

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 3, 1915

NO. 39

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

AGRICULTURAL AND OTHERWISE

J. A. Grundy had a lot of rye threshed Wednesday that was grown on his farm. The rye is an extra good grade, and made a good yield. Mr. Grundy left a lot of the rye at the Lively Grocery Co. to be sold to those who want to sow rye this fall.

I. J. Spurlin has sold \$173.15 worth of water melons from five acres, besides giving away and using a lot at home. Beats cotton raising all hollow, and is evidence that this is THE country.

Chas Boles shipped two cars of melons this week, making four cars shipped since last week.

John Lilley left a fine lot of red ripe tomatoes and a big cabbage at the Informer office Saturday. The European war has no terrors for him, as he has things to eat in his own garden. He also doesn't have to depend upon the coast country for vegetables.

SCHOOL BOOKS

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

DARING ROBBERY IN NEW ORLEANS

Lone Thief Secures \$100,000 From Bayou State Security Bank.

POLICE WITHOUT CLUE

Bold Bandit Forces President to Cash Personal Check at Point of Revolver, Then Makes His Disappearance.

New Orleans.—One of the most daring daylight bank robberies ever recorded in this city was committed this morning when the Bayou State Security bank was looted of \$100,000 in currency by a lone robber. There is absolutely no clue to the thief.

As has been the custom for some time of the president of the bank, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, entered his private offices in the rear of the main banking apartment at ten o'clock. Shortly after a young man of prepossessing appearance quietly opened the door and entered the room.

When the president looked up he found himself gazing into the muzzle of a revolver and heard the cool demand for \$100,000 under penalty of death for refusal. Mr. Galbraith immediately realized that the robber would carry out his threat should he make any outcry or disturbance. He was calmly told to write his personal check for the amount named and to endorse it. He was then ordered to take it to the paying teller while the mysterious visitor followed him closely with the revolver leveled at him under his coat.

When President Galbraith presented the check the young robber stepped to the window and requested \$1,000 in small bills and the rest in paper of large denomination. He stuffed the loose bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the \$99,000 under his arm, nodded to the president, backed swiftly to the street door and vanished.

For further particulars regarding this daring robbery read the new serial, "The Price," by Francis Lynde, soon to appear in this paper.

Begin in this issue. Be sure to read the opening chapter.

Naylor Springs

W. R. Haynes of Chillicothe is visiting at the home of his uncle, T. J. Wood.

T. N. Naylor and wife left last week for Amarillo, Portales, and other points for a visit.

Dr. C. L. Fields and T. E. Naylor made a "flying" trip Saturday to Groom. The former's son Lewis, and son-in-law J. K. Drinnon, accompanied them home, and we understand they returned Monday.

A visit from the Misses Ruth-erford and Miss Ruby Elmore was greatly enjoyed by the Naylor family Sunday.

Miss Hetner of Amarillo is visiting her relatives, A. O. and A. H. Hefner.

Miss Maggie Johnson of Chillicothe is visiting her aunt, Mrs. T. J. Wood.

Miss Ruby Parmley of Ring community is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Bland.

Revs. Arthur Scoggins, and Zinn are holding a meeting at this place, and will continue over Sunday.

E. B. Hilbun of Brice has returned home after a few days spent with relatives and friends.

J. S. Hall and family left last Tuesday for an over land trip to Dallas, Midlothian, and other places, where they intend to spend a few pleasant weeks with relatives and old-time friends.

NELDA.

J. I. Steele unloaded 155 head of cows and 140 calves here Wednesday, which he shipped from Childress.

CHANGE IN MEETING

Rev. M. L. Story requests the Informer to announce that the date for the Methodist revival has been changed to begin the Second Sunday in October. This change is made because of the fact that the singer cannot help until October. The singer is Mr. Ed Phillips, who is known to all our people, either personally or by reputation. He is a good choir leader and a great worker in revivals. He assisted Rev. Bryant in a meeting at Estelline recently where over 130 were converted or reclaimed; and at Wellington closed a meeting last week with over 175 conversions and reclamations.

NEW LUNCH ROOM

J. D. Chadd has added another line to his business—lunch room. He has installed cooking and eating apparatus in the way of stove, counter, stools, and has cut out the partition to make room. He expects to begin serving lunches Saturday.

SETTLED HAIL LOSS

Clarendon Ions, special agent and adjuster for the Saint Paul Fire & Marine Ins. Co., arrived Wednesday night and departed on the 8:10 train Thursday morning, but in the meantime satisfactorily adjusted two hail losses sustained by J. S. Beech and

Elery Lynn about two weeks ago. He allowed Mr. Beach 72 per cent damage and Mr. Lynn 30.3 per cent damage; right at what they had estimated themselves. Mr. Ions stated that he had been working night and day for several weeks adjusting losses; that he just got through at Galveston Sunday; had over 20 hail losses in Hall county to look after Thursday; more hail losses on the Plains to see after today, and so on.

Subscribe for the Informer.

POPULAR YOUNG COUPLE MARRIED

Last Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock Rev. M. L. Story united in marriage Mr. Ed C. Harris and Miss Ina Reeves at the home of the bride's parents in Hedley, in the presence of the family and a few friends.

The bride is a charming and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Reeves, and was teacher of music in the Hedley High School the past term. She has lived in Hedley a greater part of her life, and has many friends who wish her well in her wedded life.

The groom was in business in Hedley for several months, moving to Rotan where he is now engaged in the dry goods business.

The wedded couple left on the 8:25 train that evening for Rotan, where they will make their home. A large crowd was at the train to bid them goodbye.

The Informer joins their many friends in extending congratulations and best wishes.

HEDLEY SCHOOL BEGINS MONDAY

School begins Monday, September 6. The school board met this week and so decided. Boys and girls, you have had a nice vacation and now you will have to get down to study. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." And especially is it true that "An idle brain is the devil's work shop." Which is equivalent to saying that it's not good for one to play or work all the time, but mix 'em a little.

Saturday, September 4, I will be ready to serve lunches, having added a lunch room to my confectionery store. Have a nice place to eat, good counter and comfortable chairs, and will serve most any kind of lunch in the way of ham, steak, eggs, pie, hamburger, chile, coffee, sandwiches, etc. Your patronage solicited. J. D. Chadd.

PANHANDLE STATE FAIR NOTES

As the year 1915 has typified the greatest progress ever made in the Panhandle, and sent a wave of optimism and continued enthusiasm into every nook and corner of West and Northwest Texas, proving for all time beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the greatest agricultural possibilities in North America exist right now in the Panhandle—so the great Panhandle State Fair, to be held in Amarillo, September 21-25 shall exploit and show alike to Panhandlers and to thousands of visitors from other parts of the United States, the reality of this progress and creative splendor in the thousands of agricultural, livestock and horticultural exhibits there to be shown.

The railroads have offered extremely low rates, and everything possible has been done to make it a bigger and better institution than ever before.

PANHANDLE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION TO MEET IN HEDLEY

The Baptist Panhandle Association will convene in Hedley September 7-8-9. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Association will have the following program the following day at 2 p. m.

Order by President, Childress, C. W. Hensch.

HEDLEY For The Homeseeker

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

Hedley, a small but growing town on the main line of the Ft. Worth & Denver Railway, is the trade and business center of this favored agricultural district. Hedley has a population of about six hundred. It is located fourteen miles southeast of Clarendon, the county seat. It's altitude is 2800, and in many respects it is a modern little village. Surrounding Hedley there is a trade territory containing multiplied thousands of acres of fertile lands. This area is dotted with prosperous homes, productive farms and cattle pastures. The science of agriculture is comparatively a new enterprise in these parts, but the last few years has demonstrated beyond all question that it is the natural home for the man of the soil.

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

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

The demonstrated certainty

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

The dairy business hereabout has just started. The poultry business is in its infancy. There are six firms in Hedley that handle annually thirty thousand pounds of poultry. The reports show that thirty-five hundred bales of cotton were marketed at Hedley last season, and that sixty cars of hogs were shipped from this point while maize, kaffir corn and other farm products amounted to approximately four hundred cars. The season's most remarkable feature of the population is not that it is small and is considered an agricultural country is in the investigation and possibilities territory will be time of any small home, able income, schools, g. promise.

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry on Servant Problem

WHEN Peaches and I get tired of the Big Town—tired of its noises and hollabaloo; tired of being tagged by taxis as we cross a street; tired of watching grocers and butchers hoisting higher the highest cost of living—that's our cue to grab a choo-choo and breeze out to Uncle Peter Grant's farm and bungalow in the wilds of Westchester, which he calls Trooly-rooral.

Just to even matters up, Uncle Peter and his wife visit us from time to time in our amateur apartment in the Big Town.

Uncle Peter is a very stout old gentleman. When he squeezes into our little flat the walls act as if they were bowlegged.

Uncle Peter always goes through the folding doors sideways, and every time he sits down the man in the apartment below us kicks because we move the piano so often.

Aunt Martha is Uncle Peter's wife and she weighs more and breathes oftener.

When the two of them visit our bird cage at the same time the janitor has to go out and stand in front of the building with a view to catching it if it falls.

When we reached Troolyrooral we found that "Cousin Elsie" Schulz was also a visitor there.

"Cousin Elsie" is a sort of privileged character in the family, having lived with Aunt Maria for over twenty years as a sort of housekeeper.

They call her "Cousin Elsie" just to make it more difficult.

Three or four years ago Elsie married Gustave Bierbauer and quit her job.

"Cousin Elsie" believes that conversation was invented for her exclusive use, and the way she can grab a bundle of the English language and break it up is a caution.

Two years after their marriage old Gustave stopped living so abruptly that the coroner had to sit on him. The post mortem found out that Gustave had died from a rush of words to his brainpan.

The coroner also found, upon further examination, that all of these words had formerly belonged to Elsie.



Then Lizzie and the Green Umbrella Struck a Casey-at-the-Bat Pose.

with the exception of a few which were once the property of Gustave's favorite bartender.

After Gustave's exit, Aunt Maria tried to get Elsie back on her job, but the old Dutch had her eye on Herman Schulz, and finally married him.

So now every once in a while Elsie moseys over from Plainfield, N. J., where she lives with Herman, and proceeds to sew a lot of pillow slips and things for Aunt Martha.

One morning while Peaches and I were at breakfast, Elsie meandered in, bearing in her hand a wedding invitation which Herman had forwarded to her from Plainfield.

Elsie read the invitation: "Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Ganderkurds request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Veronica, to Galahad Schaltenberger, at her home of der bride's parents, Plainfield, N. J. March Sixteenth. R. S. V. P."

"Vell," said Elsie, "I know der Ganderkurds un— know der Schaltenberger; but I know Galahad's haupt's grocery."

"I know vot it is," I said. "I gently know it." Elsie under-

stood. "I got it!" she said. "I haf untied der meaning of dot R. S. V. P. It means Real Silver Wedding Presents!"

I was just about to drink a glass of water, so I changed my mind and nearly choked to death.

Elsie's interpretation of that wedding invitation is going to set Herman Schulz back several dollars, or I'm not a foot high.

And maybe they don't have their troubles at Troolyrooral with the servant problem.

One morning later on Peaches and I were out on the top porch drinking in the glorious air and chatting with Hep Hardy, who had come out to spend Sunday with us, when Aunt Martha came bustling out, followed by Uncle Peter, who, in turn, was followed by Lizzie Joyce, their latest cook.

Lizzie wore a new lid, trimmed with prairie grass and field daisies, hanging like a shade over the left lamp; she had a grouchy looking grip in one hand and a green umbrella with black freckles in the other.

She was made up to catch the first train that sniffed into the station.

Aunt Martha whispered to us plaintively: "Lizzie has been here only two days, and this makes the seventh time she has started for town."

But Lizzie took the center of the stage and scowled at her audience. "I'm takin' the next train for town, men!" she announced with considerable bitterness.

"What is it this time, Lizzie?" inquired Aunt Martha.

Lizzie put the grouchy grip down, folded her arms, and said: "Oh, I have me grievances!"

Uncle Peter sidled up to Aunt Martha and said in a hoarse whisper: "My dear, this shows a lack of firmness on your part. Now leave everything to me and let me settle this obstreperous servant once and for all!"

Uncle Peter crossed over and got in the limelight with Lizzie.

"It occurs to me," he began in polished accents, "that this is an occasion upon which I should publicly point out to you the error of your ways, and send you back to your hum-

ble station with a better knowledge of your status in this household."

"Scat!" said Lizzie, and Uncle Peter began to fish for his next line.

"I want you to understand," he went on, "that I pay you your wages!"

"Sure, if you didn't," was Lizzie's come-back. "I'd land on you good and hard, that I would. What else are you here for, you fathead?"

