

The Hedley Informer

VOL. 1

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1910

NO. 6

HEDLEY SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

Never before in the history of Hedley school has there been such a crowd assembled as was present Thursday night. The large new auditorium was packed to its utmost capacity, every chair being taken and the aisles crowded till there was scarcely standing room.

Notwithstanding the fact that on account of the great number many were uncomfortably situated, order was excellent and all seemed to think that it was good to be present and enjoy the excellent program given by pupils of Hedley school.

The exercises were given in honor of Thanksgiving Day and most of the numbers had reference to that glad occasion. The program consisted of Songs, Readings, Drills, and Comedies. All of this was interspersed with splendid music by the Cates Orchestra. The program continued for more than two hours during which time the audience was held in rapt attention. From every viewpoint the program was an entire success.

Thanksgiving of 1910 is gone forever, but sweet memories of the most enjoyable occasion of the Hedley school exercises will remain with many throughout life.

Monday night at Clarendon a fire was discovered in the store building J. B. Summerour, occupied by Vittitow and Summerour with a stock of plumbing goods. The front end of the store was in flames and soon the entire building would have been a total loss. The fire department soon extinguished the fire with only about \$250 loss to the building. The stock was damaged about \$50.00.

When you read the Informer hand it to your neighbor and tell him we want him for a subscriber if he likes the paper.

CARD OF THANKS

We come wishing to thank our kind friends and neighbors for the many kind deeds and loving words during the illness and death of our beloved daughter, and sister, Inis.

May God's richest blessings be with you all is our prayer.

We want the Christians of this community to pray that each one in this family may be able to meet our beloved one in Heaven. For God knows how much we love her. Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamblen and Children.

BANK FOR LAKEVIEW

All the stock has been subscribed for the First State Bank of Lakeview, Texas, and a meeting is to be held this Saturday to organize the company. D. H. Davenport is to be president of the bank and E. L. Alley will be will be cashier and manager. Mr. Alley comes from Mena, Ark., and is an old friend of A. G. Moores, of this city. They have a large number of local people interested in the enterprise and will no doubt do a good business by January 1. We are glad to see this new enterprise for the county and believe it will be a big thing for that community. --Hall County Herald

Don't forget to call on Bushnell the Jeweler at Dr. Stocking's Drug Store, Clarendon, before buying your Holiday presents. A full line in all the latest styles of Jewelry, guaranteed as represented and at the lowest possible price. Also graduate optician, satisfaction guaranteed in every case possible. Fine watch repairing a specialty.

NOTICE—I have moved to my new residence just east of the Presbyterian church, and take this means of informing the public, as so many go to the old residence. Dr. A. M. Sarvis.

Read the Informer.

THE TURKEY IS A TURKEY NO MORE

A turkey that is hatched from an egg is of few days and full of trouble.

He cometh fourth like a flower and is cut down, he fleeth also as shadow and continueth not.

As for the hen turkey, her days are as grass, as a flower of the field, so she flourisheth. In the morning she is alive and clucketh in the evening she is cast in the oven.

Even so it is with the gobbler. Today he plumeth himself; he struteth abroad and draggeth his wing on the ground as if one should say "Aha." Tomorrow he falleth prey to the carver; his flesh is parted asunder and his bones are distributed among the spoilers.

In his pride he eateth corn and waxeth fat, saying to himself, "All things are made for my enjoyment." When his fall cometh there is none who remembereth the day of his triumph, and all men mock him.

The turkey hen thinketh in secret she will raise a young brood, and layeth eggs; but when she is served upon a platter the eater lays to, and she passeth away.

The young turkeys, even the little ones, in the spring, hide themselves in the stubble and strive against the wind and the storm, for life is sweet to little turkeys. But when they are become large and fat, and Thanksgiving is heard in the land, suddenly their clucking ceaseth and they become a part of the people. --Elk City Record.

GETTING A PLEASANT VOICE

One Should Practice Low, Sweet Tones and Speak Thoughts of a Kind Heart.

Would you have a voice that is musical and pleasing? Americans should listen while a foreigner talks and then compare their voices with the soft sounds of the people of other lands. Practice the low sweet tones that are possible to every one, if but a little time be taken to give the voice a musical intonation. The habit will grow, like most habits, and reward the one who has devoted her thought to it.

One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, while at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart.

But this is the time when a sharp voice is more apt to be acquired. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, almost like the snap of a whip. If one of them is vexed you hear a voice which sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark.

Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or tone which is sharp, and which stays with him through life. Some people have a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. Use your best voice at home. Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea.

"One Touch of Nature."

He was very black and very ragged and dirty, and he was being slowly pulled up on top of a granite block to the still uncompleted roof of the big office building. Just as he started his hat flew off and lodged itself back of a scaffolding, down a little side street. He hesitated and was lost; the hat was too far away and the block on which he sat was nearly up to the second story. He was in despair.

Just then a well-dressed man with smoothly cut gray hair and an expensive panama took in the situation. He dived under the scaffolding, rescued the tattered and greasy felt hat, emerged breathless and red-faced and threw it upward just in time for the workman to catch it. And the passers by sniffed their sympathy as this democratic friend in need went his distinguished way.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH DAD

We happened into a home the other night, and over a parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red. "What is home without a Mother?" Across the room was another brief, "God Bless our Home."

Now what's the matter with "God Bless our Dad?" He gets up early lights the fire, boils an egg, and wipes the dew off the lawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand out to the butcher, the milk man and the baker, and his little pile is badly demolished before he has been home an hour.

