

The Hedley Informer

VOL. IV

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, 1914

NO.

METHODIST REVIVAL GAINING HEADWAY

The Methodist revival has been going on all week, Presiding Elder J. W. Story is doing the preaching, and is delivering some splendid sermons. A growing interest is being manifested; some conversations and the Christians being strengthened. The attendance is good and all enjoy Rev. Story's good preaching.

Quarterly Conference will convene at Hedley Saturday morning immediately after the 10 o'clock service.

PRIMARY ELECTION JUDGES

Judges appointed by the Executive Committee to preside in the Primary election for the various voting precincts are:

Clarendon, D. W. Clampitt.
Lelia Lake, E. L. Lewis.
Bedley, Ed Dishman.
Jericho, J. W. Helm.
Giles, E. H. Watt.
Watkins, Dr. C. L. Fields.
RO Ranch, T. L. Naylor.
Skillet, R. S. Thompson.
Whitefish, Foreman Stubbs.
Martin, J. J. Hanson.
Smith, F. M. Smith.
Goldston, J. J. Goldston.
Bray, W. T. Youree.
Wilson, E. W. Wilson.

Butter Fat

We will pay 23 cents per pound for your cream Saturday July 18. We will receive your cream on each Wednesday and Saturday. Harris Bros.

CHAUTAUQUA GOOD

The Informer folks visited in Memphis and attended the Chautauqua from Friday until Monday. The Chautauqua was good; some numbers being especially fine, and Memphis is to be congratulated upon securing such a splendid six-day program of the best talent, for the entertainment of the people.

J. G. McDougal left Monday with an auto load composed of Sam Smith, Will Owens, M. L. Putman and J. T. Bain, on a prospecting trip to New Mexico.

The Primary Election

will soon be here, and I am still in the race, hoping you will remember me when you go to the polls. I am running on my own merits. Don't forget my references—the old settlers of Donley county. If I am elected Treasurer I guarantee to give you efficient service. Stp (adv't) W. M. STEVENS.

SUNBEAMS

Program for July 19.
Leader, Mrs. Gammon.
Subject, Missionary Work in China.
Motto, Send the Light to China.
Hymn, Send the Light.
Bible reading, Matt. 5:14-16.
Prayer.
Roll call.
Song.
Questions, 1 Where is China.
2 How many people live in China.
3 Is it a very old country. 4 Is China a pagan or papal country.
Business.
Song.
Adjournment.
Press Reporter

DELEGATES ATTENDING STATE FARMERS INSTITUTE

The delegates to the State Farmers Institute at College Station left this week to attend same. They were J. P. Pool, Ed Dishman, W. T. Youree, G. A. Blankenship, C. W. Kinslow, J. M. Shannon, S. E. Harris, J. E. Blankenship, J. W. Bland, and J. R. Boston.

LELIA LAKE

Rev Puckett of Windy Valley filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Hardy Jackson of Fort Worth is visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Jim Adams has purchased the Ford of A. V. Clark.

John Stroud was again a visitor in Lelia Sunday. It seems as though he has fallen in love with us some way.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Williams died Wednesday night and was buried at Clarendon Thursday.

Mrs. W. G. Brinson and little daughter, Vera, and Edith Mann of Hedley are visiting Mrs. L. L. Palmer.

Mrs. Conner entertained the young people Friday night.

C. H. Ellis spent Sunday in Hall county.

Miss Mattie Lou Albert is visiting in Electra this week.

Bob Fryar has moved into the hotel which has just been completed and is now ready to serve you.

Misses Olga and Ruth Marsalis of Hedley are visiting Mrs. J. A. Hawk.

The picnic Wednesday was a success in every way. There was speaking, foot races, and a ball game between the farmers and merchants in which the farmers were victorious.

KAFFIRCORNER HAYMAKER.

FEWER FLIES AND MORE BABIES

By Dr. Ralph Steiner, State Health Officer, Austin, Texas



Flies killed more than a thousand Texas babies last year. We still have more than a half-million babies in Texas, and it is the duty of every citizen to help save their lives. The fly is baby's worst enemy. He is the forerunner of pestilence and the undertaker's traveling salesman. To save the babies means to swat the flies. The most effective way to exterminate the fly is to eradicate the breeding places. Remove all filth and trash from the premises and screen all doors and windows. Flies are a disgrace and a deadly menace. Organize a clean up club in your home and make each one of the family a charter member. Fewer flies means more babies.

MYSTIC WEAVERS

Mrs. Dolly Rains very pleasantly entertained the Mystic Weavers Club Wednesday July 8. Twelve members were present. Some time was enjoyed in conversation and needle work. After

THE SILO

By H. M. BAIER, Agricultural Demonstrator, State Fe Ry.

MAKING THE SILAGE

Cutting can be done with corn knives or with a corn harvester, the latter being preferable. The crop should be delivered directly to the silo as it is being cut, not being allowed to become partially dry, but transformed into silage at once. All silage crops should be cut when the grain is in the dough stage. Silage should be cut into short lengths, one-half to one inch, not advisable to place stalks into the silo. This will not improve the quality of the silage, and is therefore not advised. Livestock does better to have salt constantly available, separate from the feed, rather than being forced to eat it in the regular ration.

Water is added to silage as it is being placed in the silo, only when the crop used has been allowed to become too ripe or dry. Moldy silage is usually caused by insufficient or improper distributed moisture and lack of uniformity in packing. Sufficient water, thoroughly mixed at the time the silo is being filled, should be added to the overly ripe silage crop to make up for the juices formerly contained. Where a blower is used the water may be run into it through a pipe or hose from a barrel or tank, keeping a steady stream all the time the filling is in process. The question is frequently asked: "How much water should I add?" There is more danger of not adding enough water than of adding too much. If too much water is added it will accumulate in the bottom of the silo, but this will not injure the silage if it does not stand over it too long. Excessive water will drain away where there is no water tight bottom in the silo. Silage is not pickled in its own juice, like sauer kraut, but all the juices are held in the stalks and leaves.

Thorough tramping and distribution during the entire time the silo is being filled is highly necessary. The tramping should be applied all over the surface and not confined to the portions near the sides solely. Uniform packing will be found a profitable expenditure of effort, for it will preserve the silage much better than an indifferent packing.

Exposed silage surfaces will mold and spoil to a depth varying from a few inches to a foot or more, depending on thorough tramping or the lack of it at the top. Where feeding begins as soon as the silo is filled there will be no loss from surface spoilage. But it is usual to allow the silage to stand for a varying period before feeding begins, in which event, to reduce surface spoilage to the minimum, the top should be covered with chaff, spoiled hay or other similar matter. Some have reported good results from sowing oats thickly over the top of the silage, watering occasionally, causing it to sprout, thus creating a protecting turf or sod. Water should

the business session, a refreshing ice course was served. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Will Rains and daughter Miss Mable. The place of meeting has been changed. We will meet with Mrs. John Moreman July 23 from 3 to 5 o'clock.

PRESS REPORTER.

CALL FOR CONVENTIONS

The County Democratic Convention is hereby called to meet at the Court House in Clarendon, on the first day after the Primary Election on July 25, which is Saturday, August 1st, this convention to be composed of delegates elected by the voters of each voting precinct in mass meeting to be held at two o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the Primary Election.

Let the voters remember to hold their meeting in the afternoon of election day and select their delegates to the county convention to be held the following Saturday.

Harwood Beville,
County Chairman Democratic Executive Committee.
J. C. Wells, Secretary.

Naylor Springs

We are glad to note that Rev. Arthur Scoggins was able to fill his regular appointment at this place Sunday.

A. O. Hefner and family were visiting at Rowe Sunday.

Lee Wood is in Chillicothe this week.

Miss Gladys Parmley of Ring is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Bland, this week.

T. N. Naylor went to Wichita Falls Wednesday.

J. W. Bland leaves Tuesday for College Station to attend the Farmers Institute which meets at that place.

Mr. Glynn and family enroute from Wellington to Clarendon finding their team completely given out, telephoned Frank Johnson for a car to take the ladies of the party into town. While attempting to cross Lake creek the car broke down and the party had to remain there all night. By morning the team was sufficiently rested to take the women and children to town. Mr. Adams came out and repaired the car before it could be gotten back to town.

Contestant number 14 has our sympathy. Why, when in dreamland far away it has been said that you could hear her trying to sing and play the Claxton piano.

NELDA.

More Information About The Cotton School

Our Cotton Classing School opened Monday, June 29, with a good attendance, but on account of so many of our prospective students' writing us that the harvest would keep them from coming so early, we have made arrangements with Mr. Harrell, our Instructor, to have another opening day July 20.

Those who can get here by the 20th will get the same results as those who are enrolled now, as the school will continue on into August.

If you can get here any time up to and including July 20, you can finish your course and be ready for a position this fall, as the Cotton crop is late this year. No enrollments will be accepted after July 20, for we want all our graduates to have positions this fall, and this is an opportunity that you cannot afford to miss. If you have not already written us for particulars, write today.

Bowie Commercial College,
Bowie, Texas. 31 41

Watch Hedley Grow.

CALL MEETING OF HIGHWAY ASSOC'N

Memphis, Texas, July 10 1914.

I am instructed by President O. Williams, to call a meeting of the Colorado-to-the-Gulf Highway association to convene at Colorado Springs, Colo., on Friday July 31st 1914. You will therefore take this as notice of such call and please see to it that your county is properly represented at the meeting.

Officers of the Association will be called on for their annual reports and officers for the ensuing year will be elected. Please see that your local Press has notice of this meeting.

Respectfully,

A. W. Read, Sec'y,
Memphis, Texas.

Full Rendition Discussed

Following is a copy of article I had published in the Clarendon News of May 1st, and I am having it printed in the Informer on account of a number of tax payers in this territory not seeing the article in the Clarendon News. I have had opportunity to explain personally to a few, and hope this article will explain fully to the voters my views on full rendition.

Having been requested to state my views on full rendition of the taxable values of this county, replying will say full rendition is a question on which it seems but a few can agree, and will offer this comparison: Last fall while down in the black lands of the State I made inquiry of a good many of the farmers of Bell, Williamson and Travis counties in regard to what prices their lands were assessed for taxation. Most of these farmers said from \$30 to \$50 per acre. Nearly all of these farmers said they owned or could buy these lands at from \$150 to \$250 per acre. This was for the best lands.

This would make their lands only assessed at one-fifth of the selling price, while the lands of this county are assessed for about one-third, and up to more than some lands have been sold for under forced sales. If these prices hold good all the way through in all counties, this makes Donley county pay more than \$33 while the black lands are only paying \$20 to the State.

Personally I think this county is paying her part, or possibly more than her part, to the running expense of the State, and if the local expense of this county could be reduced I see no reason why the taxes of the county should not be lowered, certainly no higher.

If my efforts are successful this time for the office of Tax Assessor I shall at all times have in mind the burdens of the tax payers of the county and keep their taxes down as low as is consistent with good business principles. At the same time home that I may make a record that will give me the nomination for the second term without so much worry and expense.

And at the end of my service as Assessor I hope to turn back to the people a clean record and step down and out, at the same time help the next man who fills the office make a better officer than myself or any of his predecessors.

Yours truly,
R. W. Talley.

Finding Obsolete Ammunition

By C. P. STEWART, London, Eng.

ized districts and amongst rebel societies. Russian terrorist comm. Indian hill tribes and Arabs are the chief buyers of old guns.

A few years ago a London firm was offering for sale a million single-shot rifles which one of the smaller European states had discarded. In order to get them right out of their country and thus away from revolutionaries, the state had sacrificed them for a mere song. The London company bought them, and was ready to dispose of them at a slight profit.

Pathans on the Indian slopes would dearly have loved to get hold of some of these rifles, for a hill native will risk his life creeping into the British frontier posts by night in order to steal Tommy's firearms.

Immense profit is to be made, therefore, by smuggling guns into forbidden territory, and sea captains and other hardy adventurers are to be found ready to stand their chance of either making a fortune, being blown sky high or languishing in prison for life.

Six years ago a tragedy occurred that shows the desperate character of the men engaged in these enterprises. A three-masted brig hovered off Tunis and began to unload its cargo into a small native boat. The operations were seen through a telescope by some French revenue officers, who, certain that something illegal was taking place, dispatched a number of armed vessels to the spot, instructing the crews to wait until daylight before boarding the brig. Suddenly a terrible explosion happened, and the spot where the brig had rested at anchor was clouded by smoke. When it cleared away, not a vestige of the brig remained. It is conjectured that rather than be captured and imprisoned the captain had applied a light to the huge quantities of dynamite on board, and blown his boat, his crew and himself to atoms.

Often, instead of exciting suspicion by running into port, a gun smuggler will place his armaments in air-tight tin cases, which are next concealed in wooden chests. A long piece of rope is then attached, and at the end fastened a buoy. The chests are then heaved overboard near the coast, and the buoys floating on the water denote where they can be found. At night the rebels go out in boats and tow them ashore.

Providing Fresh Air in School Rooms

By M. J. LEVERIDGE, Chicago

air in an inclosed room to make it healthful and at the same time avoid dangerous drafts was recently solved for a modern sixteen-room school with a registration of 750 pupils by equipping the windows with wooden screens, which were covered with a medium grade of unbleached cotton cloth. With these screens in place the windows were kept open in all kinds of weather throughout school hours.

