

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, AUGUST 13, 1915

NO. 36

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

HEDLEY, QUAIL & WELLINGTON ROAD WORK PROGRESSES

Active work was started Wednesday on the Hedley end of the Hedley & Quail & Wellington highway. T. C. Johnson was employed to oversee the work and started grading a mile east of the county line coming this way and in the first two days built nearly a mile of road. At that rate the work will proceed rapidly, and with the amount donated by Hedley and the farmers along the route the road can be put in splendid shape. Let the good work continue.

BOOSTS COLORADO-TO-GULF HIGHWAY

Mr. S. W. Smith, President of the American National Bank of Shreveport La., gave the writer a very encouraging report of his trip over the Colorado to the Gulf Highway, at Memphis today.

Mr. Smith stated that he left home about four months ago going to the Panama Exposition, over the Southern route from Dallas and Fort Worth, via Roswell and El Paso, returning via Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Trinidad, Raton, Clayton, Amarillo and Memphis.

He stated that he came on the Colorado to the Gulf Highway at Denver, the Northwestern terminus, and had made the trip from Denver to as far as Memphis without the slightest trouble, and that he found the signs and signals to be a great help as they made it practically impossible for a tourist to go wrong.

Mr. Smith will go the Colorado to the Gulf, via Fort Worth and Dallas. He requested a supply of log books to distribute among his friends at Shreveport. And said that he would recommend the Colorado to the Gulf route to them as he found it by far the best organized and best posted route in his travels.

A. W. Read, Secretary, Colorado to the Gulf Highway Association.

NOTES FROM THE PANHANDLE STATE FAIR.

The Panhandle State Fair Association has received the two silver cups which are to be presented to the Grand Champion load of steers of any age or breed and the Grand Champion load of heifers of any age or breed at the Panhandle State Fair September 21-25. The cups are given by the National Live Stock Commission Co., of Kansas City, Mo., and each cup carries with it a cash prize of \$300.00 subscribed by the Fair Association and by various live stock companies and cattlemen.

The cups are of very handsome design and mounted on bases of ebony. They carry inscriptions showing the occasion, the donor, the reason for giving the prize, and leaving a blank space where the name of the winner is to be filled in. Each is 26 inches high and fourteen inches across the top. They were secured through

the efforts of Geo. M. Bowles, of Lubbock and J. L. VanNatta and Judge O. H. Nelson, of Amarillo.

C. T. Herring yesterday gave assurance to the Fair Association that he will place two and possibly four, carloads of cattle on exhibit at the Fair. Space has already actually been engaged for 168 head of cattle and those in position to know state that entries have barely started. In fact, the coming exhibit promises to be most notable in all lines, an adequate representation of the conditions underlying the prosperity of the Panhandle and Plains.

WEDDING TAKES PLACE AT HEDLEY SUNDAY

Mr. W. C. Masten of Illinois Bend, Texas, and Mrs. L. C. Gotcher of Claude were united in marriage by Rev. I. J. Spurlin last Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at the home of Mrs. W. M. Dyer.

Mr. Masten is a half brother of D. C. Moore and Mrs. W. M. Dyer, and Mrs. Gotcher is a sister of Justice J. A. Morrow. Both contracting parties are middle-aged people and stand high in the estimation of the people of their respective communities. The Informer extends congratulations and best wishes.

MYSTIC WEAVERS

The Mystic Weavers will meet with Mr. J. L. Bain, Wednesday August 18.

Press Reporter.

Oliver type writer for sale. Inquire at Informer Office.

FORMER HEDLEY GIRL DIES SUDDENLY AT AMARILLO SATURDAY

The funeral services of Miss Lottie Scaff, the young lady, who died very suddenly in a hotel at Amarillo, was held at the family residence in Memphis, at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon conducted by the Rev. S. H. Austin, pastor of the Christian church. Burial took place in Fairview cemetery.

There is considerable mystery surrounding the death of the young lady and it is alleged that there has been a very heinous crime committed.

An autopsy was held by county authorities and corps physicians and surgeons, while the body was at the undertaking parlors but have not as yet made public the result of their examination.

We understand the local authorities have taken hold and are pushing the investigation as far as within their power and that everything is being done to bring the guilty parties to justice if it is proven that a crime was committed, and it is the general opinion that there has been, but no one in authority has given out any facts in the case. If the alleged crime is proven no punishment is severe enough to mete out to the guilty parties.

The deceased leaves a widowed mother and several brothers and sisters who are receiving the sympathy of everyone.

—Memphis Democrat.

Informer \$1.00 per year.

THE SOUTH SHOULD COME INTO HER OWN THIS FALL

New York, Aug. 12.—The opinion is expressed here that the matter of the amount paid the South for her cotton crop this year rests largely with the South herself. It is stated that England is determined to buy the entire crop at any cost, and thus stop the manufacture of gun cotton by Germany. The 1915 embargo is put into effect for this purpose. It has much more strength than the embargo of 1914. It is stated here that the best thing the South can do is to howl, good and long. This will attract the attention of Washington and Washington will demand a big price from England.

London, Eng., Aug. 12.—Purchase by England of the entire cotton crop of the United States to prevent any part of it from falling into the hands of Germany to be used in the manufacture of high explosives, is the stupendous war measure just proposed by Lord Beresford.

This startling solution of the serious problem which just now is engaging English statesmen was made in a letter read tonight at a meeting held here to impress upon the Government the necessity of declaring cotton contraband of war. Lord Beresford suggested that the British government resell the American crop even if at a loss.

At the meeting, Sir William Ramsey, the eminent scientist, declared cotton was the only

substance required for the manufacture of munitions which the Germans could not supply themselves. He said no chemical products can take the place of cotton in propulsive ammunition and that ammunition made from used cotton is not as effective as that made from unused cotton.

Lord Beresford, in his letter, said if cotton had been declared contraband last February the war would be approaching its final scenes.

N. S. Ray, was in town Wednesday from Windy Valley. He is despondent over the prospects for if his crop makes like it now promises, he will have to work hard to gather it.

ESTELLINE HAS A GREAT REVIVAL MEETING

The Revival meeting being conducted by Pastor Bryant, of the Methodist church, assisted by Singer Phillips, is the greatest in point of accomplishment ever held in Estelline. Rev. Bryant informs us that there has been about one hundred conversions and reclaimations; that fifty additions have been secured to the churches and that probably twenty-five more would be added.

A notable feature of this meeting aside from the large number converted, is the great rejoicing because of the fact that a number of mature age, who have steadily resisted all former attempts to interest them, have been reached and converted.—Estelline News.

We learn that the meeting was brought to a close Sunday night and the total number converted or reclaimed was 131.

BAPTIST REVIVAL CONTINUES IN INTEREST--DOING GOOD

The Baptist meeting has been in full sway all this week. Rev. Poone has been preaching some powerful sermons; the one Thursday night on "Temptations of young people" was one of the greatest we ever heard. Quite a number of conversions and additions to the church, with an increasing interest. The meeting will likely close in the next day or two.

Naylor Springs

Messrs Kempson and Wood started on an overland trip to points in New Mexico last Wednesday.

Dr. C. L. Fields and daughter, Miss Ruth, visited in Groom a part of last week.

Roy Kendall and family are enjoying a visit from his Uncle, Mr. Gracy, and niece, Miss Dorothy Bell.

Emmett McFarling had the misfortune of a runaway last Saturday night which resulted in a badly cut team and a new buggy torn up.

Jim Black visited in the M. O. Barnett home Saturday and Sunday.

Ernest Wood and Lee Johnson took the train Sunday morning for Grady, New Mexico.

Miss Williams of Clarendon returned home Saturday after a visit with Miss Ruth Fields.

Mr. Brock of Tolbert commenced a singing school at Fair View Monday afternoon.

J. W. Bland and wife visited relatives near Quail Sunday and Monday.

T. N. Naylor returned Saturday from Houston, Texas, where he attended the State meeting of the Farmers' Union.

On last Wednesday night the hospitable home of Roy Kendall and wife proved to be the place of pleasure and delight for several hours. The birthday party given in honor of their son, Wilbur, proved to be a perfect success. For awhile we were entertained with a number of piano selections, each in turn calling for another, and late in the evening the delicious course of ice cream and cake was served. After the refreshments it was not until a late hour that we all departed, declaring a very pleasant evening and wishing ourselves some one else might be honored with a birthday in the near future.

NELDA.

Post Office Correct

HEDLEY For The Homeseeker

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

Hedley, a small but growing town on the main line of the Ft. Worth & Denver Railway, is the trade and business center of this favored agricultural district.

Hedley has a population of about six hundred. It is located fourteen miles southeast of Clarendon, the county seat. Its altitude is 2800, and in many respects it is a modern little village. Surrounding Hedley there is a trade territory containing multiplied thousands of acres of fertile lands. This area is dotted with prosperous homes, productive farms and cattle pastures. The science of agriculture is comparatively a new enterprise in these parts, but the last few years has demonstrated beyond all question that it is the natural home for the man of the soil.

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

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

The demonstrated certainty

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

The dairy business hereabout has just started. The poultry business is in its infancy. There are six firms in Hedley that handle annually thirty thousand pounds of poultry. The records show that thirty-five hundred bales of cotton were marketed here last season and sixty cars of hogs exported at this point while milo maize, corn and other farm products amounted to approximately hundred cars for the year. These statistics are remarkable, considering that Hedley is not near a waterway and considering agricultural enterprise in this country is in its infancy.

Investigation of the possibilities of the Hedley territory will be a waste of time of any man who does not have a small home, a small income in the territory, good schools, good social promise.—Adv.

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY



by George V. Hobart
John Henry on the Lovelorn

SAY! have you ever noticed that when a gink with an aluminum headpiece is handed the "This Way Out" signal by his adored one, he either hikes for a pickle parlor and begins to festoon his system with hops, or he stands in front of a hardware store and gazes gloomily at the guns? You haven't noticed it? Why, you astonish me!

Friend wife met me by appointment to take dinner at the Saint Astormore the other evening, and with her was her little brother, Stephen, aged nine. "I brought Stevie with me because I had some shopping to do, and he's so much company," Peaches explained as we sat down in the restaurant.

"Stevie is always pleasant company," I agreed, politely, but with a watchful eye on my youthful brother-in-law all the while.

That kid was born with an abnormal bump of mischief, and by painstaking endeavor he has won the world's championship as an organizer of impromptu riots.

"Oh, John!" said Peaches, when I began to make faces at the menu card. "I didn't notice until now how pale you look. Have you had a busy day?"

"Busy!" I repeated. "Well, rather. I've been giving imitations of a bull-fight. Everybody I met was the bull and I was the fight. Nominate your cats! What'll it be, Stevie?"

"Sponge cake," said Stephen promptly.

"What else?" asked Peaches.

"More sponge cake," the youth replied, and just then the smiling and sympathetic waiter stooped down to pick up a fork which Stephen had dropped.

In his anxiety not to miss anything Stevie rubbed acrobatically, with the result that he upset a glass of ice water down the waiter's neck, and three seconds later the tray-trotter had issued an extra and was saying things in French that would sound scandalous if translated.

It cost me a dollar to bring the dishwasher back to earth, and Stevie said I could break his bank open when we got home and take all the money if I'd let him do it again.

Just then I got a flash of Dike Lawrence bearing down in our direction under a full head of benzine.

Dike was escorting a three days' jag, and whispering words of encouragement to it.

A good fellow, Dike, but he shouldn't permit a distillery to use his throat as a testing station—his too temperamental.

"H'ar'ye, Mrs. John!" he gurgled as the waiter pushed an extra chair under. "Howdy, John? How do do, little man? Scuse me for interrupting a perfectly splendid family party—my mistake!—I'm all in—that's it—I'm all in, and it's your fault, John; all your fault!"