If there is a noise in the night, Dad is kicked in the back and made to go down stairs and find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but Dad bought the socks in the first place, and the needles and yarn afterwards. Mother does up the fruit, Dad bought it all and the jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys the chicken for Sunday dinner, serves them himself, and draws the neck from the ruins after everybody else is served. "What is Home without a Mother?" Yes, that's alright but "What is Home without a Father?" Ten chances to one it's a boarding house; father is under a slab, and the landlady is the widow. Dad, here, s to you!

You've got your faults, you may have lots of 'em but you're all right, and we'll miss you when you're gone.--Ex.

N. M. Hornsby's brother and his three daughters stopped over with him for a few days visit. They went to their home in New Mexico Thursday.

Mrs. Chas. Payne and husband of Turkey was here to attend the funeral of her sister Wednesday, having to drive Tuesday night and greater part of next day to reach here in time.

Claude Hamblen came down from the plains to the funeral of his sister. The other two brothers, Will and Dave, did not come as Dave is very low with typhoid fever and Will is waiting on him.

T. S. Newberry of Hedley, who purchased some fine lots in the southwest part of the city from R. J. Williams, is having a handsome five-room bungalow put up on same and will move to it when completed. Mr. Cone has the contract for the building and completion of this elegant home.--Wellington Leader.

I have had a good business since opening a barber shop here and wish to thank you for your patronage. Come again and you will be treated right.

E. L. YELTON, the barber.

Informer \$1 per year.

DEATH OF MISS INIS HAMBLÉN

Last Tuesday Nov. 22 at 4 o'clock p. m. Miss Inis Hamblen, age 19 years 9 months and 20 days, departed this life after an illness of three weeks with typhoid fever.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Long at the cemetery Wednesday afternoon. A large crowd of sympathizing friends attended the funeral.

Miss Inis was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamblen of Rowe. She was a splendid young lady, had many friends to whom the news of her death was a hard blow.

The family has the sympathy of the entire community. May their bereavement be softened by the hope of reunion hereafter.

GO TO

C. W. Kendall

FOR YOUR

BLACKSMITHING AND GENERAL REPAIR WORK

HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY

HEDLEY, TEXAS

"Greetings to the Hedley People"

We have had the pleasure of meeting most of the enterprising people of your little city, and we will take pleasure henceforward in speaking to you personally through the columns of your splendid paper.

FURS

We have a most elegant line of Furs on hand just now. They are priced to fit your purse. From \$1.50 to \$35.00.

The Muffs and Boas make a very useful and dressy accessory to a lady's toilet.

CLOAKS

Our Cloaks and Suits are meeting the demand of the most fastidious, and well they may for we have the very latest in ready made suits and can take your measure and order you any suit you see in our catalog.

NOVELTY LINE

Never have we enjoyed a better trade than we have this year in the Novelty Line. The reason is obviously this; we have new shipments almost every day and keep right up with the times.

Our newest today are the new belts and the fluted collars and cuffs to wear on shirt waist, coats and etc.

PATTERNS

We take pleasure in sending any pattern you may want and our Mrs. Beverly is at your disposal should you need her advice as to trimmings etc.

GROCERIES

The reason we stand **SECOND TO NONE** in this line is because we handle the best along all lines. For instance, can you beat Peace Maker flour for Biscuits and Shamrock for Lightbread?

Are there any better canned goods anywhere than Empson's? Bishops Preserves and the Beech Nut Brand of Goods are universally acknowledged to be the best in their line.

In fact, when you order groceries from us you may rest assured that you are getting the freshest and best on the Market.

We extend a Cordial Invitation to all of you to visit us when in Clarendon, whether you are shopping or not.

THE CLARENDON MERCANTILE
"The Store That Leads"

DRY GOODS

I have just received a big lot of Shoes. Come in and take a look at them. Worth the money

J. A. ADAMS, HEDLEY, TEXAS

THANK YOU

Thanksgiving day is past but the day of thanking the people for their liberal patronage is still here. We thank you heartily and invite you to continue giving us your business. In return we promise to give you the very best goods for the price that it is possible to do.

HEDLEY, TEXAS

A. N. Wood

Lay in your Winter Supply
of
GOOD COAL NOW
We handle the best to be
had at the price

Cicero Smith L'b'r Co.

S. A. McCARROLL, Manager

SASH, SHINGLES, DOORS, BLINDS, ...LUMBER... LATHS, PAINT, PAPER, POST, ETC.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED HEDLEY, TEXAS

Remember that we have
Everything in the building
line and will be glad to
figure on your bill when
you get ready to build....

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Editor and Publisher

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Application made to enter the postoffice at Hedley, Texas,
as second class mail matter

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY CASH
ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

A country that will, during a dry year, produce good crops of maize, kafir, cane, cotton, etc., is evidently there with the goods. Such a country is Hedley.

When the streets of Hedley are crowded with people like last Saturday makes the town have the appearance of a city during carnival week, on a smaller scale, however.

That sprightly young Hedley Informer by J. C. Wells is one of the best country papers coming to this office. It is bright and newsy and has the right name.—Vega Sentinel.

Thank you, Mr. Hornbeck.

Most of the older settled places in this country have lots of large trees around the yards which break the monotony of the landscape and give the places more homelike appearances. Start the new homes right by putting out trees. Do it this winter. A year from now will not do as well, for it will be a year forever lost in the growth of the trees.

Dollar bills are getting as common as any other kind, and it is said they are apt to get more so, all because Uncle Sam declines to prepay express charges on his silver for the bankers and they naturally prefer the currency because it costs less to ship it. Don't make much difference to the rich, but the fellow who never has many dollars prefers tie silver for the mere fun of rattling it.—Childress Post.

We'll accept money of any description, just so it's U. S.

