

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. VIII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY TEXAS, MARCH 22 1918

NO. 18

FIRE INSURANCE--THIS WORLD ONLY.

C. E. Johnson, Hedley, Texas

"Hooverize"

by coming to us for
your food supplies.

GET THE FRESHEST
AND BEST;
PAY CASH AND
PAY LESS.

Barnes & Hastings
CASH GROCERY CO.

CITY ELECTION

At a mass meeting held Wednesday evening the matter of a new set of city officials for Hedley was gone into. This is a question of vital importance to our town and every citizen should be interested in selecting the very best available men for these duties. The following list of names was handed the Informer man. A mayor and five aldermen are to be elected.

For Mayor:

Bond W. Johnson
W. E. Keeves
A. A. Teel
J. W. Bond.

For Aldermen:

S. C. Richerson
W. R. McCarroll
J. B. King
A. L. Miller
J. M. Whittington
E. C. Herd
D. M. Grimsley
L. A. Stroud
A. B. Cloninger
Frank Kendall
J. I. Walker
U. J. Boston

BIRTH OF A NATION

Homer Mulkey, accompanied by Dick Wilkerson, was here yesterday from Clarendon advertising "the Birth of a Nation." D. W. Griffith's big production which he will show April 1 and 2, matinee and night, at his Pastime Theatre in Clarendon. This is beyond doubt the greatest moving picture spectacle yet produced.

Read the display ad in this issue and look for detailed announcement next week

Anything you need in the Improvement line—the P. & O. line has no equal. Sold by Hedley Hardware.

Mrs. F. M. Acord and three children, Jeff Acord and family were recent visitors to their relatives, Rev. J. B. Pyeatt and family, at Lakeview.

FOR RENT—A 3 room house, water convenient, some sheds for stock, pasture extra of house rent, will rent for 2½ months.

A. J. Sibley.

Harness and Harness

There are several different kinds of Harness, but we are talking about the kind that

Kendall makes

Hand-made bridles, lines and hame strings a specialty. All kinds of harness and shoe repairing.

Frank Kendall

EAST SIDE HEDLEY, TEXAS

Election Proclamation
State of Texas.
County of Donley.

Whereas an election was held in Commissioner's Precinct No. Three of Donley County, Texas, on February 23rd, 1918, to determine whether horses, mules, jacks, jennets, cattle, hogs, sheep and goats should be permitted to run at large within the terminals of said precinct, and Whereas, a majority of the votes cast at such election were in favor of the stock law.

Therefore, by virtue of the statutes covering such cases, I, J. H. O'NEALL, Judge of Donley County, Texas, do declare said stock law to have carried in said election, and on and after thirty days from the date of this proclamation, it shall be unlawful for horses, mules, jacks, jennets, cattle, hogs and goats to run at large in Commissioner's precinct No. Three of Donley County, Texas, as same is set out by metes and bounds in the Commissioners Court Minutes of Donley County, Texas, and any one permitting said stock to run at large in violation of the provision of the statutes on this subject is subject to a fine of not less

than five and not more than fifty dollars.

Witness my hand this the 14th day of March, 1918.

J. H. O'NEALL,
Judge of Donley Co., Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Atlee Reeves of Tucumcari, N. M., are the proud parents of a girl baby, born March 12. The young lady has been christened Lila Pauline. May she enjoy long life and happiness.

Oliver Typewriter for sale, or will trade for hogs. Practically new, in good conditions.

A. N. Wood.

J. P. Johnson is a new subscriber to the Informer.

Best Rugs in town for the money at Hedley Hardware.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Myers, announcing a change of address from Brooklyn, N. Y., to 239 Westwood ave., Akron, Ohio.

FOR RENT—150 to 200 acres land on my north farm, 4½ miles from town, to man with good force to make and gather crops, and buy teams and tools. Could sell him some feed.

R. W. Scales.

Closing Out

My Entire Stock of Groceries

Giving You the Profits

Many Articles in This Stock Will Go AT COST

SO IF YOU WANT TO SAVE SOME REAL MONEY COME TO OUR STORE AND LET US CONVINCED THAT WE MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY.

Don't Ask Us to Charge Any Goods

IF YOU OWE US PLEASE COME IN AND SETTLE UP, as we want to clean up everything by the first of April. Thanking you in advance,

We Are Respectfully

T. C. Lively

P. S.: We will make no deliveries on bills of less than \$5.00, as we give you the profits.

TRUSTEE ELECTION

On Saturday, April 2nd, an election will be held for the purpose of electing four trustees for the Hedley Independent school district, to serve for a term of two years.

J. R. Boston, Pres.
Frank Simmons, Sec.

Seeds Seeds

Corn, Kafir, Maize, Sudan—all kinds of Farm Seeds
A. N. WOOD.

We sell the best mattress that you can buy for the money. Hedley Hardware.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES

The following names have been submitted to the Informer for publication, and it is our opinion that any of them would make most competent trustees. Look them over and pick your choice (four to elect):

R. H. Jones
Ed Dishman
W. G. Brinson
F. M. Acord
Bond W. Johnson
Van Boone
J. E. Neely
Claud Nash
T. F. Hefner.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

NO MORE HENS

In accordance with the Food Administration ruling, I will buy no more hens until further notice. Can still handle poultry of other kinds, however, and am still going "over the top" on Eggs.
R. S. SMITH.

We regret to learn that our friend, N. M. Hornsby, is quite sick this week, and hope for his early recovery.

We have a few Incubators on hand that we are going to sell at reduced prices. Hedley Hardware.

Bond W. Johnson, B. L. Kinsey and H. C. Burris made a business trip last week to Oklahoma City, Lawton and other Oklahoma points.

FOR SALE—880 acres, joins townsite, 325 acres in field, balance in grass. Well improved, good orchard. Selling to divide estate. Will give good terms and possession any time.
Mrs. A. A. Beall.

A. C. Nipper has moved on to the farm he recently bought from G. A. Blankenship and is building a new home for his family.

MEETING POSTPONED

The Methodist meeting announced for April has been postponed until July on account of sickness and other causes.

PLACE TO RENT. Also good Ford car for sale, either 1916 or 1918 model.

G. A. Blankenship.

Si Richerson is running around in a handsome new Case auto these days. He also has accepted the agency for this car. See his ad elsewhere.

If you feel like you ought to lay up anything for old age and rainy days, you can do so by buying your goods from Hedley Hardware.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hefner have the sincere sympathy of the community in the loss of their five months old baby the past week. Burial in Rowe cemetery.

Ollie Whitwell has bought a quarter section farm near Bray from G. A. Blankenship. He will move on it next year.

If you need a Lister, of course you want the best. Buy the Canton at Hedley Hardware.

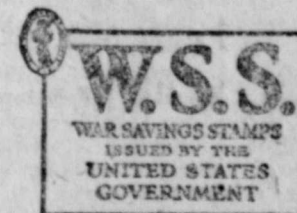
Bank Checks

ARE CLEAN, CONVENIENT AND BUSINESSLIKE

They add to your security; they form a receipt for bills paid; they obviate the necessity of carrying currency around and of making exact change; they form a written record of expenditures.

This bank offers the convenience of a checking account and of an affiliation with a modern financial institution.

The First State Bank
OF HEDLEY, TEXAS
GUARANTY FUND BANK



Doing our bit

We are going to do what we can to help Uncle Sam win this war and make the world safe from barbarism.

We are going to do all we can to help pull this country through until another crop is raised. We can't create wealth, where none was before, but we'll lend a hand wherever we can.

We are here to serve you and solicit your co-operation. It takes team work for community interests and we're going to try and be our part of the team.

Guaranty State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

How War Has Made President a Recluse

By THEODORE TILLER.
(In New York Sun.)

WAR has made almost a recluse of the president. It has closed the White House to all save the really important visitors, increased the work of the president and his staff fully 50 per cent and imposed upon Woodrow Wilson responsibilities and tasks heavier than those resting on any crowned head.

The comparative isolation of the man in the White House is not an entirely new thing. War has merely accentuated the normal enforced isolation of the chief executive. President Taft spoke of such isolation one day in a rather plaintive little speech before the Washington newspaper correspondents. More than three years ago, before Europe went to war, President Wilson, addressing these same correspondents, spoke of the stately restraints of the office of president.

Mr. Taft regretted that "nobody drops in" at the White House. He missed neighborly visits, chats. Everybody comes by engagement, complained the jovial Mr. Taft.

This story of a wartime president will reveal how few, even by engagement, come to the White House nowadays, and why President Wilson has become a near recluse because of war.

Also it should show how Secretary Tumulty and his assistants, Rudolph Forster and "Tom" Brahm, are striving harder each day to keep little worries from the president and to save his strength and judgment for vital things.

Practically all business with the president is now transacted in his study at the White House. Except on "cabinet days" he does not use the executive offices. These offices were built by direction of Theodore Roosevelt so that the White House proper might be used only for living and social purposes.

President Wilson began the steady use of the White House library and study about the time of the breach with Germany, when war seemed but a question of weeks. It was then that the president began to tighten up on his engagements and to conserve his energy for the major problems of armed neutrality and impending war.

The engagement list of the president nowadays will average three to five names. Before the war, or rather before the international situation demanded so much of his time, it was not uncommon to find a dozen to twenty names on the engagement sheet that lies on his desk.

Senators and representatives, public officials and citizens of prominence were able to get to the president during peace. He found time to see the newspaper correspondents occasionally, to greet the Daughters of the American Revolution on their annual visit to Washington, to shake hands with delegations of schoolgirls and boys' corn clubs and to exchange pleasantries with helpful constituents presented by members of congress.

War has changed all this. The president can now see but few senators and representatives and his visitors from Capitol Hill are almost exclusively men interested in important legislation immediately before the congress. Secretary Tumulty is, and must be, the buffer between the president and the legislator who wants to air a pet theory or present a patronage matter.

Under the stress Secretary Tumulty himself sees the president two or three times a week. Time was when Mr. Tumulty saw "the Governor"—Tumulty still calls him that—a dozen times a day. To save the time of the president communication between the executive offices and Mr. Wilson's desk is today largely made by memoranda. The secretary finds that the written note presents a matter concisely, requires less of the president's attention and obviates extended conversations.

These memoranda are written by Tumulty and sent direct to the president by special messenger. To important papers are attached red cards marked "special" or "immediate," and the president knows upon receipt that something requires his prompt attention.

