

The Hedley Informer

VOL. VI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 22, 1916

NO. 4

NOTES FROM HEDLEY HIGH SCHOOL

Over 300 pupils have been enrolled and school is progressing nicely. The pupils are doing good work. We have a good library, but it should be added to making it worth more to the pupils.

The first bill of books was \$62. on which we got wholesale prices, saving 50 per cent. We paid for them but haven't quite collected all that was subscribed. Of this amount there has been paid \$55.00, due yet on promise \$10.50.

Our second bill of books of \$89.00, bought of Collier & Sons on installment plan, are to be paid for yet. We have nearly enough books at present, but should add more books till we have a library of which we are proud. We are glad to say we have not lost a single book. Patrons, why not build up a good library? Isn't it better for your girl or boy to be in company with the best and greatest minds and souls of all times and ages thru books than wasting time learning bad habits and languages in questionable company? Don't you consider good books of infinitely more value than some things for which we waste our money? Co operate with us and we will build Hedley an A 1 library.

We haven't yet, but will in a short while have our laboratory apparatus to experiment in Physics, Physiology, and Geography. The State Department of Education has promised as soon as we get our apparatus installed second class classification and later in the year to send an inspector to grade us and if possible give us classification as a first class school. We need our laboratory and work. Can we do with less than the best? Are not Hedley boys and girls entitled to the best? We have the minds, let's give them the opportunity. Every dollar invested in education gives back from 100 to 1000 per cent in fruitage. We wish you to feel that Hedley school is OUR High School.

Following is a list of teachers and grades they teach:

- HIGH SCHOOL**
 W. A. Lewis, Superintendent, Math and Science.
 Morgan H. Rice, Principal, History and English.
 Miss Nita Sollette, Language, English and Math.
- INTERMEDIATE**
 Miss Lois Neal, 7th and high 6.
 Miss Mildred Horton, 5th and low 6th.
 Miss Eva Patchings, 4th and high 3rd.
- PRIMARY**
 Miss Sarah Helm, 1st.
 Miss Iva Patchings, 2nd and low 3rd.
- MUSIC**
 Mrs. U. J. Boston.

Several boys and girls out of town are here boarding attending school. Some who were not in school last year are in school now. More of our boys and girls should be in school. Throw your false pride to the winds if you are a little behind. Have some gear, so that which is best for yourself and come and study.

W. A. Lewis, Supt.

George D. S. has bought John Blankenship's Ford car and is running same as a service car. Call on him when you want to go any where at any time.

Naylor Springs Correspondence

On last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Lyell were host and hostess to a few of their many friends, the occasion being a delicious birthday dinner given in honor of Mr. S. E. Lyell and Mrs. T. N. Naylor. Those present to partake of the feast were Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Naylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Fields, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Greer and Mr. Hodges of Nocona. Besides the good dinner all report a very pleasant day.

Miss Eunice Kirkwood and Miss Pearl Hall and her brother Durrelle visited in the T. N. Naylor home Wednesday.

Harlan Naylor and sister, Miss Lois went to Amarillo Thursday morning to attend the Fair, returning Friday evening.

Dr. C. L. Fields and family have returned from their trip to Nocona, and he has commenced improvements on his ranch near Groom, which he hopes to have ready for occupancy in the near future.

John Wildman and wife visited M. D. Latimer and wife Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Bland and children visited in the Espy and Naylor homes first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnett were very glad to have little Evelyn come home after a several days visit with relatives near Childress.

Miss Dessie McFarland was visiting her sister Mrs. M. O. Barnett Tuesday.

A. O. Hefner, mother and children visited relatives in the Quail community Saturday night and Sunday.

FRANK CAPERS.

Charlie Newman was down last Sunday from Pampa visiting his parents, A. J. Newman and wife.

MUCH WASTE OF FARM LANDS

Suggested by Country Gentleman That Recklessly Heavy Maintenance Cost Be Avoided.

The Country Gentleman makes the sensible suggestion that a prodigal waste of land and a recklessly heavy maintenance cost be avoided by American roadmakers. Upon a four-rod government highway "one dozen farm wagons could be, by a little crowding, set side by side" and each mile of government highway contains eight acres of land, "much of it good land," capable of growing 500 bushels of corn, "while thousands of miles of the best highways of France, Germany and England are but one rod wide.

The Country Gentleman objects to Iowa devoting 416,000 acres of "the best farming land in the world" to growing a sufficient assortment of weeds to seed the farms that lie along the state's 194,000 miles of public road.

It may be added that a well-maintained road a rod or a rod and a half wide, with trees along either side, is much more agreeable to drive over than a road three or four rods wide, which can never be shaded and must always be an intolerably hot sun reflector during summer. Left unshaded, it is glaring and trying to the eyes. Oiled, it gives off heat like a stove.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Benefits of Good Roads.
 By furnishing better means of communication, good roads will add to the selling price of farm products and in every way will contribute to the comfort and happiness of the people. Then, furthermore, we can have a good system of consolidated schools only where we have good roads.

Most Valuable Roads.
 Good wagon roads running into the country are more valuable to a town than an extra railroad running through it.

GOOD ROAD WORK UNDER HEADWAY

Wednesday was road working day for Hedley folks. Several car loads went out on the Hedley-Wellington road and did some good work filling up "chug holes" and doing some needed grading. Several farmers were out with their teams and the day was well spent. A number also went west of town where they clayed the sand bed at old Rowe. Another good working or two will put the roads in fine shape, and we would suggest that another meeting be held in the near future to plan for another road day.

W. M. A.

W. M. A. Monday Sept. 25, Mrs. J. A. Moreman will represent Mexico.

Business meeting. This will be the last meeting this quarter. Every member is urged to be present. Those in arrears with their dues come prepared to pay same.

All officers come prepared with your reports.

Hostess, Mrs. Kendall.
 Publicity Supt.

FOR SALE

I have for sale in the town of Hedley some nice residence lots and a few well improved places. Also some acreage property close in from 10 acres up to a small farm. Will take some good stock as first payment on part of the property above mentioned. Small cash payments on any of the above property and easy terms on balance. See me before you buy.
 D. C. Moore.

ANOTHER CONCRETE BUILDING FOR HEDLEY

Martin Bell and John Crow have started building a concrete building joining the McDougal bricks on the west. The foundation has already been put down and the remainder of the work will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. These men will use the same as a garage when completed, making three garages for Hedley. This one is well located, being along the highway. Watch Hedley grow.

PANHANDLE STATE FAIR EXTRA GOOD

The Informer editor attended the Panhandle State Fair at Amarillo last Friday and Saturday, while Mrs. Wells visited her parents at Claude. The fair this year was by far the best that has been held in Amarillo. The product exhibits were about on par with every year, but the live stock show was immense. Fine Herefords and Black Pole Angus cattle, good sheep and hogs made a showing of which the Panhandle should be proud.

I have bought the Barber Shop and Tailoring Business of Cecil Williams and will continue to run same. Any barber work or tailoring you see fit to give this shop will be highly appreciated. Clothes cleaned and pressed; orders taken for Fall and Winter Clothing. Agents for Steam Laundry \$1.00 for cleaning and pressing, 50c for pressing. Give me a share of your business.
 Oscar Alexander.

ORDINANCE NO. 13

An ordinance prohibiting persons from sitting in other people's automobiles without their permission.

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Hedley, Texas, that it shall be unlawful for any person to sit or stand in or on, or in any way molest any automobile within the City limits of the city of Hedley, Texas, without having first obtained the owner's consent.

(2) That any person violating this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction be fined in any sum not less than \$1.00 nor more than \$5.00.

ORDINANCE NO. 14

An ordinance prohibiting any one from threshing cane, maize, or kaffir corn or shelling corn within the City limits of the City of Hedley.

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Hedley, Texas, that it shall be unlawful for any person or persons, partnership, firm or corporation to thresh any maize, cane or kaffir corn or shell any corn within the city limits of the City of Hedley, Texas.

(2) That any person violating this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction, be fined in any sum not less than \$5.00 nor more than \$25.00.

The Informer has just printed a new lot of directories for the Hedley Telephone Co. These directories are as nice a lot as the company has ever gotten out. Besides being larger, as quite a number of names have been added since the last issue.

A REAL BARGAIN

If you want a good buggy almost as good as new at a bargain, for cash, good note or trade, see D. C. Moore.

The Board of the Hedley Independent School District will receive bids Monday, October 16, on the school money of the district. Get your bids in.
 Hedley School Board.

Paul Fincher and family of Atoka, Oklahoma, arrived Wednesday of last week and has bought acreage from his brother, J. F., in east Hedley and is building a nice home on same.

NEWHOME

"I'll get it for my wife"

NO OTHER LIKE IT. NO OTHER AS GOOD.

Purchase the "NEWHOME" and you will have a life asset at the price you pay. The elimination of repair expense by superior workmanship and best quality of material insures long service at minimum cost. Learn the value of the "NEWHOME".

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.

Knows the worth over its superior sewing qualities. Not sold under any other name.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.

FOR SALE BY

Dealer wanted

"The Laughing Mask"

Who is he?
 "The Hammer of God" is his own reply to that question. You'll realize its significance when you read the story or see the pictures of "The Iron Claw."

What is he?
 The most remarkable, versatile, daring Genius of Adventure that has ever stepped before your eyes in print or picture. "The Laughing Mask" is only one of many vitally interesting characters you'll meet.

The Iron Claw

By ARTHUR STRINGER

The supreme achievement in the field of Motion Picture Serial Stories. Soon to appear in this newspaper.

Be Sure to Read It! Then See the Pictures at the Theater!

COTTON COMING IN FAST—GOOD MARKET

Cotton is coming in rapidly and is bringing good prices. The way from \$15.00 to \$15.50 Hedley gin has already ginned over 75 bales, and we have for or five good buyers and they have been bidding lively for cotton as it comes in. The Informer is glad to see more buyers get in the market as it makes things pick up and get a move on.

ABOUT THE OZARK TRAIL BOOSTER TRIP

The Wellington Leader in writing about the Ozark Trail booster trip to Amarillo has the following to say besides other things:

"After a meeting of a delegation of Altus citizens and a like meeting of our citizens at Altus, at which time an association known as the Scenic Ozark Trail Association, was formed, a trip was proposed and made by representatives from all the towns along this route to Amarillo, with the view of lining up all the towns between here and the Queen City of the Plains. The start was made from Wellington with about twenty five cars in the procession, and in which Wellington was leading with about seventy-five live citizens headed by our splendid band. The first stop was made at Quail where we were informed that the citizens there would lend every aid possible to place their part of the road, which is now one of the best roads in this part of the country, in still better condition. At Hedley one of the best business points and liveliest little city from here to Amarillo, our citizens were met by an enthusiastic crowd of boosters that it has ever been our pleasure to meet. In response to some addresses made by members of our party, a Hedley party stated that their citizens had already met and arranged to put their part of the road in best condition. Next stop was made at Clarendon, the town of good schools, churches, etc., but one of the dearest towns apparently in the Panhandle. Immediately upon arrival some of our representatives inquired for the president or secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and were informed that the town had no such organization, we then asked that some one get a number of the business men together that the matter of the trail going through that city be discussed. But no one turned a wheel. So the delegation decided that that beautiful and thriving city did not care whether they landed such highway or not, and started on our way to Amarillo."

Clarendon has never yet fallen down entirely on a road proposition, and we do not believe she is going to fall down on the Ozark Trail.

Clarendon has never yet fallen down entirely on a road proposition, and we do not believe she is going to fall down on the Ozark Trail.

COLE BROS.' SHOW

Cole Bros. World-Touring Show and Trained Animal Exhibition will give performances at Clarendon Friday September 22 and at Memphis Saturday Sept. 23. This show travels in its own two all-steel trains, and is said to be one of the best shows coming this fall. Free street parade at 10 o'clock a. m.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS
Editor and Publisher

Published Every Friday.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

The Informer \$1.00 per year.

Keep it up. Laughter is good for those who do the laughing.

Want to enjoy life? Do it, then. No one is preventing you.

School days are good days, but we seldom realize it until they have passed beyond our reach.

We heartily wish every family in this community owned an automobile. Then, perhaps, we might hope for good roads.

Mexican authorities insist that Carranza has restored order and is enforcing law in that country. Of course. We expect soon to hear that Villa is teaching a Sunday School class.

Read the two ordinances published in this issue. They are good laws and will help to make Hedley a better town. The marshal says he is going to enforce them. Also enforce the dog tax law.

Parents, it might be a wise thing for you to know that your boys are in the church house instead of outside damaging someone's auto during preaching service. It might save paying a fine for the boy.

Some one mentioned the latest prize fight to us yesterday. But we didn't see it, didn't read about it, and don't care to hear about it. It's just one continual fight in this office to find a means whereby we can eat three meals a day and still keep up with the leaps and bounds in the price of print paper.

With the tremendous amount of brains in evidence in this country it is passing strange that we can not marshal sufficient inventive genius to manufacture our own dye stuffs and other commodities that are cut off by the war in Europe. We are a great people in some respects, but pigmies in others.