"Fathead!" echoed Uncle Peter in astonishment.

"Peter, leave her to me," pleaded Aunt Martha.

Bpt Uncle Peter rushed blindly on to destruction. "Elizabeth," he said sternly, "in view of your most unrefined and unladylike language, it behooves me to reprimand you severely. I will therefore—"

Then Lizzie and the green umbrella struck a Casey-at-the-Bat pose, and cut in: "G'wan away from me with your time novel talk or I'll place the back of me unladylike hand on your jowls!"

"Peter!" was Lizzie's exclamation. "You are right," the old gentleman said, "I am right. I must hurry and get my correspond-

ing mail goes."

Before the fathead could get away, Lizzie, who was standing by, said: "I should like to see you and his bride roaming mooncuss through your strawberry beds, that's up to you!"

"Well," said friend wife, "being alone in the Garden of Eden is all right, but after you've been there three or four years there's a mild excitement in hearing a strange voice, even if it is that of a serpent!"

Close the door, Deia, I feel a draft

maid in a cold storage. I'm a cook, mem, it's true, but I'm no relation to Doctor Cook, and I ain't eager to sleep in a room where even a Polar bear would be growlin' for a fur coat."

"Very well, Lizzie," said Aunt Martha, soothingly. "I'll have storm windows put on at once and extra quilts sent to the room, and a gas stove if you wish."

"All right, mem," said the Countess of Cornbeef, removing the lid. "I'll stay, but keep that husband of yours with the woody lingo out of the kitchen, because I'm a nervous woman—I am that!" And then the Duchess of Devil'd Kidneys got a strangle hold on her green umbrella and ducked for the grub foundry.

Aunt Martha sighed and went in the house.

"Hep," I said; "this scene with Her Highness of Clamchowder ought to be an awful warning to you. No man should get married these days unless he's sure his wife can juggle the frying pan and take a fall out of an eggbeater. They've had eight cooks in eight days, and every time a new face



Uncle Peter is a Very Stout Old Gentleman.

comes in the kitchen the coalscuttle screams with fright.

"We had one last week who answered roll call when you yelled Phyllis."

"Isn't that a peach of a handle for a kitchen queen with a map like the Borough of Bronx on a dark night?"

"She came here well recommended—by herself. She said she knew how to cook backward."

"We believed her after the first meal, because that's how she cooked."

"When Phyllis found there was no shredded oats in the house for breakfast she changed the cover of the wastub into sawdust and sprinkled it with the whisk broom, chopped fine."

"It wasn't a half bad breakfast food of the homestead kind, but every time I took a drink of water the sawdust used to float up in my throat and tickle me."

"The first and only day she was with us Phyllis squandered two dollars' worth of eggs to make a lemon meringue potpie."

"She tried to be artistic with this, but one of the eggs was old and nervous and it slipped."

"Uncle Peter asked Phyllis if she could cook some Hungarian goulash, and Phyllis screamed: 'No; my parents have been Swedes all their lives!' Then she ran him across the lawn with the carving knife."

"Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to ask what was for dinner, and Phyllis got back at her: 'I'm a woman, it is true, but I will show you that I can keep a secret!'"

"When the meal came on the table we were compelled to keep the secret with her."

"On the second day it suddenly occurred to Phyllis that she was working, so she handed in her resignation, handed Hank, the gardener, a jolt in his cafe department, handed out a lot of unnecessary talk, and left us fat."

"The next rebate we got in the kitchen was a colored man named James Buchanan Pendergrast."

"James was all there is and carry four. He was one of the most careful cooks that ever made faces at roast beef."

"The evening he arrived we intended to have shad roe for dinner, and James informed us that that was where he lived."

"Eight o'clock came, and no dinner. Then Aunt Martha went in the kitchen to convince him that we were human beings with appetites."

"She found Careful James counting the roe to see if the fish dealer had sent the right number."

"He was up to 2,195,493, and still had half a pound to go."

"James left that night, followed by shouts of approval from all present."

"I'm telling you all this, Hep, just to prove that fate is kind while it delays your wedding until some genius invents an automatic cook made of aluminum and electricity."

Hep laughed and shook his head.

"This servant problem won't delay my wedding," he chortled; "if there wasn't a cock left in the world we wouldn't care; we're going to be vegetarians because we're going to live in the Garden of Eden."

"Tush!" I snickered.

"Tush, yourself!" said Hep.

"Oh, tush, both of you," said Peaches. "John said that very thing to me three weeks before we were married."

"Sure I did. I went back, 'and we're still in the Garden, aren't we? Of course if you want to subtil part of it and have a p and his bride roaming mooncuss through your strawberry beds, that's up to you!'"

"Well," said friend wife, "being alone in the Garden of Eden is all right, but after you've been there three or four years there's a mild excitement in hearing a strange voice, even if it is that of a serpent!"

Close the door, Deia, I feel a draft

WOULD NEED 294 SUBMARINES

Germans Would Require That Number to Effectually Blockade All British Ports.

Assuming that the German submarines are based at Zeebrugge, the time required for the passage to and from blockading stations off the ports of Great Britain would be about four days. The average time necessary for overhauling at the base between trips may be estimated at six days, and the time which may be spent at sea between visits to the base cannot well exceed twenty days. Consequently it would be impracticable to maintain more than about half of the total force of submarines on blockading stations.

There are forty-nine ports on the coasts of England, Scotland and Wales which it would be necessary for the German submarines to blockade if all supplies are to be cut off.

An effective blockade of any port could scarcely be maintained in the face of defensive operations, which must be expected, with less than three submarines, and double that number would be none too many. If the minimum number of three boats be allowed for each port, the Germans would require at least 147 constantly on station to close all the ports of Great Britain; that is, allowing for the necessary passage time to and from the base and the essential overhauling period, the total force should be 294 submarines.—World's Work.

SOFT WHITE HANDS

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

Military Training.
So far as this war shows, the most useful military training for schoolboys would be a couple of earnest hours spent daily in digging ditches.—Springfield Republican.

Probably.
Many a rich man will probably find it as difficult to enter the kingdom of heaven as he finds it easy to keep outside a mundane jail.

A Spoiled Joke.
"I put my foot in it today."
"Got you. Bought a new pair of shoes."

True.
"What is efficiency, pa?"
"A much overworked word, my boy."

Of over 70,000 British women who up to a recent date had registered for work only 1,408 have so far been given positions.

Poverty is said to be a sure cure for dyspepsia, but the cure may be worse than the disease.

If a man is a coward he tries to make others believe he is cautious.

To be good, according to some people, is to be a hasbeen.

Men, like pins, are no good if they lose their heads.

There is no capital punishment in Italy.

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

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

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver.

If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone.

under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you can have your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick.

I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tone to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle on my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist or storekeeper about me.

GOES THROUGH THE MOTIONS

But Smokers Will Wonder How That Tobaccoless Pipe Must Taste to Him.

M. Maeterlinck is among those who have freed themselves from the bondage of tobacco by means of a curious artifice. According to his biographer, M. Gerard Harry, "without the help of tobacco he seemed incapable of receiving inspiration or crystallizing it in words. If he has not overcome the need, he has outflanked it. Smoking, he noticed, had lost its virtue as a stimulant, and instead of rousing the brain to activity, as at first, had come to disturb its functions; so now, in lieu of ordinary tobacco, he fills his bowl with a denicotinized preparation, tasteless indeed, but harmless. His pipe is still always alight when the pen is busy, but it is hardly more now than a mere subterfuge intended to cheat and so satisfy an irresistible mechanical craving."—London Chronicle.

Different Ways.
"Why are biographers like retribution?"
"Why are they?"
"Because they both bring men to book."

Synonymous?
Mrs. B.—What is your husband's average, Mrs. W?
Mrs. W.—Oh, about midnight.

After a man has learned that he can't beat another man at his own game he begins to dodge the individual with a get-rich-quick scheme.

Our idea of a foolish woman is one who is jealous of every other woman who comes within a mile of her wage earner.

Glass paving blocks, used in an experimental way in a French city street, lasted less than two years.

One man in every 48 in England and Wales is a pauper.

Turkish railways usually run one train daily.

Egypt has more than 1,500 miles of railways.

A lazy man makes much ado about nothing.

Australia has a tree 480 feet high.

Vigor

A determination to "get ahead" is found in every action of the successful man or woman.

Vigor of body and brain comes principally from the food one eats.

Grape=Nuts

and cream

Is the regular morning ration for thousands who are "making good," and who know that a clear brain and steady nerves are necessary to success.

Made of Wheat and Barley, Grape-Nuts contains all of the vital tissue-building elements of the grains thoroughly baked, concentrated, and easily digested.

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

Cicero Smith
Lumber Company

RADICAL CHANGES IN CHINA

Republican Government Doing Many Things Among Others Breaking Through Historic Wall.

The great wall which has surrounded the city of Peking for many centuries is undergoing an unusual change. Peking is laid out in a symmetrical form, with nine gates leading through the great wall. Each side has two gates except the front, where an extra central gate—the Chien-men—leads directly into the forbidden city, the central inclosure of Peking. This Chien-men, or front gate, is the one most seriously crowded with traffic; and yet tradition up to the present day has never permitted it to be enlarged nor any other gate to be broken near it in order to relieve the congestion of rickshaws, carts, donkeys, motor cars, camels and heavily-laden human beasts of burden—coolies.

The present republican government is by no means so superstitious as the old exclusive Manchu regime, but Yuan Shi-kai must take into consideration the superstitions of the people. The gate through which former emperors passed in and out of Peking was opened immediately after the republic was established; but only a few days after it had been thrown open to the public a mutiny of the troops took place in Peking, and much of the town was looted. The cause of the calamity was laid to the credit of the newly opened gate, whereupon it was immediately closed and has never since been swung upon its hinges.

Since the republic has been well established a number of changes in the minor inner walls have taken place, notably two new gates having been broken in one of these inner walls; and as no calamity has befallen the city, the government is now making bold efforts to relieve the congestion at the Chien-men by breaking two new gates through the great wall.

The wall is forty or fifty feet high and forty or fifty feet thick. The work is a difficult task because the excellent mixture of cement of former days has fastened the bricks like stone together with remarkable firmness. It is expected that the sections of another smaller wall will be found within this large wall, the smaller one probably being that which Marco Polo described in the account of his visit to the famous capital of Kublai Khan.

Prince Napoleon.
Prince Victor Jerome Frederic Napoleon, who has obtained permission of the Italian military authorities to go to the front, is the head of the Napoleon family. Ordinarily he lives in Brussels, having been expelled from France many years ago. He is a Parisian, however, by birth, and his sympathies with the allies are further cemented by the fact that his wife is Princess Clementine, daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, and his mother is a princess of the house of Savoy. It needed but the entry of a Napoleon to make the east complete.—Dundee Advertiser.

Common Experience.
"As you travel through this vale of tears, is your faith in humanity strengthened or weakened?" asked the inquisitive person.

"It's a queer thing," answered the man who is easily worried. "I'll meet half a dozen people who are the right sort and strictly on the square. Then I'll run across a skunk who makes me forget all about the other six."

COFFEE IN THE DESERT

HOW AN ARAB CHIEF DISPENSES HOSPITALITY.

Making of the Beverage an Act of Some Solemnity—Guests Honored and Made Comfortable Before Conversation.

That morning we left the main caravan, but meant to rejoin it before night. An hour after sunset, however, we were wandering about without a path. Hearing the barking of dogs, we rode toward the sound and soon saw the fires of the encampment of an Arab chief who had been driven in from the desert by the drought.

On one side of an open square a large fire was blazing at the man's end of the most spacious of the low black tents. The intermittent blaze, fed by dry weeds of the desert, lighted up a slab of limestone bearing the rudely scratched insignia of the tribe of Beni Salih. We dismounted silently, as men do in a land where no one knows whether those whom he meets are enemies or friends. The Arabs, grouped cross-legged or squat around the blaze, said nothing, but the chief men rose and motioned to us to be seated, while the others moved to places of less honor. A quilt was brought to spread on the coarse wooden rug, and another was rolled up for me to rest my left elbow on.

It was only after we were comfortable that conversation slowly began. While we talked a servant, on signal, brought out the coffee tongs—two spoons of iron chained together and having handles 18 inches long. Green coffee beans were placed on the larger spoon, which was about six inches in diameter, and were held over the fire to roast. The other spoon, only an inch in diameter, was used to stir the beans and prevent burning. When the coffee was roasted the slow process of grinding began.