"What's wrong, Dike?" I inquired.

"Ev'thing!" he martined; "ev'thing

erful gray hair and golden eyes, per'ly bew'ful girl. I told your husband all about her—I made confession that I was madly in love with this bew'ful girl and your husband told me to go and propose to her and drag her off to a minister and I did propose—my mistake. After I made my speech she said to me, this bew'ful girl said to me: That's all right; no doubt you do love me, but are you eugenic?" And I said, "No, I'm Presbyterian."

Dike paused to let the horror of the scene sink in and then he fell overboard again with a moist splash.

"That bew'ful girl jus' glanced at me coldly—jus' merely indicated the door, that bew'ful girl, and I passed out of her life forever. Two days later I found out jus' what eugenic meant and b'lieve me, from my heart, my sincere regret is that I was not college bred before I met that bew'ful girl."

Saying this he grabbed a wineglass from the table and held it close to his heart in order to illustrate the intensity of his feeling.

The next instant a thick, reddish liquid began to flow sluggishly over the bosom of his immaculate white shirt and was lost in the region of his equator, seeing which Dike gave vent to a yell that brought the waiters on the hot foot.

"I'm stabbed, stabbed!" groaned the startled jag-carpenter, clutching wildly at his shirt front as the plate-passers bore him away to a haven of rest.

"It's my clam cocktail," whispered Stephen to me; "I poured it in his wineglass 'cause they was too much tobacco sauce in it for me!"

"Brave boy!" I answered. "It was a kindly deed."

Then we finished our dinners in all the refined silence of Saint Astormore so carefully furnishes.

Dike's sad story of misplaced affection and an unused dictionary puts us wise to the fact that in these changeable days even the old-fashioned idea of courtship has been chased to the woods.

It used to be that on a Saturday evening the Young Gent would draw down six dollars worth of salary and chase himself to the barber shop, where the Eclivian lawn trimmer would put a crimp in his mustache and plaster his forehead with three cents worth of hair and a dollar's worth of axle grease.

Then the Young Gent would go out and spread 40 cents around among the tradesmen for a mess of lilies of the valley and a bag of peanut brittle.

The lilies of the valley were to put on the dining table so mother would be pleased, and with the peanut brittle he intended to f'n in the weary moments when he and his little gelsish girl were not making goo-goo eyes at each other.

But nowadays it is different.

What with eugenics and the high speed of living Dan Cupid spends

Then Lena would giggle. Not once, but seven giggles, something like those used in a spasm.

Then she would reply: "No, Simpson; it cannot be. Fate wills it otherwise."

Then Simpson would bite his finger nails, pick his hat up out of the coal-scuttle and say to Lena: "False one! You Love Conrad, the floorwalker in the butcher shop. Curses on Conrad, and see what you have missed, Lena, I have tickets for a swell chowder party next Tuesday. Ah! Farewell forever!"

Then Simpson would walk out and hunt up one of those places that can't get an all-night license and there, with one arm glued around the bar rail, he would fasten his system to a jag which would last a week.

Despair would grab him and, like Dike, he'd be Simpson—with the souse thing for sure.

When he would recover strength enough to walk downtown without attracting the attention of the other side of the street, he would call on Lena and say: "Lena, forgive me for what I done, but love is blind—and, besides, I mixed my drinks, Lena, I was on the downward path and I nearly went to Helgoland."

Then Lena would say, "Oh, Simpsey, I wanted you to prove your love, but I thought you'd prove it with beer and not red-eye. Forgive me, darling!"

Then they would kiss and make up, and the wedding bells would ring just as soon as Simp's salary grew large enough to tease a pocketbook.

But these days the idea is altogether different.

Children are hardly out of the cradle before they are arrested for butting



"I'm Stabbed!" Groaned the Startled Jag-Carpenter.

to the speed limit with a smoke wagon.

Even when they go courting they have to play to the gallery.

Nowadays Gonsalvo H. Puffenloz walks into the parlor to see Miss Imogene Heftbrow.

"Wie gehts, Imogene!" says Gonsalvo.

"Simlich!" says Imogene, standing at right angles near the piano because she thinks she is a Gibson girl.

"Imogene, dearest," Gonsalvo continues, "I called on your papa in Wall street yesterday to find out how much money you have, but he refused to name the sum, therefore you have untold wealth!"

Gonsalvo pauses to let the Parisian clock on the mantle tick, tick, tick!

He is making the bluff of his life, you see, and he has to do even that on tick.

Besides, this furnishes the local color.

Then Gonsalvo bursts forth again: "Imogene! Oh! Imogene! Will you be mine and I will be thine without money and without the price?"

Gonsalvo pauses to let this idea get noised about a little.

Then he goes on: "Be mine, Imogene! You will be minus the money while I will have the price!"

Gonsalvo trembles with the passion which is consuming his pocketbook, and then Imogene turns languidly from a right angle triangle into more of a straight front and hands Gonsalvo a bitter look of scorn.

Then Gonsalvo grabs his revolver, and aiming it at her marble brow, exclaims, "Marry me this minute or I will shoot you in the topknot, because I love you."

Then papa rushes into the room and Gonsalvo politely requests the old gentleman to hold two or three bullets for him for a few moments.

Gonsalvo then bites deeply into a bottle of carbolic acid and just as the corner climbs into the house the pictures of the modern lover and loveliness appear in the newspapers and fashionable society receives a jolt.

This is the new up-to-date way of making love.

However, I think the old style of courting is the best, because you can generally stop a jag before it gets to the undertaker.

What do you think?

Made a Difference.

Little Willie became slightly indisposed, and when the family doctor was called he prescribed some medicine in powder form.

"Come, Willie," said the fond mother, preparing one of the powders as soon as the medicine arrived from the drug store, "you must take this right away so that you will be well."

"No, I don't want to take it," whined Willie, backing away from the dose. "I don't need no medicine."

"Why, Willie," pleaded mother, gently drawing the boy toward her, "you never heard me complain about a little powder, did you?"

"No, an' neither would I," was the startling rejoinder of Willie. "If I could just put it on my face like you do, but I have to swallow it."

MR. BOWKER GAVE UP

Concluded He "Didn't Need No Vessel Prop'ty Anyhow."

Possibly Fact That He Had Already Spent Almost Twice the Amount He Was Endeavoring to Collect May Have Induced Him.

When Capt. John Haskell left the schooner Maria, fifty-six years old, but still able to anchor off Lincolnville Beach, Maine, while he went home to Owl's Head for Easter, he owed Ebenezer Bowker, ship chandler, \$26 for supplies. But it didn't worry Ebenezer any. Captain John had been trading with him for more than 30 years and had always paid his bills to the last cent. And it would have been all right had Captain John come back — but he didn't; he died of pneumonia a few days after reaching home.

After trying vainly to find someone who felt like paying the bill for stores, Bowker got out an attachment. He hired a Belfast lawyer to draw the papers and got Constable Seth Pease to serve them.

Next morning when Mr. Bowker got to the store he found Constable Pease sitting on the steps waiting for him with the information that the Maria had dragged her anchor in the night and was aground two miles down the beach, and just over the line into Knox county, where he (Constable Pease) "ain't got no jur-is-dic-shun." This made it necessary to go to Camden and get a new set of papers. While the legal arrangements were being made a southerner came along and took the ancient coaster over to Islesboro, back into Waldo county. Another revamping of the papers was then necessary, and Constable Pease went over to Islesboro, only to find that some fishermen, having found the Maria adrift, made sail on her and took her to Stonington, Deer Isle, which is in Hancock county.

If Mr. Bowker had foreseen all this trouble he would never have bothered about his \$26, but now that he had paid out \$29.50 in legal expenses, and been "joshed" by the entire community for his inability to catch an old tub like the Maria, his dander was up and he swore that he would get the old critter if he had to send for the United States navy to help. He got some more red tape unwound to fit the Hancock county necessities, and employed a constable at Stonington to serve the papers. After a day or two word came back that a nephew of the deceased skipper, who had been working in the quarries, had settled with the fishermen who brought the Maria to port and taken possession of the old tub in the name of the rightful heirs of Captain Haskell, and had sailed two hours before the constable arrived, bound to some port "to the west'ard."

Upon receipt of this news Mr. Bowker gritted his teeth and looked over his expense account. He had paid out nearly \$40 in a vain attempt to collect \$26. Then, with energetic strokes of a spattering stub pen he crossed the account off his books, saying: "Let the darned old sled go to China 'r she wants to. She needs calkin', 'n some new plankin', 'n new deck frames, 'n a pitch, new main standin' riggin', 'n a few sails 'n new runnin' riggin', 'n a new foremast. She'd only be a bill of expense, 'n I don't

need no vessel prop'ty anyhow"—New York World.

What we look for in friends is congeniality, not character.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Uncle Sam has one bank to every 9,700 people.

Lips are seldom as red as they are painted.

The up-to-date war correspondent never fails to work in the word "imbroglion."

Ohio boasts of a hustling widow who has brought up seventeen children and three husbands.

We would get more enjoyment out of our money if it took us as long to spend it as it does to earn it.

It is better to remain a Rube and be satisfied than to become a Polished Article and take all that goes with it.

As president of the French republic M. Poincare receives a salary of \$120,000 per annum.

The Reason.

"I say, why did you name that dog of yours Gossip?"

"Because he's such a backbiter."

Beginning of the End.

She (rapturously)—Ah, how nice it must be to wake up and find yourself famous! How I wish I had a name.

He (timidly)—Well, er—that's easy. How would mine suit you?

Not Before.

"I suppose you always tell your pupils frankly just what you think of their voices, professor?"

"When their money is all gone, yes."

Hopeless.

Maud—I said to Jack that I wasn't going to return his ring until I got one from another man.

Ethel—He told me he never expected to get it back.

Raw Material.

"Did you hear about Scribbler? The police caught him walking out of a hotel writing room with about ten dollars' worth of the hotel stationery under his coat."

"What did he have to say for himself?"

"Said he was gathering material for a novel."

Life in London.

On the day after the visit of the German Zeppelins there occurred in Southwark—a wireless message from Berlin asserts—the following conversation:

"Betsy," whispered Mr. James, leading his wife into the darkest corner of the cellar, "here is a wallet. You will find in it all our valuable papers, the stocks and bonds, my will, my insurance policies, and the lock of baby's hair cut off on his first birthday. Good-by, Betsy. If I fail to return, bring up our children to be good English men and women."

"Oh, James, dear, you are not going on a dangerous journey, are you?"

"Yes, dearest. I must go up to the first floor."—New York Evening Post.

Summer Luncheons

in a jiffy

Let Libby's splendid chefs relieve you of hot-weather cooking. Stock the pantry with Libby's Sliced Dried Beef and the other good summer meats—including Libby's Vienna Sausage—you'll find them fresh and appetizing.



Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Texas Directory

Hotel Waldorf

TEST THAT NEVER FAILED

Mine Foreman Had Particular Reason for Patronizing Sawyer's Place on His "Vacation."

Among the old miners of Skiskiyou county a man can get worse whisky at Sawyer's bar 'han in any other place on earth. This is the belief of the gold-diggers of that section, and that faith is accepted as orthodox, says the San Francisco Call.

Regularly every Christmas Billy X, foreman of the Oro Fino mine, takes his 'ayoff down at Sawyer's. Once the superintendent asked him why he always selected that place for his vacation.

"I want to have one yearly drunk," said Billy, "and I want to know just when I am drunk, so that I may enjoy the sensation."

"Well, can't you enjoy the sensation in any other portion of the country or state or continent?" asked the superintendent.

