

ENGLAND AND GERMANY AT WAR

THE NATIONS OF ENGLAND, GERMANY, RUSSIA, BELGIUM, SERBIA, FRANCE, AUSTRIA-HUNGARY ARE ALL INVOLVED

London, Aug. 4—Great Britain declares war on Germany tonight. The momentous decision of the British Government, for which the whole world has been waiting, came before expiration of the time limit set by Great Britain in her ultimatum to Germany demanding a satisfactory reply on the subject of Belgian neutrality.

Germany's reply was the summary rejection of the request that Belgian neutrality should be respected.

The British Ambassador at Berlin there upon received his passports, and the British Government notified Germany that a state of war existed between the two countries.

The British Foreign Office has issued the following statement:

Owing to the summary rejection by the German Government of the request made by His Britannic Majesty's Government that the neutrality of Belgium should be respected, His Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin has received his passports and His Majesty's Government has declared to the German Government that a state of war exists between Great Britain and Germany from 11 o'clock p. m. Aug. 4.

All Europe is in arms. Austria-Hungary and Germany are opposed by Russia, France and Great Britain, Serbia and Montenegro. Italy has declared her neutrality, but is mobilizing. Belgium, Holland and Switzerland have mobilized.

The German demand that the Belgian Government should permit the free passage of German troops through Belgium was answered by hasty preparations to resist such advance across Belgium territory.

Sweden has made no answer to inquiries from Russia and Germany regarding her attitude, but is preparing to defend her neutrality.

Japan is making ready to live up to her alliance with Great Britain in case of certain eventualities.

Spain is reported to be preparing a proclamation of neutrality.

Austria-Hungary for the moment has retired from her campaign against Serbia for the purpose of holding back Russia, and Serbia has mobilized with the reported intention of invading Bosnia.

Appreciation

I take this method to thank my friends who so nobly supported me in my race for the Treasurer's office of Donley county. I also extend my sincere thanks to all for their kind and courteous treatment, especially those who so hospitably received me in their homes while I was canvassing the county. I feel that the result of the election would have been quite different if the people had known me better. Before the next election I intend to get better acquainted with you, and if the Lord is willing to try again for the office.

W. M. Stevens.

Naylor Springs

(Too late for last week.) J. S. Hall and family are visiting J. D. Harrison's in Hall county at present.

Grandma Grant has returned home after a stay of several weeks with her son in Amarillo.

We stated in last week's paper that a prospecting party, Messrs. Kempson, Jones and Wood left on Wednesday for New Mexico, but since then have learned that they all decided not to go except Mr. Wood and he left on Monday before.

Miss Lou Naylor is down from Amarillo visiting homefolks.

Mrs. Roy Kendall of Clarendon visited relatives here first of the week.

Mrs. A. O. Hefner is in the Quail community visiting homefolks and attending the revival meeting.

Lewis Fields was home from the plains Sunday.

Grandma Hefner returned Tuesday from Amarillo where she has been visiting her son, Horace Hefner.

Mrs. Dan Latimer is in the Bray neighborhood visiting.

A good rain in our locality would be greatly appreciated by the farmers.

NELDA.

THE DEBATE

On August the 25th the debate between Rev. Weaver, Methodist, and Rev. Bogard, Baptist, will begin. Bear the date in mind.

THE PIANO CONTEST

Following is a list of Contestant's Nos. and the votes each received up to Wednesday night in the Bain & McCarroll Piano Contest:

No. 1.....	25,670
2.....	277,975
3.....	2,000
4.....	2,000
5.....	2,000
7.....	14,180
8.....	2,000
9.....	2,000
10.....	97,395
12.....	2,000
14.....	51,910
15.....	6,745
16.....	10,375
18.....	19,210
19.....	8,885
20.....	2,000
22.....	2,880
23.....	2,000
24.....	2,000
27.....	106,655
29.....	2,129
30.....	2,000
31.....	2,000
32.....	2,000
33.....	11,225
34.....	2,000
35.....	2,000
36.....	2,000
37.....	2,000
38.....	2,000
39.....	2,000
40.....	2,000
41.....	2,000
44.....	63,355
45.....	2,000
46.....	59,940
48.....	2,000
49.....	7,610
50.....	322,363
51.....	12,455
52.....	10,985
53.....	4,320
54.....	9,865
55.....	2,000
56.....	10,715
57.....	4,215
58.....	2,000

SPLENDID RAINS HERE THIS WEEK

Sunday night it rained, Tuesday night it rained again, and Wednesday night it rained another 'gin. Three good rains make for this country just what it needed. The ground is saturated and everybody happy. Some few crops suffered for want of rain, but not many; and now there will be one of the biggest crops of feed stuff ever raised in this country, and that is saying a lot. Cotton was doing fine before the rain and now there is plenty moisture to make a bumper cotton crop. Come to Donley county.

The Hedley Hotel is under management since August. Mrs. Dyer moved to the hotel and Mr. Hess and family are running the hotel.

I have a good Row Binder and ready to start cutting for the public anytime. Ask those I cut for last year about my cutting. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone 4-4r. M. W. Mosely.

Observations

BY AN OBSERVER

The gladdest thought of tongue or pen, is that it has rained again.

A game of 42
By men 20 or 52
And by women 2,
Is enjoyed when they wish 2
Play hours 10 to 2,
But take a 22
And shoot one or 2
Who nothing else will do,
But Play 42
And ship 'em on the 7:02.

The philosophers of the town, are the men who whittle away on dry goods boxes all day, while the sun goes up then down. They can tell one exactly how the government should be run, and how it should shoulder a gun, and take a hand in Europe's big row. They know how farming is done, the best time to plant seed, how to kill the plagued weed, and yet raise not so much as an onion. They know just what a preacher ought to preach, know how to make a business pay, can get out a newspaper any old day, while telling a teacher how to teach. Yet when pinned down to facts, they can't anything do, except on a cud of Star Navy chew, and cuss the government's high tax.

Did it ever come to your observation in our great Nation, that in any congregation, there are some to whom it's a tribulation, to make even a living; yet they are giving all their time and means to dressing their girl so in society she can whirl, the best dressed of any to be found in the 24 towns? It is nice to see one dress neat, but to try to beat the others who are able to lay cash on the table and buy any priced garment, is but to show lack of discernment, besides people will have more respect for one who is wise enough to recollect that it shows common sense judgment to be careful how money's spent. Dress your girls so they'll look neat and people will like them more because they are as sweet as those who buy all dresses in a store.

MEETING FARMERS INSTITUTE

The Hedley Farmers Institute will have a meeting Saturday afternoon August 3 for the purpose of electing delegates to the Farmers Short Course to be held in Amarillo. Every farmer asked to attend, and by the way, it will be time for Chairman Dishman to make an address.

W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary met in regular business session last Monday night, which we had a study lesson, 1st Samuel 20:20 chapters. Mrs. Johnson leader. All members are urged to be present and visitors invited.

PRESS REPORTER.

BACH CLUB

Program to be rendered at Mrs. Jones' Friday 4 p. m.
Mabel Rains.....Piano Solo
Mary Helen Bain and Clara Jones.....Duet
Mellie Richie.....Solo
Hazel Hedley " "
Ina Reeves Vocal Solo.
Ina Moreman Solo
Annie Richie " "
Grace Bryant " "
Misses Hazel Hedley and Ina Reeves Duet,
Cleo Moreman Solo.
Press Reporter.

FIRE PREVENTION

By S. W. English, State Fire Marshal



A lot of useless papers thrown into a pile in the corner, to be removed when it is convenient, has cost the wealth creators more money during the last twenty-five years than has been spent in wars.

Trash invites the fire devil to have an inning. A lot of trash, papers, odds and ends of stuff that ought to be disposed of or properly stored for the time being in the far corner of the store, or a room, has been a most active handmaiden in the matter of starting fires.

A small match, a half consumed cigar, a cigarette carelessly dropped into this pile makes a story for the newspapers. It does more than this; it makes it harder for you to get insurance cheaper. It makes waste of the products of labor and it has no redeeming feature.

Quit dumping your trash. Quit inviting disaster by carelessness. If your neighbor is indifferent about his trash, admonish him that should be visited by a fire you will have to assist in paying him what he loses, and that he may burn you out besides.

Wednesday afternoon, last week, Mrs. A. M. Sarvis, her car into town and conveyed the Club girls to her home in Hedley.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent in conversation and work and various amusements. At a late hour we departed with Mrs. Sarvis and daughter, Mrs. Paul Sarvis, charming hostesses.

Next meeting of the Club will be with Miss Eunice Morrow. REPORTER.

MYSTIC WEAVERS

The club had a very pleasant meeting with Mrs. J. A. Moreman Thursday July 30. Eight members were present. Quite a number were out of town. Mrs. A. M. Sarvis was a visitor.

Some time was spent in exchanging ideas in crocheting. After the business session delicious ice cream, cake and punch was served. The hostess was assisted by her daughters, Ina and Cloteal.

We meet with Mrs. Frank McThursday August 13. The hour of meeting was changed to 3:30. PRESS REPORTER.

LITTLE FOLKS MISSION

Bible lesson, Psalm 23.
How Catholics and Protestants Celebrate—Lora Belle Bryant.
An incident in Mexico—Danny Masterson.
The Mission School on the Child—Cloteal Moreman.
Mission Work in Mexico—Fay Moreman.
The Republic of Mexico—Alvie Moore.

Christmas at Potrerillos—Leader.
Little Disappointment—Willie Pool.

Mexico, it's condition and need—Ila Pool.
Two Boys in Mexico—Gordon Bain.

A Missionary Journey in Mexico—Melba Johnson.
Press Reporter.

SUNBEAMS

Program for Aug. 9.
Motto, The flower falleth; the word of the Lord abideth.

Bible reading, 1st Peter 1:24-25
Prayer.
Song.
Roll call.
Song.
Lesson, The Land of Flowers.
continued.
Hymn.
Business Meeting.

We urge every member of the class to be present with monthly dues, and also we need you to help select new officers. Other business of importance to be discussed.

Adjournment.
Press Reporter.

Mrs. J. R. Bagwell returned to her home in Cook county last week after a visit of several days with her sister, Mrs. Parker. She was highly pleased with this country. When she left Cook county the gardens were all dead and weather extremely hot, and here she found vegetation of all kinds green and growing, and the weather much cooler.

—We have Wagon and Buggy Paint. Hedley Drug Co.

THE PANHANDLE SHORT COURSE

Letters have been mailed to practically every farmer in the Panhandle telling them of the merits of the Panhandle Short Course to be given in Amarillo on August 26, 27 and 28, and urging them to make their plans to attend, is the latest step in the preparation for the big event, announced by Dr. M. W. Cunningham Friday.

The program for the Short Course has been completed, and contains the names of some of the ablest authorities on agricultural and livestock questions to be found anywhere in the country.

One of the chief attractions will be the judging demonstration on the streets each afternoon where cattle for beef and dairy purposes, sheep, hogs, horses and all farm stock will be judged and rated. This will be under the direction of C. M. Evans, Superintendent Extension Department, A & M College of Texas.

Next week letters and programs will be sent to the business men and bankers in every town adjacent to Amarillo, asking that they unite with the farmers in making the Short Course a success. The matter will be kept constantly before the people in this way, and it is the affirmed opinion of those in charge of the enterprise that at least three hundred farmers will attend the meetings.

The lectures and executive sessions during the course will likely be held at the fair grounds, where there is an abundance of room and a minimum of other attractions to retard the progress of the meeting.

Special rates have been granted by the railroads leading into Amarillo.—Amarillo Panhandle.