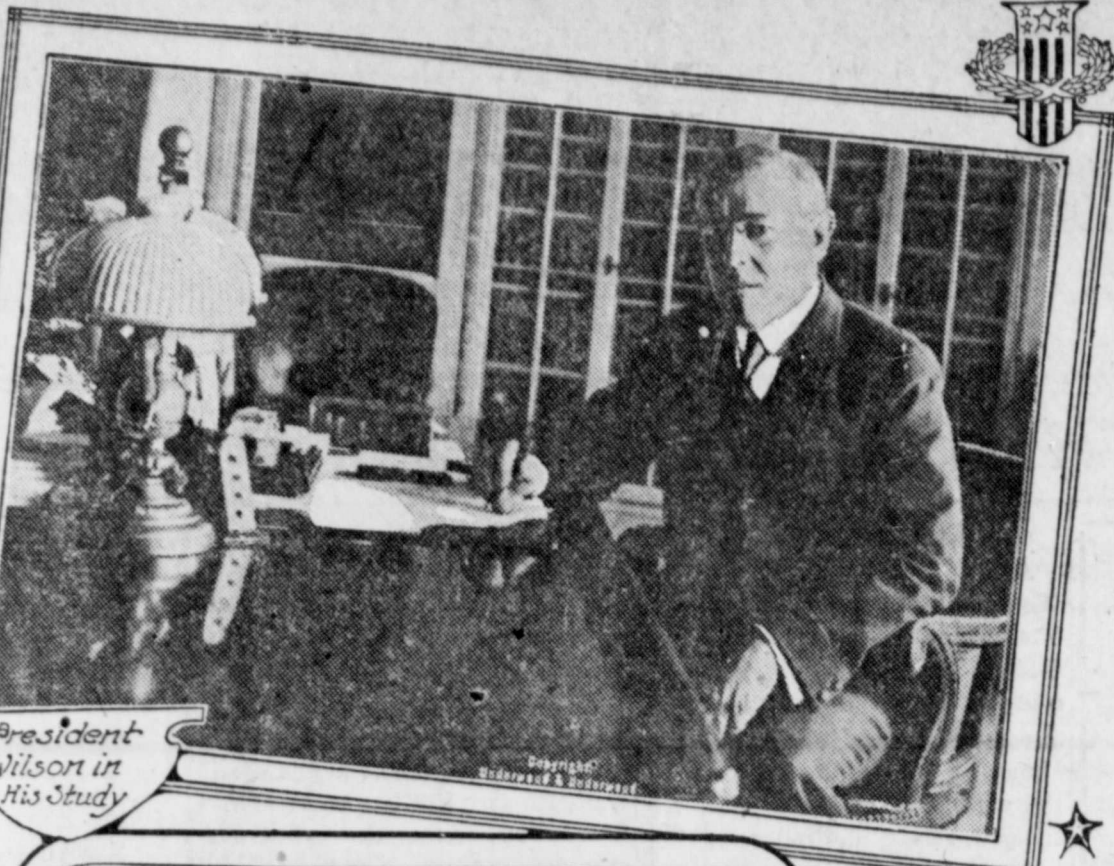
Suppose that a senator calls and seeks to pour into the president's ear some complaint about patronage. The president, engaged in the conduct of a great war, cannot well give a half hour's time to the settlement of a dispute over a collectorship. Secretary Tumulty gets all the facts, dictates a memorandum and the president is soon advised about as follows:

"Dear Governor: Senator Blank called and desired to see you. He wants to protest against the reported approaching appointment of John Doe as collector of the port at ——. He regards Doe as unfitted for the place and wants to give his reasons. I suggest that you write the senator saying the appointment has not been made and you will be glad to have a letter from him advising you confidentially in the premises."

This sort of a memorandum is not infrequently followed by presidential action of the kind suggested.

The president has been saved the trouble of listening to the complaint of the senator after verbal recitation of it to Secretary Tumulty. If Secretary Tumulty had gone personally to see the president the latter would have been obliged to make a written memorandum substantially like that—briefed for his consideration by the secretary—for the president cannot carry everything in his head.

Memoranda relating to a great variety of subjects, minor and major, pass between the desks of president and secretary daily. If there is a news story or an editorial which Tumulty feels



President Wilson in His Study



Secretary Tumulty at His Desk

the president should see a memorandum is sent reading something like this:

"The president may be interested in this editorial from the ——. I invite your attention particularly to the underscored paragraph."

Or a delegation may call at the executive offices seeking the president's aid in some project, such as the adjustment of a labor dispute. The story is heard by Tumulty and briefed by him in a note for the president. Sometimes the memorandum is merely one of record; again the secretary will suggest that the earnestness of the delegation and the story presented might justify a statement of the administration's attitude.

The memorandum system, used whenever possible, illustrates the departure from the peacetime routine of the White House, and the extraordinary methods used to save the president time, worry and strength. It is found absolutely essential.

The wartime day's work of the president is one of momentous performances embodied in a program which reads like routine. Here is a sample day:

Arises 7 a. m.

Eats breakfast at 8 a. m.

Goes horseback riding with Dr. Cary T. Grayson, now a rear admiral by the president's appointment, or golfing with Mrs. Wilson or Doctor Grayson.

Returns to the White House after recreation of an hour or so.

Dictates to Charles Swem, his personal stenographer, until Swem has a bookful.

Fills an appointment or two before lunch.

Takes lunch at 1 p. m.

Fills other engagements and dictates again.

Goes automobile riding late in the afternoon.

Attends a theater once or twice a week.

That might seem like an easy day to a man who plows from sunrise to sunset. But it's the in-between worries that count and cause the president to need every minute of rest he can take.

For instance, there was a time recently when the president had before him all these major troubles at once:

The Goethals-Denman shipping board row that was halting the construction of ships to combat the German submarine menace and to feed the allied armies on the battlefields of Europe.

A reorganization of the purchasing and contracting system of the council of national defense. In this war the contracts of this government will run into billions of dollars, and the president is directly or indirectly responsible for the wise expenditure of enormous sums.

Insurrection in congress against the food control bill, which the president regarded as legislation absolutely essential for the successful conduct of the war.

The determination of a policy regarding the exemption of government clerks and others drafted for service in France.

Price fixing on steel, coal and other articles to be used in great quantities by the United States while at war.

Appointments to fill vacancies in the interstate commerce commission.

Complaints of questionable utterances of certain German-American and other publications concerning the raising of an army, conscription and other governmental policies.

Add to these troublesome questions of major importance the thousand and one little things that slip across the desk of a president of the United States—patronage rows, applications for executive clemency, requests for interviews, protests against pending legislation, factional wrangles within the party, demands for action concerning race riots and industrial troubles, the

worries of impending railroad strikes—and one may gain some idea of why there is no peace of mind for the chief executive.

One must remember too that in these war times congress has bestowed upon Woodrow Wilson powers and functions wider than those possessed by any monarch. He is empowered to commandeer ships and shipyards, to take over industrial establishments and operate them, to construct a great merchant marine, to send millions of Americans to the trenches in France, to provide officers for an aviation service that is to expend \$640,000,000, to administer the food supply of an entire nation, and so on.

There is little wonder then that Mr. Wilson has shut himself in and that domestic matters which might engage him in these times of peace now must be handled by assistants.

For the first time in the country's history the very exterior of the White House exhibits the seclusion of the president. In the daytime a policeman stands guard at every gate. When night comes, soldiers with loaded guns and bayonets take places about fifty paces apart on the sidewalks surrounding the spacious White House grounds.

The soldiers have strict orders to make every one move on. There is no loitering whatever about the White House after sundown.

A copy of the president's daily engagement list is furnished the policemen at the gates. When a person who has an engagement with the president shows up afoot or in automobile the gates swing open and he is admitted to the grounds. The visitor is again "looked over" as he approaches the entrance to the executive mansion, where two or more policemen are always on duty.

No other persons are admitted to the grounds except at the west gate, immediately adjoining the executive offices. Here visitors having business with Secretary Tumulty may gain entrance upon the proper showing.

The gates to the White House were closed the day relations were severed with Germany. At the same time an order went forth denying tourists and others the privilege of going through the lower rooms of the executive mansion. Thousands of tourists have come to Washington expecting to "go through" the White House, only to be stopped by the officer at the gate.

The police guard about the president when walking or riding has been doubled since the outbreak of war. Two motorcycle policemen clad in khaki pick up the president's automobile the moment it swings out of the grounds onto the street. They follow within five feet of his machine and from the golf links—or wherever else it may go. In a big automobile twenty to thirty feet to the rear ride half a dozen secret service men.

So strict is the rule against admission to the White House that the "special card" hours have been abolished. Heretofore it has been possible for a member of congress or an official of the government to obtain a card from Secretary Tumulty admitting a constituent or friend to the lower floors of the mansion. This is now absolutely forbidden and there are no exceptions. Those surrounding the president will take no chances.

In consequence of these restrictions the president and his family are spending more time on the lower floor of the White House; they are not confined so much to the bedrooms and rest rooms above.

The president and Mrs. Wilson attend comparatively few social functions. Likewise social callers are few. War has virtually brought an end to social activity at the White House. The president attended the state receptions given by Secretary Lansing to the foreign commissions that recently visited this country, but he and his wife have about eliminated social activity.

In discharging his many duties the president is using the telephone to an unprecedented extent. He confers a great deal by phone with the secretary of war and navy. Direct lines, touching the White House switchboard only, connect the president's desk and those of the secretaries. A plain telephone wire, with no switchboard whatsoever, connects the desks of the president and Secretary Lansing.

Should the president be interested in legislation pending at the capitol—and he generally is—he is more likely to talk to the leaders of the senate and house over the telephone than to request that they come to the White House for a conference. He has found that the telephone saves him both face to face interviews and letter writing.

Beyond the Great Wall



Encampment of Nomad Tent Dwellers.

THE wayfarer in China who turns south to Anglicized Hongkong, multitudinous Canton or that vivid hybrid of East and West, Shanghai, fails even to brush the strangest and most ancient mystery of the dragon kingdom. That mystery lies in North China, an immemorial mystery that wraps Peking like an imperial mantle, a somber northern inscrutability that enfolds the great wall as impenetrably as the mists obscuring its turrets, writes Olive Gilbert in Asia. It is a mystery so inviolable that, once in a man's blood, there is little choice left him but to follow its lure on and on, seeking its source in that hinterland still farther to the north. From the Great Wall one can gaze far over this unknown land rushing swiftly away to the north, not days but months by caravan—the great plain of Mongolia.

For the man gripped by this mystery of the northland, Kalgan, the border city between China and Inner Mongolia—five hours to the north of Peking as the Chinese train crawls—offers a convenient point of departure into Mongolia. Kalgan, lying at the foot of the pass, marks the end of the ancient caravan route between Siberia and China. Here all the wool and skins from the North are unloaded. Here is quartered a Chinese garrison against a Mongolian uprising. Here the Russian tea trader pitches his blue tent. From here go the Russian overland mails. Here also are reloaded the strings of camels for their return to the desert. Kalgan attempts to collect itself between a river and the pass, but for dust it might be the desert itself. Small Chinese shops crowding the main street, worn into incredible ruts by generations of cartwheels, complete the squalor—that is, in July, the wayfarer be abroad in July.

Kalgan offers no inns and the foreigner must beg friends among the scattering missionaries or claim the hospitality of the British-American tobacco "mess." But roof-trees are wide and high in those far corners, and the hospitality is of a heart-warming quality, such as lingers in the memory with a rare deliciousness. You may ride into Mongolia as a free lance on horseback if you are not a pampered child of civilization. But if you have degenerated through the complexities of life under a roof—unable to live on strings of oatmeal, cheese and meat, and unwilling to sleep in a Mongol tent—you must be consigned to a caravan or a litter. Our equipages were least picturesque of all the choices—a small caravan of Peking carts drawn not by camels, which are among the possibilities, but by horses and mules with a donkey thrown in on the side for good measure. The carts, larger than the usual blue Peking carts and padded with sacks of grain and "rutasos" of bedding covered with heavy mats, had been drawn up within the mud walls of the compound long before the first streak of the July dawn.

On the Road to Urga. We are out of the city now on that white road which crosses the plain for 30 days to Urga and for 60 days to Irkutsk—in dry months a bowlder-strewn highway, in rainy months the bed of a torrent which rushes down between the bluffs, carrying men and luckless caravans before it. The ascent is gradual, almost imperceptible. Mud villages cling limpet-wise to the bluffs, the doors leading into only burrows in the hillside. It is a desert coloring as is the desert sun, white hot. But there is a charm in that flickering monotonous road, like the charm of a peasant melody, and the call of the trail is in the air—"over the world and under the world."

At "tiffin" we came upon one of those charming little "genres" to be seen often on Eastern roadways. In the scene were an inn, mud-walled, and a court, also mud-walled, the entrance shaded by a wide-spreading plane tree. From the lower branches of the plane tree hung a bird-cage; beneath it, carter and coolies and hawkers of thrushes, peddlers and camel-drivers sprawled or lounged or squatted and smoked, the blue of Chinese garments lying exquisitely cool against the bronze of Chinese skins in the chiaroscuro of shadow, sharply demarked from the glare of the road. It stirred a strange emotion in me; perhaps an early remembrance, an ancient nostalgia for this first home of the human race. But there was no water for our beasts, and we must travel two li farther—two-thirds of an English mile. There, in the shadow of a doorway, we ate our first trail tiffin surrounded by half-clothed men and not in the least clothed children, who followed us enthusiastically.