"No. When I'm drinking Sawyer's whisky and it begins to taste good, then I know I'm drunk."

Broke.

"Come on, Bill. Join us in a little game of poker."

"Sorry, boys, but I can't."

"Why not? Your wife is in the country."

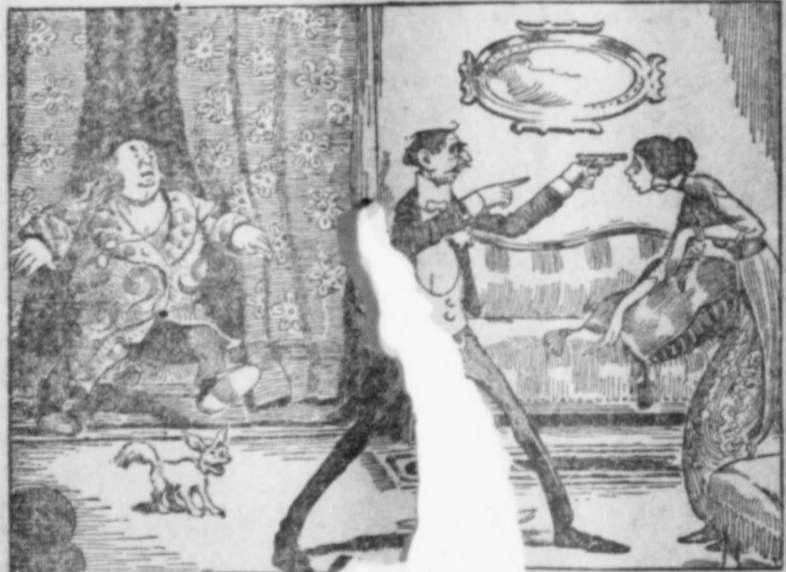
"Yes, and so is my salary."

The more prominent the man, the more likely the doctors are to diagnose his old age as rheumatism.

India contains at least 29 cities with populations exceeding 100,000.

King Alfonso of Spain is a general in the British army.

There are 24 clubs exclusively for ladies in London.



"Marry Me This Minute" "You in the Topknot."

all wrong—leech have drink—didn't think of it be little son growing to be boy, Mrs. John!"

"This is Sp'ed, my little not my little, Peach. We haven't children nervously."

Dike carefully

are honorable and them so by shoot she renigs when her hand.

le was the best, people quarreled umbalance and a help them make

Simpson Green brush cheerful- does and rush e Lena Jones, make the wife of

s would say, "I d for love of you. droop in this eye of he way my heart is ce a bottle of sarsapar- day! Be mine, Lena:

There's Energy and Summer Comfort

in this simple breakfast:

It satisfies the appetite and is easily digested.

A little fresh Fruit;

Grape-Nuts

and cream;

One or two soft-boiled Eggs;
Some crisp, buttered Toast;
And a cup of Instant Postum.

If digestion rebels at the customary meal, try the "Grape-Nuts Breakfast."

The result can be observed, and shows plainly

"There's a Reason"

FOR

Grape-Nuts

RECIPROCAL FIRE INSURANCE UNDERWRITERS ASS'N AT SAN ANTONIO BROKE

The Merchants and Bankers' Fire Underwriters, a reciprocal fire insurance concern, operated by J. A. Baker & Co., as attorneys and managers, with offices in San Antonio, and alleged to have over 7,000 risks scattered over the State of Texas, was dissolved recently by the Judge of the Fifty-seventh District Court.

The Alamo Trust Company was appointed receivers for the concern and J. A. Baker and J. A. Baker & Co. will be restrained perpetually from any and all reciprocal fire insurance activities in the State. More than \$18,000 belonging to the firm was turned over to the receivers, who will ultimately return to the "policy holders" their pro rata shares of the assets.

State Insurance and Banking Commissioner Patterson asserted that the agreement was really a tremendous victory for his department and that it would afford him a desired precedent for stopping the activities of every other "reciprocal" insurance organization in the State.

In an interview after the adjournment of court, Commissioner Patterson said:

"I am highly gratified at the result of this first 'reciprocal' insurance case to be tried. The fact that I was given a perpetual injunction against the farther activities of Baker will furnish me with a precedent for similar actions which I intend to undertake against other 'reciprocal' organizations in the State.

"Ever since I went into office I have refused to grant authority to any concern or individual to transact such business and I have been hoping that some one of them would attempt to secure a writ of mandamus to compel me to issue the authority. By so doing, they would have given me opportunity to fight the matter out in the courts.

The ground on which I refused to grant authority for reciprocal insurance business was the opinion of the Texas Attorney General that the McAskill bill (House Bill No. 66) of the last Legislature was unconstitutional. He based his opinion on a defect in the caption of the bill. While he never ruled on the law which this last statute sought to replace, the captions of the two are identical; hence they must both be wrong. Each authorized me to issue permits for 'reciprocal' agencies.

"I am strongly opposed to the reciprocal idea for it is an expensive and fallacious perversion of the mutual insurance law. The law is that no individual may conduct an insurance business; The same is true of limited co-partnerships and that is largely what the reciprocal association is, for every policy holder is jointly liable to every other policyholder for the full amount of insurance carried.

According to Commissioner Patterson there were more than forty-five reciprocal fire insurance associations doing business in the State when he took office last January. Since then, thirty-five of these have ceased activities, either voluntarily or by receivership process.—San Antonio Express

Quite a number of people in this vicinity had policies in the above defunct concern, some having paid heavy premiums.

Good field pasture just opened; will take horses and mules at \$1 per month. M. W. Mosely.

DARING ROBBERY IN NEW ORLEANS

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

POLICE WITHOUT CLUE

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Mystic Tang That Tones In Every Glass

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As Pure as Mountain Dew

Try a Wholesome Healthful Drink

5c — At Fountains — 5c



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is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the legs.

This machine is warranted for all time.

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FIRE, LIGHTNING, TORNADO, WIND STORM
HAIL, LIVESTOCK, HAIL ON CROPS

If you want Insurance of any kind, a word to a representative from my office to see

J. C. WELLS, Agent

True Living in Days of Present

By Charles R. Hobart, Kansas City, Mo.

Prepare to live by all means, but for heaven's sake do not forget to live. You will never have a better chance than you possess at this moment. You may think a larger opportunity will come to you later, but you are mistaken. Any future larger opportunity is gained only by truly living in the days of the present.

Think! Use your God-given gray matter or you allow it to corrode and evolve into a ne'er-do-well. Solve your own problems, make your own plans and then don't be too lazy to apply them. It's your job to find your niche, your vocation, some work you may like and are sure will like you, but never for the money there is in it. The law of remuneration takes care of that if you fit your life occupation. It pays to be happy in the earnest playing of your part on the stage of life. There is no understudy to take your place. It's for you alone to do the acting, and all the while.

Consciously live, making the most of every spare hour. Desire to grow mentally and spiritually. Meditate on the way to it through your work and your recreations, physical and mental. Your life will become lopsided if the pleasures which your conscience allows are postponed till you have fulfilled ambitious desire. Soon ambition will make you its slave and then forever good-by to the open mind and its happiness. Its road carries you into a narrowing sphere of life, resulting in more human machines, whose bearings soon become worn and loose for want of the oil of whole-souled living.

Hear the wail of souls in the markets of the world's commerce, in the cruel slavery of that hardest of taskmasters, ambition for worldly honor and gain. What a price to pay for a closed mind and a chained soul! When will the eyes of humanity be opened to the worldwide swath that false ambition has mown down to misery throughout the centuries? Why do men imprison themselves in a keyless house of slavery?

Live your life fully. Be free. Why should what the distorted vision of the world counts gain hold you back?

Should wisdom of action give way to custom and mere form?

Should we fail to make the best of our inner lives because of what people will say?

More "Failures at 40" Than Ever Before

By C. O. REED, Terre Haute, Ind.

What chance of success has a man after he reaches the age of forty? In the last few months any observant person who has come in contact with the "down-and-outs" has seen more "failures at forty" than ever before. I refer particularly to the men who have been out of employment for months and who were never idle before for more than a week or two in each year.

Those who haven't found it necessary to hunt up another job in order to exist will never know the heartaches resulting from such an experience. It is a hateful predicament to be in even when industrial conditions are at their best.

I have met many men of middle age in the last few months who were out of work through no fault of their own, and who would have been glad to accept even a menial position if it were possible to get one. In this day of hustle employers are calling for the younger men. Youth is a great factor nowadays in the commercial world for turning out a "good day's work," and a man at middle age gets scant attention when applying for a situation, regardless of his ability or experience. The laborer that is worthy of his hire in this generation must be able to produce abundantly. He is merely a "cog in the wheel" of the great industrial system.

I have heard of cases wherein men have made good after forty years of age who before were comparative failures, but they are few, and most of them were prisoners in their respective lines of endeavor.

What chance has a failure at forty?

Mother Can Largely Prevent Diseases

By F. G. Andersen, Philadelphia, Pa.

The mother is the real doctor of the family. This does not mean she can cure diseases or should try her hands at doing so. It does mean, however, that she can very largely prevent them, which is a much easier task and has no magic about it except daily attention to the rules of cleanliness.

Doctor Hygiene, in one word, means keeping clean. It is one of the happiest signs of these times that the best aids science can give are brought to the door of the humblest home. But cleanliness does not mean merely washing a child's face and hands. It must go in downright fashion all through its habits and surroundings. It means clean air, clean food, clean clothing, clean things to handle with its deft and busy fingers. It means a house so cleanly from top to bottom that a youngster will find it the hardest job imaginable to get his feet of dirt. It is no longer a sign of genius that a child can make mud in the gutter.

No mother wishes to see her children puny, weak and ailing. She has genuine pride in seeing them with emerald over with mischievous laughter. The filbert and the soul of a sunbeam in their swept whole territories free of dread plagues for a continent is good for the household.

Dreaded Rickettsia Carrier Destroyed

By F. G. Andersen, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is best to have alfalfa follow some well-cultivated crop like corn, potatoes, tobacco or sugar beets where the soil is freed of weed growth. Never put alfalfa on sod land, for the blue grass will cause difficulty. A virgin soil should always be first subdued by growing several cultivated crops to get the soil in good physical condition. Poor land should always be well manured. A medium clay loam is best. On heavy clays winter-killing is more apt to occur. Light sandy soils generally require lime and manure. Alfalfa does well on river bottom lands, but peat soils are too sour or acid.

SUMMER CARE FOR SHEEP AND LAMBS



A Splendid Farm Flock.

A practical breeder says: "Low land is death to sheep. The ewes and lambs should have the best of grass pasture on the farm, but let it be dry upland."

Suckling ewes, especially, require an abundance of pure water—have the water trough clean. Have a separate pen into which the lambs can enter, and feed them a few oats mixed with other grains, separately from the ewes.

Sheep should have their hoofs pared, and everyone in the flock have its feet dressed with carbolic acid to prevent foot-rot. Dip the lambs, after the ewes are sheared, in a solution of carbolic acid to kill ticks.

Scours in lambs indicate that the flock needs a change of pasture. Always give the sheep the first thing

in the morning a little good mixed hay, if hay cannot be had, give wheat straw. They will eat most of it; this will nearly always prevent scours.

For mild cases of scours, milk porridge, made with wheat flour and milk—say a pint of fresh skimmed milk and a tablespoonful of wheat flour, well boiled, is a capital remedy.

Do not neglect to tag the lambs whenever needed. Salt regularly, or better still have several large pieces of rock salt in the sheep pen. They can then eat what they need and they will never eat enough to scour them.

To prevent injury from stray dogs, bring the sheep home in evening, and put them in a secure dog-proof shed and yard. The fence will pay for itself many times over.