SOME PRICES

Highest Patent Electric Loaf Flour, \$2.60 per hundred.
Oil per 5 gallons, best 80 cents second best 60 cents.

Harris Bros.

Subscribe for the Informer.

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What influence has
had on human
Perhaps only a
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Music and Awakens Patriotism

By LOUIS C. ELSON, Boston, Mass.

Music has worked beneficially in many diverse cases. It is to employ music at the beginning of the day to fortify himself for labors to come, and at the end of the day to soothe his mind after the labors. In defensive wars music has been a direct stimulant to deeds of daring. When the German writer, Klopstock, was introduced to Rouget de L'Isle, the author and composer of the "Marseillaise," he refused to shake hands with him and exclaimed, "Monsieur! Your music has killed 50,000 Germans!"

In such a case a Frenchman might be pardoned for thinking that music had helped human progress.

Dibdin's sailor songs were said to have been worth 10,000 seamen to the cause of England (this in offensive wars), so thoroughly did they awaken the pride of the British mariners. Dibdin received a pension from the English government and certainly deserved it.

Music is a direct aid in certain kinds of labor, and this is certainly a material and definite example of a practical advantage in the art. The sailor gives the most universal example of this, for he has often pulled the ropes in rhythmic swing with the tones of the "Shanty." This direct aid to labor is not only employed by American sailors, but by the seamen of every nation. There are French "shanty-songs" and Russian and Spanish; yes, even Chinese. In the Mahogany forests of Honduras, when they drag the heavy logs to the seacoast, at the head of the tugging crowd there marches the singer, warbling his rhythmic melody and uniting the efforts of the men. On the southern levees, say at Mobile or New Orleans, one often heard a similar song as the cotton bales were pulled and hauled—and whatever aids labor certainly aids human progress.

Summing up, I would say that since music has always been used in awakening patriotism, stimulating courage, lightening labor, it certainly has been an aid to human progress, even though it would be difficult to cite specific instances.

Louis C. Elson

Catching Cold Is House-Cleaning Operation

By ALEXANDER LANE, New York

Ask the average person where he got his cold and he will say that he must have sat in a draft or got his feet wet. If you suggest that he got his cold at the table he will consider such a statement too ridiculous for a moment's serious consideration.

A cold in foreign countries is usually called a fever, which is the correct term, as the ordinary cold is a mild form of fever caused by nature in her efforts to cast out impurities. The impetus to this healing operation is usually supplied by an extra amount of cold air. A cold is to be welcomed and not to be suppressed, as these impurities if retained in the system would poison every part of the body. Catching cold is a life-saving process—a house-cleaning operation—on the part of nature. It shows that the body has become so clogged with impurities that it rebels and attempts to get rid of the filth. The impurities thrown off in the cleaning process are the surplus accumulated filth which must be eliminated before it decays and poisons the whole system. Any discharge from any part of the body relates to matter which nature cannot use. When there is no surplus matter in the system a cold is an impossibility.

How did this filth or surplus matter get into the body? There is one way, and that is through the mouth. Those who do not eat more than is necessary for the growth and repair of the body never have colds or catarrh and very seldom any other form of sickness. About ninety per cent of all diseases come from overeating, which causes more deaths than alcohol and war combined.

United States Lagging Behind in Aviation

By H. A. VELLCHEN, New York

It is sad for the American to contemplate, particularly the American traveling abroad, the lack of progress in world-wide movements of the American nation. Here we are at the birthplace of the aeroplane, the conqueror of the air, and yet we are far behind the march of progress in aviation.

Germany is setting a hard pace in airship development, as Mr. Churchill recently pointed out in a speech in the house of commons. The British program is modest in comparison with what is being done in France and Germany, and the United States is not to be mentioned when it comes to reciting the accomplishments of the war divisions of the European nations. The German chancellor not long ago made the claim that Germany possesses superior airships to those of any other power, and the British had to admit that the claim was correct. Germany has shown that no airship dare take the field that cannot defend itself against aeroplane attacks by means of guns on the top of its gas container.

The British navy has recently taken over the aeroplane airship department of the national defense from the army. Great Britain has ordered eight airships to cost approximately \$2,500,000, the cost of each ship varying in price from \$100,000 to \$250,000. Germany has 17 first-class rigid airships and two others on the point of being delivered. The "first-class" airships are those capable of a speed of 45 miles an hour or more. What have we to show in the way of an airship or aeroplane fleet?

Poor "Plain Man" Described as Myth

By J. JOHN KELLEY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Not long ago a clever essayist attempted to prove that "the plain man" is a myth. He who humbly speaks of himself as a plain man does not expect you to take him literally; he wants you to protest by word or manner and intimate that he is decidedly superior in at least one way. The all-round plain man is a literary invention, like the "economic man" of the classical scholar, according to the essayist.

But John Galsworthy evidently believes that the plain man is always with us, and that he is a poor creature from every point of view. Galsworthy has drawn his portrait with merciless irony.

The plain man is dull, ignorant, parrot-like in his cant phrases about art, society, morals and the higher life. There is no beauty or genuine emotion in him; all progress takes place in spite of him. He is absurd without knowing it, and the superior man must try to forget his very existence.

Now some are coming to the defense of the plain man by reciting his modest virtues and pleading his lack of opportunity.

The plain man does the work of the world; he toils and pays the freight; he serves and supports the institutions we call civilization. Why nail at him?

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



FOR the dance or the garden party or for any other of summer's festivities the simplest and prettiest of gowns may be made like this one of sheer organdy pictured here. And there is any number of transparent or semi-transparent materials from which to make a choice suited to the design. There are the plain and figured nets, volles, swiss organdy, batiste, and the finer lawns, besides silk muslins and chiffon.

This is an American design, original and simple. It is prettily girlish and need not shrink from comparison with the product of any French establishment. There is an underskirt and waist of silk muslin. For this underslip the thin washable Chinese and Japanese silks are desirable, for they can be readily cleaned. A baby waist, with rather full sleeves, and a plain, moderately full skirt, answers this purpose and is to be made as a separate garment.

The outside skirt is also straight and plain. It is trimmed into very shallow scallops at the bottom and these are finished with a narrow ruffle of very fine point d'esprit or val lace, for which fine plain net may be substituted.

Over this skirt there is an overskirt, somewhat fuller than the underskirt, and cut at the bottom in the same way, in shallow scallops, finished with the lace edging. The overskirt drops over a ruffle made of the organ-

Style Features in New Coiffures



A COIFFURE that is popular with the "Miss Manhattan" must possess certain style features which are worth inquiring into, since this young lady is very sophisticated and keen and discriminating. When it comes to the matter of making selections. One of those new hairdressings which have compelled her approval is shown here and since imitation is sincerest flattery the French twist, made of a mass of wavy hair, may consider itself flattered.

The most noticeable points in this style are the waving of all the hair and the side part. There is a return to waves and curls and the promise, already occasionally fulfilled, of puffs in the coming styles in coiffures. Far more than half of the prettiest effects show the hair parted at one or both sides and massed on the top of the head.

The hair is combed more away from the face than it has been. This is the effect of hats which set less far down on the head than those that preceded them.

It is not difficult to arrange the hair in the manner pictured, but the waving is not so easy. A side comb is worn with the long twist at the back, and for dressy occasions a Spanish comb makes an effective finish, thrust in at the side near the top or at any angle that is becoming to the wearer.

It is quite the style to show the forehead bare at one or both sides. In the side part, as pictured here, the left forehead is bare and a lock of hair falls down at the right side and center. Little love wisps of hair about the face are curled in tight ringlets. The ears are almost uncovered, marking the last of the innovations which hairdressers are introducing.

The latest thing in the women's here among ourselves, and we want to be the first to wear it. In other words, LET'S PATRONIZE STRAID OF SENDING OUR DOLLARS to the big monopolistic establishments that are spending thousands of dollars every month to keep their stores open. THEY WILL DO IT, TOO, IF WE ARE SENSIBLE ENOUGH TO STOP IT.

It is up to us to prevent the big mail order houses from driving our storekeepers out of business, for several reasons, the greater of which are that our community will be rubbed off the map if we have no business concerns and that our ownership of property here will not amount to anything, in this event.

The local stores, to a very large extent, make this town. The taxes paid by our business men are the principal support of our schools and churches. It is the taxes paid by our storekeepers that pay for the local improvements, for the street lighting, for fire protection and for all other communistic privileges and protection.

If we permit the big mail order houses to drive our business men out of competition, what will we have left? A place of empty store buildings, an undesirable place in which to live.

If the mail order houses accomplish their purpose it is possible that railroad interests will decide there is not sufficient business to warrant the stopping of trains here—because there will be no reason, then, for traveling men to stay over in our town, no freight to be delivered to our stores.

In such cases we will be trying to sell our property, but will find no buyers, for who will think it a good investment to buy property in a dead town?

But this is just what we must expect if we keep sending our dollars to the mail order houses, for it is only the business of the town that makes the town possible.

When we send practically all of our business to the mail order houses in the cities there will no longer be a necessity for, or a reason for, a town here.

It all resolves itself into the question: SHALL WE HAVE A PROSPEROUS TOWN, WITH GOOD LOCAL BUSINESS, GOOD REAL ESTATE VALUES, GOOD WAGES AND GOOD MUNICIPAL DEVELOPMENT, OR SHALL WE HAVE A DEAD TOWN, WITH PIGS ROOTING IN THE PRINCIPAL STREETS, STORE BUILDINGS EMPTY AND WITH "FOR SALE" SIGNS HUNG UP, NO LIGHTS AND NO FIRE PROTECTION.

IT ALL RESTS WITH US. WE ARE THE ONES TO DECIDE. Common sense and good judgment tell us to protect our own interests. If we don't, who will?

What can we expect from the mail order houses after they shall have received our money and the local storekeepers have been put out of the running? Shall we expect help and assistance from the mail order monopoly?

We all know that the mail order houses do not pay any of our local taxes. They do not support our schools, or churches or help to pay for our lighting the streets or for our fire department.

Every dollar spent at home means added wealth, added prosperity, added real estate values and added facilities of all kinds.

Every dollar sent to the mail order houses means more unfair competition for our storekeepers and less taxes toward the support of our community.

Which do we prefer? We must make the decision. Are we for or against our community?

LET'S MAKE IT A LIVE TOWN BY KEEPING OUR MONEY IN CIRCULATION AMONG OUR OWN BUSINESS MEN.

PROSPERITY AT HOME

THERE IS NOTHING OF GREATER IMPORTANCE TO US THAN THE PROSPERITY OF OUR COMMUNITY. PROSPERITY AT HOME IS BASED ON LOCAL BUSINESS CONDITIONS.

If our local merchants and storekeepers transact a large volume of business their prosperity is communicated to every person in the entire community.

The values of our real estate increase. Wages are increased. There is more money in circulation and it is more readily obtained for purposes of expansion, paying for improvements, buying luxuries, etc.

In every way we can discover better conditions on all sides when our business men are busy.

There is every reason in the world why we should spend our cash at home instead of sending it to the big cities. By keeping it in circulation in our home community we profit in many ways.

But if we send our money to the mail order houses, that is the last we hear of it. If enough money is sent to the mail order houses from our community we may easily put our local merchants out of business. By diverting our trade from our local storekeepers we can make it impossible for them to maintain their stores.

Every dollar sent out of our town to the mail order houses detracts just as much from our own individual prosperity, as well as from the prosperity of the storekeepers and from the community in general.

Think of the consequences if we should all send to the mail order houses for our necessities and our luxuries. How long would it be before our local merchants would have the "closing out sale" signs on their doors, to be followed by the "for sale" signs on the stores themselves?