Past a little gray wayside shrine, past tall mastlike poles with their prayer flags drooping in the still air, the road led, striking suddenly a trail that emerged onto a small plateau. The sheer thrill of that little plateau, like a sharp upturning Chinese mirror! At the foot of the ascent lay a Bethlehem village. The mellow afternoon sunshine reflected in a small pool—the whole a study in quietude. And beyond, rushing swiftly away to the North, our Promised Land, the great Mongolian plain.

To the Top of the World. The ascent of the next morning was delayed by the appearance of a caravan of two-wheeled ox-carts piled with wool, there where the pass notched the sky. But it was worth the delay. Whatever else slips from me through memory's net, it will not be those carts, for one supreme moment dominating the world, and then, like all things mortal, each losing the supreme moment at the crest of things and plunging down the pass, lost in the dust below, while we ourselves took the uptrail to the top of the world.

The top of the world! Beyond a vision of sky and plain, magnificent open country rushing away gloriously to the horizon and beyond. That is the feel of Mongolia—beyond; vast, silent beyond. Something of desert beauty lay in its unbroken spaces, peace and healing and desert inscrutability. It was of the desert and yet it was not desert. Its tawny monochrome was tinged with green, softened by short, sparse grass through which a summer wind rustled, inviting one to pleasant wanderings.

The Tent Dwellers. We were now well up in fresh, untrammelled land. There were no fields, no houses, no villages, only an occasional encampment of black Mongol tents with its guard of dogs. True nomad's land. The black Mongol tents are made of layers of felt stretched on a collapsible wicket of wood about four feet high, from which spokes of wood extend to meet above at the top, the whole corded with stout ropes. There are no windows and the entrance consists of one low door. Against the walls of the tent stand bright chests of clothing, brass cooking vessels, rows of cheeses, a barrel of intoxicant made from sour milk, and a small Buddhist shrine. Felt and fur rugs cover the earth floor and the low dais at the back which adds a Turkish look. On a center brazier tea simmers from morning till night, tea dunks copiously with butter and salt and a handful of millet. The whole is overhung with an indescribable odor, Siberian but more so; skins, cheese, smoke, horses, dogs, sheep, cows, tobacco, sour milk, incense to the gods and unwashed humanity, a combination into which the odors of Cairo might be carried as a perfume.

The Mongol mother prepares the family meal in a pot on the brazier or sews cloth shoes with a long needle. In one of the tents a wedding was in prospect—a wedding which consists of the bridegroom's dashing up with a group of friends on the swiftest horses obtainable and carrying off the bride before dawn—and in the corner of the tent sat a Chinese silversmith hammering out the barbarically beautiful headdress that forms every bride's dowry. One Mongol woman pointed out to me three beads in her dowry which she said cost a horse each. The men also have an inside occupation—smoking and taking snuff. One tent suffices for a family, unless it be a rich one, and on cold nights it shelters all the calves and lambs, "little brothers of the field."

The Mongol is darker in color than his Chinese neighbor, high-cheeked, squat, weather-beaten, almost protective in coloring. Rarely, if ever, on a Mongol face is seen that fine intelligence which stamps the Chinese; the fact that he has produced no arts, no crafts, that he is a worker in no medium, is writ large in the crudity of his expression. As a Buddhist, he refuses to till the soil lest he take life—kill a beetle, for instance. Sheep he may kill, however, since that may be accomplished without Buddha's cognizance, back of the tent. Flocks have another advantage, too, over fields; flocks he may carry with him. And the Mongol knows no shades of a prison house! Give a Mongol a sheep and a horse and he will feed, clothe, house himself and roam the plain. Add a cow and he can get drunk. Life has nothing more to offer.

Small Island's Specialty. St. John, the smallest of the three Danish West India islands acquired by the United States, is only eight miles wide in its broadest part. It is noted especially for the bay tree, the leaves of which are used in making bay rum.

Easter Sale!

Commencing Saturday, March 23; Closes March 30. A whole week to make Easter Purchases. A sale in which you can see Nice Silks from 60c to \$1.75 yd. Woolen Plaids in nice light patterns, Voiles in plaid patterns, plain colors in 36-in.—all priced reasonable to you. Wonderful values considering the circumstances in getting them. Nice line of Gingham @ 20c and 25c. Mercerized Gingham @ 40c. White Goods in all varieties, in fact the nicest line we have ever shown you. Buy enough Muslin and Sheeting to last you six months, for beyond a doubt the next shipment will be 5c a yd higher. Our price for Hope bleached is 20c; nice Sea Island brown 20c. Always broken lots in all lines that save you money.

A GOOD PLACE TO BUY YOUR EASTER FOOTWEAR

If you're not buying your footwear of us, get in line and visit us. Ask your neighbors if they are not saving money at our store on footwear and other lines. Our Spring lines are about complete, tho' we were forced to use express instead of freight to do it. No expense has been spared to get our usual amount of nice, clean, up-to-date merchandise. Oxfords for ladies and children, kid in black and brown pumps and five eyelets. All new patterns. White Canvas Boots \$3 to \$4, nice fine material, well made, with the new military heel for ladies. 8 1/2 in. top in black and brown kid \$6 and \$7—sold elsewhere for \$9 or \$10. Mens' English last calf in black and brown at \$5 to \$7. Mens' Vici Bals, straight last, at \$7.50—equal to other \$9 goods. A strong effort is being made to keep our sizes up in all Oxfords until Easter. But the demand is strong. Better come early in the week. Buy here and save money.

O. N. STALLSWORTH

I HAVE SECURED THE AGENCY FOR

The Case Automobile

The Best Auto Buy in the Market

Everybody knows what Case machinery is. For 76 years the name Case has stood foremost in the mechanical world. It means the same standard and dependability as the gold dollar and American determination.

Anyone Interested Call On or Phone

S. C. RICHERSON

At RICHERSON & McCARROLL'S

Midway Barber Shop

In New Hess Hotel

Bob Harper, Prop.

We Always Strive to Give the Best of Service

Also Agency Memphis Steam Laundry

For insurance that insures see C. E. Johnson.



CLARKE & STRICKLAND
THE TAILORS

If It's Building Material

YOU WANT, SEE

J. C. WOOLDRIDGE

LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, CEMENT AND PAINT

Political Announcements

For State Senator, 29th Dist.
R. L. TEMPLETON

For Judge 47th Judicial District
HUGH L. UMPHRES
(Re-election)
HENRY S. BISHOP
OTIS TRULOVE

For County Judge
J. H. O'NEALL
W. T. LINK

For County and District Clerk
W. E. BRAY
J. J. ALEXANDER

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
H. C. BRUMLEY
M. T. (Doc) HOWARD
L. F. STEWART
J. H. RUTHERFORD
B. L. KINSEY

For Tax Assessor
G. W. BAKER
B. F. NAYLOR

For County Treasurer
E. DUBBS

For Public Weigher, at Hedley
J. W. BOND
J. S. BEACH
M. D. LATIMER

A good house and lot for sale at a bargain. U. J. Boston.

GARAGE CHANGE

The early part of last week Penn Dishman and Bruce B Barnes purchased the Highway Garage from James O. Black. Mr. Black, we understand, will return to his home at Canyon.

In addition to running the garage, Messrs. Dishman and Barnes are preparing to furnish lights for the town, which is a long step in the direction of progress.

If you want high quality goods and low prices, never stop till you go to Hedley Hardware.

TO STOCK BREEDERS BART

Black Mammoth Jack, age four years, 15 hands high, will stand at the J. M. Shanton place, four miles north of McKnight, midway between Bray and Ring School House. Terms \$10 to insure colt to stand and suck. Also have THADDEUS JR.

Registered Percheron horse, 17 hands high. Terms \$12.50. Fee becomes due if mare is traded or removed from the country. All care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. J. S. Smith Phone 753 Wings Rte 1, Hedley, Texas.

Rev. Cal C. Wright went to Clarendon Wednesday to attend a meeting of the Methodist pastors in this section. It was decided at this meeting to build another tabernacle at Camp Bowie and employ a preacher to hold regular services there.

Complete line Furniture and Hardware, priced right. Hedley Hardware.

Subscribe for The Informer.

Drs. Odom & Johnson

Medical and Surgical Treatment:
Ear, Eye, Nose and Throat
and Fitting of Glasses
CHILDRESS, TEXAS

Dr. Johnson will be in Hedley every 4th Tuesday and Wednesday in each month to render you service.

A CORRECTION

On page 1, in the city election article, the second name on the list for Mayor should be W. E. Reeves instead of "W. E. Keeves."

If you want your dollar to go the limit, trade with Hedley Hardware.

Mrs. J. Walker Lane returned last Thursday from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lewis, in Dallas.

Anything you need in Hardware and Furniture. Hedley Hardware.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McDougal returned the latter part of last week from a visit to the fat stock show at Fort Worth.

STRAYED—One brown horse mule and one roanish bay mare mule. Branded B on shoulder. Take up and notify W. H. Bond, Hedley, Texas.

Mark Justiss, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Smith, left last week for his home at Forrester, to stand examination for military service. A report was received that his local board had put him in class A 1.

For anything you need in the Harness line, try Hedley Hardware.

G. A. Blankenship has sold a farm to Mr. Watson from Lakeview, who will improve it and live there.

Mares, mules and horses to sell. If interested see E. B. Mace, Clarendon, Texas. Star Route, or phone 226 6r.

Prof. N. C. Duggins of the McKnight school was in Fort Worth the past week, visiting his two sons at Camp Bowie.

Lake Dishman and Herman Kirkpatrick left Monday to resume their duties at Camp Bowie, after a two weeks visit to home folks and friends.

Reduced prices on Feed Mills for the next few days. The Bowser, none better. Hedley Hardware

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Turner have moved to Shamrock. Mr. Turner has been connected with Morrison's Garage here.

W. C. Lyle and family went to Clarendon last Saturday to visit at the home of their brother, Frank Lyle. W. C. is a new Informer subscriber.

John R. Woods, one of our Camp Bowie soldiers, was here the past week visiting at the home of his father, Walter Woods

The second draft will be called out beginning March 29, according to official announcement 800,000 men will be called, the details not having been given out yet. It is announced that special provisions will be made to prevent taking from farms the men needed for cultivating and harvesting this year's crops. 95000 men are needed to fill units to depart soon. Texas quota for this call is 3943 men.

Barr'd Plymouth Rock Eggs for sale Phone 105. Mrs. E. H. Willis

P. A. BUNTIN

Embalmer and Funeral Director
Auto Hearse and Ambulance
Calls Answered Promptly.
Clarendon, Texas

FOR SALE:—100 tons of ensilage. Write Bryon Alexander, Clarendon, Texas, or phone 141, Clarendon.

New Oliver Implements LOTS of NEW FURNITURE

and also a
NEW SALESMAN

MR. PACE, LATE OF
SNYDER, TEXAS

is now with us. He is an experienced man in our line of business, competent and affable, and will be pleased to form your acquaintance and "Talk shop" with you.

Come in. It will be a pleasure to show you how well prepared we are to take care of all your wants in the way of Hardware, Furniture, Implements, Harness, etc.

Thompson Bros. Co.

Come to us for

Lumber & Coal

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

U. J. BOSTON, Manager

LATIMER FOR WEAHER

The Informer is authorized to announce in this issue the candidacy of M. D. Latimer for the office of Public Weigher at Hedley, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

Mr. Latimer is one of our industrious young farmers, living six miles north of Hedley, on route 1. As he has lived in this vicinity twenty years (since early boyhood) he is known to practically every voter and needs no introduction from us. He possesses every necessary qualification for filling the office he seeks, and proposes if elected to put forth his very best efforts in rendering satisfactory service. He asks a consideration of his claims and will appreciate your support.