IF ANYONE HAS—

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

No. 94 Official Statement

OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE FIRST STATE BANK

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 12th day of Sept. 1916 published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 22nd day of Sept. 1916.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$32,838.89
Overdrafts	260.72
Furniture and Fixtures	1,332.74
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net	5,633.84
Cash Items	531.71
Currency	1,904.00
Specie	1,454.10
Interest in Depositors' Guaranty Fund	958.76
Other resources as follows	189.27
Total	\$ 95,084.03

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	5,500.00
Undivided Profits, net	4,691.01
Individual Deposits, subject to check	47,093.52
Time Certificates of Deposit	5,236.43
Cashier's Checks	63.07
Certificates of Deposit, issued for money borrowed	7,500.00
Total	\$ 95,084.03

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Donley, We, G. A. Wimberly as vice-president, and J. R. Renson as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

G. A. WIMBERLY, Vice-Pres.
J. R. Renson, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of Sept., A. D. 1916.
L. A. STROUD, Notary Public,
[SEAL] Donley County, Texas.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
T. R. MOREMAN,
H. D. CREATH, Directors
J. C. DONEGHY,

V. R. JONES
of Memphis, Texas
DOCTOR OF OPTICS

Will be in Hedley every Tuesday.
Specialist in Fitting Eye Glasses

WRITES STIRRING FICTION

Arthur Stringer, Author of "The Iron Claw," Also a Poet, Scientist and Deductive Detective.

Readers of magazines are familiar with the name of Arthur Stringer whose stories have won for him a high place as a writer of interesting fiction. Mr. Stringer's stories are remarkable for their ingenious plots and absorbing episodes, and in "The Iron



Arthur Stringer, "Claw," the new motion picture serial from his pen, Mr. Stringer again proves himself an author of unusual power. Mr. Stringer is a poet, a novelist, man of science and a deductive detective. He has written three volumes of verse and has had unusual success with stories of pure fiction. We have secured exclusive publication rights for this city of "The Iron Claw," the 5th installment of which you will find on page 8 of this issue, and the same will be played at the Pleasant Hour this week. There are 15 more installments of this play. Read one each week then see it played.

No. 953 Official Statement

OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE GUARANTY STATE BANK

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 12th day of Sept., 1916, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 22nd day of Sept., 1916.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$46,806.81
Overdrafts	17.56
Real Estate (banking house)	3,391.45
Furniture and Fixtures	1,687.68
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net	8,540.91
Due from other Banks and Bankers, subject to check, net	55.39
Cash Items	85.94
Currency	1,944.00
Specie	118.15
Interest in Depositors' Guaranty Fund	195.24
Other Resources as follows	90.98
TOTAL	\$62,884.11

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$15,000.00
Surplus Fund	1,400.00
Undivided Profits, net	71.93
Individual Deposits, subject to check	33,912.18
Bills Payable and Rediscounts	12,500.00
TOTAL	\$62,884.11

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Donley, We, J. G. McDougal as president, and T. T. Harrison as cashier of said bank, each of us do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. G. McDOUGAL, President.
T. T. HARRISON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 21st day of Sep., A. D. 1916.
H. C. COOPER, Notary Public,
[SEAL] Donley County, Texas.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
W. J. Greer
W. B. Quigly Directors

A. M. Sarvis, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon

Office at Hedley Drug Co.
Phones: Office 3 2r. Res. 28
Hedley, Tex.

J. B. Ozier, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon

Office Phone No. 45-3r.
Residence Phone No. 45-2r.
Hedley, Tex.

DR. B. YOUNGER
DENTIST

Clarendon, Texas

DR. J. W. EVANS
DENTIST

Clarendon, Texas

F. B. ERWIN, D. V. M.
GRADUATE VETERINARIAN

Office at Frank's Wag Yard.
Res. Phone 15
MEMPHIS, TEX.

C. J. PARKE
REAL ESTATE BROKER

Money to Loan on Farms and Ranches
CLARENDON, TEXAS

JOHNSON'S GARAGE
Caraway Co., Proprietors

Full stock of FORD EXTRAS

Phone 79 Hedley, Tex.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

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

Get a Bottle

High grade Grape Juice or Delaware Punch at the **BUSY-BEE Lunch Room Confectionery** To serve at your home.

West side Main Street.

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

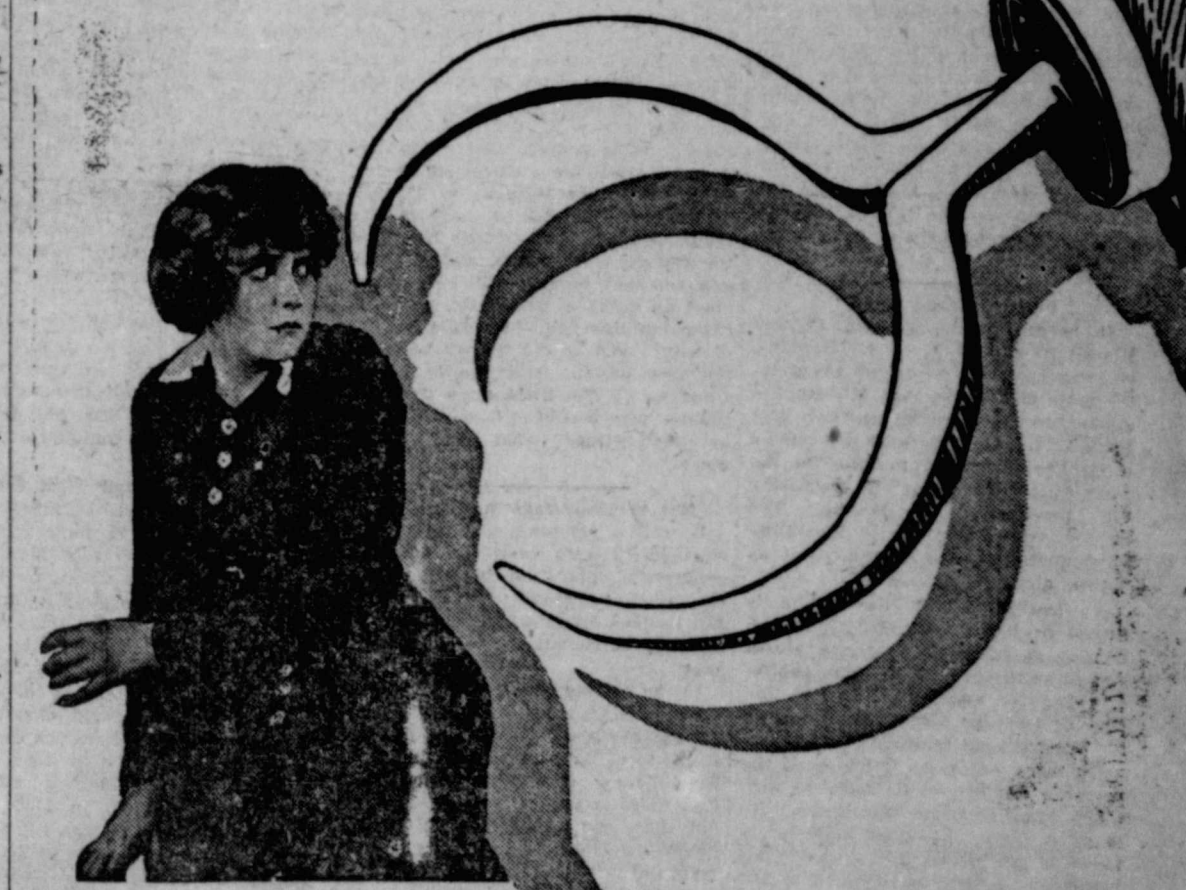
If you are planning to do any building or improving around your place we would be glad to figure with you. Also bear in mind that we always have coal on hand to sell.

Cicero Smith Lumber Company



Legar and His Confederates.

Look! Look!



See how she shrinks in terror from the steely, vicelike grip that threatens her life! She is paralyzed with fear of a fate a thousand times more terrible than death itself! Is there no hope of rescue from the impending doom? Who will save her?

The Iron Claw
By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Wire Tappers," "The Silver Poppy," "The Shadow," "The Hand of Peril," etc.

If there is one writer in the world who is master of the hearts and emotions of readers, his name is Arthur Stringer. In this fascinating story he has matched the wits of clever criminals and clever sleuths and the action is ever at high pitch.

Such famous film stars as Pearl White Sheldon Lewis and Creighton Hale

are shown in the picturized version of the story which has been produced by the Pathe Company. Watch for the first installment! Don't fail to read the story!

Then see the pictures at the motion picture theater

ARE WITH WILSON

Many Progressives Will Vote the Democratic Ticket.

Logically They Cannot Support the Republican Party, Still as Reactionary as When They Left Its Ranks.

The chairman of the Democratic national committee publishes a long and significant list of Progressives in the far West who have assured him of their intention to vote for Mr. Wilson. Men and women who have been influential in the Progressive councils, who have been the Progressive candidates for national or state office, names of distinction and character, are on the roll. Ungrateful for Mr. Hughes' sudden flop to federal woman suffrage, even Progressive woman suffragists are turning to Mr. Wilson.

If principles mean anything, if the Progressive party was anything more than an expression and vehicle of Mr. Roosevelt's political hatreds and a choir to hymn his worship, the mass of Progressives who believed in 1912 that the Republican party was reactionary cannot now be herded back into that party unchanged, unrepentant, bossed by the same old bosses, devoid of any issue save the noble one of "beating Wilson" and getting the offices.

Those Progressive men and women who were most earnest in 1912, as they still are, see the progressive and reform legislation accomplished or advocated by Mr. Wilson and the Democrats. They see themselves contemptuously treated as puppets by the master of the show. They see the raller at bosses trying to boss the party that was all for the rule of the people, calmly ordering it back to the Republican party. They know that Mr. Hughes' name is but a cloak of the Republican bosses, the same old organization against which they revolted four years ago. They see, sorrowfully or bitterly, that Mr. Roosevelt has no fondness for being in a minority; that to him the sole remaining use of the Progressive party is to serve as his bridge back to Republicanism.

The position of the distinguished Progressives who have informed Chairman McCormick of their resolve to vote the Democratic ticket, is encouraging and constructive, it is encouraging to Democratic prospects. A stronger hope is to be found in the undistinguished, silent, and sincere Progressives who, like them, resent the attempt to deliver the Progressives, unconsulted and unwilling, to the Republican party. The Wilson Progressives are a strong body, and not in the far West alone.

"Another Gold Brick."

It is in dispute whether Colonel Roosevelt said to J. A. H. Hopkins, chairman of the New Jersey Progressive state committee, that Mr. Hughes might "turn out to be another gold brick." Mr. Hopkins says the colonel made the statement to him "in the early part of the year" in discussing the presidential nomination. The colonel vehemently denies Mr. Hopkins' quotation, and denounces it as "false, absolutely false."

As matters stand, the public is forced to judge by probabilities. A man as garrulous and intemperate of speech as the colonel and who habitually disputes words attributed to him may at least be suspected of having a defective memory.

On many occasions it has been the colonel's misfortune to disagree with other people as to his utterances. No man in public life has more often faced this predicament, and no one has more persistently, in the face of the evidence, branded as a "liar" the person whose memory appeared to be better than the colonel's.

Only One National Party.

With the comprehensive political ignorance which seems to be characteristic of the American weekly press, Collier's refers to "the South which supplies the bulk of the Democratic vote."

It is not the South but the North which supplies the bulk of the Democratic vote. In 1912 Mr. Wilson's vote in New York alone was 655,475, and his vote in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia amounted to 652,189.

The Democratic vote of New York practically equaled the total Democratic vote of nine Southern states. The Democratic vote in Pennsylvania exceeded the Democratic vote of Texas and Tennessee combined. One-third of the total Democratic vote of the country came from five Northern states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. The entire South supplied only one-fifth.

The Republican party is still a sectional party. The Democratic party alone is a national party.—New York World.

Same Old Republican Party.

Well, I'm still the Republican national committee man from Illinois.—Mayor Thompson of Chicago, after an animated talk with Mr. Hughes.

Yes, Murray Crane is still on guard in Massachusetts. Penroseism has captured Lillian Russell's husbandism in Pennsylvania. Another C. N. Bliss has arisen to supplement willing check-books, Perkins' and others' by exacting more grudging contributions. Lorimer's one-time friend Upham fries the fat in Chicago. There is still hope for the republic.—New York World.

TWO FORMS OF "PROTECTION"

Democrats Would Hold and Extend Foreign Trade—Why Mr. Hughes Is Not Pleased.

"You couldn't get a decent protectionist measure out of a Democratic congress, sectionally organized, any more than you could get a revival sermon out of a disorderly house. You can't do it."

On the same day in which Candidate Hughes presented this elegant similitude to the country the house judiciary committee of a Democratic congress reported a bill legalizing combinations to engage exclusively in the export trade.

Any such action as this, however, probably does not come within what Mr. Hughes means by the term "protection." It does not imply tariff taxes against foreign trade; it implies only action to hold and extend our foreign trade. It is an outward-looking form of protection to American industry, while Mr. Hughes contemplates an inward-looking form of "protection." It proceeds on the accepted military theory that offensive action is the best kind of action in defense, while the best defense with Mr. Hughes is evidently to cut and run.

In this view of what constitutes "a decent protectionist measure" Mr. Hughes is probably right about a Democratic congress. It would be well for the country's industry and foreign trade if the same could be said of any other congress.

Sees Massachusetts Democratic.

"With absolute harmony among the Democrats and bitter factional differences dividing the Republicans, we have more than a first-class chance to carry the state for the president this year," declares Dr. John W. Coughlin of Fall River, Democratic national committeeman for Massachusetts.

"The Democrats have not settled upon a candidate for governor. Former Governor Walsh, who is in the far East, doubtless could have the nomination if he wanted it, but he is not in the country. I do not know who may be chosen, but you may be sure that there will be no factional controversy. Former Representative O'Connell has been talked of as a candidate for the United States senate.