The building was equipped with a fan which forced hot air into the room, and there were also steam-heated pipes running along the outside walls under the windows. Before school opened in the morning the janitor closed the windows and heated the room to 70 degrees by hot air from the fan.

When school opened the windows were raised and the hot air inlet closed. There were no cold drafts, as the velocity of the hot air rising from the radiator pipes was greater than that of the cold air which was being slowly diffused through the cloth screens. The resulting direction of the air current was upward.

The experiment proved entirely successful. Stiffness and odor disappeared from the schoolroom and the coughing and colds of the children ceased.

The pupils did much better work and cases of fainting and complaints of headaches ceased.

The cloth windows made possible all the advantages of the fresh-air room without its disadvantages of cold and draft.

Cost of Living in Munich and Paris

By MRS. S. E. MARSHALL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

a furnished apartment for a year and was in a pension for several months.

In all continental cities in order to obtain an apartment one must lease for at least a year; must pay the equivalent of \$5 for an inventory of the furniture; must pay for all breakage and unusual marring, according to prices quoted in the inventory; usually furnish the silver and cutlery; always the bed, table and kitchen linen, and, on giving up the apartment at the expiration of the lease must pay \$10 for cleaning and renovating the apartment. These terms are obligatory. A small furnished apartment can be had—up several flights—for as low as \$40 a month.

Prices for meats are cheaper than here; vegetables are cheaper and apples about the same.

One may live in a pension in the artists' section of Munich or the Latin quarter of Paris for about \$1.25 a day, if she does not mind climbing several flights of winding stairs; or by paying from 20 cents to 25 cents more a day, according to the city, one may have automatic elevator service. Lights and fires are always extra.

Several Good Rules for Handling Husbands

By MRS. MARY M. DWYER, New York

Let a husband have his own way, or think he is having it. If you have to use blind bridles, a curb bit and spurs, you can make him used to them so they come natural. He needs petting and coaxing, too, and occasional lumps of sugar.

Everybody knows the main thing to make a man fond of his home is good cooking, neatness and comfort, and to know his wife isn't gadding about.

It is the real Christian that counts. Religion does not.

A wife should avoid gossiping women, who make most of the trouble in life.

I never took much interest in the suffrage, but if other women want the vote, let them have it. The wise ones will side with their husbands in politics, anyhow.

Yes, most men are good. Some, of course, are rather like mules, but if a wife has patience and takes pains, she can train them right.

In the rigorous American climate the problem of proper ventilation cannot always be solved satisfactorily by wide-open windows. The problem of providing a sufficient quantity of fresh

Vera Cruz the Future



ONE VIEW OF VERA CRUZ

FROM the City of Mexico one slides down to Vera Cruz in five hours and is in a tropical, sea level, cosmopolitan city. It is the same change as traveling from Denver to Galveston, if the trip could be made as quickly.

Or, if one comes by boat, the wide mouth of an open bay opens invitingly to the commerce of the world. The outline of the city takes form in a two-mile sweep of the water front. There are low houses along the bay with palms that wave above their eaves. There are square, four-story, adobe hotels that back them up. The solemn towers of ancient churches, cross-capped, rise here and there. The jungle slopes back up the town, and beyond these is Orizaba, magnificent among volcanoes, smoking majestically from among her tropical snows, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record.

Coming in by rail before I dreamed that our flag would soon be flying over the city, I saw but a few blocks of square-built, balconied business houses with residences above, before reaching my hotel. This establishment, by name Hotel Diligencia, signifies diligence. This, despite the fact that it was the hour of the midday siesta, and all the town was asleep. Yet perhaps it portrayed diligence in comparison to other institutions, for I found a motley assortment of Europeans participating of "refrescos" in its sidewalk restaurants.

This Hotel Diligencia is the hub of the town from the standpoint of its external affairs. It stands on the Plaza de la Constitucion, which gives an immediate secondary insight into the matter of extravagant nomenclature. One has but to ask the name of the main street which runs past the other front of the hotel for more evidence of the veneer of glory and freedom that appears on a city map. This main street is Avenue de la Independencia.

Link to Outside World.

This stately hotel of Diligencia on Constitution square, Independence avenue, furnishes a setting for the battle of all languages of Europe. Vera Cruz is Mexico's link to the outside world, and the business interests that do that business have their representatives in that city. There are the German representatives of great mercantile establishments, the English representatives of large concession holders, the Italian officers for steamship companies, the French agencies for automobiles, the man from Chicago who sells refrigerated meats in the tropics, for the country is not self-supporting, despite its riches.

About the Hotel Diligencia runs a wide porch, supported at the outer edge of the sidewalk by great square pillars. About each of these is built a table. Tropical jungle trees add their shade to that of the porch. So is produced a model setting for that sidewalk restaurant effect much utilized in Europe but seen nowhere else in all North America but in Vera Cruz. About these tables sit citizens of all nations. There also gather the natives. About these same tables may be seen those Mexican ladies of today who bear the blood of the Spanish conquerors infused with the best of the upper caste Aztecs, and there are produced nowhere on earth women of more lustrous beauty.

From this town center branch off innumerable narrow streets that multiply themselves until they have developed a city two miles long, as the coast runs, and half as deep. Altogether it furnishes habitation for some thirty thousand people, and is the largest city on all the coasts of Mexico. It is the logical shipping point for the trade of a nation, and would multiply itself by ten if the Yankees had Mexico for as many years. It has paved streets, sewers, sanitation, harbor improvements. It is magnificently situated—a city of the future.

It is two blocks from the plaza to the water front, and it was up the street that leads that way that the first American rifle shots were fired when Vera Cruz was seized the other day. It was from the roof of the Parochial church, gray and forbidding,

across the plaza, that the shot was fired that killed the first American marine.

The Plaza de la Constitucion is in grape-laden arbors. There is a square on three nights of the week, and it is converted into a market. It wakes in cool of early morning, the Vera Cruzans rise to conduct their business before the day arrives. At 11 o'clock along Avenue de la Independencia up their shutters. The women retreats into its sleeping quarters behind thick, adobe walls. The cool of the morning sun is the cause of the early closing of the aperture, and takes its siesta.

The Sacred Scavenger.

But while Vera Cruz sleeps from eleven to one, Nature's scavengers are at work. It is a weird scene that meets the American who passes down the deserted streets of this port of a rich nation at the siesta hour. With shutters up and all the human life of the city suspended, one walks the deserted streets with a feeling of weird desolation. It appears to be the unaccustomed visitor as a city of the dead.

And as he passes through the still, sunlit streets bereft of human companionship there is ever with him that weird presence of the scavenger buzzard. This, the sacred bird of mystery of the Aztecs, is a sort of guardian spirit of this city of the tropics. The new sewage system of Vera Cruz does much to dispose of its refuse, but there is still need of the turkey buzzard for doing away with matter left on the surface. So they flock through the streets. They hop about the gutters and are so tame as to be almost stepped on. They ride majestically and solemnly on the tail of any passing milk cart. They sit in the trees of Plaza de la Constitucion. But above all, they flock by the thousands about the roof of the old Parochial church across that plaza from the hotel.

And this spot is rich in historical events with which every man is acquainted, but the exact setting for which he has forgotten. Here it was that Cortez burned his ships in 1519. He first landed at this little island with his band of soldiers of fortune gathered from among the adventurous spirits who were then wont to rendezvous about Porto Rico. The ships were burned that retreat might be made impossible and the march inland was begun, 600 men against the millions, with no possibility of retreat.

LOGIC OF THE INNOCENTS

Why the Poorest People Have the Most Babies Explained in a Simple Manner.

A Lakewood mother, reading quietly in a secluded corner of the room, heard her two children, aged five and seven, wishing they could have a new baby sister.

"Mamma could not afford it," declared the elder.

"Why not," demanded the younger.

"Where do babies come from?"

"Why, when folks die and go to heaven, God makes 'em over into babies and sends 'em to folks."

"Then why couldn't mamma afford one?" Mrs. Skovtsky, the woman that does the washing, she's the poorest woman I ever saw, and she has eight!"

"Well, don't you see? Poor people always have to have made-over things."

And this true story comes from the mother who overheard this fine logic. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Appearances.

"Bliggins is doing his best to appear youthful."

"Dyes his mustache and wears a toupee?"

"No. Puts on outing clothes and tries to look like a Boy Scout."

Exaggerated Optimism.

"What is your idea of an optimist?"

"An optimist," replied Mr. Grower, "is a man who thinks he has the makings of an automobile because he has managed to get hold of a gallon of gasoline and a spark plug."

IDEAS for HOME BUILDERS

By WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Small houses for small families are required in greater numbers than any other style of building. It is said that the average family contains five members. This means that a great many families have only from two to four members.

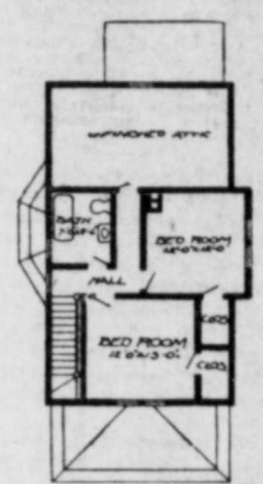
The remark has often been made that no roof is big enough to cover two families; certainly the happiest way to live is in a home of one's own. Judging from the misery in some large houses, there has been no change in human nature in this respect. You may call it selfishness or what you like, but the fact remains that there can only be one mistress in one house. Things must go to her liking, or someone suffers.

The design here illustrated shows a house that costs very little more to build than a one-story cottage. There are only two bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs, besides a big storeroom; while the downstairs is perfectly arranged for comfort and convenience.

The eaves are but little higher than on a cottage house. The room upstairs is secured by means of a roof having four gables, which is an easy roof to build, and one that is understood by every house carpenter. It is right in every respect, even to the placing of the chimney.

There is a great advantage in having the chimney in the center of the house. You never have trouble with a roof leaking around a chimney that is built through the peak, but the amount of expressive profanity wasted on chimneys near the eaves is tremendous. When the water races down the roof, it seems to prefer an outlet around the chimney. It runs down towards the ground easier than

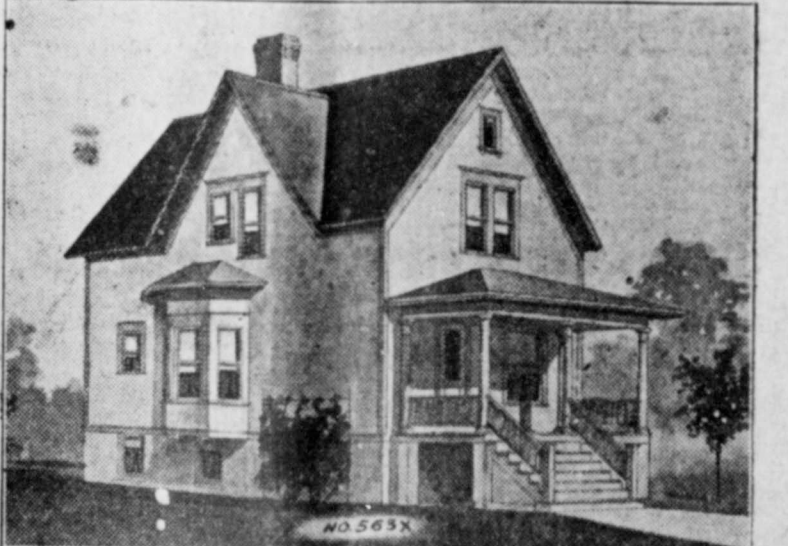
a very cozy sitting room, which may be used separately or in connection with the parlor, as desired. A window seat to fit in the bay, reaching clear across the three windows, looks well, and, if properly made, is very comfortable. Windows seats are used in the winter more than in summer; and they should be built accordingly. There is more or less draft or at least cold air coming in around a window in the winter. For this reason the window seat should be protected by the back, which may extend up three or four inches above the window sill without being conspicuous from the outside. It depends, of



Second Floor Plan.

course, a good deal on the window seat itself and the way in which it is made.

As a general thing it is better to have the whole thing movable. A cheap frame is made to fit the window, and this frame is seated with loose cushions. The ends and back are covered with tufted material to match the cushions. This tufting should reach up the back and turn over on the window side and extend down as far as the window stool. The ends of the window seat may be higher than the sides, but not



It does at the eaves; at least a great many men feel that way at times.

Theoretically it is easy to steer the water around the chimney; but theory don't always cover the whole question. Sometimes snow banks up against the chimney, which melts a little bit every day, and at night freezes into an ice bank, and this changes the situation around the chimney considerably. After a while the rains come, sometimes in a hurry; and before the ice bank has time to

necessarily so, as both shape and design must conform to the other furniture in the room to a certain extent. It is more difficult to fit the tufted covering when the ends are higher than the sides, but it often gives the finished work a much better appearance.

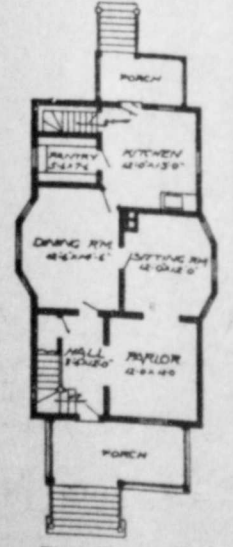
The front of the window seat is covered with material the same as the cushions and back, and it may be put on smooth or plaited. A smooth finish is best because it does not collect dust; often, however, the plaited form looks better.