When you want an up-to-date Steel Mill try the Challenge. They are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Hedley Hardware.

M. D. Latimer, on Route 1, is a new Informer subscriber this week.

When you need a Windmill you'll never make a mistake in buying the Eclipse. None better. Hedley Hardware.

J. K. P. Kyser and O. W. Kyser were here Monday from Bray.

FOR SALE

1 Jack, 14 hands, 4 yrs. old Black with white points. Well bred.

1 Jack, 15 hands, 4 yrs. old. Black with white points. Well bred.

1 Jack, 15 hands, 3 yrs. old. Gray. Good breeding.

1 Percheron stallion, 6 yrs. old. Weight 1500 pounds.

Phone, write or come to see

L. Carlisle,
Clarendon, Texas.

King Barber Shop

J. B. KING, Prop.

First Class Equipment,
Prompt and Courteous
Service Always.

Agent Panhandle
Steam Laundry

Dave Browning, Camp Bowie soldier, was here two or three days the past week, visiting with his friend, John R. Woods.

WOMEN ARE POWER in NEW RUSSIA



RUSSIAN WOMEN RAILWAY WORKERS

By LIEUTENANT NORTON C. TRAVIS
in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

RUSSIA'S women, alone, stand today shoulder to shoulder with men. They occupy, indeed, a place higher than that of men of their own nation, for the spotlight of the world is turned upon them. In the scales of blind Justice, where are balanced autocracy or democracy for Russia, it is the Russian woman who turns the balance for freedom.

Russian women soldiers, virtually untrained and unofficered, drove back the Germans in their first trial of fire.

For eighteen days I was quartered in the first line of trenches with 2,500 of these Russian women warriors. I studied them at close quarters—there are no more intrepid soldiers in all this world than were those women of a divided and bewildered nation.

The Battalion of Death is no more. They were wiped out by German shells and German bayonets, and only four wounded survivors remain of 200 who fought through hell fire to shame the men of Russia into a sense of patriotic duty. To lack of training and of officers is ascribed the annihilation of this first battalion of women warriors in the modern world. They failed in their object—the stimulating of compatriots to defense of their country.

That free Russia fears the power of women is indicated by the fact that those who were connected with the imperial circle of the former court are confined in the prison of Peter and Paul, guarded by barriers of water as well as by walls of stone, while minor offenders have been banished from Petrograd.

The Russian woman warrior is the product of outdoor life and simple, wholesome food. In the ranks one finds the majority of soldiers from the upper class of Russian society, and by their sides are serfs and peasants accustomed to working in the fields of Siberia and Russia with the men of their households.

Ladies of Russia are noted for their proficiency in outdoor games and sports; they are great walkers, skaters, horseback riders and devotees to sledding, games that require vigor and furnish excitement, and to their summer and winter carnivals and pageants, which occur several times a year. At these times it is their pleasure to indulge in native folk dances, and dancing on the ice is a pastime to which they are devoted, and to which, I believe, they owe much of their muscular development and rapidity of action. The life of the Russian woman has bred her to war's service; she does not care for afternoon teas or any form of indoor amusement during the daytime. Instead you will find her engaged in active sports on the frozen Neva, beside the trolley tracks that link icebound towns in a chain of gay activity, even more bustling than when boats ply the river in summer and fetch and carry between Russia's capital and the Neva's outlying villages.

And now you will find women at the switches along the shining miles of ice-floored single track of the Neva's winter trolley lines.

In singular contrast to the sturdy, muscular build of Russian women, stocky of form and short of stature, are Russian men of the upper class, who, when they acquire refinement and high-breeding, seem, also, to become weak and effeminate.

Not only in trench work, but in the ordinary avocations of men one now finds Russian women. Street-car conductors and motorwomen handle the traffic with efficiency. Conductors call out the streets, and from the second belt on the man's coat that tops their blue skirts, they draw checks of varying colors and hand them out in receipt of fares. These colors represent from one to five fares, and also indicate the distance a passenger expects to travel. One fare now costs fifteen kopecks, or two and a half cents. Under ordinary conditions fifteen kopecks were worth five cents. But two and a half cents is a lot of money in Russia today. On the other hand, while women fill places on railroads and street cars, there are still to be found many men driving motorcars.

Another avocation of women is the driving of draskeys—Russian dumpcarts—a flat, two-wheeled wagon drawn by one or two horses. In the latter case one horse is always harnessed outside the shafts, leaving the burden to be borne by the animal inside of them.

This peculiar method of harnessing is even carried out in ambulances at the front, and a wounded man transported in this fashion usually has the life borne out of him on his way to the hospital. Sometimes, indeed, such makeshift ambulances are drawn by men, for life is accounted so cheap in Russia that the Russian will not use horses when men can serve the purpose of draft animals.

Not only men, but women, take the place of horses. They often draw their field kitchens about, and bivouac to cook their good bread, made of wheat and rye flour; their soup, horse meat and vegetables. Russian horse meat is not half bad, and that is their principal army meat. Horses are plentiful, but very small, and they do not furnish much beef, so that numbers are slaughtered to



MEMBERS OF THE BATTALION OF DEATH

obtain a sufficient supply. I should judge that Russian ponyskin coats, which have often been so popular in America, ought to be cheaper than ever this season if there has been any way of curing and transporting the skins of these glossy-coated animals of the steppes.

Women's army kitchens are adequately supplied with horse meat, and from ladies of rank to serfs the women soldiers have learned how to prepare palatable food. They have also learned not only to draw their field pieces, but actually carry them.

All women are enrolled in the Infantry division of the army, so that there are machine guns, which three or four women can carry together. Some of these guns are light enough to be borne on the shoulders of one woman.

While Russians are not good marksmen they are expert at bayonet work, and there is nothing the Germans fear more than a Russian bayonet encounter, when the sturdy dwarf of the North not only sticks his enemy through, but has an appalling habit of lifting him up on the bayonet. I saw one victim of this shocking act slide off the knee blade, dead.

And if the Germans fear such attacks of unspurred Russian men, they dread the savage charge of fiery Russian women, and when they succeeded in capturing three in battle they tortured them to death by way of satisfying spite against those hundreds of young women who lay slain—martyrs to patriotism.

I watched women soldiers dig out their own trenches, where rain or bombardment had caused them to fall in; pull around their heavy ammunition wagons and guns, as well as their field kitchens, and set up their barbed-wire entanglements. Many of them were noblewomen and wealthy members of the "upper froth" of Russia; quite a number were wives and mothers whose husbands were fighting in another sector on the line; and every one was a volunteer.

With courage went cheerfulness. In the midst of the hardships of trench life—and they can scarcely be overestimated—these women sang ballads and catchy songs as they worked at the business of death. Some played on musical instruments that they had brought into the trenches, while most of them found time to attend to the comfort of their pets, especially the battalion mascots—a parrot and a cat.

All were short of clothing—simple as was their uniform. It consisted of a grayish khaki colored material, like washed-out khaki, made in overalls and jumper, with a tight-fitting high collar and belt. They wore the same boots as were used by men, and some had their feet encased in shoes and puttees. One of the chief difficulties in equipping women has been to fit the "upper froth" with boots, and to the rigors of trench life has been added, the discomfort and, I fancy, pain of dainty feet in coarse, heavy unaccustomed boots, standing often in a mire of mud and water.

Women soldiers had shifts of ten days in first-line trenches of the enemy, with four hours on and four hours off duty. At the least unusual noise or sudden skirmish the whole 2,500 women were out and in readiness for battle.

Every thirty feet in the women's sector stood a "post," or sentry, who fired without ceasing. It was her duty to call out, on occasion, the soldiers who rested in their malodorous dugouts on shelves that protruded from the walls along each side. Mere children were many of these modern Amazons, for their ages vary from fifteen to thirty-five years, and for ten days on a stretch they had no

opportunity to change or remove their clothing. When not fighting or on sentry duty the women rest as best they may in their dugouts, where rain of guns does not penetrate very loudly. No ventilation reaches these deep burrows under the hills except that at the entrance to the trench, and conditions are offensive to every sense of comfort and sanitation. Our Red Cross commission sought to remedy some of the worst features of Russian trench life, but modern war is one of unbelievable horrors, not the least of which is the insect pestilence of the trenches.

Every ten days a section of trench is cleaned up and its occupants are stripped, sprayed with an insect destroyer, brushed down with brooms, given a bath and clean clothes. In singular contrast to the many antiquated methods of battlefield existence common in the Russian army are comfortable bath trailers provided for the soldiers' fortnightly bath.

As the world knows, the Battalion of Death was organized by Madame Vera Butchkaroff, who lived in a small Cossack settlement in Siberia at the outbreak of the war. When Madame Butchkaroff's husband was killed in battle she formed the Legion of Death, mainly to shame Russian men into action, and partly to relieve the awful suspense and monotony of village life far from the scene of strife. Therefore, in the original ranks of women warriors were to be found hardy peasants from the vast agricultural region of Siberia, and many such women belong to the present regiments of feminine soldiers.

Far different from their once peaceful, remote lives is the terrific action of the battlefield, where instead of distant sparks of stars in quiet skies, they witness clusters of shells shrieking upward, five a minute and hurrying around a moving speck in the heavens—some airplane target for great guns. Timed to explode at 5,000 or 6,000 feet, as well as the distance of the plane can be gauged, the shell turns to fall at the designated height and shrapnel sprays the night skies with vivid fountains of flame.

In the great Russian upheaval Siberia has determined to achieve an independence of its own. I found the people in this vast storehouse of nature's wealth distinct in type from those in any other part of Russia. They are a mixture of Mongol and Russ; a peculiar young-old folk. Nowhere else in the world have I found as strange looking people. The men have a drawn expression and fixed, staring eyes. Women, too, exhibit this characteristic to a marked degree, and everywhere one finds the form of youth surmounted by the facial appearance of age. I wondered whether this expression proceeded from the squalor of their meager lives. They are an exceedingly dirty, filthy people; ragged for the most part, and with feet shod in a sort of straw sandal. With a land of rare agricultural, timber and mineral wealth surrounding them, they yet wear an appearance of stolid dejection.

HAD A GOOD FATHER.

The store was crowded with customers when a child walked in and with an important air approached the owner of the store, held up a quarter, and remarked in a high treble: "My father said I could buy anything I wanted for my supper."

"Well, you have a good father," said the storekeeper.

"Yes," replied the kidlet, "and it's me that knows it."

SCRAPS of HUMOR



A NEAR CALAMITY.

Little Mary was being initiated into the wonders of the Pullman car. She and her mother left the city late in the afternoon, each occupying a big cushioned seat in the car. Mary wished to know at once where they were to sleep, and after five hours' explanation by her mother she realized that they were to sleep in a bed made over their seats, which would be completed by the porter about nine o'clock.

At the next stop a man entered the car and Mary was forced to give up her individual seat to him. He had reserved the upper berth, which she did not know. The giving up of the seat was for a time, enough food for thought, but she finally burst out with the question:

"Mamma, if we sleep here, and all those other people sleep where they are sitting, where is that man going to sleep?"

"That man" and the rest in the car laughed. The explanation process began all over again.—Indianapolis News.

Melodrama.

"He's a calculating villain."
"Quite right. Observe. He moves apart and mumbles to himself."
"Ha! We now see him calculating."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Almost Good.

Ripp—What kind of a screen artist is he?
Rapp—He can draw anything but a salary, and make anything but a living.—Film Fun.

SURER THING.



"Hear you've given up your regular practice?"
"Yes; I've been appointed official surgeon of the Auto club, and I have about as much as I can attend to."

Music's Charms.

Oh, music's charms will serve, they say.
Rude indignations to disperse;
But some musicians when they play
Contrive to make the matter worse.

How She Got It.