The grinder evidently felt that his work was of great importance and should be done artistically. Each stroke of the great wooden pestle was accompanied by a double click on the side of the deep wooden mortar. Then the coffee was boiled, first in one blackened copper pot with a long straight handle, and then in another. Finally the grinder tasted it. Then the cups, two in number, began to circulate. Each man was served with only two or three swallows of the strong black fluid, but the cups were passed to the chief men several times.

As they sip the black unweetened coffee, the desert prince and his companions talk not only of prices and of the doings of their grant ones, but tried to make me understand how they and their people fought with the government not many years ago. The chief's eyes were so fierce and his gestures so violent that I began to think he was really getting angry. "Why does the government take taxes for even our coffee from poor Arabs who come from the desert in time of drought?" he asked. "Have not the Arabs the right to feed their flocks wherever there is grass? Some day soon the soldiers will see what my people will do."—From "Palestine and Its Transformation," by J. Ellsworth Huntington.

Fox Farms Fail.

Many failures in the new industry of fox farming in Alaska are recorded by E. Lester Jones, deputy commissioner of fisheries, in the report on his recent investigation in Alaska for the department of commerce. He finds that the promise of big profits caused many to rush into the business, and small fortunes were sunk by men who did not understand the difficulties of the industry.

The rush to raise foxes, the commissioner says, was due to the exorbitant prices paid for live black and silver-gray foxes raised in Canada. These prices, he declares, did not indicate a healthy condition in the industry. Nevertheless there was a rush to raise foxes in Alaska in the hope of reaping big profits quickly. One of the chief reasons for the large majority of failures, according to the commissioner, was the government's system of leasing certain islands to prospective fox farmers at a minimum of \$200 a year for five years. The figure proved too high.

Flowers for Summer Table.
It is so easy, in the country, to keep the house charming with fresh flowers—and any number of vases full will cost nothing at all. If you have not a garden of your own—and there seems no reason why every woman should not have a tiny garden at least if her country domain admits of space to grow them in—the field flowers will answer almost as well. Clover makes an enchanting bouquet, goldenrod is delightful in a brown and yellow living room or in great jars on the porch. Two lovely blue gentians, and blue roadside asters are equally charming in slender glass vases. A bit of wire netting fitted into the top of a low fern dish will make it possible to use small flowers to good advantage on the breakfast table. Pansies are lovely used in this way. Nasturtiums or sweet peas will make a bed of glowing color if the stems are thrust through the wire netting of such a receptacle.

FOUND FAME IN YOUTH

MARCONI YOUNG IN YEARS—IS GREAT IN RENOWN.

Inventor of Wireless Telegraphy Now is but Forty-One Years Old—How the Great Idea Came to His Mind.

It is almost startling to be told that Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, is only forty-one years old. True, all talk of the present as "the age of young men," and when Marconi broke into fame everyone remarked: "How young he is!" But so much has come out of his harnessing of the ether forces, so many big events and developments, that it seems as if Marconi could be no longer young. And he is yet hardly over forty.

In boyhood Marconi showed ability in mechanics somewhat above that of the average lad, but until he was twenty he knew little more of electricity than most youths of his age. It was then, however, that he became interested in the work of Prof. Heinrich Hertz, a German scientist, who, in attempting to discover the nature of electricity, accidentally produced electro-magnetic waves and detected their presence in the ether by means of a wire loop so broken that the electricity sparked across the gap.

Not even Hertz himself realized the tremendous importance of his discovery. Men like Professor Lodge, Lord Kelvin and Sir William Preece talked of it, but it remained for the young Italian dreamer to jump across the gap of years of scientific study and make practical the most important discovery since Faraday invented the induction coil. The thought came to Marconi that here was a principle which should be applied to communication over great distances.

The idea, as we look back on it now, seems absurdly simple. Hertz detected a spark in a broken hoop, a few feet away from the flash of an induction coil. Why didn't he get a better detector than a broken hoop and a better transmitter than a small induction coil, and send out flashes in such a manner that the detector would record a message? The only answer he, he didn't do it. Why didn't Lodge or Kelvin or Preece or any one of the hosts of famous scientists utilize Hertz's discovery? The answer is, they didn't.

It remained for a young man, unknown and inept, to grasp the possibilities. He expected someone else to do it, he waited for someone else to do it. He did not know when it would be, for the surprising reason that to him the great scientists were unnamable. He was not acquainted with their work or even their names—except Hertz's. He was not an electrician. He had no academic or scientific degree. But genius burned within him, and he began to experiment for himself. That was in December, 1894.

Cheap Gas Generation

Produces gas electrically at one-half to one-fourth the cost of generation by water power, even in a land of waterfalls, and represents a new triumph in waste saving. Sweden is a region of wealth in timber as well as of cheap water power, and the waste from wood cutting is estimated to be sufficient for a constant supply of 70,000 to 100,000 horse power of energy in addition to the power required for the sawmills. A new electric plant for Lejusne is expected to yield the equivalent of 2,200 horse power at a cost of less than a thirtieth of a cent per kilowatt hour. The full supply is a mixture of sawdust with ten to twenty per cent of chips, and this costs—in a green state—20 cents per load at the mill. The gas producers are charged with this fuel, arrangement being made for recovering tar, wood naphtha, and acetic acid. If expectations are realized, the capacity of the station will be increased to 4,200 horse power, and this will still further lessen the cost per electric unit.

STRAYED—Black sow, long body, weighs about 225 pounds. Finder please notify D. M. Grimsley.

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METHODIST—M. L. Story, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except every First Sunday morning
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PRAYER MEETING
Every Wednesday evening

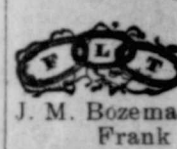
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Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.
G. C. Meadows, Supt.
Senior B. Y. P. U. 8:30 p. m.
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 5:00 p. m.
Regular weekly prayer meeting; Thursday night All night services begin at 8:15 p. m.

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



Every 2nd and 4th Monday nights
J. M. Bozeman, C. C.
L. A. Strowd, Clerk



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



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



EASTERN STAR CHAPTER meets on each First Monday night at 7:30.
Mrs Lelia Moreman, W M
Mrs Margaret Dishman, Sec

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. C. Killough
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, G. R. Doshier
Treasurer, E. Dubbs
Assessor, B. F. Naylor
County Attorney, W. T. Link
Justice of the Peace Precinct 8.
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Constable, W. W. Gammon
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Delightful Bathing, Fishing, Camping. Excellent Hotel facilities. Tickets good for Ninety Days.



New-Fashioned Girl Is High Minded

By L. C. BARTLETT, Chicago

It may be true, as has been averred, that the old-fashioned girl has passed, but so have ox teams and spinning wheels. They served their purpose, but we would have little use for them in the streets and factories of a modern city.

The girl with the old-fashioned virtues, however, is still among us, if we look for her in the right place—not in the cafe in the late evening, not in the public dance hall or in society, dancing in scant clothing under the name of charity, but in the home, the office, the school and behind the counter. There you will find high-minded, true-hearted girls, taking care of their mothers and possibly an invalid father or young brothers and sisters, by steady toil; girls who do not wear old-fashioned flowers because they cost too much, who do not wear old-fashioned laces because serge and linen suit their occupations better; girls who do not faint at sight of a spider or caterpillar, but who can bind up an ugly wound without flinching and can check a trunk without calling upon the fire department; girls in an office who bravely smile through cigarette smoke, which makes them ill; who remain calm under profanity, which makes them shudder; who quietly rebuke the rudeness and insults of men who consider a working girl their lawful prey, and who go home at night, wearied in soul and body, but with a cheerful word and ready smile for the little mother who has been shut within the four walls of the home all the day.

Old fashioned? No, they are new fashioned, fashioned of the stuff which made heroes and martyrs in the past, a product of the necessities and demands of the times in which they live, repressing their too fine instincts to meet the blows they have to take, curbing but not stifling their inherent timidity and modesty under a calm, poised manner, curving trembling lips into a brave smile.

The new-fashioned girl is sweet, wholesome, strong-hearted, brave-souled, but not a clinging vine.

A vine must have something to cling to and too many sturdy oaks of today are mere hollow shells. If you would see the modern girl grow into a noble, gracious womanhood, stop criticizing her for awhile and try praising and encouraging her instead.

No plant can grow in an unending storm, but requires the warmth of the sunshine.

Teach her to use her new privileges, her larger opportunities wisely and well and you will do your part toward developing a woman with all the virtues and graces of the past with the added power and strength acquired by doing her part in the world's work.

Many Schoolchildren Are Physically Defective

By Dr. E. R. WYATT, St. Louis, Mo.

The alarming number of physical defects found in schoolchildren through the United States is opening the eyes of the medical profession. The superintendent of public schools in St. Louis has made a very careful study of the matter and has recently issued a report that will be found interesting to doctors all over the world. It was found in St. Louis that out of 6,477 children examined during the last quarter, 3,880 children were found to be physically defective. More than half the number of defective children had bad teeth. The total number of children with bad teeth was 2,378.

The next largest number, 365, had defective eyes, and the third largest, 292, defective teeth and eyes. The other principal defects follow: Enlarged tonsils, 255; affected teeth and tonsils, 225; affected teeth and noses, 55; affected teeth, eyes and throat, 41, and affected teeth, nose and throat, 32.

In ten weeks 223 cases of communicable diseases were found and 110 children were excluded from the schools. Of this number 62 were affected with pediculosis, 28 with mumps, 28 with chickenpox, 24 with ringworm, 8 with diphtheria and 8 with measles. No cases of smallpox were found and only three cases of tuberculosis. Noncommunicable diseases to the number of 1,085 were found, and 36 children were excluded from the schools because of them.

Children receiving dental treatment totaled 138, and 479 received emergency treatment in the schools. Visits of nurses to the homes of 279 children resulted in 53 being fitted with glasses and in 23 children undergoing operations.

Eliminate Machine Methods in Schools

By P. J. Dougherty, Columbus, Ohio

At the school superintendents' convention in Philadelphia Professor Judd of the University of Chicago spoke strongly in favor of the elimination of machine methods in the public schools, and Professor Thompson of the University of Colorado declared that the teachers were inclined to become mechanical. He further said that a teacher that adhered too closely to the routine laid down in the textbooks was not really teaching, and that is the fact.

A person cannot be a true teacher who is suppressed by rules, machinery and limitations so as to destroy his originality and independence. Education is aspiration, outlook, personality, liberty. These things characterize the true teacher, and whatever cuts these out weakens the teacher.

The need of the day is a new form in which teachers are given freedom to exercise their personality in helping the child, without running up against a regulation at every turn.

It is an unquestioned proposition that individuality, originality, the initiative and the true spirit of education cannot be developed in a pupil unless he has the example of the teacher. This the prevailing school system does not now do.

Fear has been recognized as an important factor in the life of the child. If fear is not properly handled, it will lead to a life of timidity and a lack of initiative. The test of a good education is the child's ability to face the world with a confident and optimistic attitude, unshaken by the uncertainties of life.

The sheep raiser who puts his dependence in the best breeds and goes ahead to produce as valuable mutton carcasses and as good a fleece of wool as is possible is pretty sure to come out all right.

There is no color of horse so insensible to heat as the sorrel. There is seldom any coat so silky or which responds so quickly to good care as the sorrel, and many horsemen claim there is seldom any horse with such sound feet and limbs or possessing the endurance of the sorrel.

WELL-BROKEN HORSE IS QUITE VALUABLE



Family-Broke Driving Horse Is Necessity on Every Farm.

(By J. M. BELL, Virginia.)
A prominent horse dealer once told the writer that no horse was fit for women and children to use until it was nine years old!

Rather an advanced age you will say, no doubt, but when you come to think of it the man who had been in the business for forty years was not so far out of the way, when you come to consider that a horse is five years old before he is really fit for any kind of steady work.

Now, the years between five and nine are spent in work that will accustom the average horse to the sights, sounds and daily experiences incident to modern conditions.

Let us try to tell what these conditions mean. A countryman starts to town with the womenfolk; he is driving a pair of country-raised horses, they are gentle and kind when at work on the home farm—wouldn't hurt a baby.

On the outskirts of the town they meet an auto. Then there is something doing for the next ten minutes. The team is horror-struck; the ladies are in no better condition; the good man who prided himself on being a horseman for the past quarter of a century is astonished to find that his team does not respond to his commands, therefore he uses conciliatory measures, and later the measures become more forceful as the now thoroughly frightened team try to break away from the neighborhood of the evil-smelling, puffing devil that has met them.

GET BEST RESULTS FROM SHEEP FLOCK

Income From Few Lambs and Animal Fleeces Is Quite Welcome to Average Farmer.

(By W. M. KELLEY.)
The best possible care and feed for the young lambs on our farm is given through their mothers and to this end I aim to have the ewes in the finest possible condition up to the weaning time. By this I do not mean fat, but in good flesh and strong and hearty for their ration at every feeding time.