"I am more than pleased with the situation in Massachusetts. Even the Republicans must admit that their party is split, and that the differences must have an influence on the vote. To help the Democrats the industrial conditions will undoubtedly contribute largely. Workingmen everywhere are employed at good wages, prosperity abounds, money is plentiful and the country is at peace. And when that is considered, the chances of Democratic success are certainly very great. Throughout the nation parents are thankful that the president has kept the country out of war, and this slogan you may be sure will be emblazoned on many a transparency in the campaign this fall. 'He kept us out of war.' And he did it with honor to our own nation. Our people do not want war. The little taste the militiamen have had of it is quite enough to demonstrate what war would mean."

Not to Embarrass Mr. Hughes.

By calling attention to the fact that a president with even one house of congress in opposition to him politically "must be gravely handicapped," Mr. Hughes furnishes an excellent reason why he should not be elected this year.

In the present senate the Democrats have a clear majority or 16, with three or four Progressives who are more inclined to affiliate with them than with Republicans. It is, of course, possible that there may be a Hughes landslide, but there are no signs of it. If Mr. Hughes should be elected by a normal vote, the Democrats might lose several seats in the senate and still be in control of that body until 1919.

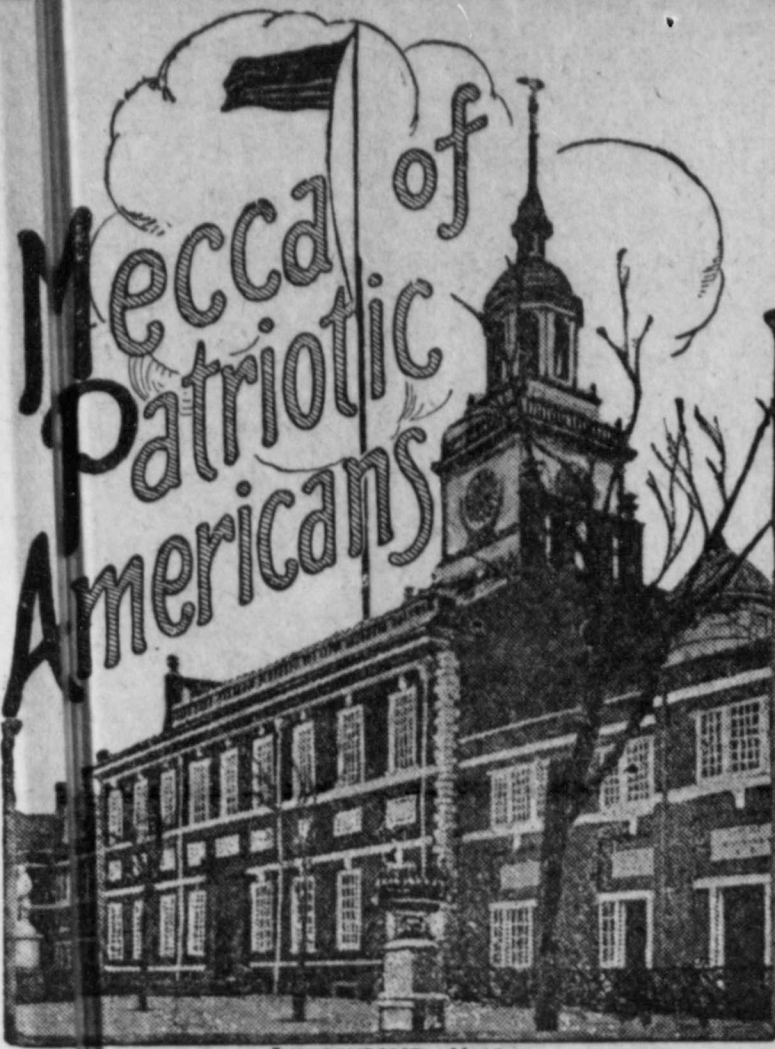
This is not a good time to establish mixed party government. Worse than swapping horses while crossing a stream is an attempt under such conditions to ride horses going in different directions. The re-election of Mr. Wilson is not exactly what Mr. Hughes has in mind, to relieve himself of this embarrassment, but it is the only sure remedy.

Hughes Should Be More Explicit.

Mr. Hughes assures his audiences that he stands for higher protection, and that if elected president nothing will be "pulled off" in tariff legislation for private benefit at public expense. Let him consult with Mr. Taft, who declared that schedules of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill were indefensible and then signed and defended it. If Mr. Hughes is elected president with a Republican senate and house to support him, Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania will be chairman of the senate finance committee and Representative Joseph W. Fordney of Michigan will be chairman of the house committee on ways and means. Penrose and Fordney are stand-patters of the Old Guard. Is a Penrose-Fordney tariff the Hughes tariff?

Progressives' Proper Course.

The natural and proper course for the insurgent Progressives this year is to vote for Mr. Wilson. All of them, and as well those who now favor the endorsement of Hughes, preferred the election of a Democrat to the election of a Republican in 1912. The Roosevelt candidacy, whatever else it meant, certainly meant that. Like conditions confront them this year, for in their view the Republican party is unregenerate, a belief for which, we are given to say, there is only too much supporting evidence.



INDEPENDENCE HALL

American Independence was not an act of sudden passion nor the work of one man or assembly, according to George Bancroft in his "History of the United States," and the declaration which was made July 4, 1776, was the climax of a long series of deliberations.

In the building which had been erected as a state house for the use of the colony of Pennsylvania in 1756 the Continental congress had sat discussing the vital matters pertaining to the prosperity of the colonies, says a writer in the New York Herald. Here, on motion of John Adams, George Washington had been placed in command of the American army, and here, on the most eventful day of all, the great declaration of rights and intentions was presented by Thomas Jefferson, signed by the men whose names are inscribed high in the rolls of American history and read from the steps of the famous building to the crowd waiting outside. Here, too, the Constitution of the United States was adopted.

Most Americans are familiar with the present external appearance of this "Cradle of Liberty," few know so much about its interior, which is nobly inspiring.

The land for the building was purchased in 1750 and a committee was appointed to carry on the building operations, the members being Dr. John Kearsley, who had been so successful with the building of Christ church.

Independence Hall First Built.

The first portion to be finished was Independence hall, a room 39 by 40 feet and almost 20 feet high. The work dragged, and when the legislature was ready to occupy it the south wall was unfinished and there was no glass in the windows. The room was not really finished until 1745.

The next part of the building to be completed was the judicial chamber, of the same size as Independence hall, and separate from it by three arches.

The tower was built in 1753. After the revolution there was considerable dissatisfaction with the wooden steeple and it was finally declared to be dangerous and was taken down. In 1813 the wings were altered to provide a greater amount of space which was needed by the county commissioners, and in 1818 the entire property was purchased by the city of Philadelphia.

A few years later a survey was made of the tower to determine whether a new bell could be mounted upon it. All of the walls were found to be thick and strong except for a slight crack in the wall over the arch of the large Palladian window, probably due to the great weight of the window opening and its arch. This was not considered a serious objection, however, to putting up a cupola similar to the original. A bell weighing 4,000 pounds was placed in the tower and, beginning with December, 1828, struck the hours by means of a new sort of clockwork. Another bell was hung in the tower in 1837.

Not Injured by Restorations.

Whatever changes or restoration have been made, the spirit of the original architects and builders has been respected and today, as in Colonial days, the state house signifies the simplicity and sincerity which have been left as a precious legacy. Architects take their lessons from it, as patriots take theirs.

But, satisfactory as are the proportions and the detailing, the treatment of doors and windows and the simple furnishing which leaves the interior unspoiled, there is one object, with no esthetic claims, which yet eclipses all the others—the Liberty Bell, which rang out the glad tidings that the Continental congress had dared to sign the Declaration of Independence. Parents bring their children to gaze upon it and to tell them the story of how it was cast in England but cracked in landing, so that it had to be recast in Philadelphia, when the inscription "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land

to all the people thereof" was inscribed upon it.

When the British occupied Philadelphia in those dark days of the war the old bell was sunk in the Delaware, but it was brought back and hung in its old place to proclaim liberty to the citizens of Philadelphia on many Fourth's. It was broken when tolling for the funeral of the great Chief Justice Marshall in 1835.

MUNITION TOWN OF FRANCE

Le Creusot and the Immense Ordnance Factories Started There by the Schneiders.

Le Creusot is the center of France's war munition works. Like the famous Krupp works of Germany, Le Creusot's vast ordnance factories owe their origin to the organizing and inventive genius of one family—the Schneiders. At the outbreak of the war the Schneider Iron works employed more than 15,000 workmen and their great shops, covering hundreds of acres of ground, were connected by a network of nearly 40 miles of railroad tracks. Since the war this plant has been enormously increased, says a National Geographic society bulletin.

Le Creusot owes its importance in the manufacturing and foundry industry to the fact that it is in the center of one of the richest coal and iron mining districts of France. The coal beds of this region were discovered in the thirteenth century, but it was not until 500 years later, in 1774, that the first iron works were established. Sixty years later the Schneiders, Adolphe and Eugene, established their first workshops here, and the little hamlet, formerly known as Charbonniere, began to grow. In 1841 it was a town of 4,000 people; just before the war there were 35,000 inhabitants, nearly half of whom were employed in the armament factories, the gun shops, the locomotive works and the ordnance plants. It was one of the Schneiders, incidentally, who revolutionized warship armament in 1876. Up to that time the most progressive nations used wrought iron for protective armor on their ships. Schneider proved the superiority of steel in resisting the penetrating power of projectiles.

Le Creusot is admirably situated with respect to the French frontier, for while it is not so far from the firing line as to occasion undue delay in the transportation of munitions, it is sufficiently removed to be well beyond the danger zone. It is 135 miles, in an airline, southwest of Belfort, a fortress of the first class on the Alsace front, and is 175 miles south of Verdun.

Supplementing its railway connections, Le Creusot enjoys the transportation facilities of the Canal du Centre, 100 miles to the east. This waterway joins the Saone and the Loire. The former, rising to the north in the Auvergne mountains a few miles below Clermont, flows south and mingles its waters with the Rhone at Lyon. The Loire, the longest river in France, rises to the south and flows northwest into the Atlantic.

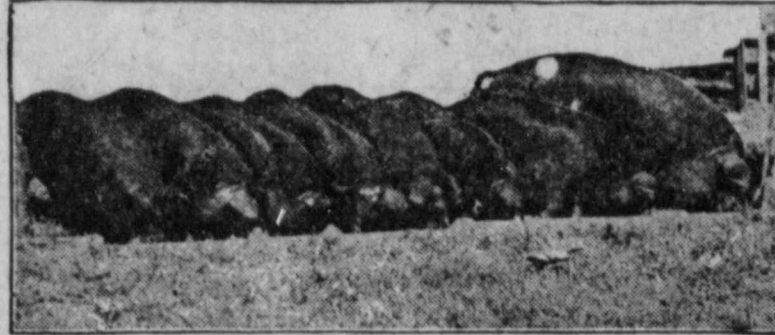
While Le Creusot has practically no mineral associations of its own, it is only a few miles southeast of Autun, the famous Augustodunum of the Romans, celebrated for its ancient gold. The 62 towers and most of old walls have disappeared, and a town now occupies only about half a area of its most prosperous days.

Wound Comparisons.

In the South African war wounds were not so severe and there was less smashing than in the recent campaign. These bullets had frequently traveled for more than half a mile and lost much of their velocity, whereas in the present war the bullet travels only a few yards.

The ordinary bullet wound of the South African war was quite small, as though it had been made with a bradawl. In the present war there is much more tearing of the tissue

VIGOR, FECUNDITY, TYPE AND EFFICIENCY



DUROC-JERSEY SOW AND HEALTHY LITTER.

(By GEORGE R. SAMSON, in Denver Field and Farm.)

The prime purpose in raising pigs is to produce pork and lard and is the one point in swine breeding, whether one allows the animals to shift for themselves or gives them all the elaborate care that fancy may dictate as contributing to the comfort of breeder or the pigs themselves. The points upon which the practical pork producer should base his selection are vigor, fecundity, type, and efficiency in transforming feed into pork and lard. The best type of pig is the one which is most responsive to feed and most efficient in laying on flesh or fat. The marks of thrift and vigor are too well known to require much explanation. In any good sized litter there will appear individuals more alert, larger and fuller chested from the very first. Their greater aggressiveness, which leads them to avail themselves of their food supply and perhaps a part of that of their mates, gives them an initial advantage which they usually keep through their suckling days. In fact, it is seldom lost when they go to the feed lot where they can get all they want. It is not the little, fat, chubby females which should be retained as breeding animals, for they almost always prove disappointing at farrowing time. They neither produce large litters nor save the little ones from being crushed in the pig bed. They are not good milkers, either, and thus do not give the litter a good send-off during the suckling days.

Long, Growthy Females.

One should rather select the long, growthy females, taking care, however, that they do not stand too high from the ground and are not contracted at the heart girth or rear flank. One should make sure, too, that there is no tendency for the back to sag or the feet to go down on the dew-claws. It is better to select one with some arch to the back, making sure that the arch is in the back and not in the rump. An arched rump with a low-set tail means a shorter ham, which curtails the carcass in its best part. The back should be wide and the sides should come down perpendicularly to a low, straight underline. Width between the eyes and smoothness and freedom from coarseness about the head are of importance, but one should look to the body first, for that is the valuable part of the pig. See that the sow has at least 12 good teats, with room enough between the front and hind legs to accommodate 12 good pigs.

Select a boar of the desired type and then adhere to that one breed. The

fat hog breeds will be found most profitable under present market conditions. The Durocs and Poland-Chinas are most numerous and will offer wider range for the selection of breeding stock, but Berkshires and Hampshires are good and have the advantage of being a little better rustlers than the Poland-Chinas. The Durocs have larger litters on the average than the Poland-Chinas and meet with equal favor on the market. The breed is of less importance than individuality in the boar. Whatever the breed, the boar should be individual and of the desired market type; better than the sows. He should be one of a large litter.