"Mrs. Cashit has a great deal of embonpoint, don't you think so, Mrs. Comeup?"
"Yes; she always was great on them forrin fads."

Pleasant Anticipation.

"Tea or coffee?" demanded the bustling waitress.
He smiled benignly. "Don't tell me; let me guess," he whispered.—Stray Stories.

Quite So.

Wife—The photographer you sent out here simply snapped the children and the house and then went off.
He—I see. A case of snap and go.

Grateful Praise.

"Well, dear, how does my record compare so far with your mother's?"
"Your fusses are nothing like the ones mother used to make."

An Odd Storehouse.

"The feast at the club was seasoned with its well-known Attic salt."
"How queer! We keep ours in the kitchen."

The Perfect Food.

"There are five classes of food—proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals and water."
"You get 'em all in hash."

Fact.

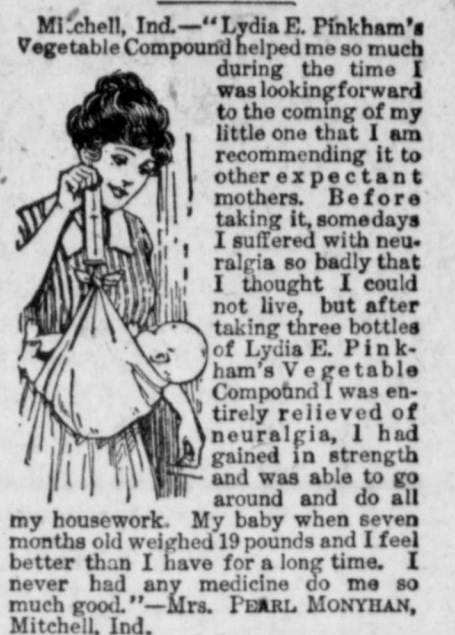
The goose is very foolish.
And frivolous is the monk.
But when it comes to a lot of sweets
Give me the lowly skunk.

The Lure of Verbiage.

"Some questions are never answered."
"True. A great deal of discussion is like saying, 'Polly want a cracker?' to a parrot. The parrot hands it back and the conversation goes on indefinitely over a cracker that nobody cared about in the first place."

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.



Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Jade in Wide Use.

In Burma, which is the present source of jadeite, it is mined in considerable quantities to meet the Chinese demand. Mineralogists say that it is notably harder than nephrite, and ranges in specific gravity from 3.20 to 3.40, whereas the average for nephrite is but 2.95. Nephrite is cut into vases, cigarette cases, cigar boxes, candlesticks, portrait frames and other art objects. The rich green color and translucency make it peculiarly appropriate for such uses. Jade has been found in Alaska about 150 miles up from the mouth of the Kowisk river.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

has been a household remedy all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble bringing on headache, coming up of food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

At Least He's There Now.

Twenty-one—"No woman ever made a fool of me." Eighteen—"No, but they helped."—Orange Peel.

DON'T GAMBLE

that your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Fruit growers of California have declared in favor of the importation of Chinese "and other labor."

If Worms or Tapeworm perish in your system, it is because you have not yet tried the real Vermifuge, Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot." One dose does the work. Adv.

Their Office...
"Those flowers are a sheet of color."
"Naturally. They're bedding plants."

Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

The Methodist church in Japan has gained about 12 per cent in membership during the last year.

Copenhagen maintains a permanent exhibition of devices to protect workers from accidents.

Alcohol, when pure, is greenish in color, while water is distinctly blue in shade.

Are Your Livestock and Poultry Free From Lice?
Don't use a liquid insecticide in cold weather. It is dangerous.—Use DR. DAVID ROBERTS' **DIOLICE** and **Poultry Lice Powder**. Effective dry powders that are insecticides and easy to apply. Write for the Practical Horse Veterinarian and for free booklet on **Abortive in Cows** if no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.

ECZEMA!
Hunt's Salve, formerly called 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 Salve fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, or any other skin disease. See to it that you get your local druggist, or direct by mail from **A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., SHERMAN, TEXAS**

TYPHOID is no more necessary than smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccination, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. **THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL.** PRODUCTIONS VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.
PERSISTENT COUGHS are dangerous. Relief is prompt from PISO'S Remedy for Coughs and Colds. Effective and safe for young and old. No opiates in **PISO'S**

PRUDENCE SAYS SO

By **ETHEL HUESTON** Author of "PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE"

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Connie must be a precocious younger sister, all in white—she must come in late with a tennis racket, as though she had just returned from a game. That will be stagey, won't it? Lark must be the sweet young daughter of the house. She must wear her silver mull, her gray slippers, and—"

"What are you going to wear?"

"Who, me? Oh, I have other plans for myself." Carol looked rather un- easily at her aunt. "It'll come to me a little later."

"Yes, indeed," said Connie. "Carol has something extra up her sleeve. She's had the millionaire's son in her mind's eye ever since father introduced his pocketbook into the conversation."

Carol was unabashed. "My interest is solely from a family viewpoint. I have no ulterior motive."

Her eyes sparkled eagerly. "You know, auntie darling—"

"Now, Carol, don't you suggest anything—"

"Oh, no indeed, dearest, how could you think of such a thing?" disclaimed Carol instantly. "It's such a very tiny thing, but it will mean a whole lot on the general impression of a millionaire's son. We've simply got to have a maid! To open the door, and courtesies, and take his hat, and serve the dinner, and— He's used to it, you know, and if we haven't one he'll go back to Cleveland and say, 'Ah, bah Jove, I had to hang up my own hat, don't you know?'"

"That's supposed to be English, but I don't believe it. Anyhow, it isn't Cleveland," said Connie flatly.

"Well, he'd think we were awfully cheap and hard up, and Andy Hedges, Sr., would pity father, and maybe send him ten dollars, and—no, we've got to have a maid!"

"We might get Mamie Sickey," suggested Lark.

"She's so ugly."

"Or Fay Greer," interposed Aunt Grace.

"She'd spill the soup."

"Then there's nobody but Ada Lone," decided Connie.

"She hasn't anything fit to wear," objected Carol.

"Of whom were you thinking, Carol?" asked her aunt, moving un- easily in her chair.

Carol flung herself at her aunt's knees. "Me!" she cried.

"As usual," Connie ejaculated dryly. "Oh, Carol," wailed Lark, "we can't think of things to talk about when you aren't there to keep us stirred up."

"I'm beginning to see daylight," said Connie. She looked speculatively at Lark. "Well, it's not half bad, Carol, and I apologize."

"Don't you think it is a glorious idea, Connie?" cried Carol rapturously. "Yes, I think it is."

Carol caught her sister's hand. Here was an ally worth having. "You know how sensible Connie is, auntie. She sees how utterly preposterous it would be to think of entertaining a million- aire's son without a maid."

"You're too pretty," protested Lark. "He'd try to kiss you."

"Oh, no, sir, oh, please, sir," sim- pered Carol, with an adorable curtesy, "you'd better wait for the ladies, sir."

"Oh, Carol, I think you're awful," said their aunt, unhappily. "I know your father won't like it."

"Like it? He'll love it. Won't he, Connie?"

"Well, I'm not sure he'll be crazy about it, but it'll be all over when he gets home," said Connie.

"And you're very much in favor of it, aren't you, Connie precious?"

"But what's the idea?" mourned Lark. "What's the sense in it? Father said to be good to Lark, and you know I can't think of things to say to a millionaire's son. Oh, Carol, don't be so mean."

But Carol stood firm, and the others yielded to her persuasions. Even Aunt Grace allowed her qualms to be quieted and entered into her part as semi-in- valid auntie with genuine zest.

At three they were all arrayed, ready for the presentation. They assembled socially in the parlor, the dainty maid ready to fly to her post at a second's warning. At four o'clock, they were a little fagged and near the point of ex- asperation, but they still held their characters admirably. At half past four a telegram message was phoned out from the station.

"Delayed in coming. Will write you later. Very sorry. Andy Hedges, Jr."

Only the absolute rudeness of it saved Carol from a lunge. She looked from the girlish tennis girl to the semi- invalid auntie, and then to the sweet young daughter of the house, and burst out laughing. The others, though tired, nervous and disappointed, joined her merrily, and the vexation was swept away.

The next morning, Aunt Grace went as usual to the all-day meeting of the Ladies' Aid in the church parlors. Carol and Lark, with a light lunch, went out for a few hours of springtime happiness beside the creek two miles from town.

"We'll come back right after lunch- eon," Carol promised, "so if Andy the Second should come, we'll be on hand."

"Oh, he won't come today."

"Well, he just better get here before

father comes home. I know father will like our plan after it's over, but I also know he'll veto it if he gets home in time. Wish you could go with us, Con- nie."

"Thanks. But I've got to sew on forty buttons. And—if I pick the cher- ries on the little tree, will you make a pie for dinner?"

"Yes. If I'm too tired Larkie will do pick them, Con, the birds have had more than their share now."

After her sisters had disappeared, Connie considered the day's program. "I'll pick the cherries while it's cool. Then I'll sew on the buttons. Then I'll probably invite me to stay for lunch- eon." And she went upstairs to don a garment suitable for cherry-tree ser- vice, from a rag bag in the closet at the head of the stairs, she resurrected some remains of last summer's ap- parel. First she put on a blue calico, but the skirt was so badly torn in places that it proved insufficiently pro- tecting. Further search brought to light another skirt, pink, in a still worse state of delapidation. However, since the holes did not occur simultane- ously in the two garments, by wearing both she was amply covered. For a waist she wore a red crepe dressing saque, and about her hair she tied a broad, ragged ribbon of red to protect the soft waves from the ruthless twigs. She looked at herself in the mirror. Nothing daunted by the sight of her own unsightliness, she took a bucket and went into the back yard.

Gingerly she climbed into the tree, gingerly because Connie was not fond of scratches on her anatomy, and then began her task. It was a glorious morning. The birds, frightened away by the living scare-crow in the tree, perched in other, cherryless trees around her and burst into derisive song. And Connie, light-hearted, free from care, in love with the whole wide world, sang, too, pausing only now and then to thrust a ripe cherry between her teeth.

She did not hear the prolonged ring- ing of the front door bell. She did not observe the young man in the most im- maculate of white spring suits who came inquiringly around the house. But when the chattering of a saucy robin became annoying, she flung a cherry at him crossly.

"Oh, chase yourself!" she cried. And nearly fell from her perch in dismay when a low voice from beneath said pleasantly:

"I beg your pardon! Miss Starr?"

Connie swallowed hard, to get the last cherry and the mortification out of her throat.

"Yes," she said, noting the immac- ulate white spring suit, and the hand- some shoes, and the costly Panama



"I Beg Your Pardon! Miss Starr!"

"Not a bit of it," he said. "Let me take the cherries."

Connie helplessly passed them down to him, and saw him carefully depos- iting them on the ground. "Just give me your hand."

And what could Connie do? She couldn't sternly order a millionaire's son to mosey around the house and mind his own business until she got some decent clothes on, though that was what she yearned to do. Instead she held out a slender hand, grimy and red, with a few ugly scratches here and there, and allowed herself to be helped ignominiously out from the shel- tering branches into the garish light of day.

She looked at him reproachfully. He never so much as smiled.

"Laugh if you like," she said bitter- ly. "I looked in the mirror. I know all about it."

"Run along," he said, "but don't be gone long, will you? Can you trust me with the cherries?"

Connie walked into the house with great decorum, afraid the ragged skirts might swing revealingly, but the young man bent over the cherries while she made her escape.

It was another Connie who appeared a little later, a typical tennis girl, all in white from the velvet band in her hair to the canvas shoes on her dainty feet. She held out the slender hand, no longer grimy and stained, but its whiteness still marred with sorry scratches.

"I am glad to see you," she said gracefully, "though I can only pray you won't carry a mental picture of me very long."

"I'm afraid I will, though," he said teasingly.