My lambs are fed no grain until they are three and a half to four months old, when they are weaned. They will be fed a sufficient amount of grain during fall and winter to keep them in good condition and thrifty, shorn early and turned to grass and sold the first of next June when they will be about fourteen months old.

They will still be lambs, as they will not have shed their lamb teeth, will bring lamb prices and will have made the greater part of their flesh on grass.

When one has little pasture the better way is to crowd the lambs with liberal grain feed and market them in the early winter, or better still, have the lambs dropped in January or February; teach them to begin eating grain at two weeks old, crowd them for all they will stand and place them on the market when weighing from forty to fifty pounds each.

This is hothouse lamb business. There is great money in it, but few farmers are prepared to carry it on.

I do not consider it as profitable to raise sheep for wool as for mutton, but the two are so closely connected that they can hardly be considered separately.

It is possible to grow a good, heavy fleece on a mutton carcass and the sheep with which this can be done is altogether the most desirable sheep for the average farmer to raise.

It is a poor individual that will not grow wool enough to pay for its keeping, leaving the mutton as profit and with a good, big, heavy-shearing sheep it is possible to realize a profit on the wool, making it in this way the two sources of profit.

While the expense of maintaining a flock of sheep is hardly noticeable the addition to the income from a few lambs and the animal fleeces are very welcome.

The sheep raiser who puts his dependence in the best breeds and goes ahead to produce as valuable mutton carcasses and as good a fleece of wool as is possible is pretty sure to come out all right.

There is no color of horse so insensible to heat as the sorrel. There is seldom any coat so silky or which responds so quickly to good care as the sorrel, and many horsemen claim there is seldom any horse with such sound feet and limbs or possessing the endurance of the sorrel.

This team was six years old and perfectly gentle on the old farm.

When you have a horse that you can recommend as being "family broke" these days he must have the admirable qualities of experience along with those other qualities called "horse sense."

A man once told the writer an anecdote about a gentleman who borrowed a gentle horse to ride in a street parade with blazing barn fires as a sequel. This horse and rider enjoyed all the features of the festive occasion and the horse was so immune to terror of city sights that, according to the narrator, he actually walked right through the dying embers of a fire, but turning a corner suddenly he encountered a piece of paper wafted along by the breeze and when his rider recovered consciousness he was in the ward of a hospital a mass of bruises.

Later on, when fully recovered, he upbraided the owner for giving him such an animal and the latter replied, in a surprised manner: "Why, George, I clean forgot to say anything about old Bob being afraid of a piece of paper."

I would like to say this: When you buy a horse that is sold as "city and family broke" don't pay for him until you are certain he is what he is recommended to be. Give this horse a fair trial; remember that your wife and children will probably use him and that he must be thoroughly broken to make him perfectly safe for general family driving.

PRACTICAL WAY OF FEEDING CHICKENS

Grains, Greens or Animal Food Should Not Be Given Poultry Unless Real Tasty.

(By D. J. LEUTZ.)
Of course, foods that are not tasty, whether grains, greens or animal food, should not be used as poultry feed, even though they contain all the desired elements of nutrition. Poultry appreciate a change of diet as often as possible. The same grains in different forms may be a change to them and yet contain the same nutrients. One man thought he was feeding on a balanced ration because he fed cornmeal dough in the morning, cracked corn at noon and whole corn at night. A balanced ration for one flock may be too narrow or too wide for another. By narrow and wide we mean the proportion of protein, the flesh and tissue-forming nutrients, compared with the carbohydrates, the fat, heat and energy-making elements. A good proportion for an average flock is one portion of protein to five of carbohydrates, usually designated one to five. By average flock we mean one that is composed largely of American breeds. The Mediterraneans are naturally more active and will do better on a wider formula, or about one to six. This, of course, depends somewhat upon the condition of the birds and the season of the year.

It's a mistaken notion that hens will lay eggs when spring comes, whether the food is properly fed or not. True, when warm weather comes they will get around the farm and pick up a part of their living in the garden and about the barn. When a hen lays she is getting nutrients from somewhere in addition to air and water. If we analyzed a fowl or chicken, we would find about 55 per cent of water, nearly 22 per cent of protein, 17 per cent of fat and about 4 per cent of ash. In an egg we would get nearly 66 per cent of water, a little more than 11 per cent of protein, about 9 per cent of fat and 12 per cent ash. If a chicken is deprived of any of these ingredients in its food it cannot develop in nice proportions. If it is compelled to consume a surplus of one in order to get a sufficiency of another, it will not remain in good condition.

To get eggs, we must first supply a sufficient quantity of nutrition to sustain life, repair waste and give a surplus to make the egg. If a hen is an egg machine she must be built to make a good layer. If the egg is the finished product of the raw material we give the hen, it must be such that she can make eggs from it. No doubt she will do her best to be reproductive, but she must live while producing eggs. Then the food must be filling to satisfy the appetite, and not so concentrated as to injure the digestion. A properly balanced ration is one that is healthful and nutritious.

Name Each Cow.
Give each cow a name and call her by it and you will be surprised to find how soon she will answer to it.

HELP FROM COW-TESTING ASSOCIATIONS



Economical Producers of Human Food.

(By L. ANDERSON.)
The cow testing association is a plan of co-operation among dairymen for the purpose of regularly and economically testing their cows for production of milk and butterfat. A usual estimate places the average production of cows at 175 pounds of butter per cow per year. In these days people who are familiar with dairymen think in terms of butterfat, and if the above average be translated to fat it makes about 150 pounds. At 30 cents a pound, which has been the average price for the past three years, the annual income per cow is \$45.00.

If the above figures are taken as a foundation, it is very apparent that there are many cows which are not paying the cost of their keeping. The use of the scales and the Babcock test has discovered in almost every herd tested some cows that do not pay the cost of keeping. If dairymen is to be made as profitable a business as it ought to be and as it has a right to be under proper management, these robber cows must be apprehended.

There is no means of knowing what a cow is producing without weighing and testing her milk at regular intervals. A dairymen selling milk by volume may not be concerned in the butterfat content further than is necessary to keep up to legal standard, but one who is selling butterfat is vitally concerned in the amount each cow produces. Each dairymen may test his own cows, but facing the condition squarely it is known that very few do. At a recent dairymen's meeting this point was raised—that a testing association was not necessary, because each man could test his own cows. The question was then asked: "How

many present have Babcock testers?" Twelve out of a gathering of fifty answered in the affirmative. In reply to the question, "How many of you who have testers use them?" only one answered in the affirmative.

The object of cow testing associations is to make the use of scales and Babcock machines a community affair—to unite dairymen into a partnership for the purpose of employing a trained man to visit each herd at regular monthly intervals and weigh and test the milk of each cow. At the end of the year, this man gives each dairymen a record of the individuals in his herd with little work or trouble to him and at the cost of about one dollar per cow.

The tester weighs and samples the milk of each cow at the evening and morning milking and tests the combined sample for butterfat. Before leaving, he makes calculations so that he may leave with the dairymen the record of each cow down to date.

In European countries and some of the states in this country, one of the duties of a tester is to weigh and keep a record of food consumed by the cows. The cost to the dairymen for complete testing varies from 80 cents to \$1.50 a year for each cow. This variation is due to the number of cows in the associations and to the size of individual herds.

The first association in the United States was organized at Fremont, Mich., in 1905. This association had 31 members, and 239 cows completed the first year's test. Since that time similar associations have been organized in practically all of the leading dairy states of the Union, to the great advantage of dairymen everywhere.

WEANING LITTLE PIGS

May Be Done at Eight Weeks of Age When Desired.

Sow Two Years Old Should Produce Two Litters Yearly Without Any Trouble—Give Feeds Conducive to Best Milk Flow.

(By JOHN C. BURNS, Texas Experiment Station.)
As a general rule, we find it advisable to wean pigs at about ten weeks of age. In the case of the especially thrifty, well-developed pigs, and when it is desired to breed the sow as early as possible again, pigs may be weaned at eight weeks old with good results. As a rule, we do not consider it advisable to have a sow farrow before she is twelve months old. Or, in other words, it is generally considered best not to breed them until they are between eight and nine months old. Breeding too early often has the tendency to check the growth of the gilt and sometimes the effects are permanent.

Fourteen or fifteen hours labor in bringing pigs is longer than ordinary, and would naturally be weakening on a young gilt. After weaning the litter your gilt has, I would advise not breeding her until she is about fifteen or sixteen months old. She would thus have a chance to mend up and grow some and would bring you a better litter. After reaching two years old any brood sow should bring two litters without any trouble.

Turnips, mangel-wurzels and all such succulent feeds are good for sows suckling pigs, as they are conducive to good milk flow. Whip-poor-will peas have good results as a forage crop for all kinds of hogs, and especially brood sows and growing pigs. Ordinarily it is best to let hogs graze them and thus save the labor of harvesting. It is best to graze the peas when the fruit is fully developed, but the vines still green, as in this case much of the vines as well as the peas will be consumed.

Rather than to feed straight corn, it would be best for you to dispose of some of it at one dollar per bushel, and in return get wheat shorts. Good, rich gray wheat shorts are costing here at retail about \$1.25 per 100 pounds. Equal parts of corn and wheat shorts will give a very well balanced ration. About the only advantage in having corn ground for hogs is that it can more readily be mixed with other feeds in connection with it.

Killing Cabbage Pests.

Cabbage worms can be controlled in the same way as the potato bugs, but it is a hard matter sometimes to make the poison stick to cabbage leaves. Making the water very soapy helps a great deal in "sticking" the poison, but a better way is to use what is called the "resin-line sticker." This you will need to make yourself, as we know of none of it on the market.

Derange Digestive System.
A sudden change of feed deranges the horse's digestive system. Horses accustomed to alfalfa as a regular part of their ration are seldom troubled from its use.

BEST QUALITY OF PRODUCTS

Often Happens That the Producer of Good Dairy Articles Does Not Find Ready Market.

(By J. CADWALLADER, Louisiana Experiment Station.)

Quality is the keynote to the successful marketing of dairy products. People always have and always will pay a premium for quality, therefore it is useless to expect to market dairy products successfully unless those products are of better quality than the average. Unfortunately it often happens that producers of good dairy produce do not always find a good market, but this does not signify that there is not a demand for the product at a good price, but simply means a lack of business ability on the part of the farmer in securing a good market. He, too, often depends upon his home town or upon his immediate community for a market for his products and is too often satisfied to sell to the middleman and the grocery store.

In this day of the parcel post even perishable products can be sent great distances for a few cents, making it possible to sell such products as butter, cheese, etc., direct from the farm to the consumer. There are hundreds of people in our towns and cities who would be only too glad to get dairy products direct from the farmer if the farmers who have these products for sale would insure them good uniform products.

Ordinarily a grocery store receives anywhere from 5 to 7 cents for handling a pound of butter, butter which is made from cream that is even inferior to that from which the farmer made his butter which he sold to the grocer. Why doesn't the farmer keep this profit for himself?

LEG WEAKNESS IN TURKEYS

Trouble Is Generally Caused by Overfeeding of Fattening Foods and Lack of Exercise.

(By PROF. F. W. KATZMEIER, Texas Agricultural College.)

Leg weakness in young turkeys is generally caused by overfeeding of very fattening foods and lack of exercise. Quite frequently it is also caused by the old turkey making them walk too much, causing them to tire in their legs. It is also caused sometimes by their roosting on cold, damp ground, thus causing inflammation of the joints, which may develop rheumatism. A proper remedy would, of course, be to remove the cause. Feed the young turkeys rather sparingly on good food, not too much at a time. Feed more pinhead wheat and oatmeal. Feed a little at a time and often. Do not overfeed. If the old turkey hen is a kind that travels too far with the birds, prevent this as much as you can by yarding. Raise your turkeys on fresh ground each year. Provide good, clean dry quarters for them at night.

Sweet Clover for Pasture.
Sweet clover is well suited to use as a pasture crop for hogs. If properly managed it should re-seed itself every year and produce a large amount of succulent forage at a minimum cost.

THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.



If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

TRY THE OLD RELIABLE WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For MALARIA CHILLS & FEVER A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC

WATERSPOUT IMPERILS SHIP

Column of Water Thirty Feet Thick Passes Within Ten Feet of Vessel.

The thrilling story of a narrow escape from being engulfed by a huge waterspout off Diamond Shoal lightship was told by the crew of the British steamship Gordon Castle, which has arrived here from Belra, South Africa, the Philadelphia North American states. Captain Gardner said the waterspout was about 3,000 feet high and 30 feet thick. The ship was caught in the grip of a northwest gale recently. Suddenly, said Captain Gardner, a hiss like escaping steam was heard.