Thanksgiving day has passed and Christmas is just a month off. Have you been truly thankful to God for all the blessings that you have been enjoying? If any people in Texas have had blessings to be thankful for the people of this section of country surely have received a big share. Good crops and the best crop gathering weather ever. Big prices for the crops, and countless other good things ought to be enough for which to be thankful.

The recent outbreak in Mexico in which the American flag was dishonored shows clearly that Mexico needs another spanking by her Uncle Samuel. They have forgotten some of the things that happened to them away back more than fifty years ago. They are not students of history or these memories would haunt them whenever they attempted to tramp "Old Glory" under their unhallowed feet. Really they have no cause for this insult to our flag. The greaser who was burned by a

Texas mob for his attack on a white woman, was born in the United States and was an American citizen. And the Texans had as much right to lynch him as any other citizen.—Elk City Record.

There is considerable agitation right now concerning the advisability of planting cotton next year and making an effort to locate a gin at this place. While we are not thoroughly acquainted with the growth and nature of the cotton plant it is generally understood that it is somewhat of a drouth register and upon years like the past two would make an excellent yield. Parties in this immediate vicinity who have tried it here recently report most flattering results. An average of half a bale to the acre at the present high price would make the crop most profitable to the raiser.—McLean News.

If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or become permanently diseased; from sleeping in damp or cold beds, they would probably be astonishing and appalling. It is a peril that constantly besets the traveling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even at the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords. But, it is a peril that resides also in the home, and the cold "spare room" has slain its thousands of helpless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest, but the family often suffers the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies at a time when they need all their bodily heat, by getting in a cold damp bed. Even in warm summer weather a cold damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the elements of murder and suicide.—Ex.

We Want Your Trade

DO YOU WANT A GOOD HEATER?

The winter months are at hand and you will possibly need a new heating stove.

We have just received a shipment, and from the lot you will be able to select the one you want. The price is right and the stoves are just what you are looking for. Come in and take a look at them.

We can supply you with any number of GRAIN BAGS you want. Don't forget the place.

COME IN AND PRICE OUR STOVES

JOHNSTON HARDWARE Co
Hedley, Texas



Hello! Hello!

Say, did you know that a telephone in your home is not a luxury alone, as it used to be considered, but an absolute necessity in every home?

Ask us about our guaranteed service.

HEDLEY 'PHONE EXCHANGE

R. E. NEWMAN

REAL ESTATE

Hedley, Texas

Informer for Job Printing.

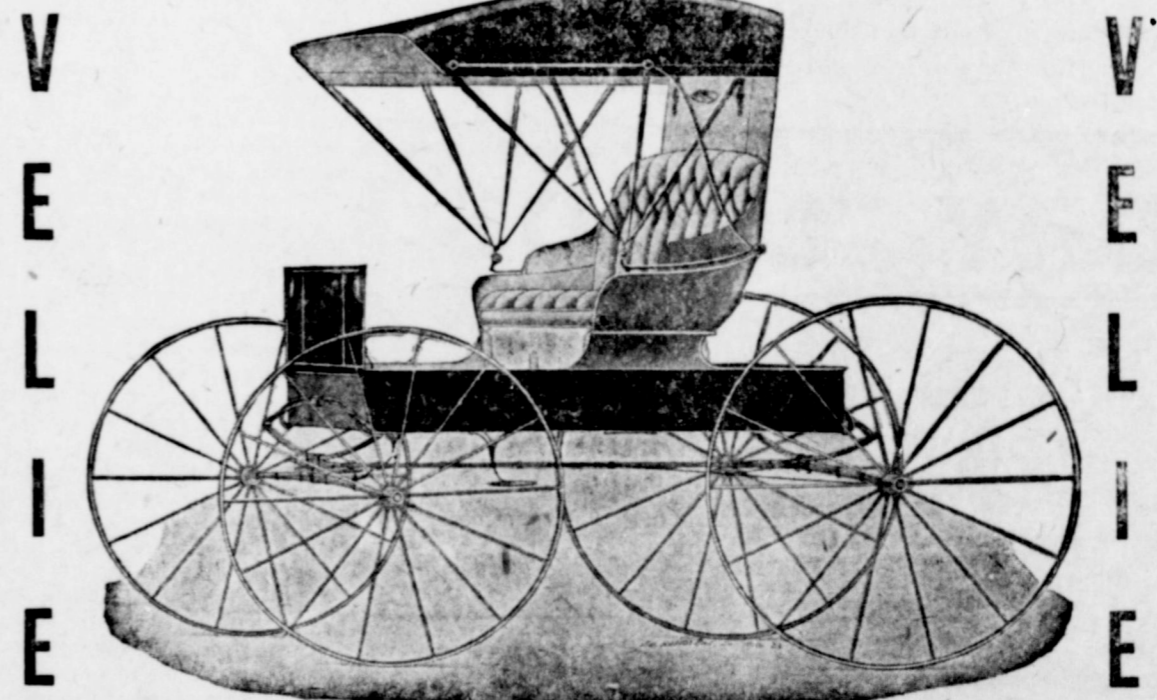
Go to Kendall & Gammon

For Saddles, Harness, Collars, Fine Robes Whips, all kinds of Strap Goods, and the Celebrated 5-A Horse Covers and Blankets. Also Automobile, Machine, Neatsfoot and Harness Oils of all kinds.

...WE REPAIR HARNESS AND SHOES....

KENDALL & GAMMON

We have Just Received Another Car of..



VELIE WROUGHT IRON VEHICLES

The next time you come to

MEMPHIS

Come to our store and let us show you the best built and most stylish buggy ever sold in this country.

Every Buggy sold under a Strict Guarantee. Agents for New Moline Wagons.