"Then please don't paint me verbally for my sisters' ears; they are always so clever where I am concerned. It is too bad they are out. You'll stay for luncheon with me, won't you? I'm all alone—we'll have it in the yard."

"It sounds tempting, but—perhaps I had better come again later in the afternoon."

"You may do that, too," said Connie. "But since you are here, I'm afraid I must insist that you help amuse me." And she added ruefully, "Since I have done so well amusing you this morn- ing."

"Why, he's just like anybody else," she was thinking with relief. "It's no trouble to talk to him, at all. He's nice in spite of the millions."

He stayed for luncheon, he even helped carry the folding table out be- neath the cherry tree, and trotted docilely back and forth with plates and glasses, as Connie decreed.

It was not until they were at lunch- eon that the grand idea visited Connie. Back to her remembrance flashed the thousand witty sallies of Carol and Lark, the hundreds of times she had suffered at their hands. And for the first time in her life, she saw a clear way of getting even. And a million- aire's son! Never was such a revenge fairly crying to be perpetrated.

"Will you do something for me, Mr. Hedges?" she asked. Connie was only sixteen, but something that is born in woman told her to lower her eyes shy- ly, and then look up at him quickly be- neath her lashes. And she saw in a flash the ruse worked.

Then she told him softly, very prettily.

"But won't she dislike me, if I do?" he asked.

"No, she won't," said Connie. "We're a family of good laughers. We enjoy a joke nearly as much when it's on us as when we are on top."

So it was arranged, and shortly after luncheon the young man in the im- maculate spring suit took his depart- ure. Then Connie summoned her aunt by phone, and told her she must hasten home to help "get ready for the mil- lionaire's son." It was after two when the twins arrived, and Connie and their aunt hurried them so violently that they hadn't time to ask how Connie got her information.

He had arrived! A millionaire's son! Instantly their enthusiasm returned to them. The cushions on the couch were carefully arranged for the reclining of the semi-invalid aunt, who, with the sweet young daughter of the house, was upstairs waiting to be summoned. Connie, with the tennis racket, was in the shed, waiting to arrive theatric- ally. Carol, in her trim black gown with a white cap and apron, was a dream.

And when he came she ushered him in, courtesying in a way known only on the stage, and took his hat and stick, and said softly:

"Yes, sir—please come in, sir—I'll call the ladies."

She knew she was bewitching, of course, since she had done it on pur- pose, and she lifted her eyes just far enough beneath the lashes to give the properly coquettish effect. He caught her hand, and drew her slowly toward him, admiration in his eyes, but trep- idation in his heart, as he followed Con- nie's coaching. But Carol was panic- stricken, she broke away from him roughly and ran upstairs, forgetting her carefully rehearsed: "Oh, no, sir—oh, please, sir—you'd better wait for the ladies."

But once out of reach she regained her composure. The semi-invalid aunt trailed down the stairs, closely fol- lowed by the attentive maid to arrange

her chair and adjust the silken shawl. Mr. Hedges introduced himself, feeling horribly foolish in the presence of the lovely serving girl, and wishing she would take herself off. But she lian- gered effectively, whispering softly:

"Shall I lower the window, mad- ame? Is it too cool? Your bottle, madame?"

And the guest rubbed his hand swiftly across his face to hide the slight twitching of his lips.

Then the model maid disappeared, and presently the sweet daughter of the house, charming in the gray silk mull and satin slippers, appeared, smil- ing, talking, full of vivacity and life. And after a while the dashing tennis girl strolled in, smiling inscrutably into the eyes that turned so quizzically toward her. For a time all went well. The chaperoning aunt occasionally lifted a dainty cologne bottle to her sensitive nostrils, and the daughter of the house carried out her girlish vi- vacity to the point of utter weariness. Connie said little, but her soul ex- panded with the foretaste of triumph.

"Dinner is served, madame," said the soft voice at the door, and they all walked out sedately. Carol ad- justed the invalid auntie's shawl once more, and was ready to go to the kitchen when a quiet:

"Won't Miss Carol sit down with us?" made her stop dead in her tracks.

He had pulled a chair from the cor- ner up to the table for her, and she dropped into it. She put her elbows on the table, and leaning her dainty chin in her hands, gazed thoughtfully at Connie, whose eyes were bright with the fires of victory.

"Ah, Connie, I have hopes of you yet—you are improving," she said gen- tly. "Will you run out to the kitchen and bring me a bowl of soup, my child?"

And then came laughter, full and free—and in the midst of it Carol looked up, wiping her eyes, and said:

"I'm sorry now I didn't let you kiss me, just to shock father!"

But the visit was a great success. Even Mr. Starr realized that. The millionaire's son remained in Mount Mark four days, the cynosure of all eyes, for as Carol said, "What's the use of bothering with a millionaire's son if you can't brag about him?"

And his devotion to his father's col- lege chum was such that he wrote to him regularly for a long time after, and came westward now and again to renew the friendship so auspiciously begun.

"But you can't call him a problem, father," said Carol keenly. "They aren't problematic until they discrimi- nate. And he doesn't. He's as fond of Connie's conscience as he is of my complexion, as far as I can see." She rubbed her velvet skin regretfully. She had two pimples yesterday and he never even noticed them. The she leaned forward and smiled. "Father, you keep an eye on Connie. There's something in there that we aren't on to yet." And with this cryptic re- mark, Carol turned her attention to a small jar of cold cream the drug- gist had given her to sample.

CHAPTER XV.

The Twins Have a Proposal.

It was half past three on a delight- ful summer afternoon. The twins stood at the gate with two hatless youths, performing what seemed to be the serious operation of separating their various tennis rackets and shoes from the conglomerate jumble. Finally, laughing and calling back over their shoulders, they sauntered lazily up the walk toward the house, and the young men set off in the direction from which they had come. They were hard- ly out of hearing distance when the front door opened, and Aunt Grace beckoned hurriedly to the twins.

"Come on, quick," she said. "Where in the world have you been all day! Did you have any luncheon? Mrs. For- rest and Jim were here, and they in- vited you to go home with them for a week in the country. I said I knew you'd want to go, and they promised to come for you at four, but I couldn't find any place. I suppose it is too late now. It's—"

"A week!"

"At Forrests'?"

"Come on, Lark, sure we have time enough. We'll be ready in fifteen min- utes."

"Come on up, Auntie; we'll tell you where we've been."

The twins flew up the stairs, their aunt as close behind as she deemed safe. Inside their own room they promptly and ungracefully kicked off their loose pumps, tossed their tennis shoes and sunquets on the bed, and began tugging at the cords of their middy blouses.

"You go and wash, Carol," said Lark. "while I comb. Then I can have the bathroom to myself. And hurry up! You haven't any time to primp."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prehistoric Man Found.

The remains of a prehistoric man have been found near Mexico City buried under three meters of volcanic lava. It is supposed they are at least 10,000 years old as the oldest records of Mexico make no mention of an eruption of the volcano Ajusco.

Our Part in Feeding the Nation

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

OUNCE OF PREVENTION—BUCKET OF WATER



Fire on an Unprepared Farm Usually Makes a Clean Sweep.

PREVENT BLAZES ON EVERY FARM

Fire Buckets Should Be Handy in Buildings Not Otherwise Protected.

LOSS ANNUALLY IS IMMENSE

Salt in Water Keeps Emergency Sup- ply From Freezing—Special Fire Pails With Rounded Bottom Are Most Favored.

SAWDUST CHOKES OIL BLAZE.

Have a bucket of sawdust ready to choke an oil blaze—especially in the garage or around the gas engine. Adding two or three pounds of common soda to a bucket of sawdust improves it as an extinguisher. Spread it with a scoop. Water is of little use where oil is blazing—it may spread the flame. Sand, while good to smother fires, is a bad thing to pour on machinery.

Millions of dollars' worth of agricul- tural wealth—much of it food—is de- stroyed by fire in the United States every year. At normal prices and with an average crop it would take the value of the greater part of the potato crop of the country to offset all that is lost annually through the fires on farms.

This is a dead loss to the nation— for the fact that most individual losers are partially reimbursed through in- surance does not in the least reduce the drain on our national resources—and it is a loss that is largely pre- ventable. Simple ways to reduce this great waste are suggested in Farmers' Bulletin 904, "Fire Prevention and Fire Fighting on the Farm," issued for free distribution by the United States department of agriculture.

The fire bucket, according to the writers of the bulletin, is the oldest, simplest and cheapest fire extinguish- er, and should be in every farm build- ing and home not equipped with more elaborate fire-fighting equipment.

Round Bottom Buckets Best.

Any kind of bucket filled with water and placed handily is good, but special fire buckets with rounded bottoms like a kettle are best. There is no temptation to use such buckets for ordinary purposes and they are much more likely to be left hung on the brackets or in the round holes cut for them in shelves. Any kind of fire buckets should be specially painted or labeled and never used for any pur- pose other than fire fighting. They should be placed near entrances and near the top of stairways or ladders where they can easily be reached on entering the building or loft. Several buckets nested in a barrel of water are an effective device.

Needless to say, the fire buckets should always be kept filled by replac- ing the water lost by evaporation.

If the buckets are covered, water will not evaporate so rapidly nor get

STORE GASOLINE UNDER- GROUND.

Gasoline is never safely stored until it is in an underground tank. The vapor from a single pint will render the air in an ordinary sized room explosive. Heavier than air, the gasoline vapor rests near the floor or ground, and a person standing may be unconscious of the dan- ger until he places a lantern in the danger zone.

full of dust and dirt and become of- fensive. Water can be kept from freezing in all except very low tem- peratures by adding a couple of pounds of common salt to each bucketful. A single bucket of water may check a fire when the delay in getting water from a pump would allow the blaze to become uncontrollable. In buildings a long way from a water supply, a cask or tub of water from which to refill buckets is very desirable.

There is a right and a wrong way to throw water on a fire. Don't become excited. Spread the water with a sweeping motion all over the flaming material. Water thrown hastily may miss the blaze or fall to spread properly over the burning material. A fire chief of an eastern city at a demonstration put out an angry fire of oil-soaked material by calmly applying ten cupsful of water where they would do the most good.

Examine Beans for Poisons.

The port laboratories of the bureau of chemistry of the United States de- partment of agriculture are giving special attention to detecting poison- ous beans offered for import to this country. According to the annual re- port of the bureau of chemistry, the high price of beans has led to ship- ment of so-called Burma or Rangoon beans from Asia and tapiramos beans from South America, which are known

AMERICA'S AGRICULTURAL ARMY.

In the field of agriculture we have agencies and instrumentalities, fortunately, such as no other government in the world can show. The department of agri- culture is undoubtedly the great- est practical and scientific agri- cultural organization in the world. Its total annual budget of \$46,000,000 has been increased during the last four years more than 72 per cent. It has a staff of 18,000, including a large num- ber of highly trained experts, and alongside of it stand the unique land-grant colleges, which are without example else- where, and the 69 state and fed- eral experiment stations. These colleges and experiment stations have a total endowment of plant and equipment of \$172,000,000 and an income of more than \$35,000,000, with 10,271 teachers, a resident student body of 125,000, and a vast additional number receiving instruction at their homes. County agents, joint of- ficers of the department of agri- culture and of the colleges, are everywhere co-operating with the farmers and assisting them. The number of extension work- ers under the recent experiment legislation has grown to 5,500 men and women working regu- larly in the various communit- ies and taking to the farmer the latest scientific and practical information. Alongside these great public agencies stand the very effective farmers them- selves which are more and more learning the best methods of co-operation and the best methods of putting to practical use the assistance derived from govern- mental sources. From Pres- ident Wilson's message to farm- ers, January 31.

to yield hydrocyanic acid under some conditions. Shipments indicating the presence of hydrocyanic acid were therefore excluded as being dangerous to health. These poisonous beans are varieties of lima beans of various colors, and in shape may not be unlike the common navy bean. On careful in- spection they may be distinguished from the common bean by the fact that, unlike the common bean, they show distinct striations, or stripes, radiating from the eye to the edge. There are also other less noticeable differences.