"Then," said the captain, "we saw a great white column of whirling water spinning over the ocean. The rush of the whirlwind that created the spout made us cling to the rail for safety. The course of the Gordon Castle was changed and the spout passed within ten feet of the ship."

The Shell Shortage. A. J. Drexel, praising the English volunteer army, said in New York the other day:

"Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates fight side by side with coal miners. Peers' sons and millionaires' sons hobnob with plumbers and blacksmiths in the ranks."

"There are lots of 'nuts' (dudes) in the volunteer army—and the Kaiser finds them pretty hard to crack, too—notwithstanding their lack of shells."

NO IDEA What Caused the Trouble.

"I always drank coffee with the rest of the family, for it seemed as if there was nothing for breakfast if we did not have it on the table."

"I had been troubled for some time with my heart, which did not feel right. This trouble grew worse steadily."

"Sometimes it would beat fast, and at other times very slowly, so that I would hardly be able to do work for an hour or two after breakfast, and if I walked up a hill, it gave me a severe pain."

"I had no idea of what the trouble was until a friend suggested that perhaps it might be coffee drinking. I tried leaving off the coffee and began drinking Postum. The change came quickly. I am glad to say that I am now entirely free from heart trouble and attribute the relief to leaving off coffee and the use of Postum."

"A number of my friends have abandoned coffee and have taken up Postum, which they are using steadily. There are some people that make Postum very weak and tasteless, but if made according to directions, it is a very delicious beverage." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c pack ages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, make a delicious beverage instantly. 30 and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

The DAIRY

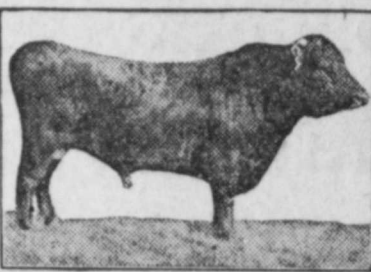


SELECTING SIRE FOR DAIRY

Breeds Standing at the Front in This Country Are Holstein, Jersey, Guernsey and Ayrshire.

In choosing the sire choose one from any dairy breed which may be preferred. The straight dairy breeds that stand in the front in this country are the Holstein, Jersey, Ayrshire and Guernsey. There are other good dairy breeds but these are the four oldest and best of all. The choice being made don't change the breed from which the sire is chosen, and exercise great care in choosing the sire.

The individual points of a good dairy sire cannot be given in detail here, but two of these will be mentioned, because they are in a sense, indispensable. The first is the evidence of much stamina and bodily vigor. The second is, an amplitude of soft skin



Splendid Type for Head of Dairy Herd.

on the underline in front of the testicles, distinctly traceable milk veins and miniature teats of good size and wide spacing. The performance of the ancestry of the bull should be examined. The more good performers in the upward line of ancestry the better. Good performance on the part of ancestral dams means the giving of large quantities of milk rich in quality and persistence in milk giving for a long period.

The successive sires should be chosen from the same breed. If chosen from another breed disturbing factors are inevitable. This may not be apparent at the first, but it will later. The antagonism likely to result cannot be explained here. By adhering to this line of breeding the improvement should be rapid and continuous at least for several generations, but the improvement will be less noticeable with each succeeding generation.

CEMENT FLOORS FOR STABLE

Gutters Should Be Laid First With Slight Fall at One End—Use Wooden Trowel for Finishing.

When laying cement floors, gutters should be laid first with a slight fall to one end. These should be 4 to 6 inches deep and 15 to 18 inches wide. The distance from gutter to stanchion should be about 4 feet 6 inches for ordinary cows. Large cows may need 4 feet 10 inches or 5 feet, while small heifers require only a 4-foot stall.

The floor should slope to the gutter from each side. The passage behind the cows should be at least 8 feet wide to allow cows to pass without crowding. The floor should be finished with a wooden trowel rather than a steel one, as the latter makes a smooth, slippery finish that when wet is very difficult for the cows to walk on safely.

If drains are to be laid to carry off the liquid manure or the water used in washing the floors, they must be put in before the floor is laid.

TEST ALL THE DAIRY COWS

Wise Move for Farmer to Send Unprofitable Animals to Butcher—Many Are Mere "Boarders."

If a cow is not well qualified for dairy purposes it does not pay to keep her for dairy purposes. There is economy in testing all the members of dairy herds and sending the unprofitable cows to the butcher.

Farmers in San Joaquin county, Cal., have organized for this purpose. Farm Adviser Lyons, who is directing the efforts of the organization, says: "The movement is one that means a great saving to farmers, and it is bound to spread over the entire state. It will probably be found that 20 and 25 per cent of the cows in the average herd are not paying for their keep. The dairyman will make money by selling these cows for beef."

Vaseline is Beneficial. Milkers who have difficulty milking dry should rub a little vaseline on their hands. This practice is not a filthy one, as wetting the teats, but has a beneficial effect upon them.

No Best Dairy Breed. No dairy breed has a monopoly on all the good dairy cows. With the present high development of the various breed associations all the breeds have excellent stock.

The General says: We have built up the biggest Roofing and Building Paper mills in the World by selling materials that last—at reasonable prices.

Certain-teed Roofing

Our Certain-teed Roofing is giving excellent service on all classes of buildings all over the world in all kinds of climate. It is the roofing with a guarantee of 5, 10 and 15 years for 1, 2 or 3 ply respectively, and it is backed by the responsibility of our big mills. Try it once—you'll buy it again. For sale by dealers everywhere at reasonable prices.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co. World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh Detroit San Francisco Cincinnati Minneapolis Kansas City Seattle Atlanta Houston London Hamburg Sydney

What Is MAGIC WASHING STICK?

RICHARDS' MAGIC WASHING STICK

It is NEW

Nothing like it has ever been discovered before.

It is HARMLESS

It has absolutely NONE of the burning, clothes eating, hand stinging disadvantages of common quick cleaners.

It is EASY

You do NO rubbing—only HANDLING. You need no elbow grease—no wash board and VERY little time.

It is CHEAP

It costs less than 2c a washing—sold in 25c boxes. It washes colored clothes without fading—woolens without shrinking or hardening, and positively will not rot or weaken lace curtains to their tear easily, but keeps them strong besides absolutely clean.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers everywhere. If yours doesn't handle it, show him this ad—he'll get it for you. Or send 25c in stamps to B. Richards Co., Sherman, Tex.

Waples-Platter Grocer Company Broken, Ind. Ft. Worth, Texas Dallas, Texas, Houston, Texas, San Antonio, Texas, Austin, Texas, El Paso, Texas, Fort Worth, Texas, Galveston, Texas, San Diego, Calif., Los Angeles, Calif., San Francisco, Calif., Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash., Tacoma, Wash., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Thorough Education. Moral Training. Twenty-one courses leading to degrees in Classics, Modern Letters, Journalism, Political Economy, Commerce, Chemistry, Biology, Pharmacy, Engineering, Architecture, Law.

Preparatory School, various courses.

For Catalogue address:

BOX H, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 33-1915.

Of Course.

"Suppose all the energy that is wasted in dancing were devoted to some useful purpose?"

"I never entertain a supposition like that."

"Why not?"

"Because experience and observation have taught me that the energy devoted to dancing is foot power and not brain power."

LADIES!

—Take CAPUDINE—

For Aches, Pains and Nervousness.

IT IS NOT A NARCOTIC OR DOPE—

Gives quick relief—Try it—Adv.

Swamped.

"I had the deuce of a time talking to Miss Gadders last evening."

"Thought you were a conversationalist."

"I couldn't get in a word."

Death Lurks In A

If Yours Is fluttering or weak, use RENOVIN. Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug

MADE PROFIT OF HIS VISIT

Unexpected Call of Paderewski Turned to Good Account by Music Teacher.

Paderewski arrived in a small western town about noon one day and decided to take a walk in the afternoon. While strolling along he heard a piano and, following the sound, came to a house on which was a sign reading: "Miss Jones. Piano Lessons 25 Cents an Hour."

Pausing to listen, he heard the young lady trying to play one of Chopin's nocturnes and not succeeding very well.

Paderewski walked up to the house and knocked. Miss Jones came to the door and recognized him at once. Delighted, she invited him in and he sat down and played the nocturne as only Paderewski can, afterward spending an hour in correcting her mistakes. Miss Jones thanked him and he departed.

Some months afterward he returned to the town and again took the same walk.

He soon came to the home of Miss Jones and, looking at the sign, read: "Miss Jones. Piano Lessons \$1 an hour. (Pupil of Paderewski.)"

FINDS A CURE FOR PELLAGRA

Harvey, La.—Mrs. S. W. Spradell, of this place, writes: "I suppose it will be a great pleasure to you to know that you cured my child. F's had pellagra very bad and the doctor said she never would get well. She is well of pellagra and looks fine."

"You may use this letter as a testimonial if you wish. Great benefit have you done my daughter, Mindie Abrams."

There is no longer any doubt that pellagra can be cured. Don't delay until it is too late. It is your duty to consult the resourceful Baughn.

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

There is hope; get Baughn's big Free book on Pellagra and learn about the remedy for Pellagra that has at last been found. Address American Compounding Co., box 2089, Jasper, Ala., remembering money is refunded in any case where the remedy fails to cure.—Adv.

Planting Sugar Cane.

Sugar cane is planted, not sown. A small piece of the cane, long enough to include two or three of the rings, or nodes, is laid lengthwise, or stuck in a slanting direction, along a furrow which runs the length of the field. In some sections the primitive fashion of planting in holes is still employed. When the trench is planted the pieces of cane are lightly covered with earth. In a few weeks they show growth above the ground, the germ buds at the rings having begun to shoot out in the form of young cane, the ring having at the same time thrown out rootlets into the soil. The parallel trenches are made far enough apart, say at least three feet, to enable the workers, when the wide-spreading canes are getting ripe, to go between the rows and remove the dying leaves which burden the ripening cane, thereby enabling the naked cane to mature faster.

ARE YOU DISFIGURED BY SKIN ERUPTION?

Pimples, rashes, ringworm, prickly heat and, worst of all, that red itching, scaly torment, eczema, vanish when you use resolin ointment and resolin soap. There is no doubt about it. Even though your skin is so unsightly with eruption that you shun your friends and your friends shun you, resolin usually makes it clear and healthy, quickly, easily and at trifling cost. When you are sick of wasting time and money on tedious, expensive treatments, get resolin ointment and resolin soap from the nearest druggist and you will quickly see why physicians have prescribed them for twenty years for just such troubles as yours! Great for sunburn.—Adv.

Women Food Experts.

Two women in the government service at Washington are food experts. One is a pomologist and another is a specialist in medicinal plants.

When Chopper Clogs.

"When putting raisins, dates or figs through the food chopper add a few drops of lemon juice to prevent the fruit from clogging the chopper."

The Happy Alternative.

He—Do you think money is necessary to happiness?

She—Not if one has unlimited credit.

The typhus germ, the scourge of Serbia, was isolated by a twenty-five-year-old scientific investigator.

A Seedless Tomato of Large Size

has been bred by an amateur horticulturist in California.

Of 8,118 members of the British National Union Clerks 1,044 have

joined the army.

The man who says "I am glad he is married is either an optimist or a liar."

The Imitative Hawk.

We do not suppose that the smug conceit of humanity was ever better illustrated than the other day when we were watching a hawk soar and our companion observed with surprise and approval that it flew just like an aeroplane of the very latest model. —Ohio State Journal.

Naturally.

"There was an even division on that question."

"How odd!"

Pagpipies are commonly played in Italy.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Too Much Trouble.

In Sunday school one afternoon the superintendent announced the hymn, "Want to Be an Angel," and when the others began to sing, it was noticed that little Jessie was conspicuously silent.

"What is the matter, my dear?" kindly asked the teacher. "Why don't you sing, 'I Want to Be an Angel'?"

"Because, Miss Mary," was the rather startling rejoinder of the child, "I don't want to be one."

"Don't want to be one!" exclaimed the horrified teacher. "Why do you say that?"

"Because," calmly answered Jessie, "they have to play on the harp and I have had trouble enough taking my piano lessons."

Faith and Good Works.

One Sunday morning a woman who lived in a country district was nearly an hour late to church. Since she was always very punctual, the parson greatly wondered and questioned her at the close of the service.

"The horse that we were driving," answered the woman, "acted as if it was going to run away, so I got out of the wagon and walked all the way to town."

"You shouldn't have been frightened, sister," impressively returned the parson. "You should have put your trust in Heaven."

"I did until the harness broke," was the quick rejoinder of the woman, "and then I jumped."

Getting Back at Him.

