collector G. R. DOSHIER
For Tax Assessor B. F. NAYLOR
For County Treasurer E. DUBBS
For Public Weigher Pcts 3 and 4 D. C. MOORE
For Commissioner Pct 3 E. R. CLARK
For Justice of the Peace Pct J. P. JOHNSON
For Constable Pct 3 L. F. STEWART

Let me do your tailor work Satisfaction guaranteed. Claude Strickland.

L. L. Amason traded for a Ford car last week kept it about three days and sold it.

FOR SALE—A good 3 year old horse. A bargain for someone. J. C. Wells.

Rev. T. J. Stadel of Electra filled his regular appointment at the Hedley Baptist church last Sunday. He is also an optometrist and jeweler.

Get a Flashlight for these dark nights. Safe, no danger of fire. Hedley Drug Co.

Nat Perrine was here last week on a furlough from the Mexican border where he has been stationed with a punitive corps for the past several months.

Just received a new line stationery, note, corresponding cards, pound paper, etc. latest out Hedley Drug Co

John Stroud was home from Amarillo Saturday and Sunday visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Stroud.

Saymans soap 10c or 3 for 25c. Best made. Hedley Drug Co.

Mrs. W. E. Gampage of near Alanreed stopped off to visit B. L. Lewis and wife first of the week. She was enroute to Memphis.

I am in the automobile service business again and will appreciate the patronage of the public when wanting to make a trip of any kind. Phone 5. A. L. Miller

Dr. Curl, the Claude dentist, was here this week and did considerable dental work. He expects to make this place regularly.

STRAYED—1 bay horse, 15+ hands high, old, shod all round. Receive reward. R. M. Stone. Clarendon, Texas.

Your suits called for, cleaned and delivered. Work satisfactory. Claude Strickland.

Mrs. M. C. Tarpley after a visit of some three weeks here left Wednesday night for her home at Lindsay, Oklahoma. She was accompanied home by her mother, Mrs. S. E. Allen, who will spend the winter with her

W. W. Brewer of Clarendon will preach for the Church of Christ people here next Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night, and the public is cordially invited to come out and hear him.

FOR SALE—My 12-acre tract of land on west side of the Howell place east of Hedley. Write me for terms. Mrs. M. C. Tarpley. Lindsay, Okla. 3tp

A. L. Miller bought a new Dodge Bros. car last Thursday which he will run as a service car. He also has the agency for the Dodge car for Donley county.

I can make your old furniture look like new by a magic touch of the paint brush. Lloyd Lane

Twenty-five thousand stoves have been ordered to keep the soldiers warm during the winter months while in Texas serving on the border and in camps.

THANKSGIVING TURKEYS WANTED

Highest market price paid for Turkeys. We offer you this week 16c cash and 17c in trade. Price not good later than Tuesday Nov. 14th. All kinds of produce wanted. O. N. Stall-worth.

THEY LIKE THE INFORMER

Canyon, Texas, Nov. 7 1916, Editor Informer, Hedley Tex. Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for one years subscription to the Hedley Informer. We just can't get along with out the paper. Yours Respectfully, Mrs. J. P. White.

The Dixie's

Special sale on Cotton Blankets, Misses and Children's Coats, Boys' Suits and Knee Pants, Brothers' Men's Boots and Booties, and Children's Shoes suitable for every day wear. Begins Saturday Nov. 11 Continues Next Week

High priced Cotton, Wool prices on this new merchandise is the best chance you have to buy these goods at such low prices. These lines. Everything you see. One-half our stock last year. We buy for Prices.

O. N. S. WORTH

R U Superstitious

Do You Believe In Signs? If you do you are a religious advertiser and a good business man. Just always advertising. Always Pays especially when you advertise in a paper that is read by everybody in the territory.

This newspaper reaches the eye of everybody who might be a possible buyer in this section.

With it, giving his last chair over that chair! And who'll carry that!