Sometimes drawers for magazines and books are built in the seat, and these must be considered in the covering. Sometimes the seat is made to lift up. There are as many styles in window seats as in any other articles of furniture; but they are different from the fact that each one is made to fit a certain niche where it is expected to remain.

A window seat is never complete without plenty of pillows. The square down pillows with fancy covers that are seen in every home, are not only comfortable, but highly decorative. Some of these pillows are made too nice to use, which is a great mistake. It is much better to have washable covers that may be easily removed. Of course every woman likes to have something of this kind as neat and elaborate as possible; but, as a general thing, pillows should be made to use as well as to look at.

A seat big enough to fit this window should have seven or eight pillows piled up at the ends, and scattered along the side on top of the tufted back. Some seats are made with a wide rail on top of the back, especially to hold pillows. In such cases the tufting should be made in different parts, with a division at each corner and a cord run along to mark the upper corner borders.

This little house may be built, under favorable circumstances, for about \$1,500, without heating apparatus or plumbing.



First Floor Plan.

get out of the way, somebody down below gets a bath and some expensive decorations are spoiled. It is not every house plan that will permit placing the chimney in the peak of the roof, but that style of plan is to be preferred when all other things are right for it.

This is not a large house; it is 26 feet wide and 28 feet long, exclusive of porches; and it is supposed to stand out alone where it gets light and air on every side so the sun may penetrate into every corner. There is an opportunity to fit up



The VALIANTS

By HALLIE ERMINIE RICHARDS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAUREN S. HARRIS

SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Vallant's father, and a man named Saxon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Saxon and Vallant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and the buildings in a very much neglected condition. He decides to rehabilitate the place and make the land produce a living for him. Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Shirley tells her mother of the incident and the latter is strangely moved at hearing that a Vallant is again living at Damory court.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

The major nodded. "Ah, yes," he said. "The Continental prison-camp." "And just over this rise there I can see an old court-house, and the Virginia Assembly building under the golden tongue-lashing of lean rambled Patrick Henry. I see a messenger gallop up and see the members scramble to their saddles—and then, Tarleton and his red-coats streaming up, too late."

"Well," commented the doctor deliberately, "all I have to say is, don't materialize too much to Mrs. Polly Gifford when you meet her. She'll have you lecturing to the Ladies' Church Guild before you know it."

"I hope you ride, Mr. Vallant?" the latter asked genially.

"I'm fond of it," said Vallant, "but I have no horse as yet."

"I was thinking," pursued the major, "of the coming tournament."

"Tournament?"

The doctor cut in. "A ridiculous cock-a-doodle-do which gives the young bucks a chance to rig out in silly togery and prance their coats before a lot of petticoats!"

"It's an annual affair," explained the major; "a kind of spectacle. For many years, by the way, it has been held on a part of this estate—perhaps you will have no objection to its use this season?"—and at night there is a dance at the Country Club. By the way, you must let me introduce you there—tomorrow, I've taken the liberty already of putting your name up."

"Good lord!" growled the doctor, aside. "He counts himself young! If I'd reached your age, Bristow—"

"You have," said the major, nettled. "Four years ago!—As I was saying, Mr. Vallant, they ride for a prize. It's a very ancient thing—I've seen references to it in a colonial manuscript in the Byrd Library at Westover. No doubt it's come down directly from the old jousts."

"You don't mean to say," cried his hearer in genuine astonishment, "that Virginia has a lineal descendant of the tourney?"

The major nodded. "Yes. Certain sections of Kentucky used to have it, too, but it has died out there. It exists now only in this state. It's a curious thing that the old knightly meetings of the middle ages should survive today only on American soil and in a corner of Virginia."

Doctor Southall, meanwhile, had set his gaze on the litter of pamphlets. He turned with an appreciative eye. "You're beginning in earnest. The



The Other Got Up and Stood Before the Mantel-Piece in a Napoleonic Attitude.

Agricultural Department. And the Congressional frank."

"I'm afraid I'm a sad sketch as a scientist," laughed Vallant. "My point of view has to be a somewhat practical one. I must be self-supporting. Damory Court is a big estate. It has grain lands and forest as well. If my ancestors lived from it, I can. It's not only that, but it went on more slowly. I want to make the most of the place for its own sake, too. Not only of its possibilities for earning, but of its natural beauties. I lack the resources I once had, but I can give it thought and work, and if I can bring Damory Court back to anything even remotely resembling what it once was, I'll not spare either."

The major smote his knee and even the doctor's face showed a grim, if transient approval. "I believe you'll

do it!" exclaimed the former. "And let me say, sah, that the neighborhood is not unaware of the splendid generosity which is responsible for the present lack of which you speak."

Vallant put out his hand with a little gesture of deprecation, but the other disregarded it. "Confound it, sah, it was to be expected of a Vallant. Your ancestors wrote their names in capital letters over this country. They were an up and down lot, but good or bad (and, as Southall says, I reckon)—he nodded toward the great portrait above the couch—"they weren't all little woolly lambs; they did big things in a big way."

Vallant leaned forward eagerly, a question on his lips. But at the moment a diversion occurred in the shape of Uncle Jefferson, who reentered, bearing a tray on which set sundry jugs and clinking glasses, glowing with white and green and gold.

"You old bungus," said the doctor, "don't you know the major's that poisoned with mint-juleps already that he can't get up before eight in the morning?"

"Well, sah," giggled Uncle Jefferson, "Ah done foun' er mint-bald down below de kitchens dis mawnin'. Yo' all gemmun 'bout de bigges' expuhts in dis yeah county, en Ah rock'n Mars' Vallant sho' 'sist on yo' samplin' et."

"Sah," said the major, feelingly, turning to his host, "I'm proud to drink your health in the typical beverage of Virginia!" He touched glasses with Vallant and glared at the doctor, who was sipping his own thoughtfully. "Poems have been written on the julep, sah."

"They make good epitaphs, too," observed the doctor.

"I noticed your glass isn't going begging," the major retorted. "Uncle Jefferson, that's as good mint as grew in the garden of Eden. See that those lazy niggers of yours don't grub the patch out by mistake."

"Yes, sah," said Uncle Jefferson, as he retired with the tray. "Ah gwine-ter put er fence aroun' dat ar bald 'fo' sundown."

The question that had sprung to Vallant's lips now found utterance. "I saw you look at the portrait there," he said to the major. "Which of my ancestors is it?"

The other got up and stood before the mantel-piece in a Napoleonic attitude. "That," he said, fixing his eyes on the portrait, "is your great-grandfather, Devil-John Vallant."

"Devil-John!" echoed his host. "Yes, I've heard the name."

The doctor guffawed. "He earned it, I reckon. I never realized what a sinister expression that missing optic gives the old ruffian. There was a skirmish during the war on the hillside yonder and a bullet cut it out. When we were boys we used to call him 'Old One-Eye.'"

"It interests me enormously," John Vallant spoke explosively.

"The stories of Devil-John would fill a mighty big book," said the major. "By all accounts he ought to have lived in the middle ages." Crossing the library, he looked into the dining-room. "I thought I remembered. The portrait over the console there is his wife, your great-grandmother. They say he bet that when he brought his bride home, she should walk into Damory Court between rows of candlesticks worth twenty-thousand dollars. He made the wager good, too, for when she came up those steps out there, there was a row of ten candles burning on either side of the doorway, each held by a young slave worth a thousand dollars in the market."

"Some say he grew jealous of his wife's beauty. There were any number of stories told of his cruelties to her that aren't worth repeating. She died early—poor lady—and your grandfather was the only issue, Devil-John himself lived to be past seventy, and at that age, when most men were stacking their sins and groaning with the gout, he was dining and fox-hunting with the youngest of them. He always swore he would die with his boots on, and they say when the doctor told him he had only a few hours leeway, he made his slaves dress him completely and prop him on his horse. They galloped out so, a negro on either side of him. It was a stormy night, black as the Earl of Hell's riding-boots, with wind and lightning, and he rode cursing at both. There's an old black-gum tree a mile from here that they still call Devil-John's tree. They were just passing under it when the lightning struck it. Lightning has no effect on the black-gum, you know. The bolt glanced from the tree and struck him between the two slaves without harming either of them. It killed his horse, too. That's the story. To be sure at this date nobody can separate fact from fiction. Possibly he wasn't so much worse than the rest o' his neighbors—not excepting the parsons. 'Other times, other manners.'"

"They weren't any worse than the present generation," said the doctor malevolently. "Your four bottle men then knew only claret; now they punish whiskey-straight."

The major buried his nose in his julep for a long moment before he looked at the doctor blandly. "I agree with you, Bristow," he said; "but it's

the first time I ever heard you admit that much good of your ancestors."

"Good!" said the doctor belligerently. "Me! I don't! I said people now were no better. As for the men of that time, they were a cheap swaggering lot of bullies and swash-bucklers. When I read history I'm ashamed to be descended from them."

"I desire to inform you, sah," said the major, stung, "that I too am a descendant of those bullies and swash-bucklers, as you call them. And I wish from my heart I thought we, nowadays, could hold a tallow-dip to them."

"You refer, no doubt," said the doctor with sarcasm, "to our friend Devil-John and his ideal treatment of his wife!"

"No, sah," replied the major warmly. "I'm not referring to Devil-John. There were exceptions, no doubt, but for the most part they treated the women folk as I believe their Maker made them to be treated! The m

In that single exclamation the doctor seemed to have exhausted his vocabulary. He was looking at the ground. It was the doctor who, at last, in a silence that to the man in the doorway weighed like a hundred atmospheres.

"No!" he said bluntly. "Certainly not. What put that into your head?"

When he was alone in the library Vallant opened the glass door and took from the shelf the morocco case. The old shiver of repugnance ran over him at the very touch of the leather. In the farthest corner was a low commode. He set the case on this and moved the big tapestry screen across the angle, hiding it from view.

In that great hall at Damory court the brass wall sconces were lit. The fire in the grate crackled and the gleam of the fire lit the faces of the two men who stood there. The doctor, who was looking at the morocco case, was looking at the doctor who was looking at the morocco case.

On the sideboard sat a silver loving-cup that had arrived the day before in a huge box with his books and knick-knacks. He had won it at polo. He lifted it, fingering its carved handles. He remembered that when that particular score had been made, Katharine Fargo had sat in one of the drags at the side-line.

But the memory evoked no thrill. Instead, the thought of her pale, cold, passionless beauty called up another mobile thoroughbred face instinct with quick flashings of mirth and hauteur. Again he felt the fierce clutch of small fingers, as they fought with his in that struggle for his life. Each line of that face stood before him—the arching brows, the cameo-delicacy of profile, the magnolia skin and hair like a brown-gold cloud across the sun.

He stepped down to the graveled drive and followed it to the gate, then, bareheaded, took the Red Road. Along this highway he had rattled in Uncle Jefferson's crazy hack—with her red rose in his hand. The musky scent of the pressed leaves in the book in his pocket seemed to be all about him.

The odor of living roses, in fact, was in the air. It came on the scarce-felt breeze, a heavy calling perfume. He walked on, keeping the road by the misty infiltrating shimmer of the stars, with a sensation rather of gliding than of walking. It occurred to him that if, as scientists say, colors emit sound-tones, scents also should possess a music of their own: the honey-suckle fragrance, maybe—soft mellow fluting as of diminutive wind-instruments; the far-faint sickly odor of lilies—the upper register of fairy violins; this spicy breath of roses—bleeding, throbbing chords like elfin echoes of an Italian harp. The fancy pleased him; he could imagine the perfume now in the air carried with it an under-music, like a ghostly harping.

It came to him at the same instant that this was no mere fancy. Somewhere in the languorous night a harp was being played. He paused and listened intently, then went on toward the sound. The rose scent had grown stronger; it was almost in that heavy air, as if he were breathing an ethereal sea of attar. He felt as if he were

What He Had Drawn From the Shelf Was the Morocco Case That Held the Rusty Dueling-Pistol!

who failed in his courtesy there, sah, was called to account for it. He was mighty apt to find himself standing in the cool dawn at the out-end of a—

He broke off and coughed. There was an awkward pause in which he set down his glass noisily and rose and stood before the open bookcase. "I envy you this, sah," he said with somewhat of haste. "A fine old collection. Bless my soul, what a curious volume!"

As he spoke, his hand jerked out a heavy-looking leather-back. Vallant, who had risen and stood beside him, saw instantly that what he had drawn from the shelf was the morocco case that held the rusty dueling-pistol!

In the major's hands the broken box opened. A sudden startled look darted across his leonine face. With smothered exclamation he thrust it back between the books and closed the glass door.

Vallant had paled. His previous finding of the weapon had escaped his mind. Now he read, as clearly as if it had been printed in black-letters across the sunny wall, the significance of the major's confusion. That weapon had been in his father's hand when he faced his opponent in that fatal duel! It flashed across his mind as the doctor lunged for his hat and stick and got to his feet.

"Come, Bristow," said the latter irritably. "Your feet will grow fast to the floor presently. We mustn't talk a new neighbor to death. I've got to see a patient at six."

CHAPTER XVII.