An ostentatious member of a certain county council whose father is well known as a retired omnibus driver, was one day displaying a large seal he usually wears representing St. George and the dragon, and while several bystanders were expressing their admiration of it, its owner remarked in solemn tones:

"Aw—one of my ancestors is—aw—supposed to have killed the dragon—aw—don't you know?"

"Dear me," inquired one of his hearers, who knew something about him, "did he run over it?"—Tit-Bits.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Child Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.—Adv.

Perhaps.

Don't kick because your neighbor gets a bigger salary than you do. He is probably worth more to his boss.

Japanese government experts have succeeded in raising tobacco in Korea from American seed.

Danger in Delay

The great danger of kidney troubles is that they so often get a firm hold before the sufferer recognizes them. Health will be gradually undermined. Backache, headache, nervousness, lameness, soreness, lumbago, urinary troubles, dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease may follow as the kidneys get worse. Don't neglect your kidneys. Keep the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. It is the best recommended specific they remain.

A Test Case

Mrs. G. A. K. Campbell, 815 S. Campbell St., Paso, Tex., says: "I had back pain and was unable to get up. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do any work. I had been using Doan's Kidney Pills for some time and they had done me a great deal of good. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do any work. I had been using Doan's Kidney Pills for some time and they had done me a great deal of good."

Get Doan's at

DOAN'S POSTER-MILK

Gas Plate.

If a gas plate is used you will find a cupboard with shelf for plate on top will be very handy, as the oven can be kept there always when wanted. With a door and made of finish to match your kitchen, it will be a great addition as well as help.

Contrary Consequence.

"That girl doesn't light up well."

"She doesn't, but keep it dark."

But it is better to quarrel over trifles than over something of real importance.

Where Brass is Made.

Eighty-two per cent of the brass industry of this country is in the territory around Waterbury, Conn. The United States brass industry comprises 55 to 60 per cent of that of the world.

Mainstay of the Business.

What would the world do without women? Nine-tenths of the dry goods stores would go out of business, for one thing.

For Sprains, Strains or Lameness

Always Keep a Bottle In Your Stable

Rub It In

HANFORD'S Baisam of Myrrh

ALINMENT

For Galls, Wire Cuts, Lameness, Strains, Bunches, Thrush, Old Sores, Nail Wounds, Foot Rot, Fistula, Bleeding, Etc., Etc.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

OR WRITE

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

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bileousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Warranted

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED

by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable, performed by Western stockmen because they protect where other remedies fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-cent package. Blacking Pills 15c. 50-cent package. Blacking Pills 45c. The any indicator, but Carter's best. The superiority of Carter's products is due to over 25 years of specializing in vaselines and ointments. Inset as Cutters. If unsatisfactory, order direct. THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

BLACK LEG

STARCH

because it

the iron

abric. For

equal 16 oz.

same money.

Nebraska

Amarillo Invites the WorldTO THE.....

Panhandle State Fair

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

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

\$12,000.00 in PREMIUMS

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

Big Free Barbecue SEPTEMBER 22

FOR INFORMATION OR CATALOGUE, ADDRESS

**Panhandle State Fair
Association**

Amarillo, - - Texas

PRESERVED IN GLACIER

GRASSHOPPERS ENTOMBED IN
MOUNTAINS OF MONTANA.

Story Which Has Long Been Considered to Be a Myth Found Correct, and Explanation Is Made by Scientists.

Grasshoppers on ice, in ice and of ice is the phenomenon to be found in Glacier House, once considered a myth, but the existence of which has been confirmed by geologists, natural forest officials and prospectors who have reached the upper headwaters of the East and West Rosebud rivers in the Beartooth mountains of Montana.

Investigation has shown that the "myth" of Grasshopper glacier is a fact. The grasshoppers, myriads of them, are frozen in a solid mass of ice. Many of the specimens are as perfect as if preserved in alcohol for exhibition.

In the opinion of scientists who recently made a first-hand study of the fabled glacier the insects were caught in a periodic southward flight and succumbed to the cold in their attempt to cross the mountain range. The huge ice mass, under whose crust the grasshoppers are buried, is virtually under the shadow of Granite peak, 12,842 feet high, the highest in Montana.

Only recently has its existence as a perpetual glacier been verified, though as long as 40 years ago it was traditionally known in early Montana mining camps and mountain towns. It was considered then merely a fanciful tale of pioneer prospectors and fur trappers who had penetrated to the upper reaches of this branch of the rugged Rockies.

J. C. Witham, deputy supervisor of the Beartooth national forest, one of the few men who have seen the Grasshopper glacier, brought back to civilization a small vial containing the nearly perfect remains of several grasshoppers found embalmed in the ice. These were forwarded to the Smithsonian institution, Washington, but unfortunately were badly broken in transit.

The Granites of Caribou county afford perhaps the most picturesque alpine scenery to be found in accessible parts of the United States. The Grasshopper glacier, which is one of a number discovered by the James P. Kimball survey, is thus described by Doctor Kimball:

"From observations made during the survey it was determined that grasshoppers brought to life on the prairie, when in periodic southerly flight in a direction toward the mountains, are compelled by successive stages to rise and surmount the massive barrier of the mountain range. On the summits they are combated by head winds and

frequent violent high mountain air currents, the occasional terrific force of which to be thoroughly appreciated must be encountered on the summits of the range.

"Such portions of the grasshopper flights as are so unfortunate as to be compelled to settle on the glaciers in order to seek shelter from the opposing insurmountable winds become chilled by contact with the snow and ice surface of the glacier and are overcome, remaining unable to rise for newly attempted flight. The glacier then becomes their sepulcher."

Creusot, the Krupps of France. The celebrated works of the Creusot, similar to Krupps, Germany, were originally organized for engineering purposes by William Wilkinson, an Englishman, in the year 1786. The works then belonged to a company, in which Louis XVI had an interest, and were known as the Royal foundry. During the revolution the Creusot works were nationalized by the government, and during the empire Napoleon kept them running for guns and ammunition for the army. After 1815 armaments no longer paid at the Creusot and it became bankrupt. A new company, assisted partly by English capital, was formed, and maintained the works until the present proprietors, who have a name more Teutonic than French—Schneider—acquired them in 1836. It is now the third generation of the Schneiders who control the Creusot, and, like Krupps, they have established several allied undertakings in connection with the production of armaments and engineering machinery.

Smile in Court.

At a recent trial one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination the counsel for the prosecution paused, and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed:

"Mr. Kilkins, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."—Chicago Herald.

Jonah the Pioneer.

We don't know who invented the submarine, but Jonah was the first to become familiar with one.—Columbia State.

STRAYED—Black sow, long body, weighs about 225 pounds. Finder please notify D. M. Grimsley.

Auction S A L E

**SATURDAY
September 4
2:30 P. M.**

HOUSEHOLD GOODS & KITCHEN FURNITURE

Sale will be at my home
in Hedley

Terms Cash

W. W. Gammon

FARM FOR SALE

A splendid small place—34 acres well improved with a good orchard. Will sell farm alone or include crop. Good time on most of the payments. 27-4t See C. W. Horschler.

DON'T FORGET

We still have all kinds of feed, and everything delivered within city limits. Get our prices before buying. Phone 86. Wood & Plaster

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

BOOST!

Informers \$1.00 per year.

September, the first autumn month is here. Cooler nights and shorter days now bring into life that mellowing feeling.

Lit. as one at first.

W. R. Frankum has resigned his place as manager of the Memphis Democrat and leaves this week for other fields. His place on the Democrat is occupied by W. Dickson of Uvalde, Texas.

Hedley and Childress were the only candidates wanting to entertain the Panhandle U. C. V. reunion next year. Childress won by a small margin, and Hedley must wait another year when she hopes to have the honor of entertaining the old soldiers.

Childress will have her big County Fair September 6-7-8, and is leaving nothing undone to make it a great event. The first day will be featured by organized labor; the second will be Old Settlers day, with a big barbecue inside the grounds; and the third day will be the Panhandle Log Rollers Association day. Mrs. Morris Sheppard and Mrs. H. Stephens will deliver lectures on that day, and there will be drills by the different W. and W. Circle. Reduced rates on railroads. The editor acknowledges receipt of the sea-

INSURANCE

Will not prevent your house from burning or being blown away, but it will prevent your going broke after the fire or wind has done its work. Those who insure today have nothing to fear tomorrow. A few dollars handed to us now will be worth hundreds to you should you have a loss by fire or windstorm.

J. C. WELLS, - Agent

THE PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER I.

At Chaudiere's.

It was at Chaudiere's that Griswold had eaten his first breakfast in the Crescent city, and it was at Chaudiere's again that he was sharing a farewell supper with Bainbridge of the Louisiana. Six weeks lay between that and this; forty-odd days of discouragement and failure superadded upon other similar days and weeks and months.

Without meaning to, Bainbridge had been strewing the path with fresh thorns for the defeated one. He had just been billeted to write up the banana trade for his paper. Boyishly jubilant over the assignment, he had dragged the New Yorker around to Chaudiere's to a small parting feast. Not that he had required much persuasion. Griswold had fasted for 24 hours, and if Bainbridge were not a friend in a purist's definition of the term, he was at least a friendly acquaintance.

The burden of the table talk fell upon Bainbridge, and it occurred to the host that his guest was less than usually responsive, a fault not to be lightly condoned under the joyous circumstances. Wherefore he protested.

"What's the matter with you tonight, Kenneth, old man? You're more than commonly grumpy. It seems to me; and that's needless."

Griswold looked up with a smile that was almost ill-natured, and quoted cynically: "Unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Bainbridge's laugh was tolerant enough to take the edge from his retort.

"That's a pretty thing to fling at a man who never knifed you or pistolled you or tried to poison you! An innocent bystander might say you envied me."

"I do," rejoined Griswold gravely. "I envy any man who can earn enough money to pay for three meals a day and a place to sleep in."

"Oh, cat's foot!—anybody can do that," asserted Bainbridge, with the air of one to whom the struggle for existence has been a mere athlete's practice run.

"I know; that is your theory. But the facts disprove it. I can't, for one."

Griswold was a fair man, with reddish hair and beard and the quick and sensitive skin of the type. A red flush of anger crept up under the closely cropped beard, and his eyes were bright.

Bainbridge scoffed openly; but he was good-natured enough to make amends when he saw that Griswold was moved.

"I take it all back," he said. "I suppose the book-chicken has come home again to roost, and a returned manuscript accounts for anything. But, seriously, Kenneth, you ought to get down to bed-rock facts. Nobody but a crazy phenomenon can find a publisher for his first book, nowadays, unless he has had some sort of an introduction in the magazines or the newspapers. You haven't had that; so far as I know, you haven't tried it."

"Oh, yes, I have—tried and failed. It isn't in me to do the salable thing, and there isn't a magazine editor in the country who doesn't know it by this time. I tell you, Bainbridge, the conditions are all wrong when a man with a vital message to his kind can't get to deliver it to the people who want to hear it."

Bainbridge ordered the small coffees and found his cigar case.

"That is about what I suspected," he commented impatiently. "You couldn't keep your peculiar views muzzled even when you were writing a bit of a pot boiler on sugar planting. You drop your fool socialistic fad and write a book that a reputable publisher can bring out without committing commercial suicide, and you'll stand some show."

"Call it what you please; names don't change facts. Listen"—Griswold leaned upon the table; his eyes grew hard and the blue in them became metallic—"For more than a month I have tramped the streets of this cursed city begging—yes, that is the word—begging for work of any kind that would suffice to keep body and soul together, and for more than half of that time I have lived on one meal a day. That is what we have come to; we of the submerged majority. And that isn't all. The wage worker himself, when he is fortunate enough to find a chance to earn his crust, is but a serf; a chattel among the other possessions of some fellow man who has acquired him in the plutocratic redistribution of the earth and the fullness thereof."

Bainbridge glanced at his watch. "I must be going," he said. "The Adelantado drops down the river at eleven. How are you fixed for the present, and what are you going to do for the future?"

Griswold's smile was not pleasant to look at.

"I am 'fixed' to run twenty-four

hours longer, thanks to your hospitality. For that length of time I presume I shall continue to conform to what we have been taught to believe is the immutable order of things. After that—"

He paused, and Bainbridge put the question. "Well, after that; what then?"

"Then, if the chance to earn is still denied me, and I am sufficiently hungry, I shall stretch forth my hand and take what I need."

Bainbridge fished in his pocket and took out a ten-dollar banknote. "Do that first," he said, offering Griswold the money.

The proletarian smiled and shook his head.

The fruit steamer Adelantado, outward bound, was shuddering to the first slow revolutions of her propeller when Bainbridge turned the key in the door of the stuffy little stateroom to which he had been directed, and went on deck.