NEW CLOTHES FOR EASTER GET THEM EARLY



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOUR SPRING SUIT, the one we know you'll pick out as the best one for you, is here ready for you to wear. It is a Hart Schaffner & Marx or a Styleplus suit. Of course you want something good.

Don't wait until somebody else has taken the one you want.

Easter comes March 31st. Get ready now in clothes and furnishings---shoes, hats, gloves, shirts and everything else.

Hayter Bros.

CLARENDON, TEXAS

Mail Orders Filled

THE INFORMER LOOKS INTO HEDLEY'S FUTURE

Hedley is beginning to show signs of vigorous activity as springtime comes on, and in the very near future the music of the builder's implements will be heard throughout the town.

Although nothing seems yet "ready for publication," rumor has it that both business and residential sections of Hedley can boast many handsome, substantial additions before winter appears again.

Some business changes and enlargements are nearing consummation, reports say, but details of these are likewise withheld by the censor for the present, so we must remain for a season in an attitude of watchful waiting.

But we want to serve notice on friends and neighbors that Hedley is going to grow some this year—it's going to be an all round fifty per cent better town before 1918 passes. We're coming out of the kinks.

And why shouldn't we? No town in the country has better natural resources; no town has a higher class of citizenship, or business men of more ability; no section has been more favored in production of the material things of life—in crop yields, big prices and bank accounts. Why shouldn't we move forward to greater things.

True, Hedley has suffered a heavy drain on account of the war, particularly in man power. Proportionately we have given heavily of the flower of our young manhood. But, while that is depressing in a sense, isn't it noble and inspiring in a better

In Business for Your Health

---that's the reason we buy none but the purest Drugs and Medicines.

We hope you can get through the year without sickness, but at the same time we're prepared to take care of you if you need us. At your service, any time.

HEDLEY DRUG CO.

In Business for Your Health

sense? Aren't we proud, even happy, to do it? And isn't it the more reason why those of us left here at home should put forth every effort not only to sustain our boys on the battlefields, but also to make this a better place for the returning hero (for all our boys and girls) to live in?

We must remember this: Nothing stands still these days. We get better—or worse. It takes effort to improve, but it's worth it. Now, all together!

Barred Plymouth Rock Eggs for sale. Phone 105. Mrs. E. H. Willis.

ELECTION NOTICE

By virtue of the authority vested in me, as mayor, I hereby call an election to be held in the city of Hedley, Texas, on the first Tuesday in April, 1918, same being the 2nd day of April, 1918, for the purpose of electing a mayor and five aldermen for the city of Hedley, the same to serve for a period of one year.

This 28th day of February, 1918.

P. C. Johnson, Mayor of the City of Hedley, Texas.

For insurance that insures, see C. E. Johnson.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

ED C. BOLIVER
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 of church or society doings, when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

NOTICE.—Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Informer will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Nothing lasts, why worry!

Spring's coming. Let's clean up for a change.

Heer up! Consider the ways of the little green cucumber, which never does its best fighting till it's down.

Is something? Don't find fault with what the other fellow's trying to do, except in the spirit of helpfulness. Anybody can criticize, and very often the weakest doer is the strongest criticizer. Every time we hear one of these chronic fault finders, or scandal mongers, we think of the wise man who once said something like this: "There's so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it behooves none of us to speak ill of the best of us." Swap your hammer for a war stamp.

The Informer, \$1.00 per year.

A local citizen, referring to a "boost item" in the paper, remarked to the editor: "Well, I see you've about got the county seat moved down here—on paper!" Which, to be sure, was a very witty remark. We've been here nearly nine months, and if that citizen has ever done anything except drag along in the same old rut, and make "witty remarks," we haven't found it out. The editor, being part human, usually is about as full of faults as a dog is of fleas, but he also usually has some accomplishments which he, if properly encouraged, would use to the benefit of the community. If an assortment of witty remarks is your stock in trade, the sooner the community can get rid of you the better for all concerned.

Those who read the bank statements in last week's paper know that the two Hedley banks are now carrying deposits of more than four hundred thousand dollars. We doubt if this record can be equalled by any town in the country of double our population. People who live in Hedley and vicinity are prosperous, and nothing but the best is good enough for them.

"Every life is its own excuse for being, and to deny or refute the untrue things that are said of you is an error in judgment. All wrong recoils upon the doer, and the man who makes wrong statements about others is himself to be pitied, not the man he vilifies. It is better to be lied about than to lie. At the last no one can hurt us but ourselves."

Tax Assessor Naylor has been here again this week, working at his official duties.

BE A DOER

"If you want your town to improve, improve it. If you want your town lively, make it. Don't go to sleep, but get up and work for it, talk about it and talk favorably. If you have property, improve it, paint your houses, make your surroundings pleasant, and you will be worth more in the market. If you are doing reasonably well, advise your friends to come and invest near you. Work steadily for your home dealers. Keep your money at home as much as possible and it is likely to help you in return.

"The successful towns have been made by the property owners pulling together—public improvement is an investment that pays. Don't waste your time over petty quarrels, nor hold back your aid from good objects, thru spite, but work for some good and you will find yourself benefitted."

Be a Do-er!

Hardeman county is to have a road bond election on Saturday, April 13th, calling for an expenditure of \$100,000, to which it is expected the State Highway Commission will add \$50,000 in case the issue carries. Since good roads benefit everybody, our Hardeman friends' show see to it that the "antis" are overwhelmed.

W D Trueblood, a former well known Memphis citizen now living at Claude, had one foot amputated the other day, the result of a hunting accident some years ago.

WE CAN WELD ANYTHING

But the Break o' Day.

WE CAN FIX ANYTHING

But a Broken Heart

--and we'll try our best to fix that.

Phone 123.

Morrison's Garage

TO ALL WOMEN WHO ARE ILL

This Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Personal Experience.

McLean, Neb.—"I want to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who suffer from any functional disturbance, as it has done me more good than all the doctor's medicine. Since taking it I have a fine healthy baby girl and have gained in health and strength. My husband and I both praise your medicine to all suffering women."—Mrs. JOHN KOPPELMANN, R. No. 1, McLean, Nebraska.

This famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has been restoring women of America to health for more than forty years and it will well pay any woman who suffers from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues" to give this successful remedy a trial.

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

One Treatment with Cuticura Clears Dandruff

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

Repentance never comes too late.

Why buy many bottles of other Vermifuges, when one bottle of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will act surely and promptly? Adv.

Many an eloquent speaker, like a river, is greatest at its mouth.

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

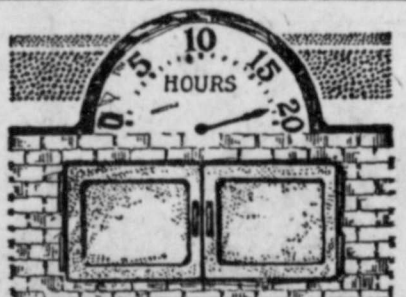
DID YOU EVER EAT A DURIAN?

According to Travelers, Fondness for That Fruit is Distinctly a Taste That is Acquired.

My second dy in Malaya was almost spoiled by an attempt to eat a durian. Eating a durian, or, as in my case, essaying to do so, is an experience not soon lost to memory. Its achievement must be productive of a noticeable growth of ego. I often think how I should enjoy being able casually to boast, "I have eaten durians in the East," or "This tastes as good as a durian." The durian has a powerful personality. It is large and green, not unlike a breadfruit, and it is covered with unpleasant spikes. But these, I am told, are no deterrent to the man or beast who has acquired the durian habit—who, by complete suppression or mortification of the organs of smell, has succeeded in swallowing even a section of the fruit. It grows on tall trees, and natives will sit for days waiting for a ripening durian to fall. White children, once immune, prefer it to all other fruit; tigers will approach close to Malay villages, risking their lives to vary their carnivorous diet with a mouthful of durian.—William Beebe, in Atlantic.

Pennsylvania hunters kill 3,000,000 rabbits yearly.

Minnesota, in 1917, produced 50,000,000 bushels of wheat.



A Baked Cereal Food

Different from the usual run of toasted or steam-cooked cereals,

Grape-Nuts

is baked in giant ovens—baked for nearly twenty hours under accurate conditions of heat, so that the whole wheat and malted barley flours may develop their full, rich sweetness.

You don't need sugar on Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



WINNING THE DEBUTANTE'S SMILE.

It is silk and cotton for summer frocks, and here are two of them designed for the young girl, that will make her more than glad that she is alive in a silk and cotton summer. All the pretty, old-time gingham patterns have been interpreted in taffeta and voile and their inventors of long ago would be delighted with their elegance and distinctness in these fine-grained fabrics. Some of the new frocks in plaid or crossbar taffeta go to the length of copying apron styles. The pretty frock of corn-colored, crossbar taffeta shown at the left of the picture has the plainest and simplest of pleasant waists, made of plain corn-colored taffeta, with sleeves of georgette crepe. It has patch pockets ruffled across the top, that design to remind us of the apron pockets, and an ingenious collar made just to suit the frock. This little model is satisfied with a plain, straight and narrow skirt, that turns neither to the right nor to the left, but pursues its way undisturbed by ruffle or tuck, to the ankles of its wearers. It proclaims the straight silhouette and leaves us guessing as to just where it fastens. A pretty dress at the right is made of fine voile over a slip of silk. The skirt of voile is gathered at the waist line so that it has considerable fullness, but it is not draped. Just at the

ment by the extra length of the skirt which reaches almost to the instep.

Now is the time to dispose of all lingerie matters, simple or otherwise; for at this season of the year merchants make a concerted effort to show and sell new undergarments and the materials for making them. Petticoats and camisoles and their next of kin, princess slips, are the subjects under discussion here.

Shadow lace proves the best of assets when the time comes to design camisoles. It is wide enough to make the body of the camisole and the pointed or scalloped edge provides for graceful shape. Camisoles are made of it by adding a band of ribbon, or wide heading to the straight edge for the waistline, and banding the lace with narrow ribbon stitched on. Where the lace has large points, two of them at the front and two at the back form "V"-shaped lines here and under the arms, that are graceful. Ribbons, stitched to these scallops or points are extended into shoulder straps.

In princess slips the bodice is often cut in the shape described above and finished with a narrow hem. Below the hem Valenciennes lace insertion is let in. Narrow skirts set onto the bodice with a narrow belt have a series of tucks edged with val lace running about them. They are usually made of



PETTICOATS CONFORM WITH SLENDER LINES.

right it is split and cut at the bottom so that the voile falls in a cascade. The bodice is draped from the shoulders and bloused at the waistline. The popular chemisette is indispensable in a waist draped in this way, and appears less in flit lace over taffeta lace over taffeta silk. The sleeves are full and gathered into a little frill above the elbows. There is a soft ribbon girdle with long ends looped over at the front. It takes slender head tassels to weigh the ends so that they will hang properly. A spray of small garden flowers is tucked into the girdle at the front, and their pretty, quaint suggestion is supplied

by the extra length of the skirt which reaches almost to the instep. White batiste remains a favorite for petticoats and nothing supplants small tucks and fine narrow laces for trimming them, in the regard of refined women. But all petticoats must be made to conform to the slender silhouette; lines must be straight.

The reliable taffeta petticoat for daily wear is shown in the picture, finished with a scant, corded founce hemmed at the bottom. Like everything else, it is most liked in plain styles.