John Vallant Asks a Question. Vallant went with them to the outer door. A painful thought was flooding his mind. It hampered his speech and it was only by a violent effort that he found voice:

"One moment! There is a question I would like to ask."

Both gentlemen had turned upon the steps and as they faced him he thought a swift glance passed between them. They waited courteously, the doctor with his habitual frown, the major's hand fumbling for the black ribbon on his waistcoat.

"Since I came here, I have heard"—his tone was uneven—"of a duel in which my father was a principal. There was such a meeting?"

"There was," said the doctor after the slightest pause of surprise. "Had you known nothing of it?"

"Absolutely nothing."

The major cleared his throat. "It was something he might naturally not have made a record of," he said. "The two had been friends, and it—it was a fatal encounter for the other. The doctor and I were your father's seconds."

There was a moment's silence before Vallant spoke again. When he did his voice was steady, though drops had sprung to his forehead. "Was there any circumstance in that meeting that might be construed as reflecting on his—honor?"

"Good God, no!" said the major explosively.

"On his bearing as a gentleman?"

There was a hiatus this time in which he could hear his heart beat.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Beyond the Box-Hedge.

As he greeted her, his gaze plunged deep into hers. She had recoiled a step, startled, to recognize him almost instantly. He noted the shrinking and thought it due to a stabbing memory of that forest-horror. His first words were prosaic enough:

"I'm an unconscionable trespasser," he said. "It must seem awfully private, but I didn't realize I was on private property till I passed the hedge there."

He stopped stock-still. He had been skirting a close-cropped hedge of box. This had ended abruptly and he was looking straight up a bar of green-yellow radiance from a double doorway. The latter opened on a porch and the light, flung across this, drenched an arbor of climbing roses, making it stand out a mass of woven rubies set in emerald.

He drew a long sigh of more than delight, for framed in the doorway he saw a figure in misty white, leaning to the gilded upright of a harp. He knew at once that it was Shirley. Holding his breath, he came closer, his feet muffled in the thick grass. He stood in the dense obscurity, one hand gripping the gnarled limb of a catalpa, his eyes following the shapely arms from wrist to shoulder, the fingers straying across the strings, the bending cheek caressing the carved wood. She was playing the melody of Shelley's "Indian Serenade"—touching the chords softly and tenderly—and his lips moved, molding themselves soundlessly to the words.

The serenade died in a single long note. As if in answer to it there rose a flood of bird-music from beyond the arbor—jets of song that swelled and rippled to a soaring melody. She heard it, too, for the gracie fingers fell from the strings. She listened a moment, with head held to one side, then sprang up and came through the door and down the steps.

He hesitated a moment, then a single stride took him from the shadow.

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As her hand lay in his, a strange fancy stirred in him: in that wood-meeting she had seemed something witch-like, the wilful spirit of the passionate spring herself, mixed of her aerial essences and jungle wildnesses; in this scented lim-lit close she was grave-eyed, subdued, a paler penance woman of under half-guessed sadnesses and haunting moods. With her answer, however, this gravity seemed to slip from her like a garment. She laughed lightly.

"I love to prowl myself. I think sometimes I like the night better than the day. I believe in one of my incarnations I must have been a panther."

They both laughed. "I'm growing superstitious about flowers," he said. "You know a rose figured in our first meeting. And in our last—"

She shrank momentarily. "The cape jessamines! I shall always think of that when I see them!"

"Ah, forgive me!" he begged. "But when I remember what you did—for me! Oh, I know! But for you, I must have died."

"But for me you wouldn't have been bitten. But don't let's talk of it." She shivered suddenly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

noticed that cat acting queerly every time a party came along and was told about the beauties of this vast pile of masonry, as you was saying.

"Then one day along came a gent with some friends and talked for three-quarters of an hour along this line, when blam'd if that there cat didn't run all the way up 500 odd feet of steps and commit suicide by jumping off the top of the monument."—Washington Post.

Some Mushroom.

Epicures in the United States, who love mushrooms will long for a time in the Austrian Tyrol, where real mushrooms grow. A traveler writing of the region says: Bordering the road that led up the mountain were Italian chestnut trees, so large that it took from three to five of us to span the trunks of most of them. Up der one of these one evening I saw crouching what I took to be a small, dark gray kitten. Stooping, I found that it was not a kitten, but a mushroom. Our good peasant neighbor, hurrying toward me, begged that I would not disturb it, saying that she depended on this every year. After a few days of rain, what had seemed a kitten now looked a stately cat, and when it reached the weight of six pounds it was gathered and eaten.

DROVE THE CAT TO SUICIDE

Representative Probably Did a Little Thinking After He Had Heard Policeman's Story.

"Alfalfa Bill" Murray, representative from Oklahoma, made a tour of Washington a short time ago with a party of friends. In due time they reached the Washington monument, and the Oklahoma statesman told at length of the beauties of the shaft.

At the close of his peroration, Alfalfa Bill mopped his brow and turned genially to a minion of the law nearby.

"How about it," asked he; "isn't that some little talk on this ancient pile of masonry?"

"You forgot about the cat," replied that official, imperturbably.

"What cat?"

"The brindled cat of 1896."

"Well, what about him?" queried Representative Murray.

"Oh, nothing," replied the guard, evasively.

"See here," said Mr. Murray, sternly, "I demand to know about this cat."

"It ain't much of a story," replied the guard. "Your talking there reminded me of it. Y'see this here cat lived in the monument. Well, sir, me and another chap that used to be here

TEARS LY, BLOTCH

blackheads disappear, complexion becomes clear, and velvety, and hair and beauty are promoted by the regular use of resinol soap and an occasional application of resinol ointment. These soothing, healing preparations do their work easily, quickly and at little cost, even when the most expensive cosmetics and complicated "beauty treatments" fail.

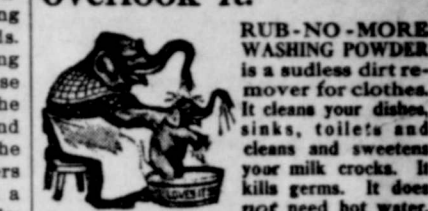
Resinol soap and resinol ointment heal eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis and other skin eruptions, stop itching instantly, and are most valuable for sunburn, insect bites, sores, burns, boils, piles, etc. Sold by all druggists.—Adv.

When it comes to falling in love a girl is equal to the occasion.

For sore or weak eyes, use DICKIE'S OLD RELIABLE EYE WATER. Don't hurt. Adv.

Some people are never happy unless they can find fault.

It was her husband who finally brought home RUB-NO-MORE. Now she's enthusiastic about it. She had intended to buy RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER. But overlooked it. Don't you overlook it.



RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Napha Soap

Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Zona Face Pomade

"The ALL DAY BEAUTY POWDER"

Ideal when motoring—protects and beautifies the complexion—does not blow off—pure and harmless.

At all dealers or by mail 50c.

Zona Co., Wichita, Kansas.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality Largest Variety



GILT EDGE the only ladies' shoe dressing that polishes, cleans, and shines without rubbing. 25c. "French Gloss," 10c. STAR combination for dressing and polishing all kinds of shoes, 10c. "Dandy," size 25c. "QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, 10c. and 25c. BABY ELITE combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A-1. Restores color and shine to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10c. "Elite" size 25c. If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send in the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid. WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO. 20-26 Albany St. Cambridge, Mass. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00 Women's \$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50 Misses, Boys, Children \$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.00

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY by wearing the W. L. Douglas shoes because they last longer and are more comfortable than any other shoes. They are made of the best materials and are made by the best workmen in the world. They are the only shoes that are made in the U.S.A. and are sold at a low price.

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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.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcements entered here are made subject to the action of the Democratic primaries July unless specifically stated otherwise.

District Judge, 47th Judicial District:

JAS. N. BROWNING
(Re-election)

JNO. W. VEALE
HUGH L. UMPHRES

For District Attorney, 47th Judicial District:

HENRY S. BISHOP
(Re-election)

A. S. ROLLINS

For County Judge:

J. C. KILLOUGH
(Re-election)

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:

ROY KENDALL
GEORGE R. DOSHIER
J. T. PATMAN
(Re-election)

For County Treasurer:

L. O. LEWIS
E. DUBBS
MRS. GUSS JOHNSON
W. M. STEVENS

For Tax Assessor:

R. W. TALLEY
B. F. NAYLOR

For District and County Clerk:

J. J. ALEXANDER
(Re-election)

For Commissioner Precinct No 3:

E. E. MCGEE
N. (Nick) L. FRYAR
(Re-election)

For Public Weigher Precinct 3:

D. C. MOORE

For Justice of the Peace, P't 3:

J. A. MORROW

Crops are doing nicely. Some feed headed out and almost matured. Cotton blooming and putting on forms. In fact with a good rain in the next few days our people will make more than they can gather.

Isn't it time that Hedley start a road campaign, such as devoting one day in each week to working the roads? It is important and why neglect it. The

Campaign literature coming in lately by the road almost. If one were to believe all that comes out he would decide that the candidates for governor are the worst men in the world. Pay no attention to campaign lies and vote for the man whom you believe is best qualified for the office and is advocating the principles you believe are right. When one votes conscientiously for a man then he's doing his best.

Hire the Best Man for the Job

If you were hiring a man to cut your yard, milk your cow, work in your field or clerk in your store, you would look well to their qualifications, if two applied, and choose the better—would you not?

You would not hire a sailor to cut your yard, a doctor to milk your cow, a clerk to plow your field, or a field hand to work in your store—would you?

If two men offered for any job you might have, you would size them up carefully—would you not?

You would look them over, learn their qualifications, investigate their ability, satisfy yourself of their honesty and truthfulness—would you not?

If you let prejudice set aside your good business judgement and lead you to hire the man you thought was least adapted to the work, you would consider yourself a very poor business man—would you not?

If you were selecting a man for a big, responsible sort of job that needed power, brains, intellect, honesty and many other virtues, you would first ask what has this man done—would you not?

And having done these things, and having made up your mind, you would hire the better man of the two if you could—would you not?

Two men are offering for governor of Texas. It is a big job. The State of Texas is the biggest business organization in the Southwest. It needs a man at its head who is trusted, true and tried.

The best man that can be hired for the job is Thomas H. Ball of Houston. He is a statesman offering for a job that needs a statesman. He has shown his ability at it. He has served his people honestly and well at Washington. He is the only man in the governors race with a tested public record. You will help to hire him—will you not?—Houston Chronicle.

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Opportunity knocks once at everybody's door. WILL YOU be ready to grasp it?

We prepare young men and women to get the most out of life—to make the most of their opportunities.

Today a knowledge of accounts is essential to business success.

We give you the kind of training that will win success. Then, when you are competent, we put you where you can apply your knowledge and begin earning a salary at once.

The right kind of start, the kind we can give you, may save you years of hopeless work in positions where the chances of advancement are few.

Write for literature and find out how to get access to some country in five minutes.

Address: BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Bowie, Texas

Gleaned Here and There

Rather a nasty campaign isn't it? Yet what can be expected when pocketbooks are principles and hell is good enough for cigarette-smoking boys?—Austin Tribune.

Ferguson headquarters have been established in every saloon in Texas, and we can think of no place more appropriate.—Kerrville Advance.

And should he be elected his election will be celebrated in every saloon in Texas by the clink of liquor glasses.

By the way, do those folks who are fearful of Tom Ball because he is a "corporation lawyer" know that Ferguson's manager is a railroad claim agent? And anyone knows what a claim agent's business is.—Paris News.

And Ferguson, himself, is a banker. Do you know of a bigger corporation than the one the banks belong to?

Ball's opponents pretend to think that Ball wants to lend money to citizens to buy farms in the cutover pine lands in East Texas. The Fort Worth Record says such argument is silly. The fellows who use it know better. No legislature would permit such favoritism, and no homeseeker would buy that land when he could get better land in better parts of the state.—Snyder Signal.

On the other hand Ball's opponents' argument that Ferguson's land rental plank is a feasible one is equally as silly. They are after the renter's vote. That's all.

At the submission rally in Dallas last week Cyclone Davis described a swift stream down which men, women and children are going to their death. Up the stream, a group of men are engaged in throwing them into the waters, while further down another group are engaged in rescuing them. When a committee goes up the stream to try to stop the group from throwing people in, they are told to go back and attend to their business. "You go down and pull them out and we will throw them in."—Baptist Standard.

Catch the point? The preachers must stay out of the prohibition campaign, and let the liquor question alone. But after liquor has got in its damnable work the preachers then may try to save them. When the bubonic plague broke out recently in New Orleans the Government set to work at once to destroy the cause—namely rats. If the Government had done like the ants are wanting the preachers do, it would have let the cause alone and just tried to save the victim of the plague. Talk about being consistent! How about wanting to muzzle the Protestant preachers and giving a Catholic priest political liberty?

ROAD BUILDING

LAND VALUES ARE INCREASED

English Country Residents Enjoy Good Roads and Are Ever Within Reach of Good Markets.

In England the highest ambition of a majority of well-to-do men is to have a "place" in the country. They don't banker after city living the year around; indeed, they don't banker after it at all, except as it may be forced upon them in order that they may live near their business. But the minute their business reaches such a point as to afford them some leisure, or the minute they acquire sufficient means to retire, they seek a home in the country. England has good roads, though in very early times none were worse, and these country residents are never beyond the reach of good markets and of the supplies which good markets offer. A country house ten miles from market town, but connected with it by a good road—a road good at all seasons and in all weathers—hasn't really any disadvantage except that of access as some country



An English Country Road.

houses within a mile of some of our city limits.