GREATEST FEEDING VALUE OUT OF HAY

Two Hours of Sun on Dry Day is Sufficient to Cure Timothy—When to Cut Crop.

A great many farmers imagine that hay of all kinds must be dried out like kindling wood to be fit for storage. Of course, it is true that hay as dry as powder will keep in the mow or stack in perfect condition, yet very dry hay is not as good feed as hay carrying some moisture.

To secure dry hay that will be easy to cure and light to handle many allow the grass to stand and ripen too long before harvesting. This is a mistake, as hay of all kinds allowed to ripen fully will be woody and contain a large percentage of undigestible fiber and a small percentage of succulent digestible matter. All hay should be cut in a green state and never be allowed to fully ripen.

Prime hay that carries the greatest feeding value is cut before the plants are fully ripe and cured to preserve the green nature of the feed. This will give the hay more aroma, it will be more appetizing to the animals, and it will be more digestible and nourishing. Hay in the barn, bale or stack should come out after months of storage with a strong aroma of green and be a bright green in color. Then it is choice hay, and will be heavy and rich.

The best hay is secured when the crop is cut before it is ripe and cured with the least possible amount of sun. Two hours of sun on a dry day is enough for timothy, and a half day of sun for clover or alfalfa. The rake should quickly follow the mower, allowing the hay to begin curing in the windrow, where the least surface will be exposed to the sun. After curing in the windrow for a few hours, it should be bunched and allowed to cure in the bunch for a day or two, according to the kind.

Clover and alfalfa may be allowed to cure in the bunch in the field for about two days, while timothy will require but one day. Allowing hay to cure mostly in the shade gives it better color, better aroma and high feeding value.

PROPER FENCE FOR SHEEP IS PROBLEM

Most of Our Sheepmen Use Woven Wire From Thirty to Forty-Two Inches in Height.

The fencing problem has always loomed up big to the beginner in raising sheep. It is not, however, a very difficult one if it is undertaken in an intelligent manner. It does not require a heavy fence to hold sheep, but barbed wire will not make satisfactory sheep fence.

Most sheep raisers use a fence constructed of woven wire from thirty to forty-two inches high with from five to nine horizontal wires and sixteen to twenty stays to the rod. Any fence coming inside these limits if put up with a post each fourteen to sixteen feet will prove satisfactory for sheep.

If a thirty-inch woven wire is used, it should have at least one barbed wire on top of it. It usually pays to put one or two barbed wires on top of the woven wires, however, as this will make a fence that will turn horses and cattle as well as sheep.

Water for Farm Animals. Provide good clean water, and plenty of it, for the farm animals.

GREAT MISTAKE TO SELL A BROOD SOW

Keep Her as Long as She Remains Healthy and Vigorous—Keep Pen Free of Dust.

It is a great mistake to sell the brood sow just because she is two or three years old. Keep her as long as she remains vigorous.

When the hogs are confined keep the floors of the pen as free from dust as possible. Hogs lie with their noses close to the floor and in this way inhale more dust than any other farm animal.

An excellent bedding for hogs is marsh hay or pulp from the sugar-cane mill. This gives out very little dust.

Some farmers seem not to have learned the very essential fact that hogs are natural grazers and should always have plenty of grass. A field of rye makes the best spring pasture for the hogs.

Hog-breeding for a pure-bred market is a ticklish job, and requires a great deal of experience. The average farmer will do well to stick to the pork grades.

Naturally a sow nursing a big litter of pigs loses fat rapidly and should be fed plentifully on nutritious milk-giving feeds.

POULTRYMAN MUST STUDY HIS FLOCK

Just as Much Business Sense Required With Poultry as Any Other Farm Work.

At the high prices of corn and grain now prevailing, the chicken raiser must study every point of the game in order to make a profit. Better reduce the number of the flock and feed well those that are left than to try to manage a large flock on scant rations.

It is a fact that a good fat hen will lay better than a lean one.

What a mistake it is to feed a lot of cockerels all winter. They should be sold off and with part of the money a new, vigorous well-bred cock bought for the spring.

There is just as much business sense required in the management of poultry as in any other branch of farming, but not many farmers seem to have discovered this fact.

Sell off all turkey gobblers this fall and buy new ones for breeding next spring.

MEDIUM CLAY SOIL BEST FOR ALFALFA

Good Plan to Have It Follow Some Well-Cultivated Crop Like Corn or Potatoes.

It is best to have alfalfa follow some well-cultivated crop like corn, potatoes, tobacco or sugar beets where the soil is freed of weed growth. Never put alfalfa on sod land, for the blue grass will cause difficulty. A virgin soil should always be first subdued by growing several cultivated crops to get the soil in good physical condition.

Poor land should always be well manured. A medium clay loam is best. On heavy clays winter-killing is more apt to occur. Light sandy soils generally require lime and manure. Alfalfa does well on river bottom lands, but peat soils are too sour or acid.

INTRODUCING THE DASHEEN, NEW EDIBLE



One of the Dasheen Corms, Which Are Forced for Their Shoots.

The dasheen, a comparatively new edible, threatens the supremacy of the potato. It is being cultivated in Florida with much success and with much profit to its cultivators, says the Fruitman's Guide.

The dasheen stalks grow to a height of from four to six feet. The plant has shield-shaped leaves, not unlike elephant's ears. Each hill of dasheen contains one or two large spherical corms, which grow to five pounds in weight; round than are developed numerous tubers. Both corms and tubers are like the potato in composition, but they contain less water. One plant will produce from four to ten pounds of tubers in good rich soil. Both corms and tubers have an agreeable nutty flavor, and are easily digested.

The cook can serve a dasheen in the same way that she serves a potato, and she can also prepare the blanched shoots, forced from the corms in hothouses, as she does asparagus. The leaves, when tender, will take the place of spinach. Perhaps the dasheen will be a familiar vegetable in our markets before long.

HARVESTING IN SOUTH

Suggestions for Handling Crops for Hay or Straw.

Best Results Obtained Where Wheat or Oats Are Cut in "Milk" or Very Soft Dough State—Guard Against Bad Weather.

(Prepared by United States Department of Agriculture.)

Methods of handling wheat and oats vary widely in different localities. In the South the harvest is in some ways differently conducted than in the North. There are, however, a number of operations which farmers almost universally have found to their advantage. Where the neighborhood in which wheat or oats are grown is so far distant that threshing machines are not readily available, farmers have found it more feasible to cut the wheat and oats either as hay or to tie the crops into medium-sized bundles to be fed as straw.

Provided the wheat or oats crop is intended for hay, best results are obtained where the crops are cut in the "milk" or very soft dough stage. The stalks will be mostly green, or just beginning to show signs of ripening below. After cutting, the oats or wheat should be cured, and handled exactly as any other common grass hays. If conditions are favorable, the hay will have a bright green color, but if cutting is delayed until the grain is in the full dough stage, the hay will be dry, hard and bleached and the feeding value diminished.

If it is intended to feed the grain in the straw, the cutting should be put off until the grain has reached the hard dough stage and most of the stalks have taken on a yellow color. Under favorable weather conditions the grain will cure sufficiently for storage purposes in six or eight days if put up in carefully made round shocks of nine bundles each, including one cap bundle. Near the coast, where frequent rains are to be expected at this season, grain should be put in small shocks, containing only six bundles, and left uncapped so that it will dry out quickly after a rain. It is unnecessary to tear down and spread these small shocks after rains, as it sometimes is with larger ones. The bundles, of course, should be shocked immediately in order to avoid the possibility of loss from bad weather.

When the crop is grown not for feeding purposes but for sale or for seed the cutting should be postponed still further until the grain has passed the hard dough stage. If it is permitted to become dead ripe, however, the quality is not so good and the loss from shattering considerable. Where the self-binder cannot be used the cutting may be done a little earlier than otherwise. The grain, shocked in the manner already mentioned, should be left in the field until it is thoroughly cured and then threshed without delay. If no threshing machine is available at once, the grain should be either stacked or stored in a barn during the interval.

On small farms where storage space is not abundant it will probably pay the farmer to sell the grain as soon as it is threshed. With the exercise of a little co-operation he may arrange with the neighbors to make up a sufficient quantity to ship out as a carload. If

this is done the freight car can be loaded direct from the farmers' wagons. It is important to remember, however, that the car should be loaded without delay in order to avoid demurrage charges. Wheat and oats should not be loaded into the same car unless it is absolutely necessary. Mixed shipments of this kind cannot be handled to good advantage in the market.

In the case of oats it is also possible to dispose advantageously of the crop by shipping it in bags to grain brokers or feed dealers in nearby towns. When this is done, however, it is of great importance to have the oats cleaned and of uniform quality. One hundred-pound bags are probably the most satisfactory. When these are shipped into another state the federal law requires that the net weight of grain in the bags be marked upon them. Each bag should contain the quantity indicated by the marks on the outside; that is, if the bags are marked "100 pounds" they should contain 100 pounds of grain, actual weight.

HORSE IN DEMAND IN SOUTH

Diversification Creates Market for Mares to Breed to Jacks for Plantation Motive Power.

While the demand for horses from army buyers has not brought the prices up to the expectations of many owners, the horse grower should not despair. There is a new market and a permanent one opening up in this country. It will not be dependent upon the war-whims of European nations. The South is beginning to feel the need of more farm power. The one-mule-one-horse day of agriculture in that section is passing, says Farm Progress. The South as cotton growing area might get along with the one-horse system, but a new South taking up diversified farming wants more power and this means a demand for more mules and more horses. The southern states are going to be big buyers of mares in the next few years. They will want the mares to breed to jacks to furnish plantation motive power and these buyers are going to want mares in large numbers.

Come war or peace, the horse demand is going to be steady and strong for a long time. The South is not going to change over from the one-mule system to the tractor. The tractor will follow the big teams and these must come first.

To Destroy Onion Maggot.

The onion maggot, which does a lot of mischief, may be fought with a new spray compounded to kill the fly which lays the eggs from which the maggots come. This spray should be applied before the maggots appear, with a coarse spray. The mixture consists of one pint of Orleans molasses, one-sixth of an ounce of sodium arsenite, and one gallon of water.

Profitable Root Crop.

Ten tons of roots per acre—about the amount that can be grown on land that will yield 50 bushels of corn to the acre—is not a profitable crop, but 20, or even 25, tons may easily be secured under good management, and will pay well.

Hog Pasture Combinations.

Good hog pasture combinations are rye (early spring), rape (summer); corn in field and rape (fall); rye, alfalfa, corn; rye, clover, oats and peas.

Had Pellagra Seven Years Thanks God He's Cured

Cowards, S. C.—David G. Pate, of this place, writes: "I am glad to say to you, after waiting forty days, that I still feel like I am cured of pellagra. I had this disease for the last seven years. The fourth day after beginning your medicine I went back to work and have been able to do my work ever since. I thank God for your remedy."

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

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

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

Financial circumstances alter legal cases.

One trial convinces—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

After a shirt has been to the laundry a few times it is pretty well done up.

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

Her Own Business. A woman mounted the steps of the elevated station carrying an umbrella like a reversed saber. An attendant touched her lightly, saying: "Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."

Deserves It. "Heavens! The mob will tear that man to pieces! Can't something be done to stop them?" "Let 'em alone. The man they're trying to lynch is the chap who invented the installment plan of selling books."

No Time. "Isn't it strange that Mrs. Robinson never attends the Mothers' club meetings. We've invited her time and again." "I'm afraid she's a hopeless old fogey. She insists on staying home to take care of her children."

The Sphinx on Natation. The Sphinx propounded a riddle. "How many girls would swim out beyond the danger line if the life guard was a woman?" she asked.

Regular Answer. Teacher—Now, I want one of you to give me a sentence using the three simple tenses.