GIST-ELLIS IMPLEMENT CO.
MEMPHIS, TEXAS

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

Office upstairs Kinslow Bldg
Phones: Office 27, Res. 28

Hedley, Texas

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

Office at Stidham's Drug Store
Residence at S. A. McCarroll's

Hedley, Texas

Correspondents Wanted

The Informer desires to get correspondents in every community around Hedley to report the happenings and will furnish stationery, stamps, etc. and send the paper to any one who will act as such.



DESIGNED BY
SPERO, MICHAEL & SON
NEW YORK

TAILORS STRIKE

THE Tailors of Chicago are still on a strike and all made-to-measure orders have been greatly delayed. The situation does not seem to improve. The affected firms are still negotiating with the International Associations of Garment Workers for a settlement, and what the results of these negotiations will bring about it is, of course, impossible to state.

This strike does not affect our business. Never before were we in better position to serve our customers than today. Our stock is complete with the newest and best grades of clothing and we can fill your demands without any delay. The Values were never better. Come and see.

Hayter Bros.

CLARENDON, TEXAS



MADE TO ORDER
BY HAYTER BROS.

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GRIMSLEY-LOWREY

J. T. Grimsley slipped away quietly the other day and the wondering people could not figure out why he disappeared so suddenly. But Thursday evening those who were at the depot when the train came in soon learned all the whys and wherefores of his departure.

He went away to get married and is now receiving the congratulations of his friends.

The bride was Miss Esther Lowrey of Godley, Texas. They were married Tuesday the 22nd at 7:30 o'clock.

John is a fine citizen of near Hedley and is to be congratulated upon securing such a beautiful and highly accomplished lady.

Bob's Discovery.
Young Hopeful—Papa, you said I'd read the obituaries of great men in the paper every day for a year you'd give me a gold watch. Well, I did, and the year is up.

Fond Father—Very well, Bob, but I said you must read intelligently and draw a lesson from the lives of those who have won fame and fortune. Now, what have you most particularly observed in your reading?

Y. H.—I noticed that nearly all the great men fitted themselves for one thing, and that was to get rich or famous at something else.

His Modest Proposal.
"But are you able to support a wife?" asked the old gentleman.
"Well," replied the youth, "you know it is said that two can live almost as cheaply as one in such circumstances."

"Ye-es; I've heard that stated," admitted the old gentleman doubtfully.
"So it occurred to me," went on the youth cheerfully, "that you would not begrudge the slight extra cost that will be entailed as a result of this addition to your family."

SHE HAD IDEAS

"Just what kind of a place do you think you'd like?" asked the man.

He was a good looking man, and he asked it with elaborate carelessness calculated to advertise to the world at large his fervid interests in knowing her preferences.

The girl looked unruined. She had childlike eyes which aided in her assumption of an innocence of any particular motive on his part.

"I know exactly!" she said, enthusiastically. "I've always wanted a country place and have devoted so much thought to the subject that my ideas are clearly developed. Only I've never yet seen the place which exactly came up to my notions of what a nice, alluring, comfortable spot away from town should be. I'm always making mental improvements. First, there are the peacocks."

"Th—the what?" stammered the man.

"Peacocks," repeated the girl, distinctly. "You always have to have them trailing around over the lawns and terraces, you know. They look so well in pictures of the place and in background when you have afternoon tea under the trees. Only I never in my life saw a peacock that lived up to its reputation as a decorative adjunct."

"Peacocks," the girl went on, "are always awkward, moth-eaten birds with cold and distant glances, and they occasionally squawk as they stroll around hunting for their supper. Now, the only excuse a peacock has for breathing in the feathers and apparently the only time you can see those is after you have slain the bird and spread its tail adornments out across the wall and nailed them there."

"My plan is to take the peacock while alive, spread out its tail feathers into a beautiful fan shape and wire them in position. Then turn the bird loose upon the lawn, where it will remain a permanently beautiful decoration. I shouldn't think it would make any difference to the peacock, and think how much better it would look!"

"That's an original idea, all right," said the man. "What else would you suggest?"

"Squirrels always go with a country place," declared the girl, reflectively. "Only they are so elusive. You can watch hours for them and not see them, and it's a waste of time and gets on your nerves. I think I'd chloroform a dozen squirrels and have them stuffed. Then I'd attach them to wires wound spirally around the tree trunks with a sort of clockwork arrangement connected and when you pressed a button on the front porch the squirrels would begin racing around the tree trunks up into the branches and down again! I'd have one or two on the top of the fence, too, and visitors from town could have fits over the dear little things whenever the conversation grew dull."

"Come to think of it, I'd have lots of things managed by pressing buttons on the front porch, which really is the most comfortable way of doing things. Opening gates and mowing lawns and setting the sprinkler going—by the way, that's another thing. I'd have all the flower beds and borders arranged with these elevated pipes full of holes and when you pressed the buttons they would shower water systematically and

food the plants."

"The idea is new," said the man.

"Thank you," said the girl. "Then when you come to the gnats and the mosquitoes, I've got them nailed to the mast. People are so foolish trying all these new-fangled exterminators and preventives and fussing and worrying and wondering how on earth the things got through the screens. It's their nature to go through screens, so why not provide a playground for them? I'd set up a row of porch screens just outside the front fence and put a row of lamps back of them. Then the buzzing pests would say, 'Aha! Here is where we show you what we think of screens!' and they would wiggle through and fall joyously upon the lamps and sing and buzz and have a perfectly beautiful time thinking they were making you miserable, when in reality you are sitting up peacefully on your veranda with your reading lamp perusing the last magazines. Both the mosquitoes and you would be happy and satisfied and everything would be lovely."