Has it ever occurred to landholders in some of our own towns that good roads to their lands would not only bring those lands nearer the markets they raise produce for, but would also bring those lands nearer the city where business men do business, make them more available for residence and increase their value? No man wants to travel two or more miles every day to and from the city where his business is located over such "roads" as we have found existing in various parts of the country. No wonder the "state road" system has become so popular. But many men would be glad to drive their buggy or auto five or even more miles every day if the roads offered them were such that the drive was a daily pleasure and did not put them at an unreasonable distance from their offices in point of time.

OPERATION OF A ROAD DRAG

Some Simple Lessons Given by Man Who Learned by Years of Experience—Helper Is Needed.

Here are some simple lessons, worth considering, which I have learned by years of experience with the road drag, writes John K. Goodman in Progressive Farmer.

1. Make your drag reversible (i. e., to move dirt right or left) by altering the hitch. Have the hind section about five-sixths the length of the front one; and face both front and rear sections entire length with iron or steel.
2. For best results under varying conditions of road surface as to dry, damp, hard or soft, I find it pays to have a man along at the end of a rope attached to the rear end of drag to properly steer the machine, and counteract its tendency to slide around hard bumps which need trimming off and smoothing. It is not so easy a matter as talking about it, for one man (the driver) to rightly direct the course and work of the drag by stepping from point to point, as common directions go; in fact, oftentimes impossible. Then the driver's weight is not always needed on the drag, but can be there in an instant when required.

Poor Highways.

Poor highways lessen the profit of labor, increase the cost of living, burden the enterprise of the people, dull the morality of our citizenship and hold down the educational advancement of the country.

Marks of Plymouth Rocks.

Originally, the Barred Rock, oldest of the Plymouth Rocks by many years, had five toes, but now these never appear. Originally, in the old flocks one would appear now and then showing feathers on the legs of the then best pure-bred. Should this happen today, one would discard it immediately as far from pure-bred.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS

Galveston and Dallas, Tex.

The best newspaper and agriculture journal in the South. Contains news, State, National and foreign news that are similar publication, the largest market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the woman and the children.

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The special agricultural feature of The Farm News consists chiefly of contributions by subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and express the views of its readers concerning matters of the farm, home and other subjects.

THE CENTURY PAGE

Published once a week, is a magazine of ideas of the home, every one the contribution of a woman reader of The News about farm life and matters of general interest to women.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Is published once a week and is filled with stories from the boys and girls who read the paper.

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AND THE

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Come In!

We'll explain why we believe B. P. S. is the Best Paint Sold.

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The SAFE boys' magazine

Under months of trial it has been found Only \$1 a year

All boys enjoy it. It is full of pictures, full of fun, full of adventure, full of stories, full of news, full of facts, full of information, full of interest, full of excitement, full of variety, full of everything that a boy wants in a magazine.

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Read by 500,000 boys



Drive Away the Flies

from your live stock. It pays! Dairy cows always "drop off" in milk production during fly time. Horses cannot rest, and so get in poor condition. Hogs are tortured and growth is checked. Spray your animals with

Pratts Fly Chaser

and insure perfect health for them. Easy to use. Safe and effective. Will not gum the hair or taint the milk.

Refuse substitutes; insist on Pratts. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

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A DESPERATE LOVER

By JOHN DARLING.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
About once a month, always on a Sunday, Maurice Danby motored from the city down to his brother's farm for a brief visit.

Young Mr. Danby held a position in a city department. His standing in social life was good, and it was known that he had a fair-sized bank account. So far as friends or relatives knew, he had never been in love, and was not likely to be. Therefore it was a shock to his sister-in-law when he arrived one Sunday, and said:

"Look here, Sarah, you have got to help me out."

"What is it, Maurice?" she asked. "I'm in love."

"You can't be."

"But I am."

"Well, who's the girl have you?"

"I haven't asked her."

"Then go right off and do it."

"Listen to me, woman. I came down by the old post road this morning, instead of the usual way. About three miles above here is an old red farmhouse."

"Yes, the Granger place."

"There was a girl there."

"Yes; Kitty Granger."

"She was leaning on the gate eating an apple. I am almost sure she smiled at me."

"What idiots young men are!" smiled the relative. "You see a good-looking girl at a farmhouse gate, and ten seconds later you are in love and thinking of marriage."

"I am going to know Kitty Granger. It may not take two days to bring it about, and it may take two weeks."

Monday morning he entered his auto and started away with a wave of his hand. He was bound for the post road and Farmer Granger's. When he saw the old farmer at work in the field by the roadside an idea came to him. He stopped.

"Do you want to sell that calf tied in your front yard?" he asked.

"Yep," was the reply.

"How much?"

"Orter be with six dollars."

Not ten feet behind the calf was the veranda. Mr. Danby walked around the veal cutlets three times and then took a seat on the veranda to view him from a new point.

He coughed and shuffled his feet, but no one came out.

Miss Kitty was heard singing in the house, but she didn't appear. After a quarter of an hour had passed away the schemer had to return to the farmer to say:

"I will come back tomorrow and see about it."

"Just as you will," was the reply.

It was with a good deal of chagrin that the young man got into his auto and drove away.

"Then the girl with the apple was not at the gate?" his sister-in-law asked.

"I—I was just riding out for pleasure," he replied.

"Oh, I see. I have sort of taken a pity on you, and decided to give you a hint to act on. I have heard that Miss Kitty was talking of buying a new piano."

"Well?"

"If you want some excuse for calling at the house to get a closer view of her and have a talk—"

"By George, it's the thing!" As agent for a piano house in the city, I can call."

Young Danby was so elated with the new scheme that he forgot the old one. He motored boldly up to the house, but as he reached the veranda, Mr. Granger came around the corner from the kitchen and sighted him and said:

"Come back for the calf, eh? Well, I thought you would. He's worth seven dollars, and I only asked you six."

"I was going to see your daughter about a new piano."

"Oh, the piano can wait. Will you take the calf away with you in the machine? As you are in the veal business, you must know that calves are going up every day. I said six dollars to you, and I'll stand by my word."

He led the calf out to the gate, and Mr. Danby had to follow. He had to do more. He had to help lift the calf into the auto and make him fast and hand over six dollars and drive away.

When another day came Mr. Danby was ready—he didn't know for what. He set off without a plan. If he passed the house he might be shouted to stop and buy hogs or hens, but it might be his luck also to see Miss Kitty at the gate. He had just determined to take his chances when he saw her coming toward him, driving in her pony cart.

Speed was reduced to a fair gait, and he held straight for the pony. The girl checked up. She screamed. Straight ahead, and then there was a smash and the pony was down and things were in a glorious tangle.

"There was some breakage, but no lives lost."

"What did you do that for?" asked the girl when things were somewhat straightened out.

"Do you believe I did it on purpose?"

"I surely do!"

"Well, it was that I might get a chance to tell you that I am in love with you!"

The wedding day may not have been set yet, but young Mr. Danby has for a long time been eating his Sunday dinner at Farmer Granger's.

MARRIAGE A HABIT TO WOMEN
Writer Asserts They Want Husbands to Escape Being Called "Old Maids."

Women have the marrying habit; men do not. This is not strange, for generations of girls have been taught that every woman should be married, and that to remain unwed is a disgrace. Being a "married woman" has been a sort of boast of superiority on the part of wives. Naturally, because their mothers and almost every other person of their own sex put a great deal of emphasis on the desirability of being married, and none at all on the desirability, which sometimes exists, of remaining unmarried, girls looked on marriage as the goal of ambition, and bent their whole energies to getting husbands.

Rather than endure the stigma of being "old maids" they took the first man who gave them a chance. Their object was not love, not a husband, but simply to acquire the status, privileges and deference which they had been taught were denied to all of their sex except the "married woman."

The same mothers who fairly drive their daughters to marry are singularly reluctant to see their sons wed. The mother who is employing all the arts and craft of the chase to entrap some other woman's son for her daughter's husband will weep at the announcement that the other woman's daughter has shackled her son.—Mother's Magazine.

Curing Hay in 30 Minutes.
A machine that cures grass, turning it into hay in the course of thirty minutes, is the latest step in up-to-date farming.

TRY A WANT-AD In the Informer Want-Ads Get Results

BOULDER
DENVER
COLORADO SPRINGS
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TRINIDAD
SIXOLA
DALHART
AMARILLO
CHILDRESS
VERNON
WICHITA FALLS
FT. WORTH
DALLAS
WACO
CORSICANA
SHREVEPORT
AUSTIN
HOUSTON
GALVESTON
SAN ANTONIO
NEW ORLEANS

COOL COLORADO
with its numerous incomparable attractions and refuges for vacationists and those needing health-renewing influences, is but a few steps away and the Fast Double-Daily Through Trains of the Ft. Worth & Denver City Railway (including through-sleepers between Denver and points on the T. & B. V., the T. & P., and M. & T. Rys., as indicated hereon)—dislodge travel-handicaps and inconveniences and assure unbroken comfort and pleasure in both directions. If in doubt, let me send you some Conventions, in booklet form, free!

A. A. GLISSON, G. P. A.
FT. WORTH, TEXAS

Now is the time to feed Poultry food to regulate your chickens and keep off diseases.

Hedley Drug Co.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor.

Subscribe for the Informer.

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AND THE

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ONE YEAR FOR

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

MUST HAVE BEEN SOME HEAT

Veracious Uncle Milligan Tells of Remarkable Experience in India of Which He Was a Witness.

Denis had just been ordered—with the rest of the regiment, of course—to "do his bit" of foreign service. He hastened round to Uncle Milligan, long since pensioned off, with the great news.

"India—eh?" chuckled the old warrior. "Well, you'll find it a bit more than warm, my boy."

"Is it very hot out there, uncle?"

"Hot? I should say so!"

"How hot is it?"

"Well, I couldn't rightly say how hot it was, Denis, but I remember once when I was out there we were having target practise. We were only firing at 800 yards, but not a single hit was registered by the markers. The adjutant was complaining, the sergeant-major was nearly off his head, but it was no good. Ne'er a man could even hit the target."

"Then the 'Cease fire!' was blown, and the adjutant stamped off to the targets to see if the markers had gone to sleep. When he had gone about 500 yards we all laughed, 'cause he had fallen over. But what do you think had brought him down? Why, a mound of solid lead formed by the bullets that had melted in the sun!"—Answers, London.

IN THE BOOK STORE.

Dealer—What can I do for you, sir?

Customer—Reverse your first proceeding.

Dealer—What do you mean?

Customer—Why, first book my order. Then order my book.

Add to Selling Price.
Good roads in your vicinity add to the selling price of the products of your farm.

BIBLE WILL BE READ

Utilitarian Age for the Pre-lates Against it, but it is Sure to Return.

A correspondent complains poet who wrote of "Bathsheba," he had the "Queen of Sheba" in and cries: "I wish there were power to compel people to read Bible."

Many persons will echo this wish for various reasons. The orthodox believe that the letter of the Word contains all things necessary for salvation. The great company of educators, of every station and degree, because many of them recognize the vast influence for intelligence, knowledge and culture which flows from a familiarity with the language of the King James version of the Scriptures. It would be easy to lengthen the list of those who "wish people could be compelled to read the Bible."

Granting all the happy exceptions which seem to prove the rule, the idea is pretty much a vain hope at the moment. It is not improbable that after the present generation of virtual illiterates in this country shall have grown old in their lives of striving to standardize mankind for utilitarian purposes the pendulum will swing back again toward the cultivation of intellectual pursuits, and in any such frame of public opinion consistent reading of and listening to the Bible from childhood to maturity will be sure to reap. And then a generation will grow up again whose ears will always be filled with the resonance of those reverberating syllables of Scripture which have subconsciously influenced and guided the thought and speech and writing of the more influential among the leaders of opinion during the last century.—New York Sun.

THEIR MINDS IN A GROOVE

People Who Are Stationary in Their Thoughts and Opinions and Cannot See the World Move.

As often as anything is said to my neighbor, Wilcox, about the suffering brought by the extreme weather to the tenement districts, his remark is, "Yes, but they don't mind it as you or I would." This response is as prompt to act as the flare of a safety match, and something more certain. What is more, he has been repeating it for 20 years and he will—in common with some thousands of his brethren who conceive it the whole duty of man to vote the straight ticket and send their sons to college—go on repeating it for 20 more, if he lives.

Switchboard minds. Press a given button and get a given buzz. They would keenly resent the suggestion that they are doing business with the same office furniture that their fathers used. They would just as keenly resent the suggestion that they are not doing business with the same mental furniture that their grandfathers used. They do so in print, and they do so across their own dinner tables. Now, it is inconceivable that they should do this on purpose. Nobody except a reformer (he asks nothing better) makes a spectacle of himself voluntarily. I suspect, therefore, that the reason lies deeper; that it is a broad-and-butter reason to be searched out of patrons, clientele, customers, and pay envelopes, and that honestly lovable folks who go on rehearsing such stupefying inanities as that "luxuries give employment to the working class" do this not so much because people repeat themselves as because types do.—Atlantic Magazine.

Getting Rid of Bot Flies.