Having found sows that are good mothers and have large litters of good thrifty pigs which mature quickly and fatten well, keep those sows and select pigs from their litters to replace the less profitable sows in the herd. Feeding quality is the most essential thing to consider, for the better the feeding quality the more profits we can expect. The average feeder will agree that the pig which attains a weight of 200 to 300 pounds with the least amount of feed is the most profitable one to raise. Be careful not to select too coarse an animal, for coarseness means a hog that is not an easy feeder. In the improvement of a herd nothing is of more importance than feed. It matters not how good a herd may be, if judgment is not used in feeding you can never expect to keep up the standard, much less improve it.

Avoid Feeding Corn.

Do not feed much corn to a breeding herd. A good alfalfa pasture in summer and a wheat or rye pasture in winter with alfalfa hay makes a pig develop into a strong, healthy animal. Pigs that have access to alfalfa all the time are seldom bothered with weak bones. It always pays to remember that an even load of purebred hogs of uniform size, carrying finish and quality, makes an attractive display and appeals very strongly to the buyer. He will make a special effort to buy hogs of this kind even if it is necessary to spring the market to do so. He can estimate within one or two per cent what such hogs will yield and can figure the dressed cost very closely. On the other hand, a load of hogs of assorted sizes and breeds are difficult to judge and he is forced to make liberal allowances when buying this class of porkers at the ranch. Generally a load of this kind does not bring what it is worth, as it is heavily discounted by the buyer.

ELEVEN SIDELIGHTS ON DISEASE OF HOGS

Cleanliness Is Given as Best Preventive of Cholera—Use Disinfectants Freely.

1. An ounce of prevention is worth several cars of cures.
2. There has never been a cure that worked worth while.
3. Cleanliness is the most effective preventive. A hog will keep himself clean if you give him a chance.
4. A hog should have room, range, light, grass and grain, as well as pure water.
5. Dust is more dangerous to a hog than mud, but filth is a breeder of disease to any animal. The hog is powerless to dodge disease when confined in small pens.
6. Change quarters occasionally. Do not allow hogs to stay in contaminated places.
7. Use disinfectants—dips, white-wash and lye. Clean up now and then.
8. Clean and disinfect troughs, slop barrels, pails, etc., as well as yards and buildings.
9. Quarantine all new stock that is brought onto the place, at least three weeks. Vaccinated hogs may give cholera to others.
10. Vaccinate your hogs if you know how, but get a veterinarian if not. Treat the pigs—it is much cheaper and better than to wait. The bigger the hog, the more it costs to vaccinate him.
11. The hog seeks shade and mud in his natural state, especially during summer. Give him a place to wallow, but do not have his pen so small he cannot get around comfortably.

PLACE TO STORE ROOT CROPS

Mangels, Beets, Carrots, Turnips and Rutabagas Are Excellent for Stock in Winter.

Every farmer should have a good cellar or cave and raise a few roots, mangels, beets, carrots, turnips and rutabagas. They are of the best of feeds for stock during the winter when they can get nothing green to eat.

MAKING LIVE STOCK LIKE SWEET CLOVER

Stake Animals in Pasture and They Will Soon Develop Taste, Says Iowa Expert.

"My stock will not pasture on sweet clover. They don't seem to like it. What's the trouble?" is the query being received from many farmers over the state by the farm crops department at Iowa state college.

Do not discard such an excellent pasture as sweet clover because the animals do not like it at first, as they are likely not to. They can soon be made to like it, even better than other pastures.

Simply allow the animals nothing but sweet clover for a few days. If the sweet clover patch is not separate from other pasture, stake the animals in it. After a few days turn them out where they will have access to other pasture as well as the clover. Nine times in ten they will then eat sweet clover in preference to any other pasture.

Sweet clover is proving to be one of the best pasture plants, especially for sheep and cattle. Besides rarely causing bloat, as do red clover and alfalfa, it is nutritious, palatable when animals get used to it, increases the milk flow, grows rapidly and gives an abundant pasture.

ERADICATION OF ALL WEEDS

Get Rid of Noxious Plants Before They Have Chance to Ripen Seed—Now Is the Time.

Chop, cut or mow them down. Plow, dig or pull them up. Any way to get rid of them before they have a chance to ripen seed, and now is the time to be up and doing. One weed growing where two grew before shows that someone has been on to his job just as much as two ears of corn growing where only one grew before shows that Mr. Farmer is wide awake, and, with a little perseverance, its a whole lot easier to grow fewer weeds where weeds ought not to be than it is to grow more corn where corn ought to be.

MAKING the FARM PAY

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



Flock of Purebred Youngsters.

POULTRY AND EGG CROP

Almost every farmer keeps some poultry. The trouble is he doesn't make the poultry keep him. Too many of them are roosters. A lot more are old hens that lay but a few eggs and then want to set. Whenever the price of eggs gets high, the old hens go on a strike. They lay in the henhouse when they please, but too much of the time prefer to lay their eggs out in the fence corners. That means they are not gathered until they are stale—and in consequence a low price for the eggs.

The average farmer considers poultry raising a "side issue," a job for women and children—a sort of necessary nuisance in order to provide fresh eggs and a toothsome roast or fry. But after all, this "side issue" branch of the farming business, poultry, nets an annual return in the United States of over \$600,000,000 or enough money to build two Panama canals every year. The Panama canal has been written into the pages of history as one of the greatest achievements of modern times. In its construction our greatest minds in the science of engineering, art and medicine were employed. Yet the farm hen with little or no care closes her yearly account with a balance of more than half a billion dollars. Only a very small portion of this vast sum of money is earned by the well-cared-for commercial hen. Ninety per cent of it goes to the credit of the much neglected flocks ranging at liberty on the farms of the country.

Hen Not Appreciated.
None of us half appreciate the money-earning possibilities of the hen. For example, the cotton growing states during a recent slump in the cotton market due to the European war, joined other cotton producing states in an appeal to congress for federal aid to tide them over the financial difficulty. The appeal was for \$150,000,000 to be distributed in the South through the medium of the federal reserve banks. If these one-crop states had reckoned with the farm hen until only one per cent is produced in November. Production remains low during Janu-

of the year the chickens live on grass, clover, surplus garden stuff, gleanings from the grain fields, litter about the barn and feed lots, and more important than all else, they consume weed seeds, insect enemies to crops and other pests.

Record of Eighteen Ohio Farm Flocks.
Two years ago the Ohio experiment station made a study of the profits in farm poultry. Records of 18 typical farm flocks were carefully kept.

These flocks ranged in number from 36 to 370, some were purebreds; others were mongrels. They were kept, fed and tended just as the farmer had been caring for them before the experiment station asked him to keep a record.

Here are the results of the investigation. For the sake of comparison, we have figured the profit from each flock on the basis of 100 hens in a flock.

The best five flocks yielded respectively \$247, \$154, \$163, \$107 and \$104 per hundred hens, while the poorest five flocks yielded \$67, \$66, \$63, \$62 and \$15 respectively. In no case was there a loss. The average profit per hundred hens of the 18 flocks was \$87.

Poultry Profits.
One hundred hens are worth a hundred dollars—just about the price of a good dairy cow. Records of the cow-testing association in Iowa show that the average dairy cow makes a profit of \$33. Which would you rather do—milk two or three cows or take care of a hundred hens?

Most of us fail to realize that poultry is profitable—the wife pays the grocery bills and every now and then gets a new piece of furniture or a new dress with the "chicken money." But probably not one farmer in a thousand could tell just how much his chickens are paying.

You probably have about a hundred hens—that's the average size of the farm flocks in the United States. How much profit are they producing? Are they above the average or below? Are you getting \$247 or \$157?

Produce Eggs When Price is High.
Sixty per cent of the eggs are produced in March and May. Then the number drops gradually until only one per cent is produced in November. Production remains low during Janu-

Why not take better care of your hens and have them working for you during the winter instead of keeping them at a loss during this period?

You can produce winter eggs. Put your hens in a warm, comfortable, well-ventilated house, give them nitrogenous food and furnish water, grit and oyster shell.

Of course, it will be some trouble to increase your egg production. Don't expect results if you go at things spasmodically, doing one or two things and letting the rest go.

Fowls need animal protein food. Bugs and worms furnish this in the summer; buttermilk and beef scrap make good substitutes in the winter.

This chart gives the results of an Ontario experiment. Twenty-five hens receiving buttermilk in their ration made \$11 profit in eight months; a similar flock fed beef scrap made \$10 profit, while a flock receiving no meat or milk was kept at a loss of \$3.

A similar experiment in Indiana shows that hens fed skim milk or beef scrap made a profit of \$1 per hen annually, while those receiving neither beef scrap or milk were kept at a loss of four cents per hen.

If you feed beef scrap, get good quality, testing 60 or 65 per cent protein. Be careful not to feed too much.

Few people understand that eggs are almost as perishable as meat or milk. They belong to the same class of food, but just because they are inclosed in a hard shell, people think they will stand almost any kind of treatment.

Government experts estimate a loss of \$45,000,000 every year from bad eggs. This loss can be prevented by better handling and marketing.

Loss From Shrinkage.
Five per cent of the eggs in the United States are lost through shrinkage. The shell of an egg is porous. It is made this way so the developing chick can get air during the incubation period.

Seventy-four per cent of an egg is water. Whenever an egg is in a temperature above freezing, this water is



Chums.

evaporating through the shell. The higher the temperature and the more circulation of air there is the faster the evaporation takes place. Eggs grow stale in warm poultry houses, in hot kitchens, on the farm or in the cupboards of the consumer. Egg dealers count that three stale eggs are equal to a rotten egg and pay accordingly.

Gather your eggs daily and keep them in a cool place. Market them as often as possible—at least once a week—better twice a week.

\$15,000,000 Annual Loss.
Fertile eggs cause a great loss—a loss estimated by the government experts at \$15,000,000 a year.

Two years ago the United States government experts conducted an experiment in Kansas to compare the loss from fertile and infertile eggs.

How Experiment Was Conducted.
Ten thousand eggs, collected from different farms, were used in the experiment. Half were fertile and half were infertile, and every egg was absolutely fresh when it entered the experiment.

These eggs were kept on the farm under ordinary farm conditions. Some were stored in parlors, some in kitchens, some in cellars and some in pantries. Some were put in nests, some under laying hens and some under sitting hens. The same number of fertile and infertile eggs were always put under exactly the same conditions. Each week the eggs were collected and sent to the local grocery store where they were candled. They were then shipped to St. Louis, where they were again candled.

Results of Experiment.
While on the farm 29 per cent of fertile eggs were spoiled for food compared with only 16 per cent of infertile ones. On the way to market 14 per cent of the fertile ones spoiled as compared with 9 per cent of the infertile. This makes a total of 43 per cent of the fertile eggs unfit for food as compared with only 25 per cent of the infertile ones—a difference of 18 per cent. Notice that the greatest loss in both fertile and infertile eggs is on the farm.

Fresh air is as good for hens as it is for people. If you have an open front or a partly open front poultry house you need not worry about the ventilation.

Fresh air does not hurt hens, but drafts are injurious. The north, east and west sides of the coop should be tight to prevent drafts.

Get the habit of cleanliness and you need not fear lice and poultry diseases.

PROOF THAT COURTESY PAYS

Business Man Tells How He Placated Angry Customer Who Had a Real Grievance.

In the American Magazine a writer says:

"I soon learned that the average woman, with the burden of housekeeping on her shoulders, is the most irritable and irresponsible creature alive. A delivery ten minutes late can bring on your head a mighty wrath, a wilted lettuce can lose you your best customer. I had to stand between these women and overworked delivery boys, careless shipping clerks and sometimes inferior goods. One instance: A woman was to give a dinner party. Her groceries arriving almost at the last minute with the fish order filled incorrectly. 'My dinner is spoiled,' she cried distractedly over the telephone. 'I never will spend another cent with you as long as I live.' Woman is built for fortitude, not responsibility. I shouldered the responsibility and persuaded her to bear with me until I could rectify the mistake. It took much soothing; a hint of irritation on my part would have spoiled everything. As it was, fifteen minutes later a messenger boy was delivering the fish at her door; we had kept our customer and made a lasting friend."

To Fortify the System Against Summer Heat

Many users of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic make it a practice to take this old standard remedy regularly to fortify the system against the depressing effect of summer heat, as those who are strong withstand the heat of summer better than those who are weak. Price 50c.

Golf and Life.

"Golf is much like life."
"In what way?"
"The worse you play the harder you try."
"True, but it's different, too, in one respect."
"What's that?"
"In golf the harder you try the worse you get."—Detroit Free Press.

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

Improved.
"The clam chowder is very fine today, sir," suggested the waiter.
"I had some of that yesterday," said the guest, "and I didn't think much of it."
"You'll find it better today, sir. They've put another clam in."

CLEANSE THE PORES

Of Your Skin and Make it Fresh and Clear by Using Cuticura. Trial Free.

When suffering from pimples, blackheads, redness or roughness, smear the skin with Cuticura Ointment. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. These super-creamy emollients do much for the skin because they prevent pore clogging.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Volunteer Adviser.
"It's a lucky thing I came out here today!" exclaimed the delirious baseball fan. "If it hadn't been for me, we'd have lost that game sure."

"Why, the man who won this game is the chap who just how said to second."

"Yes. But didn't you hear me yelling at the top of my voice telling him what to do?"