"As for keeping cooks, which they say is absolutely impossible in the country, I'd have a deep pit dug with spikes around the top and after capturing a cook I would drop her down the pit with a full equipment of kitchen furniture and have her send the meals up by a dumbwater too fragile for her to ride upon. If she was at all tractable I'd let her out in the yard on Sundays—tied to a ball and chain, of course, and under heavy guard. Oh, I can think of all sorts of things!"

"I should think you could!" said the man. "Do you think you could be persuaded to consider an ordinary, humdrum, hot-and-cold-water-with-sanitor-service-and-garage-attached eight-room flat in town as a residence and abandon those—er—pipe dreams of yours?"

"Well," said the girl, after a proper amount of hesitation, "I'm amiable and easily persuaded. Tell me about it!"

Hard Task for Pianist.

Mrs. Newrich (who has advertised for a pianist)—So you are the music teacher that answered my advertisement?

Pianist—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newrich—Well, sit down here and play a couple of duets so that I can see what you can do.

They Stayed at Home.

A Chicago banker planned to take his family to Europe, but the son, eight years old, refused to leave his dog behind. As no dog could be taken, no son could be taken. As no son could be taken, the mother wouldn't go, the father decided to stay at home. That dog ought to be proud to know that he runs the whole family. Some folks would have left him with the cook and let him howl away.

From His Pa's Side.

"She doesn't know where the baby gets his bad temper from."

"That's strange. Most young mothers can place that sort of responsibility in a jiffy."

How Dreams Differ From Delirium.

If every dreamer, dreaming had power of the tongue to describe his dream experiences as he slept, the story of the dream in detail naturally would suggest insanity in the sleeper. But the difference between the sleeping dream and the delirium of fever, for instance, is that at least fragments of the haziest dreams may be recalled, while nothing of delirium remains in the mind.

TOM MARSHALL'S SPITTOON

Superior Court Clerk's Rebuke of the Famous but Uncleanly Orator of Kentucky.

Tom Marshall, the great Kentucky orator, was also a great masticator of tobacco, and one of the most uncleanly of men in the disposition of the salivary "juice," an abundant deposit of which usually decorated his ample shirt-bosom. The contrary of Marshall in this particular was Return J. Meigs, clerk of the national supreme court, whose person and office were always models of neatness and cleanliness. One day Marshall entered the clerk's office, as usual masticating a great quid of "dope," and before he had finished his business found it necessary to unload. "Where do you keep your spittoon, Mr. Meigs?" asked the advocate, after a fruitless search the desired utensil. "I do not keep one," said the clerk. "Where do you spit?" "I do not spit," "I mean, where do I spit?—I chaw, Mr. Meigs."

"Generally, you spit on your shirt bosom, Mr. Marshall." The great advocate left the office, discharged his cargo of tobacco, and returning, resumed his examination of the records with complete serenity.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS

Galveston and Dallas, Tex.

The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains most State, National and foreign news than any similar publication, the latest 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.

THE FARMERS' FORUM

The special agricultural feature of The News consists chiefly of contributions of subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and experiences 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 letters from the boys and girls who read the paper.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c, payable invariably in advance. Remit by postal or express money order, bank check or registered letter.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

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THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS AND THE HEDLEY INFORMER

One Year \$1.75

J. R. BOSTON Hedley, Texas

Made It Heave To.

An old lake sailor, a bit wobbly as to his underpinnings, stood at the corner of East Fourteenth street and Euclid avenue the other night waiting for a car. Two or three of the cars passed him by whizzing because in the obscurity the motorman couldn't make out the waiting figure. The old man didn't appear to like this at all, and when the next car came whizzing along he took his stand in the middle of the track and let out a call that could be heard two blocks.

"Heave to, till I board ye!" he shouted. The car "heave to" and the old fellow pulled alongside, climbed over the gangway, and was off in a bunch. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Solace.

"There is much wrong and bitterness in the world. It makes me melancholy. A man hardly knows what to do."

"A girl is never at a loss, however. When she feels that way she puts some fresh powder on her nose."

Photos for Christmas Presents

Something that your friends and relatives can enjoy the year round—for better than anything you can send them for the price.

I have the completest stock I have ever had for the Holiday trade. Come at your earliest convenience. My work speaks for itself.

H. MULKEY Kodak Work Quickly and Neatly Done

Clarendon, Texas

FOR SALE

100 acres of land in 3-4 mile of Hedley school building, good agricultural land. Apply to

J. R. BOSTON Hedley, Texas

3²⁵
By Mail Only
1 Year
(No part year.)

AGENTS Wanted EVERYWHERE
During BARGAIN DAYS
December 1-15
(This Period Only)

You can subscribe, renew or extend your subscription to

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

and get this big modern Daily and Sunday newspaper, using ASSOCIATED PRESS, TEXAS NEWS SERVICE, NATIONAL NEWS ASSOCIATION, giving complete Markets with ALL the news EVERY DAY from EVERYWHERE—over our own "leased wire"—12 to 24 hours ahead of any other newspaper.

\$3.25

A Year—DAILY and SUNDAY—By Mail (No part year.) (Only.)

Send in your subscription before DEC. 15. After this date the regular price—50 cents per month—will strictly prevail.

AGENTS Wanted EVERYWHERE

FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1912

Repeated Eye Headaches

sap vitality and bring about general nervous breakdowns. Many sensible people continue to suffer great pain and inconvenience through false pride.

Don't be Foolish . .

Glasses will relieve, if fitted properly, and wearing spectacles is no sign of old age. Let us relieve your headache by supplying glasses that will take away the strain. Hundreds will testify to our reliability.

CHAS. OREN
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
MEMPHIS, TEXAS

Correspondents Wanted

The Informer desires to get correspondents in every community around Hedley to report the happenings and will furnish stationery, stamps, etc. and send the paper to any one who will act as such.