AND WHEN THE BUSINESS HOUSES ARE ALL ADVERTISED FOR SALE WHAT WILL BE THE VALUE OF OUR OWN HOUSES AND LOTS?

Such conditions have actually prevailed in some communities. It has happened that the citizens became "mail-order-mad" and sent to the big cities for the greater part of their merchandise. The local merchants abandoned the field, because there was no business there for them. The burden of taxation fell on the various property owners, because there were no business concerns to bear the big proportion which generally falls to their share. Property values decreased until there were no bidders for undesirable real estate. The town became dead.

In the meantime the head of a big mail order house in Chicago was drawing an income of over a million and a quarter dollars, made possible by the business received by his concern, by mail, from such communities as the one above described and from our own community, as well as from others all over the United States.

Every dollar of this enormous income was diverted from storekeepers in small communities. Every dollar sent in to that great mail order concern, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars annually, detracted from the prosperity of some community, struggling to become a center of population, but retarded by the shortsightedness of the citizens who sent their money out of town in preference to helping towards the prosperity of their own community.

Of course, it was all done unthinkingly. Those who sent their dollars to the mail order house did not stop to consider that these same dollars would add to the prosperity of the home community if expended at home. They did not stop to reason that by helping those in their own community they would be best advancing their own interests.

THIS COMMUNITY NEEDS YOUR HELP. YOU NEED THE HELP OF EVERY DOLLAR IN ORDER TO MAKE A BETTER COMMUNITY IN WHICH TO LIVE. YOU NEED THE PROSPERITY OF THIS COMMUNITY TO MAKE YOUR PROPERTY OF GREATER VALUE AND TO GIVE YOU THE BENEFITS OF A BETTER COMMUNITY IN WHICH TO MAKE YOUR HOME BRIGHTER, MORE DESIRABLE AND WORTH MORE IN DOLLARS AND CENTS.

We must all consider these matters. We must stop and think, before sending our dollars to the mail order houses, that our co-operation is necessary to the upbuilding of our community and that, for our own selfish advantages, even with no other motive, we must patronize home institutions and keep our dollars at home so that they can work for the advancement of our own prosperity.

We will all find that it is a fact, when we consider the question from every view point, that we can buy as cheaply and as profitably from our local merchants as from a mail order house, and we then know what we are buying. Instead of buying a "pig in a poke."

The VALIANT

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN S.

SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Vallant's father, and a man named Saxon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Saxon and Vallant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and decides to rehabilitate the place. Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Vallant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doctor Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds. Vallant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Vallant for the first time. Vallant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"I got over it before I was old enough to make myself a butt of hilarity," the doctor retorted. "I see by the papers they've invented a new dance called the grizzly bear. I believe there's another named the yipyoodie. I hope you've got 'em down pat to show the young folk tonight, Bristow."

The major got up with some irritation. "Southall," he said, "sometimes I'm tempted to think your remarks verge upon the personal. You don't have to watch me dance if you don't choose to."

"No, thank God," muttered the doctor. "I prefer to remember you when you still preserved a trace of dignity—twenty odd years ago."

"It dignity—the major's blood was rising now,"—consists in your eternal tasteless bickering, I want none of it. What on earth do you do for? You had some friends once."

"Friends!" snapped the other, "the fewer I have the better!"

The major clapped on his straw hat angrily, strode to the door, and opened it. But on the threshold he stopped, and presently shut it, turned back slowly and resumed his chair. The doctor was relighting his cigar, but an odd furtive look had slipped to his face, and the hand that struck the match was unsteady.

For a time both sat smoking, at first in silence, then talking in a delectable way on indifferent topics. Finally the major rose and tossed his cigar into the empty grate.

"I'll be off now," he said. "I must be on the field before the others."

As he went down the steps, a carriage, drawn by a pair of dancing grays, plunged past. "Who are those people with the Chalmers, I wonder," said the doctor. "They're strangers here."

The major peered. "Oh," he said, over his shoulder, "I forgot to tell you. That's Silas Fargo, the railroad president from New York, and his daughter Katharine. His private car's down on the siding. They're at the judge's—he's chief counsel for the road in this state. They'll be at the tournament, I reckon. You'll be there, won't you?"

The doctor was putting some phials and instruments into a worn leather bag. "No," he said, shortly. "I'm going to take a ten-mile drive—to add



"Friends!" snapped the other, "the fewer I have the better!"

to this county's population, I expect. But I'm coming to the dance. Promised Vallant I would, in a moment of temporary aberration."

CHAPTER XXII.

A Virginian Runnymede. "June in Virginia is something to remember." Today the master of Damory Court deemed this a true saying. For the air was like wine, and the drifting white wings of cloud, piled above the amethystine ramparts of the far Blue Ridge, looked down upon a violet world bound in green and silver.

In his bedroom Vallant stood looking into the depths of an ancient wardrobe. Presently he took from a hook a suit of white flannel in which he arrayed himself. Over his soft shirt he knotted a pale gray scarf. The modish white suit and the rolling Panama threw out in fine contrast the keen sun-tanned face and dark brown eyes.

In the hall below he looked about him with satisfaction. For the last three days he had labored tirelessly to fit the place for the evening's event. The parlor now showed walls rimmed with straight-back chairs and the grand piano—long ago put in order—had been relegated to the library. That instinct for the artistic, which had made him a last resort in the vexing problems of club entertainments, had aided him in the Court's adornment.

Out of the kitchens Cassandra's egg-beating chatted like a watchman's rattle, while Aunt Daphne put the finishing touches to an array of lighter edibles destined to grace the long table on the rear porch, now walled in with snow-white muslin and hung with candle-lusters. Under the trees Uncle Jefferson was even then experimenting with various punch compounds, and a delicious aroma of vanilla came to Vallant's nostrils.

The Red Road, as Vallant's car passed, was dotted with straggling pedestrians: humble country folk who trudged along the grassy foot-path with no sullen regard for the swift cars and comfortable carriage that left them behind; sturdy barefooted children who called shrilly after him, and happy-go-lucky negro youths clad in their best with Sunday shoes dangling over their shoulders, slouching regardlessly in the dust—all bound for the same Mecca, which presently rose before him, a gateway of painted canvas proclaiming the field to which it opened Runnymede.

He halted his car at the end of the field and snapped a leash in the bulldog's collar. "I hate to do it, old man," he said apologetically to Chum's reproachful look, "but I've got to. There are to be some stunts, and in such occasions you're apt to be convinced you're the main one of the contestants, which might cause a mix-up. Never mind; I'll anchor you where you won't miss anything."

With the excited dog tugging before him, he threaded his way through the press with keen exhilaration. Now and then his gloved hand touched his cap at a salutation. He was conscious of swift bird-like glances from pretty girls. Here was none of the rigid straight-ahead gaze or vacant stare of the city boulevard; the eyes that looked at him, frankly curious and inquiring, were full of easy open comradeship. Some of the girls wore gowns at hats that might that morning have issued from the Rue de la Paix; others were habited in cheap materials. But about the latter hung no benumbing self-consciousness. All bore themselves alike. He was beginning to realize that there might really exist straitened circumstances, even actual poverty, which yet created no sort of social difference.

Opposite the canvas-covered grand stand sat twelve small mushroom tents, each with a staff and tiny flag. Midway lines of flaxen ropes stretched between rows of slender peeled saplings from whose tops floated fanged streamers of vivid bunting. A pavilion of purple cloth, open at the sides, awaited for the committee, and near the center, a negro band was disposed on camp-stools, the brass of the waiting instruments winking in the sunlight. The stand was a confused glow of color, of light gauzy dresses, of young girls in pastel muslins with flowers in their belts, picturesque hats and slender articulate hands darting in vivacious gestures like white swallows—the gentry from the "big houses."

The light athletic figure, towed by the white bull-dog, drew many glances, Vallant's eyes, however, as they swept the seats, were looking for but one, and at first vainly. He felt a quick pang of disappointment. Perhaps she would not come! Perhaps her mother was still ill. Perhaps—but then suddenly his heart beat high, for he saw her in the lower tier, with a group of young people. He could not have told what she wore, save that it was of soft Murillo blue with a hat whose down-curved brim was wound with a shaded plume of the same tint. Her mother was not with her. She was not looking his way as he passed—her arms at the moment being held out in an adorable gesture toward a little child in a smiling matron's lap—and but a single glance was vouchsafed to him before the major seized upon him and bore him to the purple pavilion, for he was one of the committee.

But for this distraction, he might have seen, entering the stand with the Chalmers just as the band struck up a delicious whirl of "Dixie," the two strangers whom the doctor had observed an hour before as they whirled by the Merryweather Mason house behind the judge's grays. Silas Fargo might have passed in any gathering for the unobtrusive city man. Katharine was noticeable anywhere, and today her tall willowy figure in its champagne-color lingerie gown and hat garnished with bronze and gold thistles, setting in relief her ivory statuesque face, drew a wave of whispered comment which left a sibilant wake behind him. The party made a picturesque group as they now disposed themselves. Katharine's colorless loveliness contrasting with the eager sparkle of pretty Nancy; Chalmers and the sly-like beauty of Betty Page.

"You call it a tournament, don't you?" asked Katharine of the judge. "Yes," he replied. "It's a kind of contest in which twelve riders compete for the privilege of naming a Queen of Beauty. There's a ball tonight, at which the lucky lady is crowned. Those little tents are where the noble knights don their shining armor. See, there go their caparisoned chargers."

A file of negroes was approaching the tents, each leading a horse whose saddle and bridle were decorated with fringes of various hues. In the center of the roped lists, directly in front of the stand, others were planting upright in the ground a tall pole from whose top projected a horizontal arm like a slender gallows. From this was suspended a cord at whose end swung a tiny object that whirled and glittered in the sun.

The judge explained. "On the end of the cord is a silver ring, at which the knights tilt with lances. Twelve



"Who is That Splendid Old Man Giving Directions? The One Who Looks Like a Lion."

rings are used. The pike-points are made to fit them, and the knight who carries off the greatest number of the twelve is the victor. The whole thing is a custom as ancient as Virginia—a relic, of course, of the old jousting of the feudal ages. The ring is supposed to represent the device on the boss of the shield, at which the lance-thrust was aimed."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Katharine, and turning, swept the stand with her lorgnette. "I suppose all the county's F. F. V.'s are here," she said laughingly to Nancy Chalmers. "I've often wondered, by the way, what became of the Second Families of Virginia."

"Oh, they've mostly emigrated North," answered Nancy. "The ones that are left are all ancient. There are families here that don't admit they ever began at all."

Silas Fargo shook his stooped shoulders with laughter. "Up North," he said genially, "we've got regular factories that turn out ready-made families for anybody who wants to root in one."

And now over the fluttering stand and the crowd about the barriers, a stir was discernible. Katharine looked again at the field. "Who is that splendid old man giving directions? The one who looks like a lion. He's coming this way, now."

"That's Major Montague Bristow," said the judge. "He's been master of the heralds for years. The tournament could hardly happen without the major."

"I'm sure I'd like him," she answered. "What a lovely girl he is talking to!"

It was Shirley who had beckoned the major from the lists. She was leaning over the railing. "Why has Ridgeley Pendleton left?" she asked in a low voice. "Isn't he one of the twelve?"

"He was. But he's ill. He wasn't feeling up to it when he came, but he didn't give up till half an hour ago. We'll have to get along with eleven knights."

She made an exclamation of dismay. "Poor Ridge! And what a pity! There have never been less than the full number. It will spoil the royal quadrille tonight, too. Why doesn't the committee choose some one in his place? Listen. Why not Mr. Vallant? He is our host tonight. I'm sure he'd be glad to help out, even without the costume."