"Why, hello, Broffin! How are you, old man? Where the dickens did you drop from?"

It was the inevitable steamer acquaintance who is always at hand to prove the trite narrowness of the



"You Couldn't Keep Your Peculiar Views Muzzled."

world, and Bainbridge kicked a chair into comradely place for him.

Broffin, heavy browed and clean shaven save for a thick mustache that hid the hard-bitted mouth, replaced the chair to suit himself and sat down. In appearance he was a cross between a steamboat captain on a vacation and an up-river plantation overseer recovering from his annual pleasure trip to the city. But his reply to Bainbridge's query proved that he was neither.

"I didn't drop; I walked. More than that, I kept step with you all the way from Chaudiere's to the levee. You'd be dead easy game for an amateur."

"You'll get yourself disliked, the first thing you know," said Bainbridge, laughing. "Can't you ever forget that you are in the man-hunting business? Where are you headed for, Broffin?"

The man who might have passed for a steamboat captain or a plantation overseer, and was neither, chuckled dryly.

"You don't expect me to give it away to you, and you a newspaper man, do you? But I will—seeing you can't get it on the wires. I'm going down to Guatemala after Mortsen."

"The Crescent bank defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have you?"

The detective nodded. "I've been two years, off and on, trying to locate Mortsen; and now that I've found him, he is where he can't be extradited. All the same, I'll bet you five to one he goes back with me in the next steamer—what?"

CHAPTER II.

The Right of Might.

Two days after the supper at Chaudiere's the unimpetuous routine of the business quarter of New Orleans was rudely disturbed by the shock of a genuine sensation.

To shatter at a single blow the most venerable of the routine precedents, the sensational thing chose for its colliding point with orderly system one of the oldest and most conservative of the city's banks—the Bayou State Security. At ten o'clock, following the precise habit of half a lifetime, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State, entered his private room in the rear of the main banking apartment, opened his desk, and addressed himself to the business of the day. At half-past the hour the president was left alone to read his correspondence.

Being a man whose mental processes were all serious, and whose hobby was method, Mr. Galbraith had established a custom of giving himself a quiet half-hour of inviolable seclusion in which to read and consider his mail. During this sacred interval the stenographer, standing guard in the outer office, had instructions to deny his chief to callers of any and every degree. Wherefore, when, at 20 minutes to 11, the door of the private office opened to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir; what now?" he demanded, impatiently, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot from beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

The unannounced visitor was a young man of rather prepossessing appearance, a trifle tall for his breadth of shoulder, fair, with blue eyes and a curling, reddish beard and mustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to note in the appraising glance—and to remember afterward.

The caller made no reply to the curt question. He had turned and was closing the door. There was a quiet insistence in the act that was like the flick of a whip to Mr. Galbraith's irritation.

"If you have business with me, you'll have to excuse me for a few minutes," he protested, still more impatiently. "Be good enough to take a seat in the anteroom until I ring. MacFarland should have told you."

The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had failed to hear it. Ordinarily Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was equable enough; the age-cooled temper of a methodical gentleman whose long upper lip was in itself an advertisement of self-control. But such a deliberate infringement of his rules, coupled with the stony impudence of the visitor, made him spring up angrily to ring for the watchman.

The intruder was too quick for him. When his hand sought the bell push he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping.

"Ah-h-h!" he stammered. And when the words could be managed: "So that's it, is it?—you're a robber!"

"No," said the invader of the presidential privacy calmly, speaking for the first time since his incoming. "I am not a robber, save in your own very limited definition of the word. I am merely a poor man, Mr. Galbraith—one of the uncounted thousands—and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason—"

"If I'm—but I'm not amenable to your reasons!" blustered the president, recovering a little from the first shock of terrified astonishment. "I refuse to listen to them. I'll not have anything to do with you. Go away!"

The young man's smile showed his teeth, but it also proved that he was not wholly devoid of the sense of humor.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Galbraith," he advised coolly. "The moment is mine, and I say you shall listen first and obey afterward. Otherwise you die. Which is it to be? Choose quickly—time is precious."

The president yielded the first point, that of the receptive ear; but grudgingly and as one under strict compulsion.

"Well, well, then; out with it. What have you to say for yourself?"

"This: You are rich; you represent the existing order of things. I am poor, and I stand for my necessity, which is higher than any man-made law or custom. You have more money than you can possibly use in any legitimate personal channels; I have not the price of the next meal, already twenty-four hours overdue. I came here this morning with my life in my hand to invite you to share with me a portion of that which is yours chiefly by the right of possession. If you do it, well and good; if not, there will be a new president of the Bayou State Security. Do I make myself sufficiently explicit?"

Andrew Galbraith glanced furtively at the paper-weight clock on his desk. It was nearly eleven, and MacFarland would surely come in on the stroke of the hour. If he could only fend off the catastrophe for a few minutes, until help should come. He searched in his pockets and drew forth a handful of coins.

The invader of privacies glanced at the clock in his turn and shook his head.

"You are merely trying to gain time, and you know it, Mr. Galbraith. My stake in this game is much more than a handful of charity silver; and I don't do you the injustice to believe that you hold your life so cheaply; you who have so much money and, at best, so few years to live."

The president put the little heap of coins on the desk, but he did not abandon the struggle for delay.

"What's your price, then?" he demanded, as one who may possibly consider a compromise.

"One hundred thousand dollars—in cash."

"But man! ye're clean daft! Do ye think I have—"

In the midst of his vehement protests the stranger sprang out of his chair, stepped back a pace and raised his weapon.

"Mr. Galbraith, you are juggling with your life! Write a check while there is yet time!"

The hammer of the leveled pistol clicked. Andrew Galbraith shut his eyes and made a blind grasp for pen and checkbook. His hands were shaking as with a palsy, but the fear of death steadied them suddenly when he came to write.

"Indorse it!" was the next command. The voices had ceased beyond the partition, and the dead silence was relieved only by the labored strokes of the president's pen and the tap-tap of the typewriter in the adjacent anteroom.

The check was written and indorsed, and under the menace of the revolver Andrew Galbraith was trying to give it to the robber. But the robber would not take it.

"No, I don't want your paper; come with me to your paying teller and get me the money. Make what explanation you see fit; but remember—if he hesitates, you die."

They left the private office together, the younger man a short half-step in the rear, with his pistol-bearing hand thrust under his coat. The president did not despair. In the public lobby there would be eyes to see, and perhaps some that would understand. Mr. Galbraith took a firmer hold upon his self-possession and trusted that some happy chance might yet intervene to save him.

But chance did not intervene. There was a goodly number of customers in the public space, but not one of the half-dozen or more who nodded to the president or passed the time of day with him saw the eye-appeal which was the only one he dared to make.

On the short walk around to the paying teller's window, the robber kept even step with his victim, and try as he would, Andrew Galbraith could not summon the courage to forget the pistol muzzle menacing him in its coat-covered ambush.

At the paying wicket there was only one customer, instead of the group the president had hoped to find: a sweet-faced young woman in a modest traveling hat and a gray coat. She was getting a draft cashed, and when she saw them she would have stood aside. It was the robber who anticipated her intention and forbade it with a courteous gesture; whereat she turned again to the window to conclude her small transaction with the teller.

The few moments which followed were terribly trying ones for the gray-haired president of the Bayou State Security. None the less, his brain was busy with the chance of possibilities. Failing all else, he was determined to give the teller a warning signal, come what might. It was a duty owed to society no less than to the bank and to himself. But on the

pinnacle of resolution, at the instant when, with the robber at his elbow, he stepped to the window and presented the check, Andrew Galbraith felt the gentle pressure of the pistol muzzle against his side; nay, more—he fancied he could feel the cold chill of the metal strike through and through him.

So it came about that the fine resolution had quite evaporated when he said, with what composure there was in him: "You'll please give me currency for that, Johnson."

The teller glanced at the check and then at his superior; not too inquisitively, since it was not his business to question the president's commands.

"How will you have it?" he asked; and it was the stranger at Mr. Galbraith's elbow who answered.

"One thousand in fives, tens and twenties, loose, if you please; the remainder in the largest denominations, put up in a package."

The teller counted out the one thousand in small notes quickly; but he had to leave the cage and go to the vault for the huge remainder. This was the crucial moment of peril for the robber, and the president, stealing a glance at the face of his persecutor, saw the blue eyes blazing with excitement.

"It is your time to pray, Mr. Galbraith," said the spotter in low tones. "If you have given your man the signal—"

But the signal had not been given. The teller was re-entering the cage with a bulky packet of money paper.

"You needn't open it," said the young man at the president's elbow. "The bank's count is good enough for me." And when the window wicket had been unlatched and the money passed out, he stuffed the loose bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the ninety-nine thousand dollars under his arm, nodded to the president, backed swiftly to the street door and vanished.

Then it was that Mr. Andrew Galbraith suddenly found speech, opening his thin lips and pouring forth a torrent of incoherence which presently got itself translated into a vengeful hue and cry; and New Orleans the unimpetuous had its sensation ready-made.

CHAPTER III.

To Triumph!

Once safely in the street, Kenneth Griswold, with a thousand dollars in his pocket and the packet of banknotes under his arm, was seized by an impulse to do some extravagant thing to celebrate his success. It had proved to be such a simple matter, after all—one bold stroke; a tussle, happily bloodless, with the plutocratic dragon whose hold upon his treasure was so easily broken; and presto! the hungry proletarian had become himself a power in the world, strong to do good or evil, as the gods might direct.

This was the prompting to exultation as it might have been set in words; but in Griswold's thought it was but a swift suggestion, followed instantly by another which was much more to the immediate purpose. He was hungry; there was a restaurant next door to the bank. Without thinking overmuch of the risk he ran, and perhaps not at all of the audacious subtlety of such an expedient at such a critical moment, he went in, sat down at one of the small marble-topped tables, and calmly ordered breakfast.

Since hunger is a lusty special pleader, making itself heard above any pulpit drum of the higher faculties, it is quite probable that Griswold dwelt less upon what he had done than upon what he was about to eat, until the hue and cry in the street reminded him that the chase was begun. But at this, not to appear suspiciously incurious, he put on the mask of indifferent interest and asked the waiter concerning the uproar.

The serving man did not know what had happened, but he would go and find out if M'sieu'so desired. "M'sieu" said breakfast first, by all means, and information afterward. Both came in due season, and the hungry one ate while he listened.

Transmuted into the broken English of the Gascon serving man, the story of the robbery lost nothing in its sensational features.

It was very evident that the plutocratic dragon did not intend to accept defeat without a struggle, and Griswold set his wits at work upon the problem of escape.

"It's a little queer that I hadn't thought of that part of it before," he mused, sipping his coffee as one who need not hasten until the race is actually begun. "I suppose the other fellow, the real robber, would have figured himself safely out of it—or would have thought he had—before he made the break. Since I did not, I've got to do it now, and there isn't much time to throw away. Let me see—" he shut his eyes and went into the inventive trance of the literary craftsman—"the keynote must be originality; I must do that which the other fellow would never think of doing."

On the strength of that decision he ventured to order a third cup of coffee, and before it had cooled he had outlined a plan, basing it upon a cross-questioning of the Gascon waiter. There had been but one man concerned in the robbery, and the side walk gossip was beginning to drill him with disconcerting accuracy.

Griswold passed a score and out boldly and studied no lance. He stood the street re- still in no diate de- as he r- in such a- ty to th- me that t- was a- not a- it was al- speedily lo- to escape; an- leave no clue

Griswold snatched his coffee, and, having surveyed himself with satisfaction in the bar mirror of the restaurant where he had seated and where him up

qualified the bank called to re-en forth with ch and brok

met would reconstruct the beard on the sunburned lines. Now for a pawn broker; and the more avaricious he happens to be, the better he will serve the purpose."

He went to the door and looked up and down the alley. The negro was not yet in sight, and Griswold walked rapidly away in the direction opposite to that taken by the obliging barber.

A pawnbroker's shop of the kind required was not far to seek in that locality, and when it was found, Griswold drove a hard bargain with the Portuguese Jew behind the counter. The pledge he offered was the suit he was wearing, and the bargaining included in an exchange of the still serviceable business suit for a pair of butternut trousers, a second-hand coat too short in the sleeves, a flannel shirt, a cap, and a red handkerchief; these and a sum of ready money, the smallness of which he deplored piteously before he would consent to accept it.

The effect of the haggling was exactly what Griswold had prefigured. The Portuguese, most suspicious of his tribe, suspecting everything but the truth, flatly accused his customer of having stolen the pledge. And when Griswold departed without denying the charge, suspicion became conviction, and he pledged clothing which might otherwise have given the police the needed clue, was carefully hidden away against a time when the Jew's apprehensions should be quieted.