Julia B. Bostwick

LIVE STOCK



POINTS OF BREEDING SHEEP

In Selection of Stock Consider Qualities the Market Demands for Mutton and Wool.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

While all breeds have the general form and characters of the type in which they are classed, all purebred sheep possess certain distinguishing features which are inherent in the breed and which receive the attention of breeders. These breed characters may have little value in themselves, yet they are a mark of breeding and give assurance that the animals will breed true to type. Included in such breed characteristics are such points as size, color markings, presence or absence of horns, and peculiarity of shape. These differences make it essential for the cards or standards of excellence which give consideration to these points. If one is selecting purebred sheep for breeding purposes, he must know the breed type as represented by the excellence for the breed. Score cards for the leading breeds may be obtained from the secretaries of the breed associations listed in Farmers' Bulletin 570, "Breeds of Sheep for the Farm."

Whether one is breeding purebred sheep or is engaged in grading up a common flock, in the selection of breeding stock he should consider the qualities the market demands for wool and mutton. In addition to the application of market and breed standards, stock intended for breeding should be considered from the point of view of propensity in transmitting their good features and prolificity in reproduction. These qualities are indicated by what is known as sex character.

To be a long-lived, regular, and prepotent breeder, the ewe must have a strong constitution and show a strong maternal nature and present a feminine appearance. The ewe should have finer features about the head and a more slender neck than the ram. She should have plenty of room for



Yearling Dorset Ram.

the growth and developing fetus. To provide well for early maturing lambs, she should give an abundance of milk. Breeding ewes should never be excessively fat, as they are so often in the show ring.

The ram should be purebred and show breed character and quality in strong form, because it is largely through him that improvement is secured for the flock. To be prepotent, the ram also must show a good deal of sex character; that is, there should be no doubt at first glance that he is a ram. He should have greater size than the ewe and a decidedly masculine appearance, indicated by a general burliness of the head, with a thickness of neck giving a suggestion of massiveness. He should have every indication of boldness, vim and vigor as denoted by a brisk movement and a bold, energetic look through a bright, clear eye. A breeding ram should not be excessively fat, yet he should at all times be kept in good condition.

CHEAP SOURCE OF PROTEIN

Leguminous Pastures Act as Mild Laxative and Tonic to Keep Hops in Condition.

The forage, especially from leguminous pastures, furnishes a cheap source of protein, supplies ash for bone making, adds bulk to the ration, and acts as a mild laxative and tonic to keep the hog's system in condition to utilize profitably the concentrated feeds.

Several Kinds of Millet.

Millet is of several kinds, which is somewhat confusing to the planter. Japanese millet is very commonly sown, and is perhaps the best for soil as well as hay. It grows to a height of six or seven feet in fertile soil and produces very heavily.

Ugh! Calomel Sickens; Salivates! Please Try Dodson's Liver Tone

I am sincere! My medicine does not upset liver and bowels so you lose a day's work.

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head bad, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick; you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

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

ful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and can not salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.—Adv.

Simple Solution.

Her Father—"My daughter is harboring a grudge." Her Uncle—"So? Why don't you kick him out?"—Yale Record.

Why Bald So Young?

Dandruff and dry scalp usually the cause and Cuticura the remedy. Rub the Ointment into scalp. Follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. For free sample address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Comparative Riches.

"The Comegus boast about the number of limousines which drive up to their doors."
"Humphs! We had a full coal cart driven up to ours."

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insuring a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectation in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Different Method.

"The fighting isn't done these days as it used to be, is it?"
"No. They used to use a rolling pin, but now they take your best golf stick."

AND NOW THEY ARE COOKING TOBACCO TO MAKE IT BETTER

For a good many years The American Tobacco Company have been conducting a series of experiments having as their object the improvement of smoking tobaccos.

And it is interesting to know that one of the greatest of their discoveries was one of the simplest, and that was, that cooking or toasting tobacco improved it in every way, just as cooking most foods improves them.

They took a real Burley tobacco, grown in this country; toasted it as you would toast bread; moistened it to replace the natural moisture driven off by toasting; made it into cigarettes, called them "LUCKY STRIKE, the toasted cigarette," and offered them to the public.

The result has been the greatest demand ever created for any tobacco product in a similar length of time.

The change produced by toasting is not only most wholesome, but the flavor is greatly improved, just as cooking improves meat, for example.—Adv.

A woman says it is almost as smothered to be married as not to be.

He Liked to Break Laws.

Rigby—"I wonder why he so rarely goes to church?" Digby—"I reckon because there is no law prohibiting it."

STOP THOSE SHARP SHOOTING PAINS

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

Conjugal Amenities.

He—"I tell you, living in a flat will be terrible trying." She—"It can't be half as bad as living with one."

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

The Conditions.

"Not everyone can be a golden-mouthed speaker." "Anyone can who has money enough to pay the dentist."

HEADACHES

This distressing ailment should be relieved at once and save strain on Nervous System. CAPUDINE gives quick relief. It's a liquid—Pleasant to take.—Adv.

Accounting for it.

"What stiff manners he has."
"Yes; but then he's in the starch business."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Feltner* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

What Students Earn.

Self-supporting students of Columbia university earned \$283,000 during the academic year and summer vacation of 1916-1917.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Pertinent Suggestion.

"What are commons, pop?"
"Why, food—rations."
"Then, pop, is a hotel a house of commons?"

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

Municipal suffrage has been granted to the women of the Mexican state of Guanajuato.

Don't get the habit of going around with bristles on.

To Prevent Grip

Fortify the System Against Winter Cold

The strong withstand the Winter Cold Better than the Weak. If your Blood is not in a healthy condition and does not circulate properly, your system will not be able to withstand the Winter Cold. Old people who are feeble and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the cold weather by taking regularly

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

Contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system, thus fortifying the system against colds and grip. Price 60c.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

Spring Stocks

NOW COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

IN ALL OUR DIFFERENT LINES WE are now showing the most interesting things for Easter and the new season. In spite of market and traffic conditions, we have gathered together in our store a stock of

DRY GOODS, SHOES AND READY TO WEAR

that places us in position to meet the demands of all for new Spring attire.

Come in today and let us fit you up in some handsome EASTER TOGS. We can fit the whole family from head to foot--and without any very severe damage to the family pocketbook.

Richerson & McCarroll
The Store of Service
Hedley, Texas.

REMINISCENCES

The following letter was written by Mrs. L. C. Jones of Oklahoma, a sister of Mrs. S. E. (Grandma) Allen of Hedley. The letter is very interesting, and gives us some idea of what the Texas pioneers had to endure in order that those who came after them might have a fit place in which to live. She says:

I was born in Marian, Henderson county, Ill., Feb. 20, 1843, and lived there until I was 11 years old. Oct. 1, 1854 we moved to Sherman, Texas, lived there until the following March, then moved to Montague county, Texas. Montague town was the only

town closer than St. Jo, which was at that time a stage stand. Red River Station was a fort where the rangers were stationed. It was ten miles to our nearest neighbor, who lived in Montague.

At that time there was only one store in Montague, it being owned and conducted in a wagon bed by John Cox. Later a hotel was put in by Geo. Cox and a saloon by Dave Avis. Then John Cox built a two room log house, run his store in one end and lived in the other. The cattle kings were Lem Brown and Cam and Bill Quillan. They controlled all the range at that time

There were all kinds of bear, panthers, wolves, buffalo, deer and Mexican lions.

Our nearest mill was at St. Jo, a distance of 25 miles, where we had to get all our breadstuff ground. It was a tedious and dangerous trip, as there were no roads, just dim paths, and frequented by hostile Indians. When father left for the mill we never knew whether we'd see him again or not.

The Indians (Comanches) made occasional raids. One incident, in particular, I remember was the raid made in Illinois Bend on the Walker family. They killed Mrs. Walker, her baby and two boys. When Mr. Walker saw the Indians he told Mrs. Walker to do the best she could, and ran for help. Their girl was injured, but recovered. 100 soldiers were sent immediately to their aid, but the Indians got away. The soldiers and Indians had a short battle and it is believed some of the latter were killed, as they were seen to mount some on horseback as if killed or wounded. I helped dress Mrs. Walker and pull the spikes from her body. She was scalped, as were her two boys. We buried them at Red River Station. Her two brothers, Joe and George Campbell, were soldiers at that time--frontier troops.

Another raid occurred when the Indians killed the Keenen and Pascall families, near me. They also captured the Box family, cut the hamstrings of the oxen they were driving, killed Mr. Box and took Mrs. Box and two girls. About a year afterwards the white men bought them back and they went to their home at St. Jo.

Another raid I distinctly remember was when the Indians killed a family by the name of Koosier. Mr. Koosier saw the Indians coming and went out to meet them. They spoke to him

and shook hands with him, then shot him down. He thought if he would act friendly with them maybe they wouldn't kill him. They then went into the house, piled up the feather beds, poured out the feathers, taking the ticks with them. They also took Mrs. Koosier, one daughter and one son. The white men brought them back in about a year, and they came to my house and stayed three weeks.

In the fall of 1866 we moved from Montague town to Boucher ville, and the next night after we moved there the Indians came and stole my baby's clothes off the wagon bed, also taking two horses and two saddles. Next morning we missed our property and went out to look around. We saw a poor old rode down horse standing under a tree, and when we went down there we noticed where the Indian had been eating pecans. The ground was covered with pecan hulls.

One night I had an awful scare. I was sitting in my house when something struck the house, like as if the Indians were around. My husband was away. He left a Mexican there to look after things, so when something hit the house the Mexican went out and sky lighted around. He told me not to say a word, to keep still. (what you see I see; what you hear I hear) I was almost scared to death. I finally found out it was my sister threw a rock on the house to frighten me. She certainly did, too.

Another time there was no one at home but me and the children--just four of us. It was rather cool and I had a big fire in the fireplace. We lived in a little one room log house. We were sitting around the fire when I heard the pounding of horses' hoofs

VETERINARY NOTICE

Dr. F. B. Erwin
OF MEMPHIS

WILL BE IN HEDLEY FOR ONE DAY ONLY

SATURDAY, March 30th

He will be prepared to do all kinds of Veterinary Work.

Dental Work, per head
\$2.00 to \$3.00

Consultation and Dental Examination
FREE. Don't forget the date

near by. It was the Indians, a big bunch, but they went by. I ran and got a bucket of water, threw it on the fire and put it out. There sure were scary old times those days. So many things like that were happening.

In the spring of 1867 I well remember the buffalo. They came in by the thousands. The soldiers would go out and kill them and just take marrow bone out of their hind leg, and their mops, and leave the rest lying there. A Mr. Quillan took the wool of the buffalo, carded and spun it and made himself a suit of clothes out of it. The soldiers would make bridles, reins, saddle girths and ropes out of the mops. Red river was standing in holes, and they left the plains and came in there to better range and water. The soldiers began to think they would have to leave there on account of dry weather and dust. When it began to rain the buffalo went back west.

In 1861, the year the war broke out, we had a big picnic at Montague town. They were making up a company to go to war. There was a big barbecue and dance and everybody had a great time. The picnic lasted two days and nights. Then the soldiers went to war, there being only two or three men left in town. There was great danger of raids by the Indians, and no protection.

Clarendon, Texas

April 1st and 2nd

MATINEE AND NIGHT

18,000
People



3,000
Horses

Same As Played All Over the World

In the Short Space of Three Hours the Audience Sees, Hears and Feels a Period of Fifteen Years!

Music by Prof. Shure and Miss Loeffler of Clarendon College

PRICES: MATINEE ADULTS - 75c
Children under 15 35c **NIGHTS \$1.00**
War Tax Added. No Reserved Seats for Matinee.

Seats on Sale Monday, March 25. Address Palace Confectionery. Add 10c War Tax on \$1.00 Seats

PASTIME THEATRE
CLARENDON, TEXAS

To Garage Patrons

We have bought the Highway Garage and can attend to your auto wants--and do it right.

Electric Lights

We are also ready to wire your house for **ELECTRIC LIGHTS**. If you want them let us figure with you.

Dishman & Barnes
PHONE 79 HIGHWAY GARAGE