"Egad!" he said, pulling his imperial. "None of us had thought of him. He could ride Pendleton's mount, of course." He reflected a moment. "I'll do it. It's exactly the right thing. You're a clever girl, Shirley."

He hastily crossed the field, while she leaned back, her eyes on the flanneled figure—long since recognized—under the purple pavilion. She saw the committee put their heads together and hurriedly enter. In the moment's wait, Shirley's gloved fingers clasped and unclasped somewhat nervously. The riders had been chosen long before John Vallant's coming. If a saddle, however, was to be vacant, what more appropriate than that he should fill it? The thought had come to her instantly, bred of an underlying regret, that she had all along cherished, that he was not to take part. But beneath this was a deeper passionate wish that she did not attempt to analyze to see him

assume his place. He was so long habituated to that circle—a place rightfully his by reason of birth and name—and to lighten the gloomy shadow, that must rest on his thoughts of his father, with warmer sunnier things. She heaved a secret sigh of satisfaction as the white-clad figure rose in acquiescence.

The major returned to the grand stand and held up his hand for silence.

"Our gracious Liege," he proclaimed, in his big vibrant voice, "Queen of Beauty yet unknown, Lords, Knights and Esquires, Fair Dames and gentles all! Whereas divers noble persons have entered and taken upon them to hold jousts royal and tourney, you are hereby acquainted that the lists of Runnymede are about to open for that achievement of arms and grand and noble tournament for which they have so long been famed. But an hour since one of our noble knights, pricking hither to tilt for his lady, was beset by a grievous malady. However, lest our jousting lack the royal number, a new champion at this last hour been found to fill the Table Round, with his courtesy doth consent to ride without armor."

A buzz ran over the assemblage. "It must be Pendleton who has defaulted," said Judge Chalmers. "I heard this morning he was sick. Who's the substitute knight, I wonder?"

At the moment a single mounted herald before the tents blew a long blast on a silver horn. Their flaps parted and eleven knights issued to mount their steeds and draw into line behind him. They were brilliantly decked in fleshings with slashed doublets and plumed chapeaus, and short jeweled cloaks drooped from their shoulders. Pages handed each a long lance which was held perpendicular, the butt resting on the right stirrup.

Under the pavilion, just for the fraction of a second, Vallant hesitated. Then he turned swiftly to the twelfth tent. His flag-staff bore a long streamer of deep blood-red. He snatched this from its place, flung it about his waist and knotted it sash-wise. He drew the rose from his lapel and thrust it through the band of his Panama, leaped to the saddle of the horse the major had beckoned, and with a quick thrust of his heel, swung to the end of the stamping line.

The field and grand stand had seen the quick decision, with its instant action, and as the hoofs thudded over the turf, a wave of hand-clapping ran across the seats like a silver rain. "Neatly done, upon my word!" said the judge, delighted. "What a daring idea! Who is it? Is it—bless my soul, it is!"

Katharine Fargo had dropped her lorgnette with an exclamation. She stood up, her wide eyes fixed on that figure in pure white, with the blood-red cordon flaunting across his horse's flanks and the single crimson blossom glowing in his hat.

"The White Knight!" she breathed. "Who is he?"

Judge Chalmers looked round in sudden illumination. "I forgot that you would be likely to know him, he said. 'That is Mr. John Vallant of Damory Court.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Knight of the Crimson Rose. The row of horsemen had halted in a curving line before the grand stand, and now in the silence the herald, holding a parchment scroll, spurred



DANCED IN SURINAM JUNGLE

Explorer Tells Part He Took in Festivities With the Daughter of Native Chief.

In Harper's Magazine Charles W. Furlong told of attending a dance of the native tribes in Surinam, South Africa, and dancing with the daughter of a chief.

"The commandant and Mr. Smit were with me opposite the drummers, where a Djoeke presented his daughter, a superb black creature, who, with two other girls, advanced into the ring, with coy step and posture, to ward three men, with whom they danced in pairs; the girls, with a shy tilt of the head and constant moving of hands, passed and repassed, turning closely about their partners, but never touching. A girl would follow a man of her fancy as he walked from the ring center, then, as he turned at the edge, whisk away to a hum of laughing approval."

"Suddenly the dusky form of the girl previously presented emerged from the throng with the same coy, mesmeric motions of the hands, almost touched me, turned like a flash, and was gone. A loud murmur rose. Smit nudged my arm. 'She likes you. You have got to dance,' he whispered. Every explorer knows it is sometimes as unwise to accept such a challenge as it is sometimes indiscreet to refuse. She advanced again with an

before, his was a... each evolution... horn. 'Knight of... 'Knight of Castle... 'Knight of the Silver Cross'... names, fanciful, or those of families, fell on John Vallant's ear as a pungent flavor of medievalism. He started as he became aware that the rider next him had answered and that the herald had paused before him.

"Knight of the Crimson Rose!" It sprang to his lips without forethought, an echo, perhaps, of the improvised sash and the flower in his hat-band, but the shout of the herald and the trumpet's blare seemed to make the words fairly bulge with inevitability. And through this struck a sudden appalled feeling that he had really spoken Shirley's name, and that every one had heard. He could not see her face, and clutched his lance fiercely to overcome an insane desire to stoop hideously in his saddle and peer under the shading hat-brim. Lest he should do this, he fastened his eyes determinedly on the major, who now proceeded to deliver himself of the "Charge to the Knights."

The major made an appealing center to the charming picture as he stood on the green turf. "The glass of fashion and the mold of form," his head bare, his shock of blond-gray hair thrown back, and one hand thrust between the buttons of his snowy waistcoat. His rich bass voice rolled out to the farthest corner of the field: "Sir Knights:

"The tournament to which we are gathered today is to us traditional; a rite of antiquity and a monument of ancient generations. This relic of the jousts of the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold points us back to an era of knightly deeds, fidelity to sacred trust, obligation to duty and loyalty to woman—the watchwords of true knight-hood."

"We like to think that when our forefathers, offspring of men who established chivalry, came from overseas, they brought with them not only this ancient play, but the precepts it symbolizes. We may be proud, indeed, knowing that this is no hollow ceremonial, but an earnest that the flower of knight-hood has not withered in the world, that in an age when the greed of gold was never so dazzling, the spirit of true gallantry has not faded but blooms luxuriant in the sparkling dew of the heart of this commonwealth."

"Most Noble Knights! In the name of that high tradition which this day preserves! In the memory of those other knights who practiced the tourney in its old-time glory! In the sight of your Queen of Beauty! I charge you, Southern gentlemen, to joust with that valor, fairness and truth which are the enduring glories of the knight-hood of Virginia!"

Over the ringing applause, Nancy Chalmers looked at him with a little smile, quizzical yet soft. "Dear old major!" she whispered to Betty Page. "How he loves the center of the stage! And he's effective, too. Thirty years ago, father says, he might have been anything he wanted to—even United States Senator. But he would never leave the state. Not that I blame him for that," she added; "I'd rather be a church-mouse in Virginia than a crosser daughter anywhere else."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KITCHEN

The Left-Over Egg Mark
The ends are... food that... from one or... example, take bits... or chops of any kind... boiled eggs, a little cold po... well and season, mix in... egg, a very little flour and... then make in the form of cro-... quets and brown in hot fat. They are really excellent.

Another left-over dish can be made of scraps of hash, cold rice, boiled meal left from breakfast or any kind of fresh or salt meat and bread crumbs may be used. These should be put together and mixed with milk, but care must be taken so as not to make them too dry or too moist to eat in shape. Serve on square of buttered toast with celery.

To use left over roast lamb, take it and cut away all the bone and gristle and grind through a food chopper or chop fine in hash bowl, mix with six sprigs of parsley and two stalks of celery. Add crumbled soda crackers, one tablespoonful of softened butter, a little salt and pepper, one spoonful of minced onion and enough milk or water to make moist and then beat in one egg and form into a steak. Put in a buttered pan, place in a moderate oven and roast for 25 minutes, basting with melted butter or good drippings. Just before the last five minutes is up spread a generous layer of fine bread crumbs mixed with egg yolk over the top and sides to brown, serve on a hot platter and garnish with sliced lemon or parsley.

RAGOUT MAKES SAVORY DISH

With Veal, or Any Other Meat, French Cook Turns Out Concoction That Is a Triumph.

A writer in a French newspaper lauds a ragout of veal (or other meat), declaring it as savory and nourishing a dish as any one could desire. It is also said to be a most economical dish for a family, and this is how the French cook prepares it:

She uses about two pounds of the shoulder of veal, which she cooks for 20 minutes or so in a small iron pot, with salt, pepper and butter, until it is well browned. She turns it over from time to time. Once she adds a small wineglassful of water to prevent burning. (She is very chary of spoiling good things by water dilution, and in the iron pot there is little danger of burning.) She then sprinkles and stirs in well two teaspoonfuls of flour—that is, she sprinkles it over the meat and turns the meat over and over; then she adds four large carrots cut into small dice, four onions (sliced), several pieces of parsley, about two cupfuls of peas and a glassful of water. She cooks a plateful of small, uncooked potatoes, cut in half. From time to time she stirs it, and the savory steam that arises at each removal of the lid is a promise amply fulfilled when partaking of it later. Other meats than veal can be used, and left-over vegetables of any sort; but what makes it good is the way it is done.

Marmalade. Cut perfectly ripe pineapples in slices and peel, taking care to remove all eyes. It will be found a much easier plan to peel after slicing than to attempt to handle the whole fruit at once. Cut the pine in pieces about the size of strawberries, or you may chop it coarsely in the chopping bowl. Measure an equal quantity of hulled strawberries. Cook the pineapple in its own juice for 15 minutes, then add the strawberries and cook five minutes. Measure and add sugar, using three-quarters of a pint of sugar to a pint of fruit. Cook for an hour very slowly, pour in tumblers.

Rhubarb and Apple Jelly. Cut the rhubarb into small pieces and heat over a slow fire without adding water. Quarter and pare good sour apples and heat in just enough water to cover, as for plain apple jelly. Strain the juice from both and measure. Boil 20 minutes. Allow three-quarters of a pint of sugar to every pint of juice. Heat in oven, add to the boiling juice and let boil ten minutes longer, or until the mixture will jelly when dropped on a saucer. Pour in glasses and let stand in the sun a few hours.

Shadow Proof. Of interest to housekeepers who like to use a two colored window shade, or a "duplex" shade as it is called, are the new shadow-proof shades which are made of a patented cloth, which is absolutely opaque. However strong the rays of the sun may be as they beat on the new patented material, it is claimed that the color on the outside will not show through. They come in all color combinations, in plain colors and in stripes.

Aid in Darning. The work of darning on huckaback may be lessened if the material is first treated as follows: Lay the huckaback right side down on a Turkish towel and press with a hot iron until thoroughly dry. This will make the surface threads stand up so that they can be very easily picked up with the needle.

To Keep Fruit Cake Moist. If you want to keep fruit cake moist for a long time, put a piece of bread in the tin box with it.

BOOST FOR HEDLEY

A similar example of the extraor-

—

Peace between Great Britain and France was proclaimed one hundred years ago June 2. For ten years the two nations had been constantly at war, the struggle ending only with the overthrow and abdication of the Emperor Napoleon. England's triumph over her enemy, however, was dashed by the more doubtful fortunes of the struggle in America. But before the close of the year the war with the United States was to end, at a most opportune time for England, since it left her hands free at a moment when Napoleon's escape from Elba and his reappearance at Paris called England and her continental allies to a new and final

1

Explanation of Failure of Authorities Generally to Maintain Roads and Streets.