Having thus disguised himself, Griswold made the transformation artistically complete by walking a few squares in the dust of a loaded cotton float on the levee. Then he made a tramp's bundle of the manuscript of the moribund book, the pistol, and money in the red handkerchief; having surveyed himself with satisfaction in the bar mirror of the restaurant where he had seated and where him up

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through the old French quarter toward the French market. In a narrow alley giving upon the levee he finally found what he was looking for; a dingy nailors' barber's shop. The barber was a negro, fat, unctuous and sleepy looking, and he was alone.

"Yes, sah; shave, boss?" asked the negro, bowing and scraping a foot when Griswold entered.

"No; a hair cut." The customer produced a silver half-dollar. "Go somewhere and get me a cigar to smoke while you are doing it. Get a good one, if you have to go to Canal street," he added, climbing into the rickety chair.

The fat negro shuffled out, scenting tips. The moment he was out of sight, Griswold took up the scissors and began to hack awkwardly at his beard and mustache; awkwardly, but swiftly and with well-considered purpose. The result was a fairly complete metamorphosis easily wrought. In place of the trim beard and curling mustache there was a rough stubble, stiff and uneven, like that on the face of a man who had neglected to shave for a week or two.

"There, I think that will answer," he told himself, standing back before the cracked looking-glass to get the general effect. "And it is decently original. The professional crackman would probably have shaved, whereupon the first amateur detective he

met would reconstruct the beard on the sunburned lines. Now for a pawn broker; and the more avaricious he happens to be, the better he will serve the purpose."

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Locals

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

Coal—Plenty of it.
Wood & Plaster.

John Stroud went to Amarillo
last night on a business trip.

Plenty of Seedling Peaches
from 25c up. J. E. Neely.

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

Grady Howard of Hall county
is visiting his cousin, J. W. Bond.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The
Tailor.

S. C. Richeson has painted his
dwelling in east Hedley.

FOR SALE—50 bushels June
Corn, shelled. T. H. Owens.

Robert Stroud spent several
days in Memphis this week.

FOR SALE—One work mule
5 years old. W. J. Luttrell.

Born Saturday, August 23, a
boy to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Boles.

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

Born Saturday, August 28, a
boy to Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Mes-
ser.

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

T. R. Moreman is having a well
put down at his residence in east
Hedley.

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

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. A.
Pierce, a girl, Wednesday Sep-
tember 1.

Born Tuesday night August
31, a boy to Mr. and Mrs. Geo.
Tomberlin.

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

Master James Richey is visit-
ing in Memphis and attending
the carnival shows.

J. M. Killian is painting his
residence, giving it quite an im-
proved appearance.

Prof. Lewis arrived this week
to be on hand at the opening of
school next Monday.

The prettiest tablets in town
are found at
Hedley Drug Co.

Mrs. J. L. Kennedy and chil-
dren went to Estelline Friday
night to visit her sister.

W. E. Reed and family
day from New Mexico
has ranching in Texas.

Child
week
ber

Be Ready for School When the Bell Rings

YOU CAN SOLVE THE PROBLEM of proper school
attire for the children at this store. We solved the prob-
lem while in the Eastern Markets and bought a com-
plete line of new **SNAPPY & STYLISH MERCHAN-
DISE** for Autumn. These goods are arriving daily and
we are showing better values than we have ever been
in position to show in the past.

We kindly ask you to come in and let us show you
we have just what the children need for school wear.

WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK.

Hedley, M & M CO. Texas...

Chas Boles has built a good
furnace on which to cook meat,
and eliminates danger of fire.

Mrs. W. S. West was here
from Clarendon this week visit-
ing her daughter, Mrs. J. B.
King.

Rev. W. E. Brown and family
of Goree came last week to visit
his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A.
Brown.

W. C. Murray, a merchant of
Byers, spent Saturday and Sun-
day with Roy Kennemer of The
Dixie.

Mrs. Burt Whittington and
children left Friday night for
Spur where she will visit her
parents.

E. C. Kerley and A. L. Miller
were home Sunday from Groom.
Craig Miller returned with
them to Groom.

Mrs. J. B. Ozier left for Dallas
Tuesday, where she will buy fall
millinery for the Ozier-Franklin
Millinery Co.

T. R. Moreman sold a tract of
240 acres two miles southwest of
town to E. P. Ford. Considera-
tion not stated.

B. L. Kinsey, A. J. Sibley and
son, Spencer, J. R. Cox and John
Blankenship made a trip to the
Plains Thursday.

Ms. E. H. Willis was in town
Wednesday to meet Mrs. J. F.
Pender of Wheeler county,
Tex.

Child
week
ber

Ed Portwood and wife of Sur-
der, Okla., visited Mrs. Port-
wood's uncle aunt, Mr. and Mrs.
J. K. Caldwell, this week.

STRAYED—Black sow, long
body, weighs about 225 pounds.
Finder please notify D. M.
Grimsley.

H. W. Parker and family stop-
ped off for a few days visit with
home folks near Hedley. They
were moving to Clarendon.

J. B. Masterson returned from
the Eastern market first of the
week. Came a roundabout way
home on account of high water.

LOST—Several calves got
away when unloaded at Hedley
Wednesday. Anyone seeing any
of the calves please notify me.
J. I. Steele.

A vaudeville and motion pic-
tures showed at the tabernacle
Thursday night and will show
again tonight and Saturday
night.

Mrs. D. G. Cannon returned
Sunday to her home in Oklahoma
after a visit of several weeks with
her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Mas-
terson.

ALFALFA HAY
Good Alfalfa Hay for sale at
the Calhoun farm 9 miles north
of Hedley. Phone W. T. Sim-
mons for price.

LOST—On Lake Creek a gold
watch, open face, with fob attach-
ed which had engraved picture of
windmill and cattle. Finder
please return to N. J. Allen.

The dry goods merchants of
Hedley are all receiving their fall
and winter goods and getting
ready to supply the demands of
the people with up to date goods.

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

Mrs. P. A. Smith.

W. R. Shipman and family of
Mangum, Okla., stopped over a
few days this week with his sis-
ter, Mrs. J. O. Adamson. They
were on their way home from
Colorado.

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

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

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

Mrs. J. O. Skaggs and daugh-
ter, Mrs. O. A. Fennel, came
over from Wellington this week
to visit their daughter and sister,
Mrs. Chas. Boles, and their son
and brother, Bud Skaggs.

Mrs. J. W. Adamson returned
last Friday from Plainview where
she visited homefolks for several
weeks. She was accompanied
home by her sister, Miss Zoe Lee
Rosser.

LOST—Brown mare mule, 15
hands high, no brand, scar on
left fore hoof, collar marks; had
leather halter on. Reasonable
reward to finder. C. A. Hicks.
Hedley, Texas.

R. L. Young of Rotan, Special
Farm Agent for the "Old Relia-
ble" Saint Paul Fire & Marine
Ins. Co., was here first of the
week with the local agent, J. C.
Wells, inspecting farm risks.

Stop at Mrs. W. M. Dyer's
Private Boarding House on block
East of Woodridge lumber yard.
Nice clean beds and good meals
for 25c. Board, per week \$4.00;
per month \$18.00.

Mrs. W. M. Dyer, Prop.

OIL! OIL!

Mr. Farmer, Mr. Ranchman, I
want to list your land, if you
want to sell.

J. E. Dickson, Real estate
274t Electra, Texas.

Three auto loads of men left
Thursday for a trip to Colorado
Among the number were J. G.
McDougal, J. Ring, Joe Devine,
L. L. Cornelius, J. A. Long,
J. K. Caldwell, A. A. Cooper,
Bud Davis, C. F. Sanford, G. C.
Meadows, and Messrs. O'Hair,
Milton and Bridges of Quail.

While work is being done on
the Hornsby building I will do
blacksmithing at the Kendall
stand, and invite my friends and
customers to bring their work to
me there.
J. M. Bozeman.

FARM FOR SALE

A splendid small place—34
acres well improved with a good
orchard. Will sell farm alone or
include crop. Good time on
most of the payments.
274t See C. W. Horschler.

W. C. Mayes, M. D.

MEMPHIS, TEXAS

Practice limited to
Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat

Has returned from a vacation

DELUGE BEFORE THE FALL

Recent Discoveries Throw a New
Light on Things of History Long
Thought Revealed.

According to a translation of a re-
cently deciphered inscription on one
of the Sumerian tablets, Professor
Langdon of Jesus college, Oxford, says
the deluge preceded the fall of man.
The tablet which has been almost
completely restored, contains six
written columns of about 240 lines,
most of which are intact.

It begins by describing the land of
primeval bliss, which it locates at Di-
mun, an island in the Persian gulf. "In
this paradise dwelt mankind, whom
Nintud, the creatress, with the help
of Enlil had created," says Professor
Langdon. "After the deluge this king
is called Tagtug, the Divine. And this
Tagtug lives in a garden, is himself a
gardener, and the wise Enki reveals
unto him wisdom.

"The Greek historians, too, preserve
this legend in the story of Prometheus
who rose from the Persian gulf to
teach men wisdom in primeval times.
And so Tagtug, as in the Hebrew his-
tory of Noah, plants a garden, names
the trees and plants, and is permitted
to eat of all but the cacao tree, an
herb of healing par excellence. Of
this plant Tagtug was not to eat, for
thereby he would attain eternal life.

"Mankind until this time possessed
extreme longevity, but not immortali-
ty. Tagtug, on his own initiative,
takes and eats. He is cursed by Nin-
tud and becomes a prey to disease and
ordinary mortality.

"Thus in the original Sumerian story
Noah, the survivor of the flood, is the
one who eats from the tree of life.
No man is concerned in this disobe-
dience, which resulted in our loss of
perfect health, peace and countless
years."

Dramatists' Works Published.

Foreign plays, the work of Dumas,
Ibsen, Sudermann and many others
were obtainable both in the original
and in translation twenty years ago,
but the play in the English language
was practically a forbidden body.
Dramatists, publishers and readers
whose tongue was English apparently
thought that the place of the drama
was the theater, and that to set it and
see it acted was the sum total of its
existence. To make a book of a mod-
ern play was in the last years of the
nineteenth century an unheard-of
thing. With the advent of Ibsen and
a world power in the theater came the
change. The controversy raged over
the Norwegian's head demanded the
printing and the reading of his plays
in English. Then Bernard Shaw's
plays were published before they were
acted; Oscar Wilde's appeared almost
simultaneously before reader and
theater audience. Pinero's and Henry
Arthur Jones' came from the press
after they saw the footlights. One
after another dramatists followed.

Each Man to His Own Work.

There is an opinion altogether too
broadcast that some work is deligh-
tful and lovable and some work not
so. A certain great philosopher tells
an amusing tale of himself. As he
sat in his study working he looked
out of the window and saw a man
breaking up stones in the pavement.
Hour after hour, as the philosopher
set down words on the paper, the man
outside in the street, continued to
ply his pickax. The philosopher felt
so sorry for the man that finally he
could stand it no longer and re-
busted out to him and accosted him.
"What do you think of all day as you
keep on hour after hour breaking
stones?" The man stood up, rested
his pickax against his hip, sat on his
hands and rubbed them together, with
a broad grin, and replied: "Breakin'
stones," and lifted his pick again. The
philosopher withdrew to his study a
happier and wiser man, knowing that
each man gravitates naturally to the
work he enjoys thinking about.—De-
tinator.

Banana Meal Industry.

The manufacture of banana meal or
flour as a regular industry promises
to be an effect of the war realized in
America. The diminished sales of
bananas have led to careful experi-
ments, and a consular report states
that in one of these 527 pounds of
fruit yielded 128 pounds of flour, the
meal being low enough to make selling
at four cents a pound, very profitable.
Mixed with wheat flour, the banana
meal makes satisfactory and nutri-
tious bread and cakes that housewives
are urged to try. For bread the ma-
terial may be equal to or somewhat
less than the wheat flour, and for
plain cake or gingerbread the banana
meal may be substituted entirely for
other flour, the other ingredients be-
ing added.

Corncob is Useful.

A new use has been found for the
humble corn cob. This time a Kansas
farmer is obtaining wonderful results
by burying them in the ground be-
side his muskmelon patch. The cobs
retain moisture for the melons when
everything else is dry as a bone.

DON'T FORGET

We still have all kinds of feed,
and everything delivered within
city limits. Get our prices be-
fore buying. Phone 86.

Wood & Plaster.

NOTICE FARMERS !!

Seed Rye at Lively Grocery Co.
Free of Johnson Grass and
Quality the Best.

\$1.25 PER BUSHEL