MIGHTY RULERS OF EARTH

Elizabeth of England and Theodore of Abyssinia Had Many Traits in Common.

Elizabeth, queen of England, had many claims to great distinction. Her very name was Tudor, a contraction, it seems, of Theodore, "the gift of God," an epithet of happy omen associated with the mighty rulers of the earth, among whom may be mentioned the African king, Theodore of Abyssinia. This monarch is described in the Encyclopaedia Britannica as a "man of education and intelligence, superior to those among whom he lived, with natural talents for governing and gaining the esteem of others. He had a noble bearing, and a frame capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, and he was the best shot and the best horseman in Abyssinia. He was generous to excess and free from cupidity, but subject to violent bursts of anger."

Elizabeth also possessed many of these royal traits of character, although Coke said her name was not really Tudor but rather Owen or Meredith, though "God would not suffer her to have a str name because by his grace and goodness she should deserve for her imperial virtues to be called Elizabeth the great." "She was," said Coke, "the phoenix of her sex; she was Angliae Amor," familiar with French, Italian and Spanish and learned in Latin and Greek; and "as the rose is the queen of flowers . . . she was the queen of queens. You cannot question what rose I mean; for take the red or the white, she was not only by royal descent and inherent birthright, but by roscal beauty also, heir to both."

Whether or not Elizabeth deserved the praise, and even if she had no right to bear the royal name of Theodore, she was fortunate enough to lend her own to the most glorious period of her country's history.—Yale Review

GOOD CAUSE FOR REJECTION

Author Forgot to Make His Detective a Dope Fiend According to the Formula.

"This detective story will not do," said the magazine editor, handing back the manuscript.

"I'd like to know why," responded the author, with a show of heat. "It has color, atmosphere—all the regular business. The detective can see around a corner or through a wall. He needs no clue save a lock of the murdered man's hair. He is able to read human minds and motives as an ordinary sleuth reads a placard offering \$5,000 reward. His deductions are utterly absurd, irrelevant and preposterous, yet crowned with success. What's the matter?"

"Do you state anywhere that he drinks a quart of absinthe neat?"

"No-o-o."

"Do you have him partaking of hashish, opium, morphine or other familiar tiddits upon which the detective of fiction subsists?"

"I forgot that."

"Where is the admiring friend to whom the detective lays bare the blatant idiocy of his intellectual workings?"

"Left his out, by George!" admitted the author, and vanished with his amateurish effort.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Doesn't Know Her Age

There is a galling phase of unfairness of the position of the two sexes, despite all our struggles for the suffrage. A woman still dreads to tell her age, no matter how youthful she may look, while, as long as a man looks youthful, he is generally willing to admit and even to boast of how many milestones he has passed. There is at least one father who understood this problem in time and who gave his daughter a fair chance in life by never letting her know how old she

was. He realized at her birth that a time would come when she would not want to tell her age, and he spared her the humiliation of having to prevaricate, so she was never to do her age or the place where she was born, and there were no birth records preserved in the family.

Heroism

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a hovel, scenes of magnanimity and self-denial are often seen, as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support, either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few; yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

Borrowers of Books

I have not bound the poems yet. I wait till people have done borrowing them. I think I shall get a chain and chain them to my shelves, and people may come and read them at chain's length. For of those who borrow, some read slow, some mean to read, but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow to leave you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money borrowing friends the justice to say that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow my money they never fail to make use of it.—Charles Lamb.

Mrs. Benham—How much did you pay the minister when we were married?

Benham—Don't ask me; I hate to admit that I paid him anything.—Stray Stories.

HER LINEN SUIT

Mrs. Beach was starting on a trip suddenly in July of last year. She went downtown to get a ready-made light-weight tailor suit. Her husband's parting words, like the parting words of all good husbands in like situations, had been: "Now, get something good, Margaret, something worth while. Don't try to economize!"

But every woman will understand how Mrs. Beach, when passing a window, saw a pink linen coat and skirt marked down to \$15, she fell a victim. It was of excellent cut and much reduced from its original cost. It was sufficiently heavy for summer wear. Therefore it seemed foolish to her to spend \$40 or more for a cloth suit. So she bought the pink linen.

Beach's expression was one of downright disgust when she showed her purchase to him. "I told you to get something good," he objected. "And you come home with that!"

"Now, Henry!" said his wife. "If that isn't the man of it! If I had told you I paid \$50 for the suit instead of \$15 you would have thought it was lovely! That's all a man knows about the value of things—he just judges by the cost! And you don't seem to appreciate my economy!"

"You'll be sorry you bought a linen suit!" insisted Beach, stubbornly. "You mark my words!"

These being his sentiments, Mrs. Beach never told him how one week after her arrival at her hostess' she got automobile grease on her suit and had to have it dry cleaned at a cost of \$1.50. The first time she wore it after that the sun faded it fearfully and in streaks.

"It must be due to something they used in cleaning it," consoled her hostess. "You can have it dipped, though."

So Mrs. Beach had the linen suit colored its original rose pink. That cost her \$2.50. She wore it in fear and trembling thereafter. Before she returned home she had it cleaned again. She wanted Beach to see that it had worn well and was in perfect order. Mrs. Beach was in the position of one keeping up a front before the world. Not for anything would she let Henry Beach know that little doubts and regrets were beginning to assail her. She felt that she loathed the pink linen suit, but she had to dissemble. When fall came and she could lay it aside with good grace she heaved a sigh of relief.

This summer when she got the suit out again she found it was all streaked from lying packed away. She was surveying it in tears when her best friend called.

"My goodness!" said the best friend. "That's nothing! Just boil it out white! You can do it as easy as not if you put cream of tartar in the water!"