Johnnie—Don't think of the future until the present is past.

And So It Is. "What do you consider the greatest human paradox?" "A secret session of a woman's club."

Explained. Patience—Why do they call a boat "she," do you suppose? Patrice—Because it has such good lines, probably.

About the only good thing some men have is a reputation for being bad.

BUILT A MONUMENT The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum" is the way an Illinois man describes himself. He says:

"For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion.

"The different kinds of medicine I tried did not cure me, and finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take up Postum. I was fortunate in having the Postum made strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it.

"Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to feel well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I am restored to strength and health, can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body.

"I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change; it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

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

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

DAIRY

RAISING CALVES FOR DAIRY

Food and General Management Should Be Such as Will Give Full Development in All Parts.

If owners of dairy stock would always remember that the calf of the present is to be the cow of the future, the treatment would be different in the majority of cases. The food and general management should be such as will give full development to all parts. They need good care during the cold season and should be housed during rain or cold, biting winds; whatever lessens their comfort or warmth lessens vitality also, and that means loss in growth.

The calf that is reared for a place in the dairy herd should possess all necessary qualifications for such an important place. Its grandams on both sides should have a good record at all or churn. Examine udders at suitable age and note any malformations; occasionally there will be found three or sometimes five teats, an undesirable number; sometimes there will be a double teat, which will prove a troublesome feature. It will be better to discard all such.

Handle the calves gently, groom daily and they soon become accustomed to it. Much of the nervousness which we see in the young cow can be done away with if calves are given proper treatment. Teach them to lead from the very first. We all know how annoying it is to try to lead a mature animal that has not been "broke to it" when young. The timidity of the young heifer with her first calf is nearly always due to training and not temperament. Do not allow calves to be



Famous Tennessee Shorthorn Cow.

teased—it will spoil the finest disposition. Neither allow blows.

Growing calves should have such food as insures growth. Fat is not needed in the dairy calf. The food in winter should be clover hay, oats and bran; bright straw may be fed also, and roots for variety. Keep the calves comfortable—growth will follow as a natural consequence.

REGULAR HOURS FOR FEEDING

After First Week Give Calves Little Dry Grain—Feed Skim Milk Four to Six Months.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE)

Feed at regular hours and after the first week give a little dry grain, after they have drunk the milk.

Give them all the clean, cool water they will drink.

Sprinkle a little salt on a board where they can lick it.

Give a little bright, clean hay. As they become accustomed to it increase to what they will eat up cleanly.

Increase the grain gradually until it reaches a pound a day. Shelled corn, whole oats, bran, shorts, wheat are all good; but preferable in the order named.

Always feed the grain dry in the box after taking away the milk pail.

Leave them in the stanchions 30 to 40 minutes after feeding.

Handle them frequently. Avoid frightening them.

If they go on good pasture at six or seven months of age gradually shut off the grain.

Feed the skim milk four to six months.

For forage, alfalfa, red clover, peas and oat hay mixed with meadow hay, fodder corn, ensilage are all good. The first four are the best.

Change of Feed. Don't chop off in a day from dry feed to green pasture. The milk cow treated in this way is sure to show a material decrease in her milk flow.

The work horse taken from good hay and given grass as his main roughness won't stand up under it. Feed them what hay they want until they quit of their own accord. Even then the best results won't always follow.

Roots for Dairy Cows.

On every dairy farm there is a place for a root crop. These crops furnish a variety for the cows that are on test and they help to make the cow's appetite more vigorous.

UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK! CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS MY WAY

Just Once! Try "Dodson's Liver Tonic" When Bilious, Constipated, Headachy—Don't Lose a Day's Work.

Live up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into your bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

Listen to me! If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tonic. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic under my personal money-

back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick. Dodson's Liver Tonic 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.

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

Health and Excitement.

The sick rate in Russia has decreased since the war began. Part of the improvement—doubtless the greater part—is due to the passing of vodka, but something must be said for the curious way in which the human frame reacts to excitement and develops resistance to disease under the stimulus of strong interests or emotions.

The refugees from San Francisco, for example, had not been devotees of vodka, but they showed a wonderful health record during their period of enforced open-air life and short commo-

CARE FOR CHILDREN'S

Hair and Skin With Cuticura. Nothing Easier. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify the skin and scalp, the Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itchings, redness, roughness, dandruff, etc. Nothing better than these fragrant super-creamy emollients for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp and hair.

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

A Greater Surprise.

"Where are you going, ma?" asked the youngest of five children.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Are we all going, too?" "No, dear, you weren't invited."

After a few moments' deep thought: "Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"

PIMPLES, BOILS AND DANDRUFF

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

"I feel like I owe to my fellowman this much: For seven years I had eczema on my ankle. I have tried many doctors and numerous remedies which only temporarily relieved. I decided to give your Tetterine a trial. I did so and after eight weeks am entirely free from the terrible eczema."

L. S. Giddens, Tampa, Fla. Tetterine, 50c per box. Your druggist or J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

Time Required.

"How long does it take you to go fishing?"

"Well, if you consider the time I actually fish, it takes only a few hours. But if you count in the time I consume waiting for conditions to be just right and arranging for bait, it takes several weeks."

Best for Horses.

Give your horses good care and you will be doubly repaid by the better work they will do. For sores, galls and other external troubles apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Ranchmen, lumbermen and livermen recommend it. Adv.

Keeping Up Appearances.

"What's the use of buying a fly swatter?" growled Mr. Cobbles. "A folded newspaper does well enough."

"Do you think I'm going to swat flies with a folded newspaper when there are visitors here, Henry Cobbles?" asked Mrs. Cobbles. "I should say not!"

They Always Look It.

Biggs—There goes Stonyfield, the multimillionaire. He's a self-made man.

Mrs. Biggs—Well, anyone can see at a glance that he isn't tailor-made.

LADIES!

—Take CAPUDINE— For Aches, Pains and Nervousness. IT IS NOT A NARCOTIC OR DOPE— Gives quick relief—Try it.—Adv.

Cold Feet.

"Are you cool in time of danger?" "Perfectly, but at the wrong end." —Houston Post.

For any sore—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Manila has a mean annual temperature of a shade more than 80 degrees.

BE KINDER TO YOURSELF

Women Are Often Victims of Nervousness Because They Don't Know How to Relax.

One of the important things to know in life, especially if you are a woman, is how to let yourself alone, writes Mary Carolyn Davies in the Mother's Magazine. The ability to relax, the art of being judiciously lazy, the tact to let herself alone has saved many a woman from a nervous breakdown. We all know the housewife who nags herself into such a state of conscientiousness that she cannot rest. If she lies down she is continually worrying herself with thoughts of the work that she is neglecting.

Much of the blame for this state of affairs lies at the doors of the mothers. The mistake is in their training of their children, especially their daughters. They are taught from earliest infancy to be kind to others, to help them, to be kind to others, to help them, but from birth to death no one ever tells them to be kind, also, to themselves.

The woman who nags herself can make herself more miserable than anyone else possibly could. She can make her life more of a nightmare than any misfortune could possibly make it. If such women could learn to be kinder to themselves there is no doubt that their own lives would be lengthened; and not only that, but the lives of those with whom they come in close contact would be made far more pleasant.

Twenty Cents Out.

"I made an awful break yesterday," said the fellow who is known as a tightwad.

"That is unusual for you. How did it happen?" asked the man in whom he was about to confide.

"I met Lulu in front of an ice cream parlor, and I told her that her lips were like strawberries. She said the only way to prove it was by making the comparison, so I had to blow her to a strawberry sundae."

Tough Luck.

"You remember that chap Jones who made a bet of ten thousand dollars that he would walk from San Francisco to New York without a cent in his pocket?"

"Yes. Did he win the bet?" "Not quite. He got as far as Philadelphia, and there he was arrested as a vagrant and forced against his will to ride three blocks in a patrol wagon. That disqualified him."

Safety First.

"How did the accident happen?" "He got run over when he stopped to read a "Safety First" sign."

Equitable Division.

"Did you divide the cruller as I told you with your little brother?" "Yes, ma. I gave him the hole."

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam.

A gossipy woman is bad enough, but when a gossipy man enters the game it's us for the tall timber.

For poison ivy use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Warring nations are spending 96 per cent of incomes for war.

That a woman loves her husband is a probability. That she is jealous of him is a certainty.

Long Island has 1,376 square miles.

THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong."



Some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had taken so much medicine and my doctor said he could do me no good so I told my husband he might get me a bottle and I would try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong.

"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefitted by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."—Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

IF YOU HAVE

Malaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach, and Bitching; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,

Tutt's Pills

will remedy these troubles. Price, 25 cents.

TRY THE OLD RELIABLE WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For MALARIA CHILLS & FEVER A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, mosquitos, gnats, etc. Kills all house flies, and keeps them away. Guaranteed effective. All dealers ordered carried paid for. R. M. HAROLD SOMERS, 120 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Washington E. Coleman, Wash D.C. Socks, Ties, High and Low Heeled Shoes, Best results

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 30-1915.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but means to deceive you in this. Beware of cheap imitations. Experience against Experiment.

What CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless, natural substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and other Narcotic substances. It is pleasant, it contains neither opium nor other Narcotic substance. Its use is safe and allays Fever, Colic, Flatulency, Diarrhoea, and all the troubles of Infants and Children. It stimulates the bowels, and induces a natural sleep.

GENUINE


Always

In

The

You Look Premature

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OROLE" HAIR DRESS



LUMBER BUILDERS' MATERIAL LIME, CEMENT BRICK, POST EVERYTHING....

JC WOOLDRIDGE

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.
 Published Every Friday
 \$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

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

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

Boosting Hedley should be every citizen's sideline.

Good roads are needed more than any other one thing to build the community.

The town of Hedley has some ordinances that should be enforced. The citizens, by their vote, said they wanted incorporation, and incorporation naturally carries with it the making and enforcement of ordinances.

And again, the subject of weeds comes up. With a little elbow grease expended at the end of a hoe handle or scythe, the town can be made to look better and to be more healthful. We sometimes wonder why people will neglect that which is of importance. Cut the weeds.

Every man in Hedley, and every man living along the route, if not interested, should be interested in the highway from Wellington through Quail to Hedley. It will benefit the entire community and town financially, and good roads are very desirable and necessary adjuncts to have.

We call your attention to a call made in this issue by some representative farmers for a meeting Saturday week to organize a Union. It is a good thing and ought to receive encouragement and support. Organization means a combination of forces and efforts, which can accomplish things where individuals cannot make even an impression. Organize by all means.

CAN'T AFFORD IT

The other day a merchant said he couldn't afford to advertise in his home newspaper. If the man's view was not distorted, he would see that he could not afford not to advertise. Refusing to advertise is his most expensive extravagance. That same merchant will spend hours telling of the "unfair" competition of the mail order houses who are his most dangerous and aggressive competitors, yet the methods employed by the mail order houses which succeed are the very ones which the merchant refuses to use. The mail order house, first of all is an ADVERTISER. Advertising is the life of its business. Every magazine that enters the small town and rural home carries the ad of the mail order house. Expensive catalogs are printed showing the illustrations of the actual articles. Occasionally sheets are scattered broadcast over the country as a special "come-on" for the bargain hunter. Instead of doing these things in a smaller way through the columns of his local paper, the merchant who can't afford to advertise sits down and "cusses" his tough luck and wonders why he can't get the business. He never thinks that he has a better opportunity to reach the people of his neighborhood than the mail order house has. It doesn't cost him as much as it does the outsider. He can draw the people to his store and show them the actual article he is advertising, and when they buy, they can take their purchase home with them instead of having to wait several weeks for it. Advertising is an investment. It should be charged to your selling cost. Figure what percentage you have to pay to advertise, then base a fifty-two week campaign on the computation. You can't lose. You can't afford NOT to advertise.