The United States department of agriculture has recently thoroughly tested a very unusual cure for the disease of horses called bots. Bots are the larvae of the horse bot fly, and live in the stomachs of the horses. They interfere with digestive processes to such an extent as to cause loss of flesh, generally poor condition, and often death. Dislodging them is extremely difficult.

In the treatment tested the horse was fed a little hay and oats in the morning, and allowed to go without food the rest of the day. In the evening a purgative was given. Next morning the horse was given three drams of carbon bisulphid in a gelatin capsule three times at intervals of an hour. When the capsule reached the horse's stomach it dissolved; and the carbon bisulphid, a liquid that is extremely volatile at the temperature of a horse's body, evaporated rapidly. The gas suffocated the bots and other parasites in the horse's stomach without injuring the horse in the least. The remedy was tried with complete success on a large number of affected animals.

UNENTANGLED.

Billy—So Marconi is to be an Italian senator.

Willby—Evidently in Italy a politician need not be a wire puller.

DAMP ENVIRONMENT.

Silas—My wife reigns supreme at home.

Hez—Mine pours when she has a dime novel to read.

HEALTHY FRUIT

A FEW SELECTED VARIETIES
CLAUDE AND GIVE PROPER CARE.

Public Are Excellent, as They Re-
quire Less Room Than Standards,
and Come Into Bearing the
Third or Fourth Year.

(By E. KNEELAND. Copyright, 1914.)
Fruit for the family table through-
out the growing season and a surplus to
sell need not mean a large orchard, but
only a few well selected varieties prop-
erly cared for. First, then, for a small
orchard of fruit, and the dwarfs and half
dwarfs are excellent, as they require
less room than the standards and come
into bearing the third or fourth year
and are easily pruned and sprayed.
The trees should be set eight feet
apart, and eight trees will provide fruit
from June to November. The variety
will depend on the latitude and alti-
tude. The United States government's
"Farmer's Bulletin No. 298" gives a
very complete list.

What to Plant.

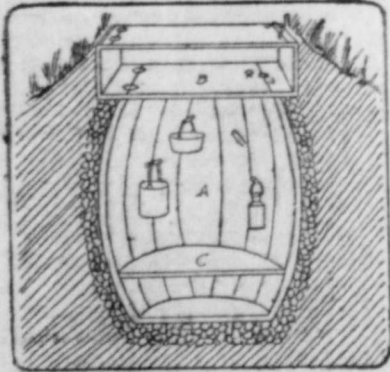
Four sweet cherry trees and one
sour one will supply enough fruit for
the table and also for pies. The fol-
lowing are recommended: Coe's
Transparent (June), Downer's Late
(July) Windsor (July) and a Dwarf
Montmorency (June) for cooking.
Night pears should be ample and may
all be of the dwarf type, such as two
Bartlett's (August and September),
Clapp's Favorite (August and Septem-
ber), Louise Bonne de Jersey (Sep-
tember), Siskel (September), Howell
(September), Beurre d'Anjou (Octo-
ber), Vicar of Winkfield (winter).
Grapes may be grown in the poultry
yard and the garden space saved for
other fruit. Grapes are always wel-
come, and one vine of each of the fol-
lowing will provide a good supply:
Dutchess, Moore's Early Green Mount-
ain (white), Concord, Niagara, Dela-
ware. For currant bushes try eight
Pays Prolific. There are endless vari-
eties of raspberries, but ten Her-
berts, ten Cuthberts and ten St. Re-
gises are recommended; for blackber-
ries, ten Eries, ten Snyder's and ten
Wilson's Early. Gooseberries are as
easy to grow as currants, and five
Industrious and five Smith's Improved
will provide a good supply.

Prepare the land thoroughly, pro-
vide plenty of manure to start things
and keep the soil cultivated under
the trees and bushes. Set the stand-
ard trees 25 feet apart, the dwarfs
eight feet, the fruit bushes six feet,
and the canes three feet. Fruit trees,
bushes, etc., live many years, but
their value depends upon their vigor,
shape and ancestry, so be sure to buy
only from a reliable dealer or nursery-
man and when satisfied as to his
standing, do not let the price govern
the purchase. The saving of a few dol-
lars may often result in a much greater
loss later. Finally draw a rough
plan of the garden, marking where
each tree, bush, etc., is to go, then set
them with a line and measure accord-
ing to the nurseryman's directions.

KEEP DAIRY PRODUCTS FRESH

Large Barrel Sunk in Ground Will Af-
ford Convenient and Serviceable
Place for Summer.

A very convenient and serviceable
place to keep dairy products may be
made by sinking a large barrel in the
ground. A shady spot should be
chosen, writes G. C. Amb of Beatrice,
Nebr., in Missouri Valley Farmer. Fill
in around the barrel with small stones,
gravel and sand, and dampen. Put a
box over the barrel and bank up with
solid earth, preferably clay. This
drains off the water when it rains and
also puts the barrel further down,
which tends to make it cooler. Makes



Keeping the Butter Fresh.

A light lid for the top of the barrel,
and a strong lid for the outer covering
of box. Fit the box as near airtight as
possible. Sprinkle a little dampened
sand over the bottom of the barrel and
the little cellar is finished. Pails of
cream, milk and butter may be hung
from rails on the sides of the barrel.
Air the barrel out occasionally to pre-
vent odors from collecting.

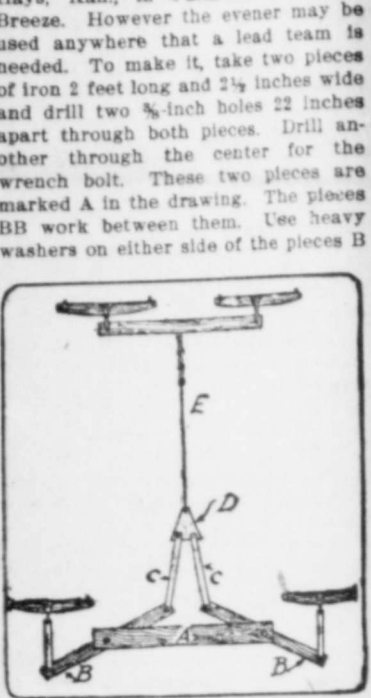
Weed Seeds.

In order to have soil that is com-
paratively free from weed seeds many
gardeners begin a year in advance of
planting to prepare the soil. If onions
are to be planted next year manure is
applied freely this year for a culti-
vated crop such as corn or potatoes
and no weeds are permitted to go to
seed.

Sow Bugs.

Sow bugs are 14-legged animals and
feed upon decayed vegetation. They
sometimes attack growing plants. To
kill them, slice potatoes, dust with
Paris green and lay in places fre-
quented by the bugs.

This sketch shows
evening, which I find
have used it for twelve years
has proven particularly satisfactory
for a wagon, as both teams must pull
their portions, writes Ed Kraus of
Hays, Kan., in Farmers' Mail and
Breeze. However the eveners may be
used anywhere that a lead team is
needed. To make it, take two pieces
of iron 2 feet long and 2 1/2 inches wide
and drill two 3/4 inch holes 22 inches
apart through both pieces. Drill an-
other through the center for the
other through the center for the
wrench bolt. These two pieces are
marked A in the drawing. The pieces
BB work between them. Use heavy
washers on either side of the pieces B



Four-Horse Eveners.

so as to make them work freely back
and forth. Each piece B is 18 inches
long with the outside holes 16 inches
apart, and a hole in the center of each.
The four pieces are CC, about 19
inches long, with holes drilled in each
end, then riveted to D at one end and
BB at the other, one above and one
below. These pieces are strapiron 1 1/2
inches wide and 1/4 inch thick. D is
a triangular plate about 3 inches thick
and the holes are about 3 inches apart.
Use a 1/2-inch rod with link for the
lead team.

RAPE PASTURAGE FOR SWINE

Dwarf Essex Is Only Variety Suitable
for Hogs—One of Best Emer-
gency Forage Crops.

The grower of rape should insist on
getting the Dwarf Essex, as this is the
only variety that is suitable for hogs
pasture. There is a summer or bird
seed rape found on the market which
makes a worthless pasture and should
not be used.

I have used rape for several years
as pasture for both breeding and fat-
tening hogs and never experienced any
difficulty in getting them to eat it,
writes Turner Wright in Farmers' Mail
and Breeze.

If hogs that are not accustomed to
rape are given no other green feed for
a few days they will soon learn to eat
and relish it even though they are fed
a liberal amount of grain. It often
happens that hogs, after learning to
eat rape, prefer it to clover or alfalfa
that is coarse and woody. I have often
changed hogs from alfalfa to rape and
from rape to alfalfa and could see no
difference in the way they seemed to
relish these different feeds. If the
hogs are turned on the rape that will
eat it more readily than if it is more
mature.

Rape is one of the best emergency
forage crops we have. A good rape
pasture will give practically as good
results as alfalfa. It can be sown in
feed yards and lots that are not used
through the winter and thus not only
furnish a pasture to take the place of
a shortage of alfalfa or clover pas-
ture but also provide a means of
utilizing ground that would otherwise
grow a crop of unsightly and worth-
less weeds.

SILAGE GOOD FOR POULTRY

Of Material Assistance in Keeping Up
Egg Production—Fowls Are Crazy
for Succulence.

Cows and sheep thrive on silage; it
is a little too bulky for hogs to eat a
great deal; horses and mules eat small
amounts with profit, and a writer to
Hoard's Dairyman tells that it is the
best ever for poultry. He states: "We
have tried it for two years and find the
birds are crazy for it and will clean up
all given them. Of course, we give a
grain ration, oyster shells, grit, etc.,
besides the ensilage." Since poultry
require some green food in order to do
very well and lay best when they en-
joy their food best, it can be seen that
ensilage will help a great deal to keep
the egg production up to the standard,
as well as stimulating the milk flow of
dairy cows or putting beef on steers
and mutton on sheep.

Nitrate of Soda.

One of my neighbors lost a good
cow because she ate a quantity of
nitrate of soda. Last summer he left
his barn door open and nearly lost a
horse, but someone saw it in time
and dosed the animal. It was a close
call, for the horse was more than a
week getting over the trouble, says a
writer in an exchange. This suggests
that it is easier to prevent such things
than it is to cure them.

Yards for Growing Chickens.

If necessary to keep growing chick-
ens in yards, make the yards so that
they can be moved to a fresh piece of
ground as often as is necessary to fur-
nish a clean, sweet, grassy spot.

Passed Out of
A Charm That Re-
Appealing.

The word "inn" signifi-
cantly is of a place of residence)
possessing a common origin. It is just
before the inns which flourished
conspicuously in the "guest-houses"
which were scattered at various points of
the great roads, but it is quite
misleading to suppose that the great majority of the
Gloucestershire inns like the New Inn at
the Gloucester, George at Glastonbury,
Philip at Norton St. Mary, etc., had a
purely English origin. The inns
Shakespeare were famous long before
the time, and an old en-
graving of the Borough to have
after the street of inns. One
but the inns have disappeared,
and the inns have disappeared,
and the inns have disappeared.

One view of the George at Glastonbury
with the inns which were scattered at various points of
the great roads, but it is quite
misleading to suppose that the great majority of the
Gloucestershire inns like the New Inn at
the Gloucester, George at Glastonbury,
Philip at Norton St. Mary, etc., had a
purely English origin. The inns
Shakespeare were famous long before
the time, and an old en-
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after the street of inns. One
but the inns have disappeared,
and the inns have disappeared,
and the inns have disappeared.

The remains of the George derive
additional interest from the fact that
this inn stood close to the Tabard, in
connection with which it is mentioned
as early as 1554.

Very few English inns can lay claim
either to the antiquity, the quaint ar-
chitectural features, or the eventful
history of the New Inn at Gloucester,
which may almost be described as a
city of inns and inn-holders. It is in
the murder of King Edward II that
we discover the genesis of this deli-
cious old hostelry. When Bristol,
Malmesbury and other places declined
the honor of affording sepulture to
the dead monarch, "Abbot Thokery
did not wait to be allowed, but went
bodily, demanded and conveyed the
royal corpse in his own carriage to
the Abbey of St. Peter, at Gloucester,
where it was received by the brethren
of the Monastery in procession and
buried on the north side of the choir,
near the high altar in September,
1327." In course of time the tomb of
Edward became a popular shrine.

The George at Glastonbury is an-
other example of a medieval pil-
grims' inn, but little of the original
work remains except the striking Per-
pendicular panelled facade. It was
built in the latter half of the fifteenth
century by Abbot Selwood for the
better accommodation of visitors to
the abbey and its shrines. Above
the gateway are the arms of Edward
IV and those of the abbey.

The Feathers at Ludlow has long
been regarded as one of the princeli-



The Fighting Cocks, St. Albans.