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

Personal Endeavors.
"My face is my fortune," said the girl with the dazzling complexion.
"Permit me," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "to extend the compliments of a self-made man to a self-made woman."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Possibilities of Slang.

Slang and its possibilities were vividly expressed in the conversation of two youths in a Back Bay home one night recently, says the Boston Traveler. The boys got into a discussion and when all legitimate arguments had been exhausted, the following repartee was heard:

"Snow again, I didn't catch the drift."
"Keep on spouting, kid, you're a whale."
"Tie yer shoe, your tongue's hangin' out."
"Hang crepe on yer ear, you mutt, yer brain is dead."
"Aw sand your track, yer slippin'!"
"Sneeze, little one, your bean is rusty."

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

Splitting His Face.

Senator Penrose was discussing a turbulent element in the Republican convention.

"These men," he said, "were animated by the same spirit that possessed Pat.

"Pat, a road mender, was observed by a mate to be holding his heavy sledge motionless high above his head, ready to be brought down the minute the boss looked at him.

"What the dickens are ye doin', Pat?" his mate asked.

"'Pst!" said Pat, in a low, reproachful voice. "Can't ye let a chap rest a minute when the boss' back is turned?"

Bringing It to a Climax.

"I know what's passing in your mind," suddenly said the maiden as the habitually silent caller stared at her. "I know, too, why you are calling here night after night, appropriating my time to yourself and keeping other nice young men away. You want to marry me, don't you?"

"I—I do!" gasped the young man.

"I thought so. Very well; I will."

There are two distinct classes of college graduates: Those who accept positions and those who hunt jobs.

We've seen some women dressed so they couldn't stoop to conquer, or to do anything else.

Restful.

"Who is that chap riding on the horse with the driver?"

"That's Smiley, the professional humorist. He's on his vacation."

Strategy.

"What was all the argument between you and Judge Flivver yesterday?"

"Oh, we were discussing the merits of our respective cars."

"That's a foolish thing to do. You can never convince a man that your car is better than his."

"I know that, but I got him so mad that he committed himself to the statement that my car can't make over ten miles an hour. The next time I'm brought up before him for speeding I'll remind him of that."

THE HIGH QUALITY SEWING MACHINE
NEW HOME
NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME
Write for free booklet "Points to be considered before purchasing a Sewing Machine." Learn the facts THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS.

SHORTER HOURS FOR WOMEN
MAGIC WASHING STICK
Stops Rubbing and Backache and All Wash-Day Terrors—Women who try it, say Magic Washing Stick is nothing short of a miracle. For it does away with all back-breaking rubbing and scrubbing—cleans clothes snow-white and can't harm them either. "Boil—rinse—and leisure begins."
Take It Easy Next Washing Send for Trial Box Today! Your address and \$2.00 sent to us will bring you a large box (enough for 12 washings) all shipping charges paid—or you can get it for any grocery.
Money Back If It Fails—Don't you think it is worth \$2.00 to lift all your hard work out of every washing by using Magic Washing Stick? If you don't do it (providing you follow directions) your money cheerfully returned. You can't lose—try a box now.
Waples-Platter-Grocer Co. Ft. Worth, Dallas, Denton Distributors



60 Eggs
What the average farm hen produces



120 Eggs
What she should produce

We will take Arkansas to illustrate the point.

The average county in Arkansas contains about 3,000 farms. If on each farm there had been 100 hens, each laying through the year eight dozen eggs, only about a quarter of an egg a day, and the eggs had sold for 20 cents a dozen, the income per farm would have amounted to \$100. At this rate the 3,000 farms in each county would have produced \$480,000. Based on these figures, the state of Arkansas with her 74 counties, would have produced nearly a 35,000,000-dollar egg crop. This sum is far in excess of the money Arkansas would have received as her share of the federal loan and more than half of the value of the annual cotton crop.

This \$35,000,000 distributed among the banks of Arkansas would have relieved one of the most critical periods in the economic history of the state. The earning power of the hen exceeds that of all other farm animals—the dairy cow not excepted.

Profit in Poultry.
Let us not overlook this opportunity. Any farmer can have poultry. He can make more clear profit out of poultry than the commercial poultryman can make.

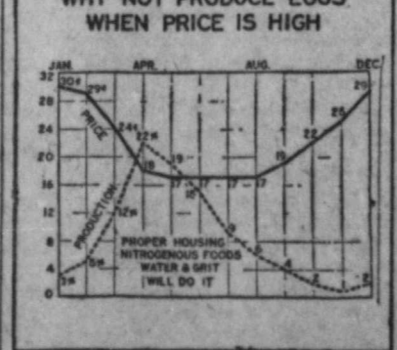
First, the care of poultry fits well into the other farm work; the investment is small; feed is cheap; the chickens convert the waste products of the farm into profits. During the greater part

of the year and increases to 12 per cent in March. The price goes down whenever the production goes up.

Why not produce eggs in the winter? Get the advantage not only of increased production, but of high price.

In January eggs sell on an average for about 30 cents per dozen. The price decreases until in April eggs are bringing only 18 cents. A large number of eggs are put in cold storage at this time and this keeps the price fairly high considering the great amount of eggs produced. The price drops to 17 cents during the summer months because there is such a large number of poor eggs on the market. In Septem-

WHY NOT PRODUCE EGGS WHEN PRICE IS HIGH



ber the price begins to rise and increases gradually but rapidly until it reaches 29 cents in December.

IRON CLAW by ARTHUR STRINGER

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

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island, Paldorj intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which enables Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Paldorj opens the door and floods the island and in the general rush to escape the flood kidnaps Golden's six-year-old daughter Margory. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One calling himself "the Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the cadet Casavanti, to whom Jules Legar has delivered her, and takes her to the home of Enoch Golden, millionaire, whose she is recaptured by Legar. Legar and Enoch are discovered by Manley, Golden's secretary, setting fire to Golden's building, but escape. Margory's mother fruitlessly implores Enoch Golden to find their daughter. The Masked One again takes Margory away from Legar. Legar hosts the Third National bank, but again the Laughing Mask frustrates his plans.

FIFTH EPISODE

THE INTERVENTION OF TITO

David Manley was not altogether proud of his day's work. As he sat tied and bound on the rough brick floor beneath the Owl's Nest that once flippant-minded young man even acknowledged that things looked rather bad for him. He had been made a prisoner. The iron claw of Legar had reached suddenly out and closed about him.

But David Manley did not altogether give up. As he lay there, sore in body, but even more battered in mind, he still spasmodically struggled with the cords that held him hand and foot.

The solitude of that unsavory den did not add to his comfort. The mere fact that Legar could see fit to leave a prisoner thus unguarded impressed the prisoner with the fact that his one-armed enemy was only too well assured of his power. And the more Manley thought of Legar and his methods the more that sinister figure seemed to bewilder him. "He knew that Legar was the unrelenting and eternal enemy of Enoch Golden, just as he had been the enemy of Golden's daughter Margory."

The thought of Margory directed Manley's mind back to the earlier events of that strange day. He recalled his long talk with that quiet-eyed girl in the quiet-toned shadows of the Golden library. It had been the first talk between them into which the personal note had entered. He had enjoyed that talk, for he had felt, as it progressed, that the girl had begun to realize he was her friend, that he wanted to be her friend.

But the quietness of the Golden home had proved to be nothing more than a lull which precedes the sudden storm. For, five minutes after he had left the smiling girl, the Golden butler, with terror in his eyes, had come running to him saying there was a stranger in the house, a stranger who had been seen lurking about the halls and had promptly disappeared at the sight of one of the servants. So Manley, forgetting everything else, had promptly joined in the search for that mysterious intruder. And his first thought, after doing so, had been for Margory Golden.

Hurrying to the library to make sure of her safety, he had found her seated at her father's desk, quietly talking over the telephone. And there had been little in that scene not suggestive of tranquillity. For blinking placidly down from its perch beside her had stood Tito, Margory Golden's newly acquired parrot, for which Manley himself had small love. This feeling was based, not so much on the malevolent air of wisdom surrounding that green-bodied flier of human phrases, as on the somewhat disturbing trick, taught it by some earlier master, of seeking out gas jets and turning them on the moment it was freed from its chain.

Yet as it had stood close beside the girl so busily talking over the telephone it had seemed as companionably innocent as a canary. And it had turned to blink sagely at Manley as the girl, apparently unconscious of his presence, had crossed to the mahogany-faced vault set in the library wall and proceeded to open its ponderous door. This had startled Manley not a little, for the combination of that vault was a secret jealously guarded by Golden, a secret unknown to Manley himself. It was not until she stood with the massive door swung open that Manley had confronted her. But she showed no embarrassment at his sudden interruption.

"My father has just phoned from Philadelphia," she explained. "There are certain papers he must have for his conference with the Regent Trust company tomorrow."

"But when did you find out how to open that door?" had been Manley's inquiry.

"Two minutes ago, over the telephone," had been the girl's reply.

"Then the sooner that door is shut and locked again the better," he had warned her.

"Why?" she had asked, for the first time conscious of his excitement.

"Because there's an unknown man hiding somewhere in this house, and heaven only knows what he's after, in times like these!"

Even as he had spoken Manley had detected an unnatural fullness about the portiere draping the side door to

the door at the bottom of that portiere too of a man's shoe had been plainly visible. Yet Golden's secretary had waited until the girl had unlocked and locked the vault door. Then he had leaped for the figure behind the drapery.

But that intruder behind the drapery had apparently not been altogether unconscious of the danger confronting him. He had at the same moment side-stepped nimbly through the quickly opened door, throwing an approaching and suddenly hysterical housemaid aside as he had swept past her. The redoubtable Wilson, who had also attempted to block his exit, had even more promptly gone down, knocked flat by one fierce blow. It had been then, and then only, that Manley discovered the identity of the intruder. He had caught sight of the scarred face, which even an ample beard failed to screen. He had seen the right arm of wood which ended in its sinister iron hook, and all doubt as to his enemy had vanished.

But this discovery had in no way interfered with Manley's pursuit of that audacious intruder.

It had not been a pretty fight, that hand-to-hand contest between the slim-bodied youth and the scar-faced exploiter of evil, but it had been a desperate one. As Manley, pressing stubbornly on, had struggled to close in on his opponent, Legar had discreetly and nimbly backed away until he found the double house door itself barring his further retreat. Thereupon he had promptly shattered the plate-glass backing the iron grill work on the hinges, and had actually swung one of these doors open before Manley could gather himself together and spring bodily on his escaping enemy.

They had gone down the broad steps together, locked arm in arm, fighting and clawing as ferociously as midnight cats in a tenement court. And Manley, with one hand on Legar's leathery throat, would surely have won, had not a closed car glided up to the curb along which they were writhing and panting and rolling. From that car a yellow-faced Italian known as Scoop had taken a prompt and active part in the encounter. He had withheld finalities, however, until Manley was uppermost. Then, with a quickly drawn "billy" he had blackjacked that youth into utter indifference as to Legar and mysteriously waiting limousine and all the rest of the world.

Before Manley's senses had come back to him he and the green-feathered parrot had been tossed bodily into the closed car, and, three minutes before the arrival of the police for whom the white-faced girl in the library had so frantically telephoned, that mysterious limousine had speeded off into the night, carrying not only Legar but the youth who had been so presumptuous as to attempt to interfere with Legar's exploits.

But Manley did not altogether give up. His heart still had the resilience of youth. He still believed in his star.

What fretted Manley most, however, was his lack of freedom. Rolling a little over on his side, he studied minutely the rough brick floor on which he lay. After this inspection he wormed his way carefully from side to side, lying face down and trying each row of exposed bricks with his shoe toe, in the hope of finding one of them loose.

He had elaborately tested eleven rows before he found any reason for hope in this direction. A chill of excitement ran through his tired body, in fact, as he discovered one brick which seemed less securely embedded in cement than were its fellows. He worked at it patiently, laboriously, kicking away small particles of plaster, thumping it with his boot heel, prying at it with his sole until it rocked free in its row. Then came the even sterner task of shifting it from its place. This he did by turning about and lying close to it, on his side, so that the fingers of his tightly imprisoned hand might come in contact with its edges. Time after time it fell back, but in the end he triumphed.

Yet it was not this unearthing brick which interested him. His attention was directed towards the rough-edged parallelogram where that brick had originally rested, for the corners of this opening, he soon realized, provided him with a saw edge which in time might serve to abrade and cut through the stoutest of cotton rope. But the consolation of this hope did not stay with him long. For even as he started to work, his movements were interrupted by the sound of a key in the heavy iron lock on the door that shut him in. He rolled over quickly, twisting about so that his apparently inert body covered both the loosened brick and the spot from which it had been taken. He continued to lie there as though in a sleep of exhaustion, for his veiled eyes had already caught sight of the two heavy-featured ruffians advancing into the room.

"Let the poor boob sleep," warned the larger man, in a husky whisper. "He's goin' to cash in before mornin'!"

"But I'm sick o' markin' time down

in this hole. Why can't Legar get back here where he belongs and do his own stinkin' work?"

"I tell you the doc's up to the Golden house makin' his haul when the coast's clear! And if you wake that king there you'll have to cut out the red eye and keep busy chokin' off his holler!"

Manley could hear their shuffling feet as they crept across the rough flooring and the scrape and rasp of the rusty lock as they once more turned the key in the door. But the moment they were gone he was once more busy with the cotton rope about his wrists, for what he had overheard increased his passion for liberty.

When a man, however, is still youthfully blind enough to believe in his star, to nurse the delusion that some special genius has singled him out and watches over him, he is not easily discouraged. His discouragement came, and came in a form most unexpected, even before Manley's hands were free.