SALE - Saturday August 21, beginning at 10 a. m. will sell at auction all my work consisting of two mares, two horses, milk cow, wagon, buggy, household and kitchen furniture, tools, and cash. Be sure to be present. At my residence Hedley, Texas. A. E. Gant.

good and fine, when archard. Ripe sw. L. Allison.

SE or be and Simp. the Lens make if on wo d for drop the way he a boy day!

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

F. A. Vanderlip
 On The Business of Banking



The farmers of this nation to come into their own must study business. We must, as a class, understand the fundamental principles that underlie every industry: its functions to society and its relation to agriculture for there can be no intelligent co-operation without understanding. Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, when asked "What is a Bank" said in part:

"The first and most familiar function of a bank is that of gathering up the idle money of a community, small sums and large, and thus forming a pool or reservoir upon which responsible persons may draw as they have temporary use for money. It is evident that this makes large sums in the aggregate available for the employment of labor and the development of the community. But much more is accomplished than the use of the money actually deposited in the banks, for by the use of drafts, checks and bank notes the efficiency of money is multiplied several times over. A very large business, for example one of the great beef packers, may use very little actual money; on one side of its bank account will be entered the checks and drafts it is daily receiving from everywhere in payment for meats, while on the other side will be entered the checks it draws in payment for cattle, etc., its only use of money being for small payments, to labor and otherwise.

If there were but one bank in a community and everybody paid all bills by drawing checks on that bank, and everyone receiving a check immediately deposited it in the bank, the amount of money in the bank evidently would not change at all and the entire business of the community would be settled on the books of the bank. And the situation is but slightly changed when there are several banks, for they daily exchange among themselves all the checks they receive on each other, which practically offset themselves, although the small balances are paid in cash. This is called "clearing" and in every large city there is a "Clearing House" where representatives of the banks meet daily to settle their accounts with each other.

A bank is constantly receiving from its customers, particularly those that are shipping products to other localities, drafts and checks drawn on banks in other cities, which it usually sends for deposit to a few correspondent banks in the central cities with which it maintains permanent accounts. In this way these scattered credits are consolidated and the bank draws upon these accounts in supplying customers with the means of making payments away from home. As each local community sells and buys about the same amount abroad in the course of a year, these payments largely offset each other. It is evident that the banks are very intimately related to the trade and industry of a country. The banker is a dealer in credit much more than a dealer in money, and of course his own credit must be above question. He exchanges his credit for the credits acquired by his customers, and lends credit for their accommodation, but he must conduct the business with such judgment that he can always meet his own obligations with cash on demand. This is the essential thing about bank credit, that it shall always be the same as cash."

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Hon. Elihu Root
 On Women's Suffrage



The question of Women Suffrage is an issue before the American people. Twelve states have adopted it, four more states vote upon it this fall and it is strongly urged that it become a platform demand of the national political parties. It is therefore the privilege and the duty of every voter to study carefully this subject. Hon. Elihu Root, in discussing this question before the Constitutional Convention of New York, recently said in part:

"I am opposed to the granting of suffrage to women, because I believe that it would be a loss to women, to all women and to every woman; and because I believe it would be an injury to the State, and to every man and every woman in the State. It would be useless to argue this if the right of suffrage were a natural right. If it were a natural right, then women should have it though the heavens fall. But if there be any one thing settled in the long discussion of this subject, it is that suffrage is not a natural right, but is simply a means of government, and the sole question to be discussed is whether government by the suffrage of men and women will be better government than by the suffrage of men alone.

Into my judgment, sir, there enters no element of the inferiority of woman. It is not that woman is inferior to man, but it is that woman is different from man; that in the distribution of powers, of capacities, of qualities, our Maker has created man adapted to the performance of certain functions in the economy of nature and society, and woman adapted to the performance of other functions.

Woman rules today by the sweet and noble influences of her character. Put woman into the arena of conflict and she abandons these great weapons which control the world, and she takes into her hands, feeble and nerveless for strife, weapons with which she is unfamiliar and which she is unable to wield. Man in strife becomes hard, harsh, unlovable, repulsive; as far removed from that gentle creature to whom we all owe allegiance and to whom we confess submission, as the heaven is removed from the earth.

The whole science of government is the science of protecting life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In the divine distribution of powers, the duty and the right of protection rests with the male. It is so throughout nature. It is so with men, and I, for one, will never consent to part with the divine right of protecting my wife, my daughter, the women whom I love, and the women whom I respect, exercising the blurbright of man, and place that high duty in the weak and nerveless hands of those designed by God to be protected rather than to engage in the stern warfare of government. In my judgment, this whole movement arises from a false conception of the duty and of the right of both men and women. The time will never come when the line of demarcation between the functions of the two sexes will be broken down. I believe it to be false philosophy; I believe that it is an attempt to turn backward upon the line of social development, and that if the step ever be taken, we go centuries backward on the march towards a higher, a nobler and a purer civilization, which must be found not in the confusion, but in the higher differentiation of the sexes."

CARD OF THANKS

We take this method of trying in our weak way, to express our heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who helped us so faithfully in every way during the sickness and death of our little babe, Vester Moody. All that loving hands could do was done, but could avail nothing. A mightier voice than ours spoke and the little spirit was wafted home above. He budded on earth to bloom in heaven, but, oh, such a blank has been left that never can be filled. And especially do we extend our thanks for the beautiful flowers which covered the little grave. When trials come to any of you may we be able to do for you as you did for us is our prayer.

Gratefully,
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred Staggs
 and Grandpa Miniken.

Informer and Semi-Weekly Farm News, one year \$1.75.

OLD SOLDIERS TO HAVE REUNION AT AMARILLO

The Panhandle Associational Regiment U. C. V. will have the annual reunion at Amarillo three days, August 25-27. The Amarillo people have overlooked nothing in providing for the entertainment of the veterans, their wives, widows, sons and daughters. They urge all to attend and promise the greatest time in the history of the Association.

FOR SALE—15 acres joining incorporated town of Hedley, on public highway, good improvements, best of water, most all fenced with hog and poultry wire. Would consider some trade in good stock; right price. Call on or write J. A. Morrow, 324 Hedley Texas.

San Antonio, Uvalde & Gulf Railroad

Traverses 320 miles of RICH VIRGIN TERRITORY IN SOUTHWEST TEXAS The Earliest Strawberry Country. The land of Bermuda Onions, Lettuce and Cabbage.

Shortest and Best Line, SAN ANTONIO TO CORPUS CHRISTI

DOUBLE DAILY TRAIN SERVICE PARLOR CARS AND SLEEPERS

Low Excursion Rates to Corpus Christi

Write E. F. BLOMEYER, Traffic Manager, San Antonio, Texas

Your measure taken for a Suit of Clothes, and clothes cleaned and pressed, Satisfaction guaranteed. Staggs Bros.



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

City Directory

CHURCHES BAPTIST, Jas. A Long, pastor First Sunday in each month.

METHODIST - M. L. Story, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except every First Sunday morning SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday 10 a. m. F. Kendall, Supr PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening

MISSIONARY BAPTIST C. W. Horschler, Pastor. Telephone No. 30 S L S Services 1st and 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. G. C. Meadows, Supt. Senior B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m. Junior B. Y. P. U. at 5:00 p. m. Regular weekly prayer meeting Thursday night. All night services begin at 8:15 p. m.

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



I. O. O. F. Lodge meets on every Tuesday night. Frank Kendall, Secretary



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



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



DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS Judge, J. C. Killough Clerk, J. J. Alexander Sheriff, G R Doshier Treasurer, E Dubbs Assessor, B F Naylor County Attorney, W. T. Link Justice of the Peace Precinct 8. J. A. Morrow Constable, W W Gammon District Court meets third week in January and July County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES

DAILY TO

Corpus Christi The Gulf Resort of Texas

Delightful Bathing, Fishing, Camping. Excellent Hotel facilities. Tickets good for Ninety Days.

Best Reached VIA.....

M. K. & T. Ry Through San Antonio

Double daily fast trains, carrying chair cars, sleepers, dining cars. Stopover of one day allowed at San Antonio on both going and return trips.

Ask your local ticket agent for the reduced rate via the "KATY" thru San Antonio, or write

W. G. CRUSH, General Passenger Agent Dallas, Texas

BLACK IS WHITE
BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Brood stopped him with an impatient gesture. "I must ask you not to discuss Mrs. Brood, Joe—or you, Dan."

"I was just going to say, Jim, that if I was you I'd thank the Lord that she's going to do it," substituted Mr. Riggs, somewhat hastily.

"What does Doctor Hodder say?" demanded Brood, pausing in his restless pacing of the floor.

"He says the poor boy is as good as dead," said Mr. Riggs.

"Ain't got a chance in a million," said Mr. Dawes.

They were surprised to see Brood wince. He hadn't been so thin-skinned in the olden days. His nerve was going back on him, that's what it was, poor Jim!

"But you can depend on us, Jim, to pull him through," said Mr. Riggs quickly. "Remember how we saved you back there in Calcutta when all the fool doctors said you hadn't a chance? Well, sir, we'll still—"

"If any fellow can get well with a bullet through his—" began Mr. Dawes encouragingly, but stopped abruptly when he saw Brood put his hands over his eyes and sink dejectedly into a chair, a deep groan on his lips.

"I guess we'd better go," whispered Mr. Riggs, after a moment of indecision and then, inspired by a certain fear for his friend, struck the gong resoundingly. Silently they made their way out of the room, encountering Ranjab just outside the door.

"You must stick to it, Ranjab," said Mr. Riggs sternly.

"With your dying breath," added Mr. Dawes, and the Hindu, understanding, gravely nodded his head.

"Well," said Brood, long afterward, raising his haggard face to meet the gaze of the motionless brown man who had been standing in his presence for many minutes.

"Miss Lydia ask permission of sahib to be near him until the end," said the Hindu. "She will not go away, I have heard the words she say to the sahib, and the sahib say as silent as the tomb. She say no word for herself, just sit and look at the floor and never move. Then she accuse the sahib of being the cause of the young master's death, and the sahib only nod her head to that, and go out of the room, and up to the place where the young master is, and they cannot keep her from going in. She just look at the woman in the white cap and the woman step aside. The sahib is now with the young master and the doctors. She is not of this world, sahib, but of another."

"And Miss Desmond? Where is she?" "She wait in the hall outside his door. She does not believe Ranjab. She look into his eye and his eye is not honest—she see it all. She say the young master shoot himself and—"

"I shall tell her the truth, Ranjab," said Brood stolidly. "She must know—she and her mother. Tonight I shall see them, but not now. Suicide! Poor, poor Lydia!"

"Miss Lydia say she blame herself for everything. She is a coward, she say, and Ranjab he understand. She came yesterday and went away. Ranjab tell her the sahib no can see her."

"Yesterday! I know. She came to plead with me. I know," groaned Brood, bitterly.

"She will not speak her thoughts to the world, sahib," asserted Ranjab. "Thy servant have spoken his words and she will not deny him. It is for the young master's sake. But she say she know he shoot himself because he no can bear the disgrace—"

"Enough, Ranjab," interrupted the master. "Tonight I shall tell her everything. Go now and fetch me the latest word."

The Hindu remained motionless just inside the door. His eyes were closed.