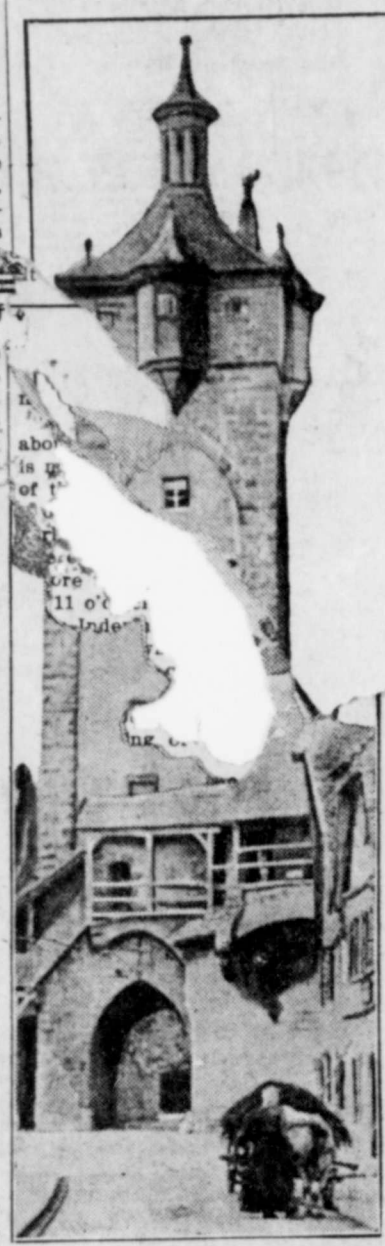
pal sights and attractions of the an-
cient twin capital of the Marches, and
a fine specimen of the houses de-
scribed as black and white or "mag-
pie," although very much "over-re-
stored." The Feathers is reminiscent,
both as regards the exterior and in-
terior, of Tudor times; but it is to its
neighbor, the Bull, you must go to
see the oak paneling covered with
heraldic devices which adorned Lud-
low Castle in the days when Milton's
"Comus" was first performed there.

It is probable that the Fighting
Cocks Inn at St. Albans is far older
than the Feathers at Ludlow.

"Birth Pangs of a New Democracy."
Chicago.—The cries that come to
us from Colorado and from other
scenes of strife—cries for vengeance
and for blood—are not the death knell
of this republic, but are the birth
pangs of a new Democracy," said
James A. MacDonald, managing editor
of the Toronto Globe, in a speech here.

Street in City Offers Unlimited
Possibilities to the Artist and
Camera Man.

Berlin.—Every street in Rothenberg
offers unlimited possibilities to the
artist and the camera man. Noble
churches rich in Gothic work, sternly
simple in character, beautiful in
craftsmanship, richly endowed with
wood carving; massive walls, still bat-
telemented; towers of all shapes and
sizes, some round and tall, others
squat and fat, with evil-looking slits
in their walls from whence many an
arrow has sped on its death-dealing
mission; others, again, fantastically
peaked, soaring high into the sky and
seeming to touch the rolling masses
of cloud that go flying by; Renais-
sance buildings of the greatest beauty,
seamed and stained with the inex-
orable hand of time, many gabled
and with row upon row of quaint dormers



The Klinging Thor (Tower).

peeping from a steep roof of glowing
prismatic color. Autumn is the time
for picturesque figures. Then is heard
the clacking of the flail in many an
old barn; primitive bullock wagons
laden with the treasures of mother
earth slowly come through the fortif-
ied barbed wire of the town gates; and
figures bearing scythes or reaping
hook pass on to the fields and woods.
Stay a while and peep inside one of
the great old barns, whose huge beams
and timbers are dimly revealed in the
deep, dark recesses. A cloud of fine
dust fills the air, and a flood of sun-
shine pouring in from the open door
turns this into a quivering, golden,
transparent screen, through which the
picturesquely clad figures are seen
flinging their tails in rhythmic time,
the grain meanwhile dancing a merry
measure on the rough oaken floor.

Wisely enough, the inhabitants of
Rothenberg built their railway sta-
tion far enough away, where it could
not spoil the beauty of the ancient
town. The visitor may feel a little
disappointed at first, as, on leaving
the station, he traverses a common-
place buildings; but once through the
Roder gate and a street is entered
whose houses and towers would sat-
isfy the rampant imagination of the
most extravagant scenic artist. A
great joy and content fills the travel-
er's heart, for surely now he is back
in the middle ages. On either side of
the wide, spacious street are great,
gabled houses lavishly painted in vari-
ous colors, and with many humorous
inscriptions and verses upon them.
Listen to this above a Rothenberg
Figaro's house:

Many a man must lose his hair
Whom't pleaseeth not the same to spare;
Yet never a man that I have shorn
But well't hath pleased him, I'll be sworn
For hair and beard I cut and trim
For each as best it suiteth him,
And every man I rather down,
Whether he's wise or but a clown.

Bailed Out by Complainant.

Little Ferry, N. Y.—Mayor Frank
Herna, charged with assaulting Chris-
tian Ullman, a political opponent, sur-
rendered to the police and was bailed
out by the complainant.

Hesitate Over Tempting Offer.

Boston.—A genuine one-dollar bill
marked down to 99 cents remained in
a store window for 24 hours before it
was purchased. Hundreds hesitated
to accept the bargain offer.

12,000 Contemplating Suicide.

Chicago.—Coroner Hoffman in his
biennial report estimates that 12,000
persons in Chicago at the present time
are contemplating suicide.

FACTS ABOUT KOREA IS STILL UNSOLVED

Country Had Ironclads Three
Centuries Ago.

Hermit Kingdom Anticipated Europe
in Use of Movable Type and Astro-
nomical Instruments—Decline
Due to Invasion.

George Kennan, explorer and lectur-
er, recently communicated to the Na-
tional Geographic society the infor-
mation that Korea built steel-clad
battleships 250 years before the Mon-
itor and Merrimac. The Hermit King-
dom and Merrimac. The Hermit King-
dom was using movable type and as-
tronomical instruments from the
twelfth to the fifteenth centuries and
employing explosive bombs long be-
fore they were known in Europe. He
points out that the famous Japanese
Satsuma pottery was made originally
by Korean workmen who were im-
ported into the mikado's kingdom.

These facts are cited by Mr. Kennan
to show the terrific downfall experi-
enced by Korea. He traces its
course from its pinnacle of civiliza-
tion to the depths of degeneracy, and
expresses great hopes for its future
under the guidance of Japan.

"While Korea was sinking, Japan
was rising, until the island kingdom,
all by its own efforts, became such a
world power as to defeat a great Eu-
ropean nation," he says. "The Kor-
eans were a mainland people. They
had taught the medieval Japs all the
civilization they had. But, by reason
of their geographical location, they
were invaded by vastly inferior peo-
ple, the Mongols, and the Manchus.

"Korea was influenced to establish
demonology as its religion. Its blood
was weakened by being mixed with
that of people vast beneath it, and
its spirit was broken by the more pow-
erful invasions. It was under the in-
fluence of China, which adopted the
semi-sacred books of Confucius as
its national system of education 2,600
years ago. The knowledge of his
works and the ability to recite long
chapters of his writings were made
the chief requirement of the aspir-
ant for honors.

"As a result, the only study of the
sciences, mathematics and the phe-
nomena of nature was dropped; the
memory was overcultivated and the
reasoning power stultified. The hab-
its of the Koreans became uncleanly;
they grew indifferent to dirt and
smells.

"Japan, on the other hand, was
never invaded in its history; its blood
was never intermingled and its stock
was allowed to remain pure. Its na-
tional character was developed with-
out outside influence. The Shinto re-
ligion of the empire has as its card-
inal principles purity of body, spirit
and environment. Japan was not ex-
posed to the scourges and plagues
that Korea's dirt and filth brought
upon it. The feudal system sprang up
in Japan, causing authority to be re-
spected and discipline to be devel-
oped.

"In 1910 Japan annexed Korea. Prior
to that time as many deaths as 900 a
day had occurred in Seoul alone;
shortly afterward not as many people
died from the plague in the whole
kingdom in one year. Japan forcibly
vaccinated 5,000,000 people in one
year. Courts were established, giv-
ing authority to 13,000 gendarmes.
Hundreds of miles of roads are being
built. Afforestation on an extensive
scale is being carried on. To en-
courage the silkworm industry 13,
000,000 mulberry tree seedlings were
set out in one year.

"State and private banks were es-
tablished. The postal system was
installed and one in every six families
has a savings account. The people,
at first suspicious, have learned that
they will get their money back when-
ever they ask for it. In the first
year after the Japanese occupancy the
rice crop was doubled and the wheat
and barley crops grew from 14,000-
000 to 35,000,000 bushels. The Jap-
anese have built a model village in
every province, and are encouraging
the people to build similar villages
throughout the kingdom."

Mr. Kennan points out that Korea
has the same geographical advan-
tages as a great part of the eastern
part of the United States. "It is just
as well fitted to be the home of
healthy, prosperous and happy peo-
ple," he says. "It is located similarly
to the territory bordering on the
Atlantic coast, from Portland, Me.,
to Charleston, S. C., and extends in-
ward to Albany, N. Y.; Harrisburg,
Pa.; Lynchburg, Va., and Columbia,
S. C."

A Century Ago.

One hundred years ago the British
fleet on Lake Ontario, having partially
succeeded in the expedition against
Oswego, set sail for Sackett's Harbor.
In command of Sir James Lucas Yeo.
The purpose of the British was to
establish a strict blockade of Sac-
kett's Harbor, where Commodore
Chauncey was fitting out a new Amer-
ican squadron. The appearance of
the British annoyed the Americans,
for their new vessels were just ready
for their guns and cables, which could
not be brought overland, and the ar-
rival of which by water was now
seemingly blocked. In this emer-
gency the Americans conceived and
successfully carried out a plan for
transporting the great cable for the
flagship Niagara overland, on the
backs of men. A few weeks later the
British ships raised the blockade, and
disappeared down the lake.

Commission Fails to Solve
Mystery of Hoarded Gold.

What Becomes of the Precious Metal
Poured into India Remains a Puz-
zle—Continually Flowing into
That Country.

The report of the British royal com-
mission on Indian finance and cur-
rency, which has just been issued,
settles some controversies and starts
others, but it does not clear up the
mystery of the hoarded gold of India.

From time immemorial India has
absorbed gold as a sponge absorbs
water. The flow of gold to India has
always continued. In the last 12 years
she has received £136,000,000 in gold,
partly in sovereigns and partly in bul-
lion, in addition to enormous quanti-
ties of silver. It all goes into the
country, but very little ever comes
out. Lord Rothschild observed some
years ago that he had noticed that
none of the smooth gold bars sent to
India from this country ever came
back. What happens to this great
stream of precious metal, which con-
tinuously disappears like those rivers
in desert lands which lose themselves
underground?

The testimony of experts is most
conflicting. Some say it is hoarded,
while a few are ready to prove by a
formidable array of statistics that it
cannot be extensively hoarded. Those
who believe that India possesses a
vast store of hoarded treasure make
the wildest guesses at its probable to-
tal. The most popular estimate of
the hoarded wealth of India puts the
total at £300,000,000, which would
amount to £1 per head of the popula-
tion; but some credible estimates are
far higher. The experts quarrel,
again, about the probable effect of
India's absorption of gold upon the
world's money markets and the prices
of commodities. Some say that all
gold-using countries benefit thereby,
while others, such as Sir Edward Hol-
den, appear to hold that "the drain
of gold to India" is a potential men-
ace. The commission, while declining
to endorse either of these mutually de-
structive contentions, has declared in
effect that an increased use of gold in
India should not in future be encour-
aged by the government, but India
already seems disposed to resent this
recommendation.

Whether gold is hoarded in India is
really a question of terms. All na-
tions hoard gold upon occasion. If
England were threatened with a great
war tomorrow we may depend upon it
that there would be a rush for gold
on the part of those people who pos-
sessed both foresight and a balance at
the bank. It is estimated that during
the Balkan crisis the peoples of cen-
tral Europe obtained and hoarded
£60,000,000 in gold. India has been
subjected to repeated invasions and
innumerable internal wars, and her
people have never lost their heredi-
tary sense of insecurity. Banking fa-
cilities are still sparse, and it would
be surprising if Indians did not hoard.
But hoarding does not necessarily
mean burying in the ground or con-
cealment in the roofs of houses,
though those practices are doubtless
extensive. Mr. J. M. Keynes, a mem-
ber of the commission, tells a story
of a Brahmin in eastern Bengal who
even hoards currency notes in his
roof. Once a week he retires privily
and spreads them out in the sun to
remove the damp. A very large por-
tion of the hoarded wealth of In-
dia is, however, in the form of gold
and silver ornaments. It is into these
ornaments that the bulk of the bullion
and sovereigns, as well as much of
the silver, disappears.

Kaiser's Sumptuary Decree.

It is ill to stand between a hungry
man and his dinner, but the kaiser
is to do his best to moderate that
appetite for a good, square, and
increasingly expensive meal in the
evening which his subjects have been
developing of late in the recognized
English fashion. He has ordained that
in no circumstance should the time
occupied in the repast exceed three
quarters of an hour, and a ban is put
on the custom of the male diners sit-
ting over wine and cigars after des-
sert. There is, indeed, to be no sepa-
ration of the sexes. Coffee is to be
taken together, and the gentlemen are
to be allowed to smoke a cigarette—
that is all—before the company as a
whole repair to the drawing-room.
Berlin society, which has of late
been priding itself on its gargantuan
feasts, has been taken rather aback
at this sumptuary decree, but the
kaiser is determined to do all he can
to have it carried out. It will prove
harder, we fear, than banishing the
tango or the "toothbrush" moustache.

Preserving a Famous Flag.