The astonishing results of a census taken recently on a secondary thoroughfare leading out of London showed only 3 per cent of horse-drawn vehicles. The exact count was 15 vehicles of the latter class to 500 vehicles propelled otherwise than by horses. Merely this has both an explanation of the failure of public authorities generally throughout the world to maintain roads and streets in good condition, and also a presentation of the difficulties that road constructors now confront.

[illegible]

Why You Should Trade at Hedley

It is our wish to see the business of this community centralized in this town, and not in the cities.

We want to see the money of the community spent at home, and to assist in accomplishing this the merchants offer not only the standard and variety of merchandise which the people want, but at prices that defy competition from the mail-order houses, when quality, service and transportation charges are considered.

We are not asking for loyalty to the home town on the basis of an extra cost to you, but on the basis of quality, service and price.

Can you not afford to spend your money at home on these terms?

COME TO HEDLEY

"Most of our experience is to other men, but the average man has no debt."

He must have what everybody else has, whether he wants it or not.

FRIDAY'S DISHES.

As different varieties of fish are found in different localities it is a poor spot indeed which will not yield from the neighborhood or shipping market a few varieties. For those who are shut off from the fresh sea or lake fish there are always the canned and dried and smoked varieties to fall back on, so that one who is so disposed may have fish at least once a week upon the table.

Fresh shad, mackerel and flounder are so delicious of themselves that it is rather a difficult matter to even spoil them by poor cooking. Those who live inland usually have access to some stream or lake which yields its different kinds of toothsome fish. The brook trout caught and cooked for breakfast are hard to equal in flavor.

Flanked fish is an appreciated delicacy and is easily prepared at home or in camp. A plank two inches thick with a groove to hold the gravy around the edge may be made of oak or maple and the longer it is used the better it becomes. Spread out the fish skin side down, fasten with thumb tacks to keep it from drawing up and cook in a moderate oven until it falls away from the bones. Garnish with mashed potato roses put through a pastry tube, return and brown, then serve the plank, either in its oak rack or on a platter.

A sauce which is especially nice with boiled fish (which is, by the way, cooked in water tied in a muslin cloth to keep it from wasting) is:

Hollandaise Sauce.—Put a cupful of butter in a bowl, cover with cold water and wash, using a wooden spoon, previously scalded and chilled. Remove from the water and divide into three pieces, put one piece into a saucepan with the yolks of two eggs and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, set the saucepan into one of boiling water and stir constantly with a wire whisk until the butter is melted; then add the second piece of butter, continue the stirring and as the sauce thickens add the third piece. Add a third of a cupful of boiling water, cook one minute, season with salt and cayenne.

Insomnia never comes to a man or woman who has to get up at six o'clock. Insomnia troubles only those who can sleep at any time.

The best way to get even is to forget.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

A delicious salad, which is simple, easy to prepare and withal good to eat, is the following: Slice ripe red tomatoes in thick slices, spread with mayonnaise or a bottled dressing, well seasoned, then with cream cheese, which has been put through a vegetable ricer; sprinkle with a very little chopped chives or parsley or green pepper and place each slice on a lettuce leaf. If served from the dining table make a wreath of these on a platter with a bunch of water cress in the center, using a little of the cress with each serving.

Pepper Grass Salad.—Take a quart of freshly picked pepper grass, which you of course grow in your own little garden, break up bits of cream cheese, a few chives, and toss all together with any kind of salad dressing preferred. Garnish with radish roses.

Rhubarb cut in thin slices and combined with freshly-grated coconut and French dressing is a most delightful surprise as a salad. The oil needs less of the acid than usual in making the dressing as the rhubarb is so tart.

A most enjoyable salad is one to be served with lamb-cut slices of orange, dress with French dressing and sprinkle with finely chopped mint.

Cherry Ice.—Put and crush two quarts of cherries, a quart of sugar, add the crushed kernels of a dozen pits, and let stand two hours. Add a pint of water, press through a strainer and partly freeze, when nearly frozen add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, finish freezing. Serve in glasses with fresh cherries as a garnish.

Literary.

The growth of population in Alaska and upper Canada should be distinctly encouraging to our book-sellers. According to a speaker, Norway is "the book-sellers' paradise," because of the rarity of amusements and the long dark nights.—New York Evening Post.

See Ole Cliff Fox.

"Misery loves company. That's why so many folks get married, by ginger."—Detroit Free Press.

From warm weather of midsummer comes the desire for juicy, refreshing fruits, and the first meal of the day is well started if some variety is served. It is the general opinion that breakfast is one of the hardest meals to prepare. Not only because the appetite is then most capricious, but one must use care not to fall into the rut of bacon, eggs, toast and coffee until the sight of a piece of toast is reason for saying things.

As toast is so inevitable and withal so necessary, we should learn to spare our families the infliction of underdone or scorched, tough or greasy pieces. Cereals which are light and require little cooking are more favorable for hot weather than the heartier oatmeal and wheat. There is no more delicious breakfast dish in the summer than fresh fish with radishes and a bit of French fried potatoes.

Steamed eggs make a nice breakfast dish and when cooked in a steam cooker are no trouble to prepare. Butter the cups, drop in the raw egg, sprinkle with salt and pepper and steam until firm. Slip each egg, which will be beautifully round, on rounds of buttered toast and serve.

Ham and Poached Egg.—Mix two cupfuls of finely chopped cooked ham, one tablespoonful of prepared mustard, one teaspoonful of minced parsley and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Mix thoroughly and form into cakes. Make a depression in each, drop a raw egg in the center of each, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs set. Remove and cover each with the white of the egg beaten stiff, dust with salt and pepper and return to the oven to brown.

Pineapple and Banana Purée.—Press ripe bananas through a potato ricer, add orange juice and sugar, and heap on thin slices of pineapple, place a luscious strawberry for garnish and serve ice cold. This is nice for a fruit course at a luncheon.

That man only is really worthy to be called educated who is able to do at least one useful thing well; who has a sympathy which is universal, and who is in the line of evolution.

LEFT-OVER CHICKEN.

There is no cold meat which is never refused (even by those palates which must have inventions to delight the taste) equal to the delicate chicken.

Minced Chicken With Green Peppers.—Boil two green peppers ten minutes. Remove the seeds and cut the peppers in thin strips, using a pair of scissors. Mix with two cupfuls of cold fowl or chicken not too finely chopped. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three of flour and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly 1 1/3 cupfuls of chicken stock. Bring to the boiling point, season with salt and pepper and add the peppers and chicken. Serve as soon as well heated.

Chicken Tetrazzini.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, stirring constantly, one cupful of thin cream. Bring to the boiling point and season with salt, celery salt and pepper. Add one cupful of cold cooked chicken, cut in slices, one-half cupful of mushroom caps, cut in slices, one-half cup of cooked spaghetti and one-third of a cup of Parmesan cheese. Put into buttered ramekins, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until the crumbs are brown.

Chicken à la Bernent.—Dissolve one tablespoonful of granulated gelatin in three-fourths of a cup of hot chicken broth and strain. When the mixture begins to thicken beat until frothy and add three-fourths of a cupful of heavy cream, whipped, 1 1/2 cupfuls of chicken, cut in dice. Season with salt, pepper, and turn into individual molds and chill.

Nellie Maxwell.

Who Finds Them?

It is said that in Khartum, Egypt, a man may be fined \$3 for every mouse found alive on his property. Only millionaires could afford to live in New Jersey if that state of mosquitoes should adopt a similar statute it would give the state a real distinction.

Oldest Chain Bridge.

China has the world's oldest chain bridge, stretching for half a mile from one mountain to another.



BATTLESHIP SOUTH DAKOTA AT MARE ISLAND

SEVENTY odd years ago, when the Indians along the banks of San Pablo bay had the habit of helping themselves to horses of their Spanish neighbors, Senor Castro, the owner of one of the large California rancherias, chose a bleak-looking island on the eastern arm of the bay as a haven for his steeds. As most of the livestock were brood mares, Castro naturally called the island Isle de la Yegua, or, translated into plain English, Mare Island. The christening of the ranch by the old Castilian marks the beginning of Mare Island's history. With its two and a fourth square miles of undulating fields, Castro's island remained more or less in obscurity until 1849. In that famous year of the rush for the yellow metal, Isle de la Yegua was bought by Captain J. Frisbie of the United States army. Frisbie in turn sold the island to the firm of Aspinwall, and eventually it became the property of the United States government.

Farragut First Commandant.

The facts concerning the selection of Mare Island as a navy yard are interesting. A naval station was needed on the Pacific coast, and since the Mexican war the government had been on the lookout for a good location; a location that would in every particular answer the most exacting wishes of naval experts, convenient to the sea, but not easily accessible to the enemy. Sausalito was suggested as a favorable site for the proposed navy yard, but this proposition was offset by Captain Blunt, U. S. N., who in 1850 vigorously recommended Mare Island. After much quibbling on the part of the officials, Commodore Sloat of "Bear Flag" fame, persuaded the government to buy the island at a cost of \$50,000.

It was not until 1854, however, that Mare Island was officially made a navy yard, with Captain Farragut as its first commandant. It is interesting to note that the residence of the hero of the New Orleans blockade still remains and, like several other domiciles of the naval station, is in a fair state of preservation. Covering a period of sixty years, from Farragut's time down to the present commandant, Captain F. M. Bennett, there have been 38 commandants in charge of the navy yard.

Soon after Farragut's assignment Mare Island became a scene of activity, shops were built, trees planted and more than \$500,000 expended to convert the former ranch into a naval station. At this particular period of the island's history, much credit is due Senator Gwin, chairman of the committee of naval affairs, who worked indefatigably to make the thirty-second congress understand the importance of appropriations for the navy yard of the Pacific. There were many sages at Washington who failed to understand the weight of Gwin's harangues, and as a consequence, these men had to be inveigled into opening the doors of the treasury. But notwithstanding certain "lean years," the newly acquired navy yard waxed strong, and by degrees developed into the important station that it is today.

From the time of its first commandant, Mare Island has been what we might call a progressive navy yard. Of course, like all such places that depend on annual or semi-annual appropriations, the island has had its periods of apparent retrogression and dullness, but naval history can point to more than one great achievement wrought by the workers at Mare Island.

As a shipbuilding plant it is inferior to none, and in fact, superior to many of the other navy yards. The Mexican, the first vessel to leave the ways, proved herself one of the best of the old time frigates. The Monadnock, long building for lack of appropriations, was a first-class iron-clad and gave a good account of herself in the battle of Manila bay. But self in the battle of ship building Mare Island's glory in ship building rests on the work accomplished in the construction of the repair ship Prometheus and the collier Jupiter. Of their type, these vessels had proved themselves equal if not superior to those built by private concerns.

The ships are the largest of their kind, the Prometheus being 465 feet in length, 60 feet beam, 26 feet draft, with a displacement of 13,585 tons and a speed of 16 knots. The Prometheus was first intended to be a collier, but it is now being converted into a repair ship. The Jupiter, finished but a short time ago, is the largest vessel ever built on the Pacific coast. It has a length of 542 feet, beam 65 feet, draws 27 feet, has a displacement of 19,360 tons and a cargo capacity of 13,000 tons. As this ship is propelled entirely by electricity, the trial trip of the vessel was watched with interest not only by naval officials, but by all those interested in maritime affairs.

Points of Interest.

It goes without saying that a trip to Mare Island is worth while. Here can be seen all that is part and parcel of a well appointed government plant; whether it be in management or whether it pertains to development in ways scientific.

Two interesting departments of the navy yard are the wireless station and the new powerhouse. This wireless station is the most important on the Pacific coast and naturally has the latest appliances of wireless telegraphy. The new powerhouse is well worth seeing, for here is concentrated the brawn and muscle of the navy yard, as nearly all the work done on the island is with the aid of electricity.