"Ranjab talk to the winds, sahib. The winds speak to him. The young master is alive. The great doctor he search for the bullet. It is bad. But the sahib stand between him and death. She hold back death. She laugh at death. She say it no can be. Ranjab know her now. Here in this room he see the two woman in her, and he no more will be blind. She stand there before Ranjab, who would kill, and out of the air came a new spirit to shield her. Her eyes are the eyes of another who does not live in the flesh, and Ranjab bends the knee. He see the inside. It is not black. It is full of light—a great big light, sahib. Thy servant would kill his master's wife—but, Allah defend! He cannot kill the wife who is already dead. His master's wives stand before him—two not one—and his hand is stop."

Brood was regarding him through wide-open, incredulous eyes. "You—you saw it too?" he gasped.

"The serpent is deadly. Many time Ranjab have take the poison from its fangs and it becomes his slave. He would have take the poison, from the

serpent in his master's house, but the serpent change before his eye and he become the slave. She speak to him on the voice of the wind and he obey. It is the law. Kismet! His master have of wives two. Two, sahib—the living and the dead. They speak with Ranjab today and he obey."

There was dead silence in the room for many minutes after the remarkable utterances of the mystic. The two men, master and man, looked into each other's eyes and spoke no more, yet something passed between them.

"The sahibah has sent Roberts for a priest," said the Hindu at last.

"A priest? But I am not a Catholic—nor Frederic."

"Madam is. The servants are saying that the priest will be here too late. They are wondering why you have not already killed me, sahib."

"Killed you too?" "They are now saying that the last stroke of the gong, sahib, was the death sentence for Ranjab. It called me here to be slain by you. I have told them all that I fired the—"

"Go down at once, my friend," said Brood, laying his hand on the man's shoulder. "Let them see that I do not blame you, even though we permit them to believe this lie of ours. Go, my friend!"

The man bent his head and turned away. Near the door he stopped stock-still and listened intently.

"The sahibah comes."

"Ay, she said she would come to me here," said Brood, and his jaw hardened. "Hodder sent for me, Ranjab, an hour ago, but—he was conscious then. His eyes were open. I—I could not look into them. There would have been hatred in them—hatred for me and I—I could not go. I was a coward. Yes, a coward after all. She would have been there to watch me as I cringed. I was afraid of what I might do to her then."

"He is not conscious now, sahib," said the Hindu slowly.

"Still," said the other, compressing his lips. "I am afraid—I am afraid. God, Ranjab, you do not know what it means to be a coward! You—"

"And yet, sahib, you are brave enough to stand on the spot where he fell—where his blood flowed—and that is not what a coward would do."

The door opened and closed swiftly and he was gone. Brood allowed his dull, wondering gaze to sink to his feet. He was standing on the spot where Frederic had fallen. There was no blood there now. The rug had been removed and before his own eyes, the swift-moving Hindu had washed the floor and table and put the room in order. All this seemed ages ago. Since

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swiftly to the table. In another instant the work of many months would have been torn to bits of waste paper. But his hand was stayed. Someone had stopped outside his door. He could not hear a sound and yet he knew that a hand was on the heavy latch. He suddenly recalled his remark to the old man. He would have to write the final chapter after all.

He waited. He knew that she was out there, collecting all of her strength for the coming interview. She was fortifying herself against the crisis that was so near at hand. To his own surprise and distress of mind, he found himself trembling and suddenly deprived of the fierce energy that he had stored up for the encounter. He wondered whether he would command the situation after all, notwithstanding his righteous charge against her. She had wantonly sought to entice Frederic—she had planned to dishonor her husband—she had proved herself unwholesome and false and her heart was evil! And yet he wondered whether he would be able to stand his ground against her.

So far she had ruled. At the outset he had attempted to assert his authority as the master of the house in this trying, heart-breaking hour, and she had calmly waved him aside. His first thought had been to take his proper place at the bedside of his victim and there to remain until the end, but she had said: "You are not to go in. You have done enough for one day. If he must die, let it be in peace and not in fear. You are not to go in," and he had crept away to hide! He remembered her words later on when Hodder sent for him to come down. "Not in fear," she had said.

On the edge of the table, where it had reposed since Doctor Hodder dropped it there, was the small photograph of Matilde. He had not touched it, but he had bent over it for many minutes at a time, studying the sweet, never-to-be-forgotten, and yet curiously unfamiliar features of that long-ago loved one. He looked at it now as he waited for the door to open, and his thoughts leaped back to the last glimpse he had ever had of that adorable face. Then it was white with despair and misery—here it looked up at him with smiling eyes and the languor of unbroken tranquillity.

He clenched his strong, lean hands to keep them from shaking. A new wonder filled him as he allowed his eyes to measure the distance to the floor and to sweep the strong, powerful frame that trembled and was cold. He was a giant in strength and yet he trembled at the approach of this slender, frail creature who paused at his gates to gather courage for the attack! He was sorely afraid and he could not understand his fear. With one of his sinewy hands he could crush the life out of her slim, white throat—and yet he was afraid of her—physically afraid of her.

Suddenly he realized that the room was quite dark. He dashed to the window and threw aside the broad, thick curtains. A stream of afternoon sunshine rushed into the room. He would have light this time; he would not be deceived by the darkness, as he had been once before. This time he would see her face plainly. There should be no sickening illusion. He straightened his tall figure and waited for the door to open.

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he? He does not know. I shall not let him die." "One moment, if you please," said her husband coldly. "You may spare me the theatrics. Moreover, we will not discuss Frederic. What we have to say to each other has little to do with that poor wretch downstairs. This is your hour of reckoning, not his. Bear that—"

"You are very much mistaken," she interrupted, her gaze growing more fixed than before. "He is a part of our reckoning. He is the one great character in this miserable, unlooked-for tragedy. Will you be so kind as to draw those curtains? And do me the honor to allow me to sit in your presence." There was infinite scorn in her voice. "I am very tired. I have not been idle. Every minute of my waking hours belongs to your son, James Brood—but I owe this half-hour to you. You shall know the truth about me, as I know it about you. I did not count on this hour ever being a part of my life, but it has to be, and I shall face it without weeping over what might have been. Will you draw the curtains?"

He hesitated a moment and then jerked the curtains together, shutting out the pitiless glare. "Will you be seated—there?" he said quietly, pointing to a chair at the end of the table.

She switched on the light in the big lamp but instead of taking the chair indicated, sank into one on the opposite

side of the table, with the mellow light full upon her lovely, serious face. "Sit there," she said, signifying the chair he had requested her to take. "Please sit down," she went on impatiently, as he continued to regard her forbiddingly from his position near the window.

"I shall be better able to say what I have to say standing," he said significantly.

"Do you expect me to plead with you for forgiveness?" she inquired, with an unmistakable look of surprise.

"You may save yourself the humiliation of such—"

"But you are very gravely mistaken," she interrupted. "I shall ask nothing of you."

"Then we need not prolong the—"

"I have come to explain, not to plead," she went on resolutely. "I want to tell you why I married you. You will not find it a pleasant story, nor will you be proud of your conquest. It will not be necessary for you to turn me out of your house. I entered it in my own good time. I think you would better sit down."

He looked at her fixedly for a moment, as if striving to materialize a thought that lay somewhere in the back of his mind. He was vaguely conscious of an impression that he could unravel all this seeming mystery without a suggestion from her if given the time to concentrate his mind on the vague, hazy suggestion that tormented his memory.

He sat down opposite her, and rested his arms on the table. The lines about his mouth were rigid, uncompromising, but there was a look of wonder in his eyes.

She leaned forward in her chair, the better to watch the changing expression in his eyes as she progressed with her story. Her hands were clenched tightly under the table's edge.

"You are looking into my eyes—as you have looked a hundred times," she said after a moment. "There is something in them that has puzzled you since the night when you looked into them across that great ballroom in London. You have always felt that they were not new to you, that you have had them constantly in front of you for ages. Do you remember when you first saw me, James Brood?"

He stared, and his eyes widened. "I never saw you in my life until that night in London, I—"

"Look closely. Isn't there something more than doubt in your mind as you look into them now?"

"I confess that I have always been puzzled by—by something I cannot understand in— But all this leads to nothing," she broke off harshly. "We are not here to mystify each other but to—"

"To explain mysteries, that's it, of course. You are looking. What do you see? Are you not sure that you looked into my eyes long ago? Are there not moments when my voice is familiar to you, when it speaks to you out of—"

He sat up, rigid as a block of stone. "Yes, by heaven, I have felt it all along. Today I was convinced that

the unbelievable had happened. I saw something that—"

She waved her hand in the direction of the Buddha. "Have you never petitioned your too solid friend over there to unravel the mystery for you? In the quiet of certain lonely, speculative hours have you not wondered where you had seen me before—long, long before the night in London? In all the years that you have been trying to convince yourself that Frederic is not your son, has there not been the vision of—"

"What are you saying to me? Are you trying to tell me that you are Matilde?"

"If not Matilde, then who am I, pray?" she demanded.

He sank back, frowning. "It cannot be possible. I would know her a thousand years from now. You cannot trick me into believing— But, in God's name, who are you?" He leaned forward again, clutching the edge of the table. "By heaven, I sometimes think you are a ghost come to haunt me, to torture me. What trick, what magic is behind all this? Has her soul, her spirit, her actual being found a lodging place in you, and have you been sent to curse me for—"

She rose half-way out of her chair, leaning farther across the table. "Yes, James Brood, I represent the spirit of Matilde Valeska, if you will have it so. Not sent to curse you, but to love you. That's the pity of it all. I swear to you that it is the spirit of Matilde that urges me to love you and to spare you now. It is the spirit of Matilde that stands between her son and death. But it is not Matilde who confronts you here and now, you may be sure of that. Matilde loved you. She loves you now, even in her grave. You will never be able to escape from that wonderful love of hers. If there have been times—and heaven knows there were many, I know—when I appeared to love you for myself, I swear to you that I was moved by the spirit of Matilde. I—I am as much mystified, as greatly puzzled as myself. I came here to love you, and I have loved you—yes, there were moments when I actually loved you."

Her voice died away into a whisper. For many seconds they sat looking into each other's eyes, neither possessing the power to break the strange spell of silence that had fallen upon them.

"No, it is not Matilde who confronts you now, but one who would not spare you as she did up to the hour of her death. You are quite safe from ghosts from this hour on, my friend. You will never see Matilde again, though you look into my eyes till the end of time. Frederic may see, may feel the spirit of his mother, but you—ah, no! You have seen the last of her. Her blood is in my veins, her wrongs are in my heart. It was she with whom you fell in love and it was she you married six months ago, but now the curtain is lifted. Don't you know me now, James? Can your memory carry you back twenty-three years and deliver you from doubt and perplexity? Look closely, I say. I was six years old then and—"

Brood was glaring at her as one stupefied. Suddenly he cried out in a loud voice: "Heaven help me, you are—you are the little sister? The little Therese?"

She was standing now, leaning far over the table, for he had shrunk down into his chair.

"The little Therese, yes! Now do you begin to see? Now do you begin to realize what I came here to do? Now do you know why I married you? Isn't it clear to you? Well, I have tried to do all these things so that I might break your heart as you broke hers. I came to make you pay!" She was speaking rapidly, excitedly now. Her voice was high-pitched and unnatural. Her eyes seemed to be driving him deeper and deeper into the chair, forcing him down as though with a giant's hand.

"The little, timid, heart-broken Therese who would not speak to you, nor kiss you, nor say good-by to you when you took her darling sister away from the Bristol in the Katernnarr more than twenty years ago. Ah, I loved her—how I loved her! How I hated you for taking her from me. Shall I ever forget the night? Shall I ever forget the grief, the loneliness, the hours I dwelt in my poor little room that night? Everyone was whole world was happy—"

"I was crushed with grief, and I was taking her away across the world sea—and you were to make me believe they said—at—so said—"

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what manner of woman I am," she interrupted quietly. Sinking back in the chair she resumed the broken strain, all the time watching him through half-closed eyes. "She died ten years ago. Her boy was twelve years old. She never saw him after the night you turned her away from this house. On her deathbed, as she was releasing her pure, undefiled soul to God's keeping, she repeated to the priest who went through the unnecessary form of absolving her—she repeated her solemn declaration that she had never wronged you by thought or deed. I had always believed her, the holy priest believed her, God believed her. You would have believed her, too, James Brood. She was a good woman. Do you hear? And you put a curse upon her and drove her out into the night. That was not all. You persecuted her to the end of her unhappy life. You did that to my sister!"