Work on the restoration of the origi-
nal Star Spangled Banner, which
floated from the flagstaff at Fort Mc-
Henry when Key wrote the national
anthem, was started recently at the
Smithsonian Institution. The work
will be in charge of Mrs. Fowler of
Boston, who is the most widely known
expert in this line, having had charge
of the restoration of the 75 trophy
flags of the War of 1812, now at the
Naval academy, for which work con-
gress appropriated \$30,000.

The matter of a souvenir program
for the national Star Spangled Banner
centennial celebration in September
was finally decided upon at a meeting
of the managing directors. It was
agreed to issue an artistic publication
entirely free from advertisements.

MOTHERS DUTY!

Your Daughter
Good Health?

Ability for the perfect wife and
mother of TOMORROW rests with the
mother of TODAY.

How are YOU rearing your daughter?
Are you fitting her for the responsibilities
that are sure to come to her?

Are you endowing her with a sound body,
robust health and a clear, forceful mind?
Or, are you, by neglect, condemning her to
a life of suffering and invalidism?

Argue as you will, plead as you will, YOU
CANNOT DODGE THE RESPONSIBILITY—your daughter will be just what
you make her.

STELLA-VITAE is the happy combination
of harmless but wonderfully effective
natural remedies that give to the budding
girl that assistance so necessary to pass her
successfully from girlhood to womanhood.

Are you availing yourself of its remarkable
virtues to give your daughter the assistance
she needs so much?

Or are you allowing prejudice or reluctance
to try a remedy you have never tried before,
rob your daughter of her right to receive
every help you can give her?

If it is prejudice, dismiss it as utterly
unworthy of you.

If it is because YOU have never tried
STELLA-VITAE, remember that untold
thousands of women today bless the hand
that pointed them to health through the
use of this greatest of remedies for women.
It is GUARANTEED TO BENEFIT—If
it doesn't you get your money back. All to
gain and nothing to lose.

Do YOUR duty. TRY STELLA-VITAE.
You don't need to buy a second bottle if
the first bottle fails to benefit.

Your dealer sells and guarantees this great
remedy in \$1.00 bottles. See him TODAY. Don't
delay the start to good health.

Thacher Medicine Company
Chattanooga Tennessee

Why Scratch?



"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and
permanently cure that
terrible itching. It is
compounded for that
purpose and your money
will be promptly refunded
WITHOUT QUESTION
if Hunt's Cure fails to cure
itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring
Worm or any other Skin
Disease. 50c at your druggist's, or by mail
direct if the dealer's. Manufactured only by
A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

PATENTS

Anticipation.

"One summer I chanced to be back
in the ridges of Tennessee," said
United States Senator Blair Lee of
Maryland, as he leaned back in his
chair, "and a couple of mountaineers
got into an argument. High words
led to blows, and one of the men was
killed. One of the party volunteered
to ride on ahead to the dead man's
cabin and break the news to the
widow.

"She was seated at a table eating
apple-dumplings when the man rode
up. He broke the news as gently as
possible. The woman listened quietly
with a dumpling poised in the air half
way to her mouth. When the man had
finished, she stuffed the dumpling into
her mouth and said:

"You-all jest wait till I finish this
hyer dumplin' an' then you-all'll hear
some hollerin'."

For the Collection Box.

Jimmy, aged four, had been sent up
stairs by his mother to get ten cents,
which she intended to use for the purpose
of postage stamps.

Not knowing exactly what a ten-cent
piece looked like, Jimmy called
downstairs: "Mother, is ten cents a
little piece of money?"

"Yes, Jimmy, the smallest piece of
money in my purse."

"Oh, I know now, mother! Church
money,"—Judge.

Make money your god, and you'll
find there's the devil to pay.

Ready-Cooked

—from
Your Grocer.

Post Toasties

come from the ovens to your
table in tightly sealed pack-
ages—ready to eat when
opened—with cream, good
milk or fruits.

Every crisp flake of this
attractive food represents the
best part of choice white
Indian corn—

Perfectly cooked, delicately
flavoured and toasted to an
appetizing golden "brown."

Post Toasties are made for
your pleasure and nourish-
ment.

Sold by Grocers

SANDWICHES THAT ARE

With a Little Preparation They May
Be Made Choice Morsels Fit for
Any Afternoon Tea.

An ingenious woman who prides her-
self on her sandwiches bakes the
bread in round tin cans from which
she has removed vegetables. When
she wants an especially small and
dainty sandwich she uses large-sized
baking powder cans. The slices
from the round loaves make dainty
sandwiches.

To make perfumed butter sand-
wiches, both the bread and butter must
be scented. The butter pats, wrapped
in thin cheesecloth, or the thinnest
of cotton, are put in a china bowl
lined with blossoms of flowers. More
blossoms are then heaped over the
butter. Then the cover is put on se-
curely, that it may be airtight, and the
bowl is put in a cool place. The loaves
of bread are also treated in the same
fashion.

Take crisp new potatoes, slice even-
ly, and spread over them finely minced
celery and mayonnaise dressing. Place
this mixture between triangles of
homemade bread.

Prepare a French dressing, and dip
into it slices of cucumber peeled. Lay
these between slices of thin white
bread, buttered. Prepare these sand-
wiches only a short while before they
are to be eaten or they will become
soggy.

A sweet pepper sandwich is a deli-
cate bit to serve for luncheon, and is
made by spreading between slices of
bread a filling made of peppers and
Neuchatel or cream cheese. Chop
the peppers very fine and mix them
with cheese and a few drops of olive
oil or with a little rich sweet cream.
Use in the proportion of one-third pep-
per to two-thirds cheese.

Use thin slices of wheat bread, but-
tered, cut in heart shape. Between
each two slices place a layer of Neuf-
chatel cheese mixed to a paste with
equal quantities of cream and salad
dressing, and cover with chopped
olives.

Take the left-over bit of potato salad,
add to it some minced cold boiled
ham and spread it between slices of
buttered bread.

Lettuce with a layer of horseradish
on either side and placed on well but-
tered bread makes an excellent sand-
wich.

USE FOR FIRELESS COOKER

Breakfast May Be Prepared the Night
Before and Enjoyed in the
Morning.

Nobody appreciates better than the
man or woman forced by circum-
stances to make an early start of
mornings, the convenience and com-
fort of a fireless cooker. It is dis-
heartening to most folks to go out in
the morning—say at seven or even at
six—and snatch breakfast en route.
With the aid of a fireless cooker—a
very small one will do—and a perco-
lator, a breakfast may be enjoyed lux-
uriously in one's bathgown.

Oatmeal, brought to a simmer the
night before and tucked cozily to bed
in the fireless cooker, will emerge in
the morning steaming and delicious-
ly cooked. Coffee and water placed
in the percolator before retiring need
only the touch of match to alcohol
wick during the morning process of
dressing, to be ready, hot and steam-
ing, when the oatmeal is placed on
the table. Rolls and a bottle of cream,
left by baker and milkman outside the
door, will complete a breakfast—
with perhaps an orange thrown in—
that will sustain the average worker
comfortably until the luncheon hour
comes around.

Linen Closet.

Linen stored in a closet warm and
poorly ventilated will become yellow
and will crack earlier than if stored
otherwise. The properly constructed
linen closet should be in a cool, dry
place. Each shelf should be covered
with linen slips fastened up with draw-
ing pins. Have the linen slips broad
enough to fold back and cover the
contents of the shelves. Old sheets
may be used for this purpose.

Glazed Carrots With Peas.

Wash and scrape carrots, then cut
in strips. There should be four cups.
Cook in salted boiling water to cover
fifteen minutes; drain and return to
the saucepan with one-half cupful but-
ter and one-half tablespoonful sugar.
Cover and cook very slowly until ten-
der. Add one can French peas, drained
and cooked in boiling water ten min-
utes, then seasoned with butter, salt
and pepper.

Separating Honey.

To obtain strained honey by sep-
arating the honey from the wax as
it comes in the frame, place the frame
in a bowl in the oven just warm
enough to melt the honey and wax;
then remove the frame and let the
honey stand until cold, when the
wax may be skimmed off the top
without any trouble.

When Packing Linen.

When putting linen articles away
for any length of time, to prevent
them turning yellow, rinse until all
the starch is removed, then dry and
fold them away in blue paper. This
also prevents the linen from cracking.

About Scrubbing Brushes.

When finished with your scrubbing
brushes, if they are put to dry with
the bristles downward, they will last
twice as long. When turned the other
way, the water soaks into the wood
and rots the bristles.

The Thrill of Health

and vigor can only be
experienced when the
digestion is normal, the
liver active and the
bowels regular. Any
disturbance of these
functions suggests an
immediate trial of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It is for Poor Appetite, Indi-
gestion, Cramps, Diarrhoea,
Biliousness and Malaria.

TYPHOID

is no more necessary
than Smallpox. Army
experience has demonstrated
the almost miraculous effi-
cacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination.
Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and
your family. It is more vital than house insurance.
Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have
you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine
results from use, and danger from Typhoid Car-
THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BEEKLEY

PRODUCING VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV.

The Fingerless Kid

Lillian Russell, during

to Atlantic City, was

the number of slashed

prevailed on the Board

"They must be last

overs," she said.

Just then a young

outrageously slash-

front, asked her

ing:

"How do you

Fits like a g

"Fits like

murmured?

"d better say,"

oil, with a smile.

HER EX GAINED ON TRIP

Found That Ladies in State Agreed
With Her on One Important
Question.

Mangham, La.—Mrs. Liza Barber,
of this town, who has returned from
a trip in West and Middle Tennessee,
has the following to say: "I have been
on a trip in Middle and West Tennes-
see where I found many ladies using
Cardui, the woman's tonic. While
traveling I took great pleasure in tel-
ling what it had done for me—I not
only praised Cardui—but advised poor
suffering women to take it. I know
that Cardui cured me and I believe it
will do the same for other women.

Sometime ago, I could hardly stand
on my feet, and I had given up ever
having good health. After using two
bottles of Cardui I could tell it was
helping me, and I continued taking it
for awhile. I soon felt as well as I
ever did, and could do all of my work.

I shall always praise this great
medicine to every suffering woman. I
think there is no other half so good."

Mrs. Barber would have found
weak, ailing women taking Cardui al-
most anywhere she could have gone,
because Cardui is recognized as the
standard woman's tonic. It has helped
more than a million women back to
health and strength in the past 50
years.

Why shouldn't it help you?—Adv.

Not Wholly True.

"Is he a true poet?"

"I don't think so. His wife got a di-
vorce from him."

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are sold
with and without soluble sugar coating.
They regulate the bowels, invigorate the
liver and purify the blood. Adv.

Many a woman's idea of a good
husband is one who can carve without
getting any spots on the tablecloth.

—Take CAPUDINE—

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

The great trouble with most people
is that they seem to think they are
just as good as we are.

For sprains make a thorough appli-
cation of Hanford's Balsam, well rub-
bed in. Adv.

Some men who pose as high flyers
land with a dull, sickening ker-chug.

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scalding sen-
sation in eyes and inflammation of eyes or
eyelids. Adv.

Women workers in Chile receive an
average of 38 cents a day.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam.
Adv.

Seek and ye shall find—this applies
especially to trouble.

mon. a passin.
Farmer—Did ye

HEAD ITCHED AN

604 Greenville Ave.

"My head broke out
festered. It itched
would scratch it till I
most in a raw sore. M
gradually and it was
Dandruff fell on my c
was ashamed of it. M
that way all summer,
burning till I couldn't
peace.

"I tried salves but
they made it worse. I
it did me no good so I
Cuticura Soap and box
Ointment and you don't
relief they gave me. In
head was well." (Sign
Oct. 28, 1912.)

Cuticura Soap and

ay, it was mos

American.

Hicks' CAPUDINE

CURES HEADACHES AND COLDS

Easy To Take—Quick Relief—Adv.

It pays to be honest, but sometimes

pay day is late in showing up.

Sold upon merit—Hanford's Balsam.

Adv.

A grass widow is never as green as

she pretends to be.

Even the road to success merely

leads to the grave.

Worms expelled promptly from the human

system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead

Shot." Adv.

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leads to the grave.

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ing offered a
best excuse which

ed for raising the

ice under the cold winter, we

fully submit the following:

1. The ice being so thick and heavy,

it costs more to handle it.

2. The blocks are so large that there

is great waste in cutting them up for

the retail trade.

3. The ice is so cold it freezes solid

in the storage houses and is very dif-
ficult to get out.

4. As the winter has been so cold,

the summer will necessarily be very
hot, and the demand for ice very
great, so that it is doubtful if there
will be enough to go around.

5. The ice being extra thick, extra
cold, and extra quality all through, it
is only proper that an extra price
should be demanded.

6. The price of ice never had any
relation to the cost of production, any-
how.—Life.

Taking No Chances.

"Well, well," said Doctor Bigbill as

he met a former patient on the street.

"I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Brown.

How are you this morning?"

"First, doctor," said Mr. Brown cau-
tiously, "does it cost anything to tell
you?"

Cures Ivy Poisoning.

For Ivy poisoning apply Hanford's

Balsam. It is antiseptic and may be
used to kill the poison. Prompt relief
should follow the first application.

Adv.

The less hair a woman has on her

head the more she has on her dresser.

Worms expelled promptly from the human

system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead

Shot." Adv.

Even the road to success merely

leads to the grave.

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Clarendon, Texas