To the uninitiated, workshops are most interesting; for in these one may follow the building, finishing and arming of a ship from the time the blue print leaves the draftsman's hands until the finished gunboat, submarine or cruiser is ready for her complement of sailors. In the island park, twice a week the naval band plays national airs, excerpts from the operas and popular music. The residences in various parts of the island are a delight to the eye because of their well kept gardens and the romantic tone of some of the old homes or the neatly built structures of a later date.

Here, too, among the tall cypresses of the park are interesting relics of naval history, such as the forward gun of the Kearsarge that sank the Alabama, January 19, 1864; the sternpost of the Hartford, that grand old flagship of Admiral Farragut; the figure head of the Independence and the battered, twisted propeller of the U. S. S. Nipsic that was wrecked with the good ship Vandalia at the time of the great hurricane and tidal wave at Apia, Samoa, in 1889. Another relic of worth seeing is the old Spanish relic of building around which linger memories of many a naval hero. In the building is a museum where one may find among the archives of the island much data that are interesting. Court-martial sessions are held in the building and if the walls could speak they might tell many a tale.

Mare Island is Utopia for those who love the simple life and for those who wish to separate themselves from the bazaar and glare of the metropolis. After the working hours, when trip hammer, whistle and bell have ceased, the island is enveloped with quietude made more enjoyable in contrast with the din of the day.

Great Painter's Love Story.

Turner's love story is tragic. Somewhere about the year 1797, while the great painter was still at school at Margate, he fell deeply in love with the sister of one of his schoolfellows. The intimacy grew and continued, and a few days later Turner proposed and was accepted. Then he went away for a couple of years to pursue his art studies, and during that time not a message or a letter came from him. The young lady was hurt and offended at such cruel treatment, and under the smart of neglect and pressure from an unkind stepmother she accepted another suitor. Within a week of the day fixed for the wedding Turner returned. He obtained an interview and pleaded his cause passionately, but the girl refused to listen to any explanation.

Libby's Picnic Specialties

The picnic is incomplete without Libby's good things to eat. Ready to serve—no fuss and bother. There are a number of Libby's Luncheon specialties at your grocer's. Get acquainted with them.

Veal Loaf Pickles Deviled Ham Olives

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

PARADISE FOR THE BIRDS

Providence Seems to Have Provided Temperate Zone for the Feathered Friends of Man.

Up in the far country where the timber falls, the calendar is respected. There is no summer before the official day set for it. The ground is held fast by frost until June is well started. There are furies of snow, wild, bitter winds, a sky that has no mercy. And then, suddenly, the wind shifts and comes out of the south. It is summer then with a leap.

The interest of the temperate zone in the northland is that it is there that have gone a great many of the migrating birds which paid us a few days' visit and passed on. For all its inhospitability to man, this country in summer is a paradise for birds. Its marshes are safe refuges from two and four-footed enemies. There is exhaustless material for nests. And out of the pools come myriads of insects, food that does not fall until the time for the southward bird movement arrives.

Some man has said that there is no God north of latitude 59. He did not inquire as to what the birds might have thought of that.—Toledo Blade.

ITCHING, BURNING ERUPTION

Thomasville, Ala.—"I suffered with eczema on my hands and feet two or three years. About eleven years ago I became troubled with an itching, burning eruption which came on my hands and feet in little water blisters and in about a day or two when I would let the water out or wash it out, using my hands, then the places would fester and itch to beat the band. I could not do any work that was rough on my hands at all. It caused me great suffering and inconvenience.

"I tried everything that I knew of or was told and never was really relieved until I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I would wash the parts in water with the Cuticura Soap and then when I dried them I would apply the Cuticura Ointment on the surface in the daytime, and at night I would get a soft piece of cloth and apply the Cuticura Ointment on my hands and let it stay that way all night. A perfect cure was effected. No one will ever know how glad I was to get my hands and feet cured." (Signed) Geo. C. Crook, Nov. 25, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard, "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Searching Criticism.

Five-year-old Herbert, scion of a bookish family, had learned to read so early and so readily that his first glimpses of storyland were growing hazy in his memory. One day he confided to his mother, "Ruthie showed me her new book today, and it's the queerest thing you ever saw! Why, it just says, 'Is it a dog? It is a dog. Can the dog run?' and a lot of things like that! 'Course I was too polite to say so, but it didn't seem to me the style was a bit juicy!"—Lippincott's.

A Poser.

Mathematical Professor—I have now completely discussed the theory of probability. Are there any questions? Probationary Freshman—Yes, sir. Will you please compute the probability of my passing this course?—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

—Take CAPUDINE—

For HEADACHES and GRIPPE. It's Liquid—Prompt and Pleasant—Adv.

Well, Yes.

"Those women are trying to stop the manufacture of amber fluid."

"Beer checks, eh?"

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Your druggist will refund money if PIAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives ease and rest. 50c.

Of Course.

Hex—How is Farmer Cawntossel getting along planting his wheat?
Silas—Oh, just sow sow.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill 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.

Throw Away

your complexion troubles with your powder puff—no need of either when you use pure, harmless

Zona Face Pomade
"The ALL DAY BEAUTY POWDER"
At all dealers or by mail 50c.
Zona Co., Wichita, Kansas.

Gladstone's Domestic Rule.
Mr. Gladstone once said that he had solved the domestic problem in this way: "Whenever Mrs. Gladstone insists I submit; and whenever I insist she submits." He didn't say, however, whether they took turns about insisting and submitting. Marriage is a failure when one of the parties insists on being the insister and doesn't take turns in submitting to the submitter.

Growing Old.
"Is your father growing old gracefully?"
"No; he positively refuses to learn the maxims."

A healthy horse eats nine times its weight in food in a year; a healthy sheep six times.

To Cleanse Rusty Nail Wounds

Always Get it to the Bottom

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Wire Cuts, Lameness, Strains, Bruises, 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 G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Why Suffer From Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism,

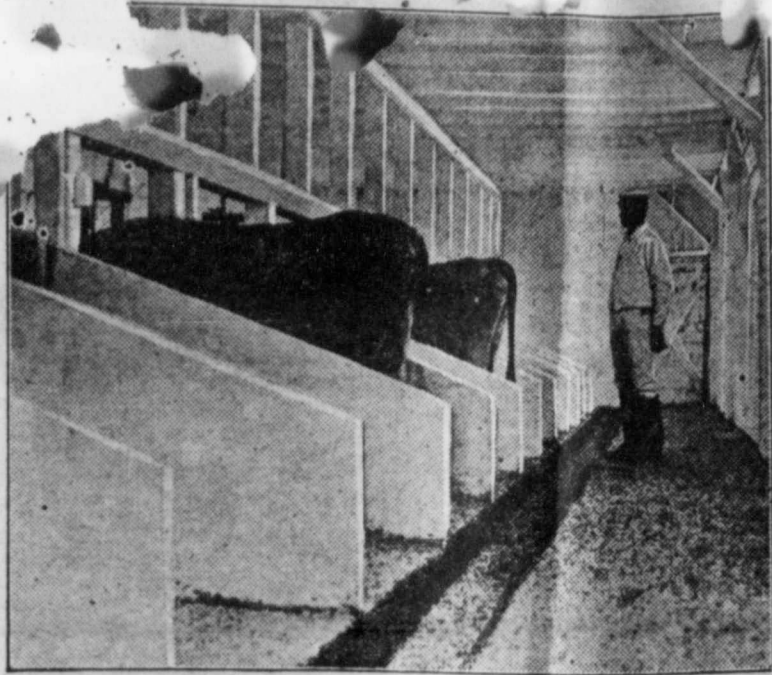
Hunt's Lightning Oil quickly relieves the pain. The Hurting and Aching stop almost instantly. A truly wonderful remedy for those who suffer. It is astonishing how the pain fades away the moment Hunt's Lightning Oil comes in contact with it. So many people are praising it that you can no longer doubt. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises and Sprains it is simply fine. All dealers sell Hunt's Lightning Oil in 25 and 50 cent bottles or by mail from

A. B. Richards Medicine Co. Sherman Texas

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitution or imitation.



A Model Cow Barn for the Money Makers.

(By W. MILTON KELLEY.)

The man who has made two blades of grass grow where but one grew before has been looked upon as a public benefactor. But the man who has succeeded in producing one blade at less cost worked out a more complex problem.

Increased production does not always bring increased profit. Increased profits from the dairy business must be a measure come from more economical production.

To reduce the cost of production we must have cows that by their breeding and individuality are adapted to our needs. For the butter and cream producing dairy the Jersey and Guernsey cows have a certain advantage because of the character of their milk, which contains a higher percentage of butter fat.

The Holstein and Ayrshire cows are compelled to elaborate more solids to produce the same amount of fat. This is a breed characteristic.

On the other hand the Holstein and Ayrshire cows can produce milk solids more economically and are better fitted for the production of cheese and market milk.

Within the dairy breeds we find greater difference between individual cows than between the breeds. We are keeping too many cows. We do not know how much they produce nor how much they eat. Some pay a profit and some are eating up the profits.

made by the others. It takes the profits from the good cows to balance the loss from the poor cows.

The first step toward reaching the cost of production is weighing and testing the milk from each cow in the herd often enough to keep a good line on what she is producing.

Weighing the milk for one day each week and testing it once each month will give practically the same results as weighing and testing each milking.

By taking these weekly and monthly records and making a yearly average it is easy to determine how much milk and butter each cow has produced for the year.

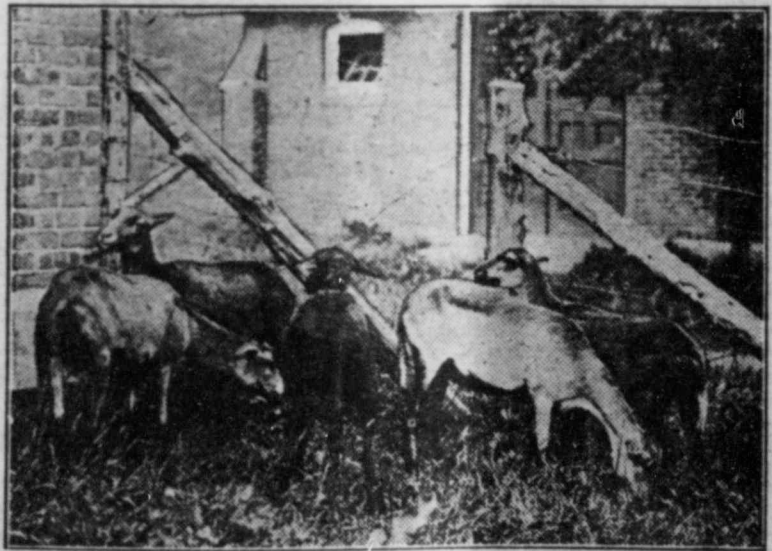
This is but one-half the question. Some cows are fairly large producers. Others may produce less milk or butter, and yet be far more economical producers.

A light feeder may digest her food perfectly and be an economical producer. We should keep a record of each cow's feed one day each week and its market value in connection with the weighing and testing of the milk.

This will show what a pound of milk or butter costs from each cow in the herd.

Sell the cows that produce butter for 25 cents per pound and keep all that produce a pound for 15 cents. The scales, the Babcock test and pencil and paper will assist in weeding out the unprofitable cows from the herd.

PRACTICAL POINTS ABOUT ANGORA GOATS



Barbado Sheep Imported by the Bureau of Animal Industry.

Some people think that Angora goats will thrive on brush and weeds, but they will not.

They browse on brush and weeds, but need the same feed as sheep.

They are not very easily controlled, but are not vicious.