Hope once more sprung up in Mrs. Beach's breast. The fatal suit was put into the wash boiler and boiled. For some reason it refused to fade out nicely. It was white in some places and then it shaded into discouraging hints of pink unexpectedly around hems and edges.

Setting her teeth, Mrs. Beach carried the suit to a cleaning and dyeing establishment and told her troubles.

"H'h!" said the cleaning and dyeing man. "Of course, madam, we could fade that out for you a perfect white—nothing is impossible to us with our superior methods—but why not dye it? A pretty blue, for instance? Blue is very stylish this summer and—"

"All right," said Mrs. Beach, catching desperately at the suggestion. "Dye it blue. Maybe that would be better than having it white, because it won't get soiled so easily."

"It will be two-fifty," said the man blandly. "Thank you!"

The suit really looked quite nice when it came home. Mrs. Beach showed it to her husband in a little triumph. "You see, it was good linen to start with," she told him. "It's just like another new suit this year—and all for \$15!"

By September 1 Mrs. Beach had had the suit "dipped" twice again and cleaned once. Even though it took her last penny she would not admit to Henry Beach that the suit was a hoodoo. To keep it looking nice became a mania with her.

The other day she took a pencil and began figuring and discovered that besides the original cost of the suit she had spent exactly \$14.50 in dyeing and cleaning and dipping. And then there was the mental strain besides.

Mrs. Beach has given the suit away to her landlady and at present is negotiating for the making of a new broadcloth suit at \$5. She thinks it will be cheaper in the end.

Public Conversation

In the trial of a case recently, in one of the Middlesex (Eng.) courts, a witness was asked to repeat a conversation that she had with her husband. Objection was made that the question should not be answered because the conversation was private in its nature. The judge then asked the witness whether anybody except herself and husband were present. She replied that her mother and the husband's mother were. Whereupon the judge remarked: "It appears that both mothers-in-law were present; I shall therefore rule that the conversation was public."

OUT OF HIS ELEMENT

"It's just the kind of a night for a swim in the lake," said Kenneth to his sister. "What do you say to a little ride first? I can drop you off somewhere for a call and then pick you up on my way home from the beach."

"Just the thing," agreed his sister with alacrity. "Take me over to Mrs. Winship's, as I promised her that I'd drop in to see her guest, and this is her only chance I'll have."

Kenneth donned his bathing suit, added a few accessories, including trunks, sweater and tennis shoes, and then got into the automobile with his sister. After short drive through the park he stopped at the Winships.

"Now, you be ready when you hear the horn," he admonished her. "A wet bathing suit with a sweater over it isn't the most comfortable thing in the world and don't let them ask me to go to bed. Say that I'm—well, anything—only don't let them see me."

"Just toot the horn three times," said his sister, "and I'll fly out before they have time to ask questions. You aren't exactly an Apollo after your evening swim, and it would really be a reflection on me if anybody should see you."

Time went quickly after Kenneth arrived at the beach. Therefore, he remained in the water so long that he was chilly when he drew on his sweater and trunks over the wet bathing suit. When he stopped his machine in front of Winships' house everything was dark.

He toot the horn loudly three times and waited. After an interval he toot the horn again three times and waited. Then he tried to decide whether he should go on home or get out and ring the bell. Finally, emboldened by the darkness of the house, and impelled by brotherly duty, he ran up the steps and gave the bell a sharp ring.

After a moment he heard voices, and lights began to appear in the front part of the house. In another moment Mrs. Winship appeared at the door with Kenneth's sister behind her.

"We've all been out on the back porch," announced Mrs. Winship. "Do come in. We were waiting for you to join us in a little supper, although your sister here has been asking enough to think you couldn't be persuaded to stay."

Kenneth glared at his sister as he entered the brilliantly lighted hall. "I'm afraid I can't," he began nervously. Then he paused, speech falling from him as he caught sight of his disheveled self in the mirror. "I have been—"

"I told Mrs. Winship that you would have come with me, but that you were detained by a business appointment," quickly put in his sister, giving him a warning glance.

Just then Mrs. Winship's guest, in a dainty lingerie frock, came into the room. Kenneth squirmed in his wet bathing suit as he was introduced to her.

"I really must apologize for my appearance," he started in again.

"Now, don't say a word," interrupted Mrs. Winship. "We know you young business men don't have time to do everything, and we're glad to have you just as you are. Why, how wet your head is!"

"Yes, I've been working with the machine," explained Kenneth glibly. "It was warm work and I feel as if I had been in a shower bath."

He cast a reproachful glance at his sister as he was led away to the supper table. There his physical discomfort interfered materially with his appetite. This fact, together with a violent fit of sneezing which seized him, called forth Mrs. Winship's solicitous inquiries as to his health. After a rather strained period at the table Mrs. Winship suggested that they look over some views she had in the library.

In the confusion of rising Kenneth whispered to his sister: "Let's run for it!"

"I'm afraid we'll have to go," said she apologetically to their hostess. "Kenneth isn't feeling well."

"No, not exactly," corroborated Kenneth, sneezing again.

"It's too bad that Cora's brother isn't more robust," commented Mrs. Winship when the automobile departed with the callers.

"Robust!" cried Mrs. Winship's guest, with suppressed excitement. "Why, he isn't sick—he's crazy. Didn't you notice that he had no socks on?"

Made Him Mad

"Life," said Dorothy Donnelly, gloomily, "ain't much—not in this weather! Since we are all so miserable, weep with me over the sorrows of little Elmer. Elmer had arranged to go to a Sunday school picnic. Jumping out of bed early, he ran to the window to see what the weather was like, and found the rain coming down in torrents. Stamping his foot angrily, he exclaimed, 'I'm going to be a heathen after this!'—Young's Magazine

R. E. NEWMAN

REAL ESTATE

Hedley, Texas

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to either trade for or buy some of the best bargains in Texas. I do not handle "hot air" propositions. Nothing in this but what will bear the closest investigation. If you are interested in any of the enclosed numbers let me know which one and give full description in your first letter and I can tell whether there is any likelihood of a trade.