It came, in fact, in the form of a green-bodied parrot creeping stealthily through the rusty cross-bars grilling the transom above the locked door. He watched the bird slip into the room, climb along the rusty iron gas jet, deliberately turn it on.

Manley knew what this meant, and it spurred him to even more frantic efforts to saw through the cords, still holding him a prisoner, for already the fumes of the escaping gas were reaching his nostrils.

When one strand of it had parted, and he had unloosed the rest of it from his ankles, his head was swimming and his legs were unable to support him. So he closed the room on his hands and knees, caught at the rusty gas pipe for support and painfully drew himself upright. His trembling hand went out, found the gas jet, and turned it off. And the next moment he fell face down on the rough floor, and lay there in a gray daze of weakness.

How long he lay there he could not tell. But he was aroused by the sound of thick voices from the outer chamber, punctuated by the shrill cries of an angry and scolding woman. He pulled himself together and possessed himself of the black bat, as a weapon.

He waited, scarcely breathing, as the door was flung open. So quick, however, was the entrance of the first intruder that Manley could not lift his missile before the darkness had swallowed up that sinister shadow. But standing in the limited doorway was a second man, crouched low and leaning forward with blinking eyes, a blue-barreled navy revolver in his hand. Manley, eyeing that evil face as a sharp-shooter eyes his target, let fly with his

at this door when a parrot's voice and at first he thought it was a human voice, crying shrilly through the gloom.

"Let me out!" was the frantic cry close above him. "Let me out!" Groping and pawing along the wall, his hand came in contact with the rung of a narrow iron ladder. He caught at this ladder and drew himself up, for he now stood shoulder high in the over-mourning gloom. On the topmost rung, as he mounted he found a snaking and feathered body clinging stubbornly to the rusting iron, beating with its beak on the hollow sounding boards above his head.

In a flash Manley himself was shon-dering up against these boards. There was the sound of a rending staple, and in another moment he was swarming up through the ruptured trap door, catching at the parrot as he went.

The Figures of Fate.

Margory Golden, alone in her father's library stared apprehensively about that massively furnished room as though dreading that some new terror might leap out at her from its shadowy corners. She was unnerved not only by the disquieting disappearance of David Manley but also by the thought that she was still so surrounded by the tides of evil.

As she sat there, deep in thought, she was depressed by the sudden suspicion that some one of the many servants in that house was a traitor to his master. Yet as she checked them over, one by one, she found nothing in which to ground this ghostly suspicion. She remembered that she had once been suspicious even of Manley himself, of this serious-minded friend who hid his true feelings behind a mask of light-hearted irrelevances. And there were things in which she herself had not been altogether candid with him. There was, for instance the matter of Tito, the Amazon parrot. She had not confided to Manley the fact that in that bird, stumbled across in a fancier's shop, she had found an old friend, a friend dating back to her unhappy days in the Owl's Nest. And she sighed aloud as she gathered up the papers on the rosewood desk and turned to the vault in which she had forgotten to restore them.

"Twenty-one, thirty, forty-two, sixty," she repeated, recalling her father's instructions over the wire. "Forward and back and forward and back again, for it's a four movement dial, whatever that may mean!"

The vault door opened, obedient to the combination, and seeking out the inner compartment marked "J" she



Legar and His Confederates.

ten years through that sand, looking for his precious treasure! Now it's my chance, and I want that paper. And unless you want your secretary to come home a rather unpleasant thing to look at, you're going to have that map in my hands in half an hour. So tell me quick, what your answer is. Do I get it?"

For one moment the girl sat silent, breathing quick through parted lips.

"Yes, I'll bring it," she at last said over the wire. Then she sat motionless, with her hands gripping the desk edge for several minutes. When she moved it was with the quickness of a sudden and clear-cut decision.

"Give me police headquarters," she called out as she caught up the receiver. The next minute she was explaining to the desk official at Center street the news of Legar's latest threat and the need of forestalling it. Then, after another interval of studious thought, she crossed to the vault and began a hurried search for the document which Legar had described as being stored away there.

She found it at last, in a package of faded deeds and papers to do with Windward Island, and while one glance at it persuaded her that it was indeed a chart of the island, the fact that it represented only one-half of this island tended to convince her that Legar had spoken the truth.

But she had no time to deliberate over that discovery, for her next move, she felt, should be to call the servants and warn them against any midnight intrusions.

She crossed to the rosewood desk to carry out this plan, and her finger was even extended to press the bell button when a sudden soft movement at her shoulder caused her to swing sharply about.

Confronting her, with a slightly triumphant smile on his deep-scarred face, stood Legar himself.

"I am intruding, I know," he began in his stately accented tones, "but there was a possibility, you see, of your friends in uniform interrupting our meeting beside the Soldiers' monument!"

The girl's fingers, as she edged away along the desk, closed determinedly on the scrap of manilla paper still held in her hand. The vault door, she saw, was also still open. But that was not the thought troubling her. The vague fear at the back of her mind was whether or not she was too late to save Dave Manley from the danger threatening him. And she edged still farther away.

Her movement was arrested by the ringing of the telephone bell close beside her.

"Answer that phone!" he suddenly commanded.

The next moment a great load seemed to lift suddenly from her heart, and a renewed wave of audacity swept through her body, for the voice that spoke to her over the wire was the triumphant voice of Manley himself. Manley declaring that he was free and that he would hurry back as fast as wheels could carry him.

"Who spoke then?" cried Legar, his face clouded by a move which apparently was an unexpected one from his standpoint. But the wine of hope now singing through the girl's veins made her more craty, more ready to face Legar with his own weapons. Instead of answering him her hand moved out to the bell button, for with the ringing of that bell, she felt, would surely come help. And once the slip of manilla was back in the vault, and the door locked, she now had little to fear from Legar. So when she fell back, as he sprang forward to strike her hand from the bell, she saw that her retreat lay in the direction of the vault door.

Her pursuer, however, was in no mood for equivocation. He seemed suddenly to foresee her intention. For without warning he leaped towards her, as an animal leaps for its prey. And with one sweep of his maimed arm the iron hook at its end was snared deep in the folds of her clothing.

"Give me that map!" he said, in a voice husky with blind and unreasoning rage.

Margory Golden, however, had no intention of giving him the map in question. She fought against him, with all the strength at her command, knowing that any moment now would bring the needed help.

But Legar, with his hand on her throat, hurled her back against the heavy vault door, shook her as a terrier shakes a rat, snatched the yellow sheet from her fingers, flung her stag-

gering into the maw of the open vault, and with a throaty and beastlike cry of triumph swung the great steel door shut, even as the partly-dressed Wilson ran gaping in through the library door. Yet Legar took time to throw back the tumbler lever and spin the dial before turning to confront that wide-eyed servant. Then, hearing other approaching steps, he dove through the second door, scurried like a peited hound through shadowy rooms, slipped ceiling through a quickly opened window and escaped to the street.

There he ran for a dark-bodied car standing in the deep tree shadows, and with a gasp of relief flung himself up into the cushioned seat.

As he did so a masked figure sitting crouched close back in the hooded gloom of that seat suddenly threw out a hand and garroted the startled Legar against the leather upholstery, on which he began to writhe like a caterpillar on a cabinet pin. But with an equally deft second movement the man in the yellow mask snatched the oblong manilla paper from his opponent's hand.

"This," blandly announced the man of mystery as his garrotting fingers relaxed and he stepped down to the running board, "is one of the rare moments when I have the pleasure of trumping your ace!"

And the all but apoplectic Legar lay back gasping for breath as that stranger dropped lightly from the speeding car and vanished shadowlike into the night.

At the home of Enoch Golden, in the meantime, the terrified Wilson had regained both his feet, his presence of mind and a presentable portion of his dignity. His frantic shouts for help had brought the rest of the servants flocking to the library, and his equally frantic efforts to describe what had taken place did not add to the peace of that little group from below stairs.

"I tell you, Tibbins, Miss Margory's locked in that vault, and there's no one in the 'ouse as knows 'ow to open it!"

Cries of horror burst from that suddenly arrested circle.

"Someone telephone for the police!" cried the second man, as Wilson shouldered out through the group swarming and gesticulating about the vault door. "Yes, the police!"

He had the instrument in his shaking hand when the door opened and David Manley stepped quickly in, with Tito, the green-bodied parrot, on his arm.

"What's wrong here?" was the newcomer's sharp demand.

"It's Miss Margory, sir," began the quavering-voiced butler.

"Well, what about Miss Margory?"

"She's locked in that vault, sir, and no one in the 'ouse knows the combination!"

"Good God!" cried Manley, suddenly transfixed. Then he ran to the vault door, flinging the others aside.

Flinging off his coat, he bent over the dial. The silent group circled about him. And still he worked, worked with every nerve on edge, every sense alert, for time, he knew, was precious.

"I said silence there!" he called out sharply, for his whole mind was directed to the faint click of metal against metal in front of him. But louder than before the green-bodied bird on its broken perch repeated its cry.

"Twenty-one — thirty — forty-two — sixty!" was the shrill and monotonous cry of the parrot, with one eye cocked ceilingward.

Manley suddenly wheeled about.

"What in God's name does that parrot mean? . . . Wait! . . . It is . . . it must be! — But instead of finishing that declaration he repeated the bird's cry. "Twenty-one, thirty forty-two, sixty."

In the next breath he was facing the vault door, with his trembling fingers turning and spinning the glimmering dial.

Then, without breathing, and with colorless face, his hand grasped the tumbler lever. And not one of that group moved as he put on that lever the pressure that would tell the tale.

It was Celestine the parlor maid who indorsed her Latin temperament by falling back in a dead faint as the metal door swung open. But no one at that moment, was thinking of Celestine.

"It's all right," Manley called from the darkness of the inner vault. "She's alive — she'll be around in a minute — only somebody get some water!"

(To Be Continued.)



Set Tied and Bound in the Owl's Nest.

poised brick, and let fly with all his force.

The stooping man went down like a clouted rabbit, without a sound. But even as he fell the first intruder, at the far end of the room, struck a match. And at that second figure Manley let drive with his only missile at hand.

The heavy glass lamp, hurled true, sent man and match against the case side in a shower of oil and broken glass. But Manley did not wait to witness the result of that second assault. He leaped for the door, caught up the blue-barreled revolver from the hand of the stunned man on the threshold, and drove for the heavy door at the end of the outer chamber.

But this door he found to be locked. He was on the point of starting back in search of a timber heavy enough to batter down that barrier when all movement was arrested by an uproar of sound that fairly drove the breath from his body. For the power of oil that fell about the lighted match at the vaulted end of the chamber had sunk into the little of rubbish beside the powder cases, and burst into flames and had crept over about those wooden cases until the licking tongues of heat had reached the explosive.

Yet even as Manley stood there, fighting for breath, a second surprise confronted and engulfed him. Following close on that fatal roar of sound came an even more bewildering rush of water, tearing through the low-roofed cellar like a thousand hounds let loose. And he knew then that the explosion had broken down the walls between him and the East river at high tide.

He leaped in the direction of the door, in the hope of getting it closed. He was still struggling frantically

restored the papers to their place. Her hand was still on the open vault door when the shrill call of the telephone bell sounded through the quiet room.

She crossed to the desk and took up the receiver.

"Do you know who is speaking?" demanded a voice which sent a thrill of apprehension through her forward-stooping body. And the question was repeated as she sat silent, staring before her.

"Yes," she finally answered, trying to steady her voice. "It's Legar."

The wire brought his answering laugh close into her ear.

"You know the voice, I see. And I think you know the man. So listen to what I have to say. I've got your friend Manley, and he'll stay where I've got him. And unless you want him to be freed out of here with about half of that pretty face of his burned to a cisp, you'd do what I tell you to do. Do you understand? I'll scar him up worse than I was scarred, if you try to take me in this!"

"What?" demanded the white-faced man.

"In about one-half hour I want you to be at the Soldiers' monument and bring me a paper. That paper is yours, it's in your father's vault. It is one of a code list and chart, on a square of yellow manilla. Do you understand?"

"But how am I to know this paper?" asked the terrified girl, fencing for time.

"It's a chart, a map, one half of the map of Windward Island. For old Golden wasn't such a fool as he seemed — and again the venomous laugh sounded low over the wire. "If your father had got hold of my half of that map a little earlier in the game he wouldn't have needed to die for

Beyond the Frontier

By RANDALL PARRISH

A Romance of Early Days in the Middle West

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "The Maid of the Forest," etc.



SYNOPSIS.

Adèle la Chesnayre, a belle of New France, is among conspirators at her uncle's house. Cassion, the commissaire, has enlisted her Uncle Chevet's aid against La Salle. D'Artigny, La Salle's friend, offers his services as guide to Cassion's party on the journey to the wilderness. The uncle informs Adèle that he has betrothed her to Cassion and forbids her to see D'Artigny again. In Quebec Adèle visits her friend, Sister Celeste, who brings her sleeping quarters. D'Artigny leaves promising to see her at the dance. Cassion escorts Adèle to the hall. She meets the governor, La Barre, and hears him warn the commissaire against D'Artigny. D'Artigny's ticket to the hall has been recalled, but he gains entrance by the window. Adèle informs him of the governor's words to Cassion. For her eavesdropping at the hall Adèle is ordered by the governor to marry Cassion at once and to accompany him to the Illinois country. He summons Chevet and directs that he attend them on the journey. They leave in the boats. Adèle's future depending on the decision of D'Artigny whom she now knows she loves. Cassion and D'Artigny have words. Uncle Chevet for the first time hears that his niece is an heiress, and begins to suspect Cassion's motives. Adèle refuses to permit her husband to share her sleeping quarters. Chevet agrees to help her. She talks secretly to D'Artigny, but he declines to give her active aid against her husband.