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Locals

Mrs. J. C. Wells is visiting home folks at Claude.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor.

Will Stroud has a position at Groom with a hardware firm.

Jess Adamson and wife are visiting her parents in Plainview.

Atlee Reeves returned Wednesday night from New Mexico.

Ed. Kinslow left for Sulphur, Okla., this week to spend a few weeks.

W. E. Reeves and son, Leon, left this morning for Norton N. M., for a visit.

FOR SALE—A few registered Poland-China Pigs. J. S. Grooms.

Guy Kercherville of Newlin, visited his cousin, Mrs. J. G. McDougal last week.

Miss Klough Hilburn of East land county is visiting her niece, Mrs. C. M. Shook.

There may be others; but the place to get satisfaction is at my shop. J. B. King.

O. J. Leveritt of Amarillo was here Sunday to see his wife and his sister, Mrs. C. L. Goin.

King's Shop is the place to get fresh shaves, haircuts, and laundry. J. B. King, Prop.

Theophilus Pyle and family and Paul and Ruth Pyle visited Mrs. J. G. McDougal Sunday.

Elberta Peaches, good and fine, 60c per bu. at the orchard. Ripe about Aug. 20. J. L. Allison.

The Hedley Baptist Church will begin a protracted meeting here the fifth Sunday in August.

Mrs. A. R. Bentley, and two children of Austin visited Mrs. J. G. McDougal a few days this week.

Lyman McHan and wife came in from Dallas Wednesday to visit her folks, R. H. Jones and family.

Mrs. R. N. Gillis and children of Memphis spent the latter part of last week with Mrs. J. A. Grundy.

Mrs. W. H. Madden returned Tuesday from Dallas, Chico, and other points where she visited relatives.

T. M. Little is receiving his goods and will soon be ready for the opening of his gents furnishing store.

The Blankens boys have been treating their father's house to a nice party last night.

T. R. Moreman and daughter, and his brother, J. A. and his daughter Saxon 6'd to Oklahoma this week to visit relatives.

W. E. Brooks was down from Amarillo a few days first of the week. He is going to Rotan to enter the dry goods business.

Mrs. T. R. Franks, son and daughter, Mrs. Edwin Thompson and babies, of Memphis visited Mrs. J. G. McDougal this week.

FOR TRADE—Memphis property and farm for good land near Hedley.

Hoffman Realty Firm, Memphis, Tex.

G. A. Wimberly returned this week from Booneville. His brother was clear of fever when he left and stands a good show to get well.

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

Oscar Hess has been employed as foreman of the Swearingin ranch, and his brother, Bertie, and Edgar Davis have both been employed to work there.

ELBERTA PEACHES
Plenty of them—will begin to ripen about August 15th or 20th. One mile west of Hedley. J. E. Neely.

Green Baker of Clarendon was in our city Tuesday. He was employed by the school board to assess the taxes in Hedley Independent School District.

DISTRICT FARMERS CONGRESS AND SHORT COURSE

The Amarillo Board of City Development is daily receiving lists of accredited delegates from the various Farmers' Institutes of the district, the responses so far coming mostly from nearby points and the South Plains. The preliminary program shows a very attractive list of subjects, especially in the line of home and women's work by the "Team" from the A. & M. College. Officers of Institutes who have not sent in lists of delegates should arrange to do so at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Hess had as visitors Sunday, their daughter, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and cousins, George Wilson, wife and daughter, all of Jackson county, Okla.

H. C. Baker of Dallas, representing Barnhart Bros. & Spindler Type Founders, was here Wednesday. The Informer placed an order for a lot of new type.

DON'T FORGET

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

We are requested to announce that the Methodist will begin a revival meeting here 2nd Sunday in September. Rev. C. S. Cameron of Claude will assist in the meeting.

The Mystic Weavers will meet with Mrs. J. L. Bain, Wednesday August 18.

CALL MEETING TO ORGANIZE UNION

We, the undersigned farmers, living in the territory surrounding Hedley, Texas, (a great agricultural country) believe that the best interests of all farmers can be more fully met and handled through organization and co-operative methods than otherwise. Believing this to be a fact, we call upon all the farmers to meet with us at Hedley, Saturday, August 21, 2 p. m. for the express purpose of organizing a Farmers' Union at this place.

Signed:
J. T. Mace.
W. J. Luttrell
W. A. Brown.
Ed. Dishman
W. A. Kinslow
W. I. Rains.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Norris of Willington, S. C., arrived last Saturday for their annual visit to this place where they have considerable farming interests.

Miss Jessie and Johnie Clark visited in Estelline last week and attended the meeting there, which they say was the greatest in point of interest they ever attended.

Rev. Austin, of the Christian church of Memphis, will begin a protracted meeting at the Methodist church in Hedley, the fourth Sunday in August. Everybody cordially invited to attend the meeting.

Oliver typewriter for sale. Inquire at Informer Office.

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

The church of Christ announce E. B. Mullens of Jack county will begin a revival meeting Saturday night before the 1st Sunday in September. Everybody respectfully invited to attend.

Stop at Mrs. W. M. Dyer's Private Boarding House on block East of Woodridge lumber yard. Nice clean beds and good meals for 25c. Board per week \$4 00; per month \$16.00. Mrs. W. M. Dyer, Prop.

Quite a little disturbance is being created by bandit Mexicans on the Texas side near Brownsville. The National Guard is being held in readiness to quell the threatened revolution.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wells, Mrs. G. W. Sexauer and little son, and R. L. Madden and two little daughters, of Memphis, visited the editor Sunday. We had nothing cooked for them so we got to eat Mother's cooking again.

I. J. Spurlin has been enjoying a visit from his half-brother R. H. Crow, his brother C. H. Spurlin and wife, and his mother, all of Haskell, and his sister, Mrs. Baxter Billingsley and family of Kirkland. Mr. Billingsley came up Sunday to join them.

One of our leading agriculturist in talking of the wide tired wagons made the remark that we never would have good roads permanently until the farmers got to using the wide tires. The narrow tires soon cut ruts in the roads. He also complimented the dealers who are pushing this class of wagons and he believes it will go a long ways toward relieving the country of its road troubles.—Ex

AUCTION SALE—Saturday August 21, beginning at 10 a. m. I will sell at auction all my work stock consisting of two mares and two horses, milk cow, farming tools, wagon, buggy, harness, household and kitchen furniture. Terms cash. Be sure to attend. At my residence east of school building in Hedley. A. E. Gant.

The Copper Industry.
The copper industry and its methods of production are of exceptional interest just now, owing to the demand for this metal occasioned by the European war, as well as its extensive use in the commercial world for many purposes.
To illustrate the modern methods employed in mining copper, there has been constructed the most elaborate mine model in existence at the museum of natural history of New York. This represents quite a wonderful piece of miniature panoramic view of the famous Copper Queen mine at Bisbee, Ariz., which produces the largest amount of copper of any in the world. The gigantic model is L-shaped, 26 feet long and 10 feet deep, representing an area of 21,210 acres of land. Three years of critical labor was consumed in constructing this model.—World's Advance.

Expensive Perfumes.
Women who love sweet perfumes have little idea of the worth of the genuine floral extracts. Real attar of roses comes from the Orient. When perfectly pure it is of almost fabulous value. The secret of its preparation is carefully guarded, and the finest product is usually sold in quantities not exceeding a few drops. Violet is one of the perfumes that have been so closely imitated that thoughtless people never stop to discriminate, and buy the manufactured for the genuine article. The recent discovery of a chemical process by which a perfume can be produced which cannot, even by experts, be distinguished from rose violet extract is a matter of importance, as this is one of the most popular of odors. The substance, however, is worth \$100 per ounce wholesale.

INESTIMABLE VALUE OF HOPE

It is a Source of the Purest and Highest Passions and Sustains Man in Adversity.

Without hope this voyaging sphere on which man lives would be but a derelict, and our lives empty and all but unendurable. For hope is the great rudder to all humanity. Hope awakens in the child even before the sense of reason; it fills youth with golden-hued visions; it lures maturity on to undimittable endeavor, which is greater than mere accomplishment. Nor does it even forsake old age. Like the lamplight streaming through the windowpane which brought you safely home when a boy, hope lights the path. Even unattained, it turns unquenched. It is more intangible than faith, for faith is trust in what is, but hope is confidence in what is to be. Even to write of it without dropping into vague figures is like trying to express the nature of music by means of algebraic symbols. Hope is sometimes the parent of selfish ambition, but it is also the source of all the purest and holiest passions. It fills the heart of the father when he looks at the baby in his arms. And when this child has become a man the same fire burns within as he gazes down upon his son. From generation to generation it passes—inextinguishable. It makes all life like the laboratory of the alchemist, in which what is dross seems just on the point of being transmuted to gold. But unlike the alchemist's toil, hope is never wasted, for though the phrase is hackneyed—it is what makes life worth living.—Collier's.

SOME VERY QUEER COSTUMES

Gorgeous Raiment Has Been Common to Many Famous Writers—Disraeli's Green Velvet Trousers.

The London Daily Chronicle, in its interesting miscellaneous column, says: "A liking of gorgeous raiment, such as characterized Emile Verhaeren in his youth, has been common to many famous writers. Disraeli as a young man startled the town by an evening dress comprising green velvet trousers, a emerald-colored waistcoat, and a coat with lace cuffs. Dickens, likewise, was fond of a certain bright green waistcoat, which he wore in accompaniment with a vivid scarlet tie, and he turned up at Friih's studio one day in a sky-blue overcoat with red cuffs. Even more fearful and wonderful was Dumas' appearance at an ambassador's reception in a shirt on which were depicted a number of little red demons disporting themselves amid flames of yellow fire. 'My costume was a grand success,' he wrote; 'everyone thronged round and made much of me.'"

DARING ROBBERY IN NEW ORLEANS

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

POLICE WITHOUT CLUE

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

New Orleans.—One of the most daring daylight bank robberies ever recorded in this city was committed this morning when the Bayou State Security bank was looted of \$100,000 in currency by a lone robber. There is absolutely no clue to the thief.
As has been the custom for some time of the president of the bank, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, entered his private offices in the rear of the main banking apartment at ten o'clock. Shortly after a young man of prepossessing appearance quietly opened the door and entered the room.
When the president looked up he found himself gazing into the muzzle of a revolver and heard the cool demand for \$100,000 under penalty of death for refusal. Mr. Galbraith immediately realized that the robber would carry out his threat should he make any outcry or disturbance. He was calmly told to write his personal check for the amount named and endorse it. He was then ordered to take it to the paying teller while the mysterious visitor followed him closely with the revolver leveled at him under his coat.
When President Galbraith presented the check the young robber stepped to the window and requested \$1,000 in small bills and the rest in paper of large denomination. He stuffed the loose bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the \$99,000 under his arm, nodded to the president, backed swiftly to the street door and vanished.
For further particulars regarding this daring robbery read the new serial, "The Price," by Francis Lynde, soon to appear in this paper.

Informer \$1.00 per year.

Automobile INSURANCE
It may be your car next to be burned, stolen, or be in a collision. I can write insurance to cover all these.
J. C. WELLS, Agent