No. 129

Two sections of very fine cotton land near Memphis, Hall county, Texas; four sets of improvements, about 1,000 acres in cultivation, making half bale of cotton per acre. This is an opportunity you must not overlook. Will trade for good ranch. Might pay some difference. Price \$40.00 per acre.

No. 134

200 acres of very fine land in the famous Pecos Valley near Roswell, all tillable. It is unimproved, in artesian belt, only about 400 feet to artesian water. Party who owns this land is not able to improve same, therefore he proposes to trade for unincumbered plains land. This is clear. Lands joining this are being cut up into 20-acre tracts and sold for \$200.00 per acre. Price for this \$50.00 per acre. This will bear closest investigation. Would consider Floyd, Crosby, or Hale county lands.

No. 153

Six room house in best residence portion of city, with two lots on northeast corner, clear of indebtedness, to trade for anything good.

No. 156

640 acres of land near Hedley, the famous corn and cotton country, no improvements, 500 acres of good tillable land, a little sandy, but is not sandy enough to blow. Just now I can trade this for plains land, or Amarillo city property. Price \$25 per acre.

No. 164

Now look here. Do you want a home in the liveliest town in Texas? Here is your opportunity. A ten-room house in the best residence portion of the city, all modern, two sets of plumbing, plastered, up-to-date in every respect. Will trade for land in Hall, Collingsworth, or Donley county, or a stock of dry goods. Might say this property is in Amarillo, Texas. Price \$12,000.

No. 143

35,612 acres of land in southeast portion of Bailey county, near Santa Fe "Cut-Off", to sell at a reasonable figure. This is all tillable land, shallow water, and is the best colonization proposition in West Texas. Write for full particulars.

No. 140

40 acres of land joining the town of Amarillo in the southwest portion of city to sell cheap. Would make a fine proposition to cut up into lots. Price right. Would consider some trade.

No. 146

800 acres of fine land located 12 miles southeast of Floydada, Floyd county, on survey of Santa Fe railroad to Spur. 4-room house, well and windmill, fenced, 200 acres in cultivation. This is a black hog-wallow land, the best cotton land in Texas. Will trade for income property, or Central Texas land, in black land belt. Price \$20.00 per acre, no indebtedness.

No. 150

Four sections in solid body, a magnificent farm and ranch proposition. Nearly all plow land; across two sections to a nice railroad town. Farms all around this which will show what it will do as a farming proposition. Some indebtedness, but each half section carries its own incumbrance. If you will assume some debt I can offer you the best trade you ever had offered. Price \$20.00 per acre.

No. 167

4,308 acres of fine plains land, close to good town on railroad, practically all tillable, deeded in half section tracts; good farms all round this demonstrating that it will raise good crops. The party who owns this will trade for anything good provided the purchaser will assume some indebtedness. Price \$20.00 per acre.

No. 169

For Sale—20 sections deeded land, 20 sections leased, all in solid body. Fine home, corrals, out buildings, practically all level land; the 20 sections leased for 5 years at 3 cents per acre; this is practically all smooth land with a fine turf. Shallow water, being only 20 feet to water. Price \$40,000 bonus, balance 1, 2, and 3 years, interest at 8 per cent. No trade.

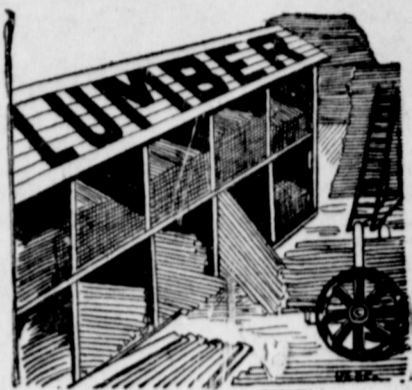
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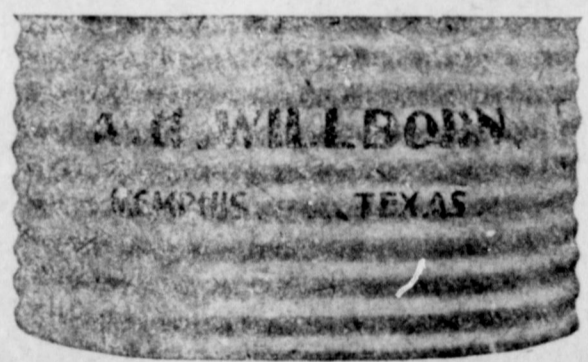
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MEMPHIS,
TEXAS

HER KINDLY VERDICT

Naturally one would expect the Lakehurst Country club to be at Lakehurst. That was why, when the conductor of the suburban train shouted "Lakehurst!" Dilkins arose and got off. The sight of the station of stucco and the gravel walks was cheering, for somehow it seemed that with all this up-to-dateness for a start it promised well for a good dinner, and Dilkins was hungry.

When the Spaffords had invited him to dine with them Sunday at the Lakehurst club Spafford had said: "You know where it is, don't you?" Dilkins, well aware that for one to betray ignorance of the Lakehurst club was to announce one's self outside the social pale, had answered airily that of course he knew. He accepted the reminder that if he missed the 12:30 train he would be late for dinner with the air of being perfectly familiar with the train service in that direction. Spafford had added slyly that Miss Higgins, who was to make the fourth of the little party, was a mighty pretty girl.

Of course, if Dilkins had inquired of the