Bad luck frequently comes in bunches. Adèle has been buffeted by fate for months, nay for several years. In this fight against Commissaire Cassion she needs direly every aid she can muster, yet one after another her sources of help fall away. This is a thrilling installment, which describes how she receives two serious shocks. One of them blackens her love affair. The other frightens her.

Cassion finds his wife alone on the hill and discovers a man's footprints. He accuses her angrily.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"The print is fresh, not ancient, and none of the men from my camp have come this way."

He strode forward across the narrow open space and disappeared into the fringe of trees bordering the edge of the bluff. It would have been easy for me to depart, to escape to the security of the tent below, but curiosity held me motionless. I knew what he would discover, and preferred to face the consequences where I was free to answer him face to face. I wished him to be suspicious, to feel that he had a rival; I would fan his jealousy to the very danger point. Nor had I long to wait. Forth from the shade of the trees he burst and came toward me, his face white, his eyes blazing.

"'Tis the fellow I thought," he burst forth, "and he went down the face of the bluff yonder. So you dared to have trust with him?"

"With whom, monsieur?"

"D'Artigny, the young fool! Do you think me blind? Did I not know you were together in Quebec? What are you laughing at?"

"I was not laughing, monsieur. Your ridiculous charge does not amuse me. I am a woman; you insult me; I am your wife; you charge me with indiscretion. If you think to win me with such cowardly insinuations you know little of my nature. I will not talk with you, nor discuss the matter. I return to the camp."

His hands clinched as though he had the throat of an enemy between them, but angry as he was, some vague doubt restrained him.

"Mon dieu! I'll fight the dog!"

"D'Artigny, you mean? 'Tis his trade, I hear, and he is good at it."

"Bah! a bungler of the woods. I doubt if he ever crossed blades with a swordsman. But mark you this, madame, the lad feels my steel if ever you so much as speak to him again."

There was contempt in my eyes, nor did I strive to disguise it.

"Am I your wife, monsieur, or your slave?"

"My wife, and I know how to hold you! Mon dieu! but you shall learn that lesson. I was a fool to ever give the brat place in the boats. La Barre warned me that he would make trouble. Now I tell you what will occur if you play false with me."

"You may spare your threats—they weigh nothing. The Sieur d'Artigny is my friend, and I shall address him when it pleases me. With whatever quarrel may arise between you I have no interest. Let that suffice, and now I bid you good night, monsieur."

He made no effort to halt me, nor to follow, and I made my way down the darkening path, without so much as turning my head to observe his movements. It was almost like a play to me, and I was reckless of the consequences, intent only on my purpose.

In the early dawn we broke camp as usual, except that chosen boatmen guided the emptied canoes through the rapids, while the others of the party made portage along the rough shore. In the smooth water above we all em-

barked again, and won slow way against the current. The advance company had departed before our arrival, nor did I again obtain glimpse of D'Artigny for many days.

I would not say that Cassion purposely kept us apart, for the arrangement might have been the same had I not been of the party, yet the only communication between the two divisions occurred when some messenger brought back warning of dangerous water ahead. Usually this messenger was an Indian, but once D'Artigny himself came and guided our canoes through a torrent of white, raging water, amid a maze of murderous rocks. During these days and weeks Cassion treated me with consideration and outward respect. Not that he failed to talk freely, and to boast of his exploits and adventures, yet he refrained from laying hand on me, nor did he once refer to the incident of the bluff.

Nor was the journey lacking in interest or adventure. Never shall I forget the charm of those days and nights, amid which we made slow and toilsome passage through the desolate wilderness, ever gaining new leagues to the westward. Only twice in weeks did we encounter human beings—once a camp of Indians on the shore of a lake, and once a Capuchin monk, alone but for a single voyageur as companion, passed us upon the river. And when, at last, we made the long portage, tramping through the dark forest aisles, bearing on our shoulders heavy loads, scarcely able to see the sun even at midday through the leafy screen of leaves, and came forth at twilight on the shores of the mighty lake, no words can express the raptures with which I stood and gazed across that expanse of heaving, restless water. The men launched their canoes upon the surface and made camp in the edge of the forest, but I could not move, could not restrain my eyes, until darkness descended and left all before me a void.

It was scarcely more than daybreak when we broke camp and headed our canoes out into the lake. With the dawn, and the glint of sunlight over the waters, much of my dread departed, and I could appreciate the wild song of delight with which our Indian paddlers bent to their work. The sharp-prowed canoes swept through the waters swiftly, no longer battling against a current, and the shore lying ever in view was fascinating in its green foliage. We kept close to the northern shore, and soon found passage amid numerous islands, forest covered, but with high, rocky outlines.

For four days we coasted thus, never out of sight of shore, and usually with islands between us and the main body of water. In all that time we had no sign of man—not even a wisp of smoke, nor heard the crack of distant rifle. About us extended loneliness and desolation, great waters never still, vast forests grim and somber, tall, menacing rocks, bright-colored in the sun.

As last we left the chain of islands behind, and one morning struck out from the shore into the waste of waters, the prows of the canoes turned westward, the steersman guiding our course by the sun. For several hours we were beyond view of land, with naught to rest the eye upon save the gray sea, and then, when it was nearly night, we reached the shore and beached our canoes at St. Ignace.

So much had been said of St. Ignace, and so long had the name been familiar throughout New France, that my first view of the place brought me bitter disappointment.

The miserable little village was upon a point of land, originally covered with heavy growth of forest. A bit of this had been rudely cut, the rotting stumps still standing, and from the timber a dozen rough log houses had been constructed facing the lake. A few rods back, on slightly higher land, was a log chapel and a house, somewhat more pretentious than the others, in which the priests lodged. The whole aspect of the place was peculiarly desolate and depressing, facing that vast waste of water, the black forest shadows behind, and those rotting stumps in the foreground.

Nor was our welcome one to make the heart rejoice. Scarce a dozen persons gathered at the beach to aid us in making landing, rough engages mostly, and not among them all a face familiar. It was only later, when two priests from the mission came hurrying forward, that we were greeted by cordial speech. These invited a few of us to become guests at the mission house, and assigned the remainder of our party to vacant huts.

Cassion, Chevet and Pere Allouez accompanied me as I walked beside a young priest up the beaten path, but D'Artigny was left behind with the men. I overheard Cassion order him to remain, but he added some word in lower voice, which brought a fush

of anger into the younger man's face, although he merely turned on his heel without reply.

We remained at St. Ignace three days, busily engaged in repairing our canoes and rendering them fit for the long voyage yet before us. From this point we were to venture on treacherous waters, as yet scarcely explored, the shores inhabited by savage, unknown tribes, with not a white man in all the long distance from Green Bay to the Chicago portage. Once I got out the map and traced the distance, feeling sick at heart as I thus realized more clearly the weary journey.

Those were dull, lonely days I passed in the desolate mission house, while the others were busy at their various tasks. Only at night time, or as they straggled in to their meals, did I see anyone but Pere Allouez, who was always close at hand, a silent shadow from whose presence I could not escape. I visited the priest's garden, climbed the rocks overlooking the water and even ventured into the dark forest, but he was ever beside me, suave but insistent on doing his master's will. The only glimpse I had of D'Artigny was at a distance, for not once did he approach the mission house. So I was glad enough when the canoes were ready, and all preparations made for departure.

Yet we were not destined to escape thus easily from St. Ignace. Of what occurred I must write as it happened to me then, and not as its full significance became later clear to my understanding. It was after nightfall when Cassion returned to the mission house. The lights were burning on the table, and the three priests were rather impatiently waiting their evening meal, occasionally exchanging brief sentences, or peering out through the open window toward the dark water.

Cassion came in alone, yet I observed nothing strange about his appearance, except that he failed to greet me with the usual attempt at gallantry, although his sharp eyes swept our faces as he closed the door, and stared about the room.

"What! not eaten yet?" he exclaimed. "I anticipated my fate to be a lonely meal, for the rascals worked like snails, and I would not leave them rest until all was finished. Faith, the odor is appetizing, and I am hungry as a bear."

The younger priest waved his hand to the servant yet asked softly: "Monsieur Chevet—he is delayed also?"

"He will sup with his men tonight," returned Cassion shortly, seating himself on the bench. "The sergeant keeps guard of the canoes, and Chevet will be useful with those off duty."

The man ate as though nearly famished, his ready tongue unusually silent, and at the conclusion of the meal, appeared so fatigued that I made early excuse to withdraw so he might rest in comfort, climbing the ladder in one corner to my own bed beneath the eaves. This apartment, whose only advantage was privacy, was no more than a narrow space between the sloping rafters of the roof, unfurnished, but with a small window in the end, closed by a wooden shutter. A partition of axe-hewn planks divided this attic into two compartments, thus composing the priests' sleeping chambers. While I was there they both occupied the one to the south, Cassion, Chevet and Pere Allouez resting in the main room below.

As I lowered the trap in the floor, shutting out the murmur of voices, I was conscious of no desire to sleep, my mind busily occupied with possibilities of the morrow. I opened the window and seated myself on the floor gazing out at the night! Below extended the priests' garden, and beyond the dark gloom of forest depths.

The way of egress was easy—a mere step to the flat roof of the kitchen, the dovetailed logs of which afforded



The Way of Egress Was Easy

a ladder to the ground. I had no object in such adventure, but a restless impulse urged me, and, almost before I realized my action, I was upon the ground. Avoiding the gleam of light which streamed from the open window of the room below, I crossed the garden and reached the path leading downward to the shore. From this point I could perceive the wide sweep of water, showing silvery in the dim moonlight, and detect the darker rim of the land. There was fire on the point below the huts, and its red glare

afforded glimpses of the canoes—mere blurred outlines—and occasionally the figure of a man, only recognizable as he moved.

I was still staring at this dim picture when some noise, other than the wind, started me and I drew silently back behind a great stump to avoid discovery. My thought was that someone had left the mission house—Cassion perhaps with final orders to those on the beach—but a moment later I realized my mistake, yet only crouched lower in the shadow—a man was advancing from the black concealment of the woods and crossing the open space.

He moved cautiously, yet boldly enough, and his movements were not those of an Indian, although the low bushes between us and the house shadow, prevented my distinguishing more than his mere outline. It was only when he lifted his head into the gleam of light, and took hasty survey through the window of the scene within, that I recognized the face of D'Artigny. He lingered scarcely a moment, evidently satisfied with what he saw, and then drew silently back, hesitating a brief space, as though debating his next movement.

I waited breathless, wondering what his purpose could be, half inclined to intercept and question him. Was he seeking to serve my cause? to learn the truth of my relationship with Cassion? or did he have some other object, some personal feud in which he sought revenge? The first thought sent the warm blood leaping through my veins; the second left me shivering as if with sudden chill.

Even as I stood, hesitating, uncertain, he turned and retraced his steps along the same path of his approach, passing me not ten steps away and vanishing into the wood. I thought he paused at the edge and bent down, yet before I found voice or determination to stop him, he had disappeared. My courage returned, spurred by curiosity. Why should he take so roundabout a way to reach the shore? What was that black, shapeless thing he had paused to examine? I could see something there, dark and motionless, though to my eyes no more than a shadow.

I ventured toward it, creeping behind the bushes bordering the path, conscious of an odd fear as I drew closer. Yet it was not until I emerged from the fringe of shrubbery that even the faintest conception of what the object was I saw occurred to me. Then I stopped, frozen by horror, for I confronted a dead body.

For an instant I could not utter a sound or move a muscle of my body. My hands clung convulsively to a nearby branch, thus supporting me erect in spite of trembling limbs and I stared at the gruesome object, black and almost shapeless in the moonlight. Only part of the trunk was revealed, the lower portion concealed by bushes, yet I could no longer doubt it was a man's body—a large, heavily built man, his hat still crushed on his head, but with face turned away.

What courage overcame my horror and urged me forward I cannot tell; I seemed impelled by some power not my own, a vague fear of recognition tugging at my heart. I crept nearer, almost inch by inch, trembling at every noise, dreading to discover the truth. At last I could perceive the ghastly features—the dead man was Hugo Chevet.

I nerved myself to the effort, and turned the body sufficiently to enable me to discover the wound—he had been pierced by a knife from behind; had fallen, no doubt, without uttering a cry, dead ere he struck the ground. Then it was murder, foul murder, a blow in the back. Why had the deed been done? What spirit of revenge, of hatred, of fear, could have led to such an act? I got again to my feet, staring about through the weird moonlight, every nerve throbbing, as I thought to grip the fact and find its cause. Slowly I drew back, shrinking in growing terror from the corpse, until I was safely in the priest's garden. There I paused irresolute, my dazed, benumbed brain beginning to grasp the situation and assert itself.

CHAPTER XII.

The Murder of Chevet
Who had killed him? What should I do? These were the two questions haunting my mind, and becoming more and more insistent. The light still burned in the mission house, and I could picture the scene within—the three priests reading, or talking softly to each other, and Cassion asleep on his bench in the corner, wearied with the day.

I could not understand, could not imagine a cause, and yet the assassin must have been D'Artigny. How else could I account for his presence there in the night, his efforts at concealment, his bending over the dead body, and then hurrying away without sounding an alarm. The evidence against the man seemed conclusive, and yet I would not condemn. There might be other reasons for his silence, for his secret presence, and if I rushed into the house, proclaiming my discovery and confessing what I had seen, he would be left without defense.