They weigh on the average about as much as Shropshire sheep.

The best grades will produce from three to six pounds of mohair per year, but the average is about two-thirds as much.

Mohair is worth from 30 to 45 cents

per pound, and the demand is good. Angoras should be clipped twice a year. Common hand shears are best.

Each doe drops one kid every year and sometimes two.

In the North, kids are dropped in April and May, but in the South they come about a month earlier.

Goats sell at \$3 to \$4 in the big markets, but pure bred ewes bring from \$5 to \$7 for breeding purposes, rams from \$10 to \$100.

Goat flesh is often sold for mutton and the tallow is used for cooking.

OKRA CULTURE IN THE SOUTH

Becoming Popular Vegetable of Early Growing in Northern States—Requires Little Attention.

(By FRANCIS L. RILEY.)

This tropical annual has succeeded in the Southern states and is a fashionable vegetable of early growth in the North, where it has only recently become popular. It is in high esteem for soups and stews.

Seeds should be sown in May after the ground is warm. Sow in drills three feet apart and thin to ten inches apart in the rows. One ounce of seed is required for every 100 feet of row.

There are several varieties that are a great improvement on the old green-podded sorts—growing to a height of four to five feet, with round, smooth pods, pale green, tender and of fine quality. Keep the pods picked off so that the plants will not become stunted by the maturity of seeds, and there will be good pods until late in the fall. Okra requires no more attention than a corn crop.

For table use it should be cooked in agate or earthenware always.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

(By N. J. SHEPARD.)

The earlier in life that a weed is killed the better, as they rob the soil of moisture and plant food.

All breeding animals should have a laxative ration before the young are born, especially when on dry feed.

Farm life may be made a burden or a pleasure, according to the management of the home, the farm and the farm work.

The most serious objection to selling hay from the farm is that it carries away too much of the fertility of the farm.

Lime is a most active agent in rendering the soil mellow and setting the plant food free to be assimilated by vegetation, while it is itself a direct plant food.

The meadows and pastures as well as the growing wheat are often benefited by rolling well in the spring after the frost is thoroughly out of the ground.

While thorough cultivation is essen-

you n
ach, Liver and
Bowels you must pay
the penalty—that
means Sick Head-
ache, Loss of Ap-
petite, Indigestion,
Constipation, Cramps
and Biliousness. Be
wise, and resort to

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

promptly. It will help
"sidetrack" such troubles.



Heal your skin with Resinol

NO matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, raw or scaly skin humors, just put a little of that soothing, antiseptic Resinol Ointment on the sores and the suffering stops right there! Healing begins that very minute, and in almost every case your skin gets well so quickly you feel ashamed of the money you threw away on tedious, useless treatments.

Resinol Ointment (5c and 25c) and Resinol Soap (5c) clear away pimples, heads and dandruff. Sold by all druggists.

Boon to Mankind.

Ignatius Tootle, the renowned authority on floral life, who lives near the quiet village of Yankee Springs, is at the present time trying to out-burbank Burbank, the wiz, by growing a rectangular watermelon. Mr. Tootle has noticed for years that ultimate consumers have had much trouble trying to carry watermelon from the store, inasmuch as they (the watermelons) are of awkward shape and quite slippery, and after a watermelon has fallen and has hit the cement sidewalk its usefulness may be said to be over. Mr. Tootle's watermelon will be long and will have square corners, one of which corners will fit into the bent elbow when the melon is carried on the inside of the arm. Mr. Tootle expects to have his new melon growing and on the market by 1927, if nothing happens.—Boston Globe.

The Way of Progress.

A dog barking at a passing automobile is generally supposed to be as telling a symbol of futile objection to the march of progress as could well be imagined. In the almost same category, however, belongs the strike of the stevedores in New Orleans against the introduction of the electric truck to transport freight between vessels and warehouses. The wonder is that this improvement has been so long delayed instead of only now appearing—and then as a source of a new labor difficulty. One cannot have much sympathy for opposition in this particular instance. The motor vehicle in all of its forms has come to stay, and the rest of the world has been rather rapidly adjusting itself to the new condition.—Engineering Record.

Anvil on the Scales.

It is customary when a military suffragette is placed on trial in England for her friends to while away their time in court by bounding shoes, bags of flour and bales of pamphlets on the magistrate's brow. This conduct is calculated to bias—if not brain—the court.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure. The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Wear Well.

Husband—I note that the papers again say that Huerta is on his last legs.
Wife—They certainly do last.

How To Give Quinine To Children. FERRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for source original package. The name FERRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

Better a woman with rosy cheeks than a man with a rosy nose.

do business in
have homes
where they deve
and breed animals
is wearisome mon
brick and stone.
in crowded street
ley cars and
These things ma
are needful, but th
as the farm boy may
be.

Life is in the open country. Life is in the growing grass, the waving fields of wheat, the springing corn. Life is in the trees and birds, life is in the developing animals of the farm.

Any man who works with the land, who feeds a field and watches the result, gains a real fundamental knowledge of the underlying foundation on which rests all our civilization. It makes him a sober man, a thoughtful man, a reverent man, and if he experiments wisely a hopeful optimist. Life is where things are born and live and grow. On the farm is real life.—Breeder's Gazette.

Makes Jobs for Detectives.

Probably the only people to benefit by recent suffragette outrages are private detectives, many of whom are doing little else just now but guarding pictures and other treasures of well-known hosts and hostesses from attacks at social functions, the London Globe states.

The head of one private detective agency told me the other day, says "The Carpenter" in the Express, that he had been obliged to engage a special staff for this work, and that to some reception he has sent as many as a dozen faultlessly attired "guests" to look after the pictures and china of the host.

Artificial Flowers an Old Idea.

Artificial flowers were made in ancient times by the Egyptians. In Europe during the eighteenth century, when there existed such a craze for porcelain, flowers were made of this substance; while the odor of the real flowers was imitated by the use of perfumes.

The Unfortunate Fact.

"A man's sins find him out sooner or later," said the cynic; "but, unfortunately, most of the time they find him in."—Judge.

blade has would open. Let it m or German lines, on a borrowing pa the manufacturer and the stock ber. Let it evolve a system of loans which shall put those sa and postal bank billions at a per within the farmer's borrowing reach. —Hearst's Magazine.

New Modern Dancing

The leading expert and instructor in New York City, writes: "Dear Sir:—I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-BALM, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for the past ten years. It is a blessing to all who are compelled to be on their feet. I dance eight or ten hours daily, and find that ALLEN'S FOOT-BALM keeps my feet cool, takes the friction from the shoe, prevents corns and blisters, and I recommend it to all my pupils." (Signed) E. FLITCHER HALLAMORE, Sample Free. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

The Play's Not the Thing.

First New Yorker—Was the play poor?
Second New Yorker—Randall stole home after the first act. Imagine preferring home!

Authoritative.

"Do you think the duke is sincere?"
"His creditors assure me that he is so."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Hicks' CAPUDINE

CURES HEADACHES AND COLDS
—Easy To Take—Quick Relief.—Adv.

A wealthy dame who weighs 200 pounds is "portly." An ordinary woman who weighs 200 is just plain fat.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU
275 Madison Ave. New York City. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free.

The man who does the least talking usually gets the biggest hearing.

For sore or weak eyes, the DICKETTS' EYE WATER. DICKETTS' EYE WATER. DICKETTS' EYE WATER.

India is badly in need of female doctors.

Years of Experience Makes Perfect CASTORIA

Mothers may try new remedies on themselves but Baby's life is too delicate, too precious to try any experiments.

Genuine



Always

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

BECAUSE it has been made under his personal supervision for more than 30 years to the satisfaction of millions upon millions of Mothers.

Sold only in one size bottle, never in bulk, or otherwise; to protect the babies.

The Centaur Company,

Chas. H. Fletcher

Hard to Explain.

"Henry, how does it happen that you came in at four o'clock this morning?"

"My dear, don't ask me how anything happened after 12 o'clock last night, because I don't know."

Might doesn't make right, but very often it "makes good."—Deseret News.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A saline preparation of herbs. Helps to condition hair. For Reddening Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. Use and Wash Properly.

DROPSY TREATMENT usually gives quick relief. soon removes swelling a short breath, often gives entire relief in 15 to 20 days. Trial treatment sent Free. Dr. THOMAS E. CREECH, Surgeon Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box 6, Atlanta, Ga.

DAISY FLY KILLER
placed anywhere, kills all flies and kills all flies. Best, clean, economical, convenient. Kills all season. Made of metal, can't split or slip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers return money paid for it.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 27-1914.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Manfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

Went to Al
for a visit.

at Hedley Drug Co.
stock.

rs. W. E. Brooks has been
the sick list this week.

J. H. White returned last week
from a trip to Endee, N. M.

Clyde Grimsley has returned
from the harvest fields at Pampa

Buggy and Wagon Paint at
Hedley Drug Co.

A. L. Miller and Zeb Moore
were in Memphis first of the week

A number of witnesses attend-
ed court at Clarendon this week.

C. C. Phelps and family visited
in Clarendon Sunday and Mon-
day.

Clyde Bridges came Saturday
after an absence of some seven
months.

John Dickson came last week
from Jack county for a two
weeks visit.

Miss Latta Boone of Lakeview
visited Mrs. Meadows several
days this week.

Give Hedley a chance. That's
all she needs to make her grow.
Boost.

R. A. Callahan and daughter,
Miss Delilah, of Memphis were
here Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Pyle of Memphis
has been visiting her sister, Mrs.
J. G. McDougal.

Mrs. J. L. Bain and children
went to Wellington Wednesday
for a weeks visit.

Pratt Harris returned home
last week after an absence of
over a year.

Pratt's Baby Chick Food Keeps
them well. For sale at Hedley
Drug Co.

Mrs. Ewen of Estelline visited
her sister, Mrs. J. L. Kennedy,
first of the week.

Miss Lee West was down from
Clarendon this week visiting her
sister, Mrs. J. B. King.

Rev. C. E. Lynn and family
of Crosbyton are visiting his
brothers, Ellery and Ira.

D. S. Munn and wife of Mem-
phis spent Saturday and Sunday
with J. B. King and wife.

Mrs. Sam Harrison and child-
ren of Memphis visited at the
home of B. E. Harris Sunday.

Paint your carriage or wagon
We have the paint in stock
Hedley Drug Co.

Mrs. M. W. Waldron of Wins-
low, Arizona is visiting her par-
ents-in-law, A. F. Waldron and
wife.

Mr. Joe Johnson and Miss
Vida Bullard of Lelia Lake were
married Sunday afternoon at
the Methodist parsonage by Rev.
G. H. Bryant. They were ac-
companied by a number of
friends.

Miss S. L. Bishop is sick with
fever, but is reported
doing nicely.

H. T. Clapp of Fredrick, Okla.,
is here visiting his brother-in-law
A. N. Wood.

LOST—A Brooch at depot Fri-
day night. Finder please return
it to Informer Office.

Hilliard Thornton of Ellis coun-
ty has been visiting his cousin,
Mrs. John Mace and husband.

Mrs. J. S. Fleming was down
from Clarendon Wednesday and
Thursday visiting Mr. Fleming.

D. C. Moore and daughter,
Miss Mittie, left Tuesday for
Montague county to visit rela-
tives.

Mr. Walker of Chillicothe spent
a few days here prospecting and
visiting his old friend, J. M.
Whittington.

The Adamson picnic will be
held at Naylor Springs August
19. Everybody invited and take
their dinner.

W. H. Melton and wife of
Alamogordo visited their parents,
Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Waldron first
of the week.

Mr. Lively of Lakeview and
son Luther of Grapeland visited
their son and brother, T. C. first
of the week.