Shrinking, shuddering at every shadow, at every sound, my nerves throbbing with agony, I managed to drag my body up the logs, and in through the window. I was safe there, but there was no banishing from memory what I had seen—what I knew lay yonder in the wood shadow. I sank to the floor, clutching the sill, my eyes staring through the moonlight. Once I thought I saw a man's indistinct figure move across an open space, and once I heard voices far away.

I do not know that I was called, yet when I awoke a faint light proclaimed the dawn was in the sky, and sounds of activity reached my ears from the room below. I felt tired and cramped from my unnatural position, but hastened to join the others. The morning meal was already on the table, and we ate as usual, no one mentioning Chevet, thus proving the body had not been discovered. I could scarcely choke the food down, anticipating every instant the sounding of an alarm. Cassion hurried, excited, no doubt, by the prospect of getting away on our journey, but seemed in excellent humor. Pushing back the box on which he sat he buckled his pistol belt, seized his hat and strode to the door.

"We depart at once," he proclaimed briefly. "So I will leave you here to bring the lady."

Pere Allouez, still busily engaged, murmured some indistinct reply and Cassion's eyes met mine.

"You look pale and weary this morning," he said. "Not fear of the voyage, I hope?"

"No, monsieur," I managed to an-

swer quietly. "I slept ill, but shall be better presently—shall I bear my blankets to the boats?"

"The servant will see to that, only let there be as little delay as possible. Ah! here comes a messenger from below—what is it, my man?"

The fellow, one of the soldiers whose face I did not recall, halted in the open door, gasping for breath, his eyes roving about the room.

"He is dead—the big man," he stammered. "He is there by the woods."

"The big man—dead?" Cassion drew back, as though struck a blow. "What big man? Whom do you mean?"

"The one in the second canoe, monsieur; the one who roared."

"Chevet? Hugo Chevet? What has happened to him? Come, speak up, or I'll slit your tongue!"

The man quipped, gripping the door with one hand, the other pointing outward.

He is there, monsieur, beyond the trail, at the edge of the wood. I saw him with his face turned up—Mon dieu so white; I dare not touch him, but there was blood where a knife had entered his back."

All were on their feet, their faces picturing the sudden horror, yet Cassion was first to recover his wits, and lead the way without. Grasping the soldier's arm and bidding him show where the body lay, he thrust him through the door. I lingered behind shrinking from being again compelled to view the sight of the dead man, yet unable to keep entirely away. Cassion stopped, looking down at the object on the grass, but made no effort to touch it with his hands. The soldier bent and rolled the body over, and one of the priests felt in the pockets of the jacket, bringing forth a paper or two. Cassion took these, gripping them in his fingers, his face appearing gray in the early light.

"Mon dieu! the man has been murdered," he exclaimed, "a dastard blow in the back. Look about and see if you find a knife. Had he quarrel with anyone, Moulin?"

The soldier straightened up.

"No, monsieur; I heard of none, though he was often rough and harsh of tongue to the men. Ah! now I recall, he had words with Sieur d'Artigny on the beach at dusk. I know not the cause, yet the younger man left him angrily and passed by where I stood, with his hands clinched."

"D'Artigny, hey?" Cassion's voice had a ring of pleasure in it. "Ay! he is a hothead. Know you where the young cock is now?"

"He, with the chief, left an hour ago. Was it not your order, monsieur?"

Cassion made a swift gesture, but what it might signify I could not determine, as his face was turned away. A moment there was silence, as he shaded his eyes and peered out across the water.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW CAN I MEET THE CRISIS

Carried Safely of Life by Ly Abham's Vegetable Compound.

Nashville, Ten.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a child's head. The doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."

—Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 525 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Record Breaker.
"Maggie" said the inexperienced young thing to the cook, "the biscuits were a sight. If you can't do better next time I will have to discharge you."

"Ye will, will ye? I'll have ye know, mum, that I've been workin' out for two years, and I've worked for eighty-nine at the best families in town, an' I ain't ever bin discharged yet. I'm lavin' this afternoon for a better place."—New York Globe.

BABIES AND GROWING CHILDREN need a tonic to tone up the system and regulate the liver. Mothers are constantly using with wonderful success, our "Plantation" Chill and Fever Tonic. Pleasant to take—contains no Calomel. Price 50c.—Adv.

Perfect.
Stella—The ostrich doesn't see much and digests everything.
Bella—What an ideal husband!
Both Ways.
"His argument was fatuous."
"Did it strike you that way? Now, I thought it was rather thin."

Some men are not in business for fun, but are in it to make money to have fun.

That Knife-Like Pain
Have you a lame back, aching day and night? Do you feel sharp pains after stooping? Are the kidneys sore? Is their action irregular? Do you have headaches, backaches, rheumatic pains—feel tired, nervous, all worn-out? Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine recommended by so many people in this locality. Read the experience that follows:

A Texas Case
E. K. B. Handley, 4313 Washington St., Houston, Tex., says: "I suffered from a gravel and I noticed sediment in the kidney secretions. I was tortured by pains and lameness across the small of my back. As soon as I used Doan's Kidney Pills, they drove the pain and lameness out of my back and fixed my kidneys up in good shape. The benefit I got has been permanent."



Piles Cured Without the Knife
No Cutting, Tying, Cauterizing or Bleeding. Uncomplicated cases cured in a few days.
Testimonials on Request. Hundreds of Cases Cured Throughout Texas.
Only Treatment of its Kind in the State.
State Rectal Specialists
Dr. Waltrip & Co., 107 1/2 East 7th St., Fort Worth.

Tutt's Pills
enable the dyspeptic to eat whatever he wishes. They cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give appetite, and DEVELOP FLESH.
Dr. Tutt Manufacturing Co., New York.
"ROUGH ON RATS" (To be continued.)
W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 36-1916.

LADIES READY-TO-WEAR

We are better prepared to take care of the ladies of Hedley and surrounding country for their wants in suits, dresses, coats, skirts, waists, middies, and everything in the ready-made line than ever before.

Our stock has been a little slow in coming in this season, but we found sometime ago that in order to get the authorized styles that we had to wait until late in the season to buy, but our stock is now practically complete for the fall season, and we are not showing you a garment that is not absolutely right in style, quality or price.



One Hundred Fifty Ladies' Suits in stock now, sizes 16 to 46, prices, prices \$11.50 to.....**\$40.00**
 Fifty dresses, serges, taffetas, poplins, serges, and combination dresses, prices \$7.50 to **\$35.00**
 Ladies coats, velours, mixtures, plushes, etc., \$6.00 to **\$35.00**

CORRECTLY FITTED SHOES

mean added comfort, service and neat appearance. We can fit any foot correctly. We carry widths from AA to EE—a big stock of the new things in Duchess and in Selby fine dress shoes for ladies, prices \$2.50 to **\$7.00**

LADIES HATS

An immense stock—no two alike—we can't copy any hat. Fisk and Elzee pattern hats. We can please you, no matter what price hat you want.



Don't be satisfied to shop where you have to take what you can get, come to a town where stocks are larger and you can get what you want.

Greene Dry Goods Co.
Memphis "The Big Daylight Store" Texas

Locals

Let J. L. Tims fill your oil barrel.
 Active work was begun on A. L. Miller's residence this week.
 Pencils, Tablets, Inks, Etc. Hedley Drug Co.
FOR SALE CHEAP—Second hand wagon. Bob Adamson.
 Buy your bread—good Memphis bread—from J. L. Tims.
 Rev. W. H. McKenzie and brother attended the Fair at Amarillo Friday.
 I will call for and deliver your clothes at all times. Claude Strickland.
 Mrs. W. G. Brinson and girls visited relatives in Lelia Lake Saturday night and Sunday.
 Don't fail to see J. L. Tims before you sell your chickens and eggs.
 Mrs. L. L. Cornelius and little son Jim, spent Monday in Clarendon with relatives.
 I will paint your auto and make it look like new at the lowest possible price. Lloyd Lane.
 Little Guy Duncan left Tuesday night to attend the Institute for the Blind at Austin.
 The Informer Want Ads bring results. If you don't believe it just try one.
 G. E. Davis and family moved last Friday to the T. R. Moreman house vacated by R. I. McGowan.

Dr. J. B. Ozier is having his residence treated to a good painting.
 Bring me your cream. I buy for the Nissley Creamery Co. J. L. Tims.
 H. S. Douthitt of Roosevelt county N. M. was here on business this week.
 Let me do your tailor work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Claude Strickland.
 F. M. Lynn of Lelia Lake was here this week visiting his kinsman, Ellery Lynn.
FOR SALE—5-year-old Jersey milk cow, fresh. J. M. Killian.
 Ozier & Franklin Millinery Co. building has been given a new dress of paint.
 Mr. Pierce and family of Clarendon visited their cousin Mrs. W. E. Brown Sunday.
 Your suits called for, cleaned and delivered. Work satisfactory. Claude Strickland.
 J. L. Bidwell was here this week from Wheeler county visiting his brothers, M. E. and Fred.
 I can make your old furniture look like new by a magic touch of the paint brush. Lloyd Lane.
 We are glad to report that little Jones Brown who has been quite sick with erysipias is doing nicely.
 We buy good cigars and keep them good, that is the reason we sell so many cigars. Hedley Drug Co.

W. E. Brown and daughters, Bessie and Willie and son, Roy and Floyd left Monday for Hollis Oklahoma.
 W. T. Walker has bought one of the R. H. Jones' residences in east Hedley and moved in to it Monday.
 C. L. Cook, I. A. Clark & M. Ford and W. E. Hammock of Lelia Lake attended church here Sunday.
 H. M. Crawford and family went to Hereford and Eastern New Mexico this week on a Ford pleasure trip.
 See Lloyd Lane at J. Walker Lane's Blacksmith shop when you want your auto or buggy repainted.
 T. H. Beach and wife of Woody Valley attended church here Sunday and visited Rev. W. H. McKenzie and wife.
 John Blankenship sold his farm where M. J. Smith lives, to Frank Simmons this week. Consideration not stated.
 A. W. Worsham; wife and youngest son, and Rev. L. A. Reavis and son left Monday for a Ford trip to the South Plains.
 Your suit looks like new when cleaned and pressed, and makes you look the same. I call for and deliver. Bob Adamson.
 E. M. Ewen and wife, Mr. Hamilton and wife and Miss R. Pyle of Memphis and T. M. Pyle and family and Paul Pyle of Clarendon were visiting at the McDougal home Saturday and Sunday.

John Duckworth, brother of R. L., has moved here from Burk Burnett and is domiciled in the Jones house vacated by G. E. Davis.
 Hedley Informer \$1 per year.
 Dr. L. T. Amason of Wichita Falls stopped off Tuesday night to visit his brother, L. L. Amason. He was enroute home from Colorado.
 We bought our school supplies before the advance in price, that is why we can give you good values in this line. Hedley Drug Co.
 Advertising pays.
 Cecil Williams sold his barber shop this week to Oscar Alexander. This is the second time for this shop to change hands this month.
FOR LALE OR TRADE—1 Durham milk cow, fresh; 1 Jersey cow; 2 horses. Will sell cheap or will trade for good mule team. N. J. Allen.
 Mr. Kennedy and family and C. H. Newman and family of Memphis, J. T. Newman and family of Pampa, visited relatives here Friday.
FOR SALE
 30 head of cattle, 1 span of mules, wagon, farm implements and lease on section of land for three to five years. Mrs. E. L. Mevis, Giles, Texas.
 Miss Alda Benson has been visiting her cousin Mrs. W. E. Bray, this week. She was enroute to Dodsonville where she will teach this winter.

C. Y. Rhodes came this week to buy cotton. He is bidding high on cotton and with other buyers is making Hedley a good cotton market—none better.
NO HUNTING
 Hunting anywhere on my place northwest of town is strictly prohibited; will positively prosecute anyone hunting on my place without permission. S. L. Adamson.
FOR SALE
 The Nat Lmth home one mile west of Hedley with 37 acres. With small cost can be made one of the most beautiful homes in Donley county. Small cash payment; balance on easy terms. See D. C. Moore Hedley, Tex.
 Charlie Newman was down last Sunday from Pampa visiting his parents, A. J. Newman and wife.
 W. E. Reeves returned Wednesday from New Mexico where he had been for several weeks on his ranch. He says that country is in good shape.
 Grafton Dishman has bought John Blankenship's Ford car and is running same as a service car. Call on him when you want to go anywhere at any time. J. M. Cox and wife came Wednesday night from San Jon, N. M. to visit their daughters Mesdames J. E. Blankenship and J. B. Turnbow.

KODAK OWNERS
 All Kodak owners will do us a favor if they will report the make and number of their machines to us. We want a complete list of the number and make of all machines around Hedley, as it will aid us in keeping supplies for your machine. Hedley Drug Co.
 Sam Smith and I. J. Spurlin of Hedley, Ben Kempson and Mr. Wood of Naylor, and W. L. Lewis of McKnight went to Salt Fork last Friday, returning Monday morning. They went for the purpose of attending the Nazarene revival that was being held by the ladies who held a meeting in Hedley this last summer. Misses Dilbeck and Sallee. We are told that the Salt Fork meeting was splendid and that at one time nearly the whole congregation was shouting. Bro. Spurlin said they got so noisy he had to sit down. So there must have been some shouting. A nice sum of money was raised for the ladies in just a few minutes. All present voted for them to return next year to hold another meeting.
A REAL BARGAIN
 If you want a good buggy almost as good as new at a bargain, for cash, good note or trade, see D. C. Moore.
 The Board of the Hedley Independent School District will receive bids Monday, October 16, on the school money of the district. Get your bids in. Hedley School Board.
 Want to enjoy life? Do it, then. No one is preventing you.