E. R. Clark and son Sam Ed,
Mr. Roy and Rev. G. H. Bryant
left Tuesday in Mr. Clark's auto
for the Plains.

J. M. Shannon returned this
week from Cleburne where he
stopped over on his return from
College Station.

Miss Tressie Hill of Wichita
Falls and Miss Sue Knuckles of
Cleburne have been visiting their
cousins, the Misses Simmons,
the past two weeks.

Earl Reeves came Tuesday
from Tucumcari where he has
been staying a few months. He
says everything is in fine shape
there this year.

Carl Boston and Misses Allie
Waldron, Floy Simmons and
Frankie Smith returned home
Saturday from the Northwest
Texas Normal at Canyon.

We, the Church of Christ, will
begin our meeting on Saturday
night before the First Sunday in
September, and it will be con-
ducted by Elder Tice Elkins.
Church of Christ.

W. C. Brinson, E. E. McGee,
Uncle Tom Naylor, W. H. Mad-
den and B. W. Moreman and
family went to Childress yester-
day to attend the Old Soldiers
Reunion.

Mr. Cox of Giltown has been
visiting his cousins, Mesdames
J. E. Blankenship and J. B.
Turnbow. He expressed him-
self as being agreeably impress-
ed with this country, and that it
is a much better country than he
expected to find.

Physician and Surgeon

Office North of Lively & Co
Office Phone No. 45-3r
Residence Phone No. 45-2r

Hedley, Texas

DR. B. YOUNGER

DENTIST

Clarendon, Texas

DR. J. W. EVANS

DENTIST

Clarendon, Texas

Drs. VINYARD & VINYARD

Special attention to Surgery and
Diseases of Women

Rooms 1-2 3 19 Amarillo National
Life Building

Phone 273 Amarillo, Texas

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A
good Sewing Machine; also a
good buggy and harness.
J. L. Kennedy.

R. F. Luttrell is here from
Mansfield visiting his brother,
W. J. Luttrell. He has been
sick since he came but is able to
be about now.

J. Ring, J. M. Whittington,
Martin Bell, I. Harris and A. B.
Cloninger returned Saturday
from Hardeman county where
they went fishing. They tell
some big fish stories.

Homer Bridges left Friday
afternoon on his motorcycle for
a visit in Oklahoma. George
Killian is carrying the mail on
route two during his absence.

The Telephone Exchange is run
for the benefit of its patrons. It
can not benefit its patrons satis-
factorily when people in town,
especially, persist in using their
neighbors' telephones. It is not
only knocking the exchange out
of making money, but it is an-
noying those to those who have
phones because they have to quit
their work to answer the phone,
and sometimes have to go and call
for the one wanted who has no
telephones. Not only that, but
the ones who have telephones get
tired of so much bother and
have them taken out, thus hurt-
ing the telephone business.
Please bear this reminder in
mind.
Hedley Telephone Exchange.

NOT A FIGHT.

"Here, here, stop fighting with all
those boys."
"I ain't fighting."
"Yes, you are."
"No, I ain't. I'm just trying to
punch Bud Hicks in the nose, 'cause
I'm mad at him. I ain't mad at his
brothers, but I will be if they don't
quit kickin' me in the shins."—De-
troit Free Press.

THE DEBATE

On August the 25th the debate
between Rev. Weaver, Methodist,
and Rev. Bogard, Baptist, will
begin. Bear the date in mind.

25 VOTES

Cut out this Coupon and present it at
Bain & McCarroll's Store and they will
exchange it for 25 Votes in their
\$400 PIANO CONTEST

COLORED SPRINGS
PUEBLO
TRINIDAD
SIX-ELA
DALHART
AMARILLO
CHILDRESS
VERNON
WICHITA
FALLS
FT. WORTH
DALLAS
AUSTIN
HOUSTON
SAN ANTONIO
NEW ORLEANS

COOL COLORADO

with its numerous incomparable attractions and re-
fuges for Vacationists and those needing health re-
storing influences, is but a few steps away and the
Fast Double-Daily Through Trains of the

The Ft. Worth & Denver City Railway

Including through-trains between Denver and
points on the T. & D. V. the T. & P. and
M. & T. Rys., as indicated hereon—dis-
tinct travel-handships and conveniences and as-
sured unbroken comfort and pleasure in both di-
rections. If in doubt, let me send you some Con-
veniences, in booklet form, free!

A. A. GLISSON, G. P. A.

FT. WORTH, TEXAS

COYOTE PROVED A SCRAPPER

Fought Four Trained Dogs Furiously
in River for More Than
an Hour.

The fighting abilities of coyotes
were demonstrated recently when one
fought more than an hour with four
dogs belonging to Asa Ireton, a
farmer in the east part of this
county, says a Salina (Kan.) dis-
patch to the Kansas City Star.

After fighting several minutes the
coyote took to the river, and in water
from six to eight feet deep the battle
waged an hour. The coyote swam
about with only its ears and nose
above the water until attacked by
the dogs, and after fighting as long
as the dogs could fight the coyote
would break away and rest by float-
ing. When the dogs had recovered
their wind they would make another
attack, working all the time to get
the coyote out of the water. They
were successful two or three times,
but each time the coyote would leap
back into the river.

After an hour's work the coyote
was driven away from the river into
the open. There it lasted more than
fifteen minutes against the four
dogs, which have been trained to
work together against coyotes and
bobcats. The dogs were exhausted
as well as badly battered.

NOT SUCH A FAVOR

Harold—You know, Helen, it's
awfully kind of you to let me come
to see you so often.

Helen—Don't mention it, Harold.
One must make some sacrifice of
one's feelings sometimes.

THE DEBATE

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Weekly Short Story

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE

By CONSTANCE NESSLER.

"Hush!" said the intelligent woman
of mature years. "I'm a runaway!"
The other woman suppressed a gasp.
"A runaway?" she asked. "Surely you
are joking."
"Well," said the intelligent woman
of mature years, "you see that I'm
downtown alone for once."
"Yes, indeed, my girls are perfectly
lovely to me. One couldn't have daugh-
ters more devoted than mine, but
sometimes I'm ungrateful enough to
feel that I could well spare a little
of their watchful care. So I ran
away. Terrible, is it not? You see,
Adelaide was shut up in her room
writing her report of her suitcase work
among factory employees, and Alice and
Ethel went downtown, so I slipped
out of the house and came down my-
self."

"I believe they are getting samples
of gray and black, or some very mod-
est pattern black and white silks for
me for a new gown. They told me
this morning that they had been talk-
ing it over and had decided that I
needed a second best silk. I was
tempted to tell them that I thought I
knew what I needed as well as they
did, but of course I refrained. It
would have hurt their feelings."

"I know it's sweet of Adelaide to
watch over my health the way she
does, but I loathe her nourishing foods
just as I do the nap that Ethel makes
me take every morning. I never did
like to sleep in the daytime, and I

In the morning. However, it seems to
give Ethel so much satisfaction that
I usually do it after Alice has read me
the morning papers in the sun par-
lor."

"Certainly, I can read as well as
ever I could, but the girls think I
should conserve my sight, and Alice
says there's so much in the papers to
distress me that she likes to pick
out the most optimistic editorials and
the news that shows the world's pro-
gress for my mental pabulum. It's
sweet of Alice, and she takes a great
deal of pains to select what she thinks
I ought to hear."

"No, I know I oughtn't to call them
jailers, for they really are such perfect
dears. I suppose it would be better
to call them guardian angels, because
though always on guard, they are con-
stantly thinking of my pleasure and
comfort. Ethel keeps me supplied
with fancy work. She gets a piece
and starts it, and then turns it over
to me, as she has the theory that I am
happier when I'm making French
knots or crocheting, notwithstanding
the fact that I've always liked stitch-
ing on the sewing machine better than
any other kind of sewing. But the
girls all declare that the machine is
too strenuous for me. If they ever
should marry and leave me alone I'll
have a sewing machine in my sitting
room and sew whenever I feel like it."

"I do wish it wasn't so late in the
day, for I should like so much to go
to a matinee. I haven't been to a
show in ages. Whenever the girls
think I need a little diversion they
get tickets for a classical concert, a
lecture or an uplift drama. I suppose
I ought to be ashamed to admit that I
should much prefer being entertained
than edified. Alice was dreadfully
pained when I suggested one day not
long ago that we go to the vaudeville
to see some of the new dances that are
being talked about so much."

"Oh, mother," she said, "your taste
would be offended by the modern steps,
I know. And to prey me she took
me to see some folk dancing at the
settlement where she works. It was
mildly interesting, but what I wish to
see is the tango and the hesitation
waltz, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

"Yes, I should love to go out to your
place to pass the day with you, but as
sure as I mention it one of the girls
will suddenly remember that she
wishes to go, too, and I shall not be
permitted to go alone, but will be con-
voyed out to your house in a taxi in-
stead of simply going on the elevated
as I should like. I've almost given up
visiting my old friends simply because
since my girls began to take care of
me it always means the unnecessary
expense of a taxi and at least one
daughter as an attendant."

"Five o'clock already! Dear me, I
must hurry home. The children will
be worried to death about me. Bless
their hearts, I wonder what they'll say
when they find I've been absent with-
out leave."—Chicago Daily News.

"Makes Me Take a Nap."

think it perfectly absurd to lie down

City Directory

Every 2nd and 4th
Monday nights
U. J. Boston, C.
L. A. Stroud, Cler.

L. O. O. F. Lodge
meets on every
Tuesday night.
J. M. Killian, N. G.

H. A. Bridges, Secretary.
A. F. & A. M. Meets Saturday
night on or before
the full moon.
R. A. Bayne, W. M.
S. L. Guinn, Secretary

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. C. Killough
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, J. T. Patman
Treasurer, Guss Johnson
Assessor, G. W. Baker
County Attorney, W. T. Link

Commissioners:
E. D. McAdams, Pct. No. 1
P. O. Longon, " " 2
N. L. Fryar, Pct. No. 3
J. T. Bain, " " 4

Justice of the Peace Precinct 8.
J. A. Morrow
Constable, J. W. Bond

District Court meets third week
in January and July

County Court convenes 1st Mon-
day in February, May, August
and November.

CHURCHES BAPTIST, Jas. A.

Long, pastor
First Sunday in each month.

We the Church of Christ now
have changed the time. We meet
in the morning at 10:30 o'clock
and also preaching every first
Lordsday at 11 o'clock and at 8
o'clock that night. We still meet
at the Presbyterian church. We
invite every one who will to at-
tend all these meetings

METHODIST, G. H. Bryant

pastor. Every Second and
Fourth Sunday
SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sun-
day morning. T. R. More-
man, Superintendent.

PRAYER MEETING
Every Wednesday evening.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST

C. W. Horschler, Pastor
Telephone No. 77
Services 1st and 3rd Sundays
at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Monthly business meeting Sat-
urday before 1st Sunday at 11
o'clock. Also services at 7:30
p. m. same night.

Sunday School every Sunday
morning at 10 o'clock.
W. E. Brooks, Supt.

Regular weekly prayermeeting
Thursday 7:30 p. m.
Convention Normal Training
Class meets immediately after
prayer services. Everybody
welcome to all services.

SUNBEAMS

Program for Aug. 9.
Motto, The flower falleth: the
word of the Lord abideth.

Bible reading, 1st Peter 1:24 25
Prayer.
Song.
Roll call.
Song.

Lesson, The Land of Flowers.
continued.

Hymn.
Business Meeting.

We urge every member of the
class to be present with monthly
dues, and also we need you to
help select new officers. Other
business of importance to be
discussed.

Adjournment.
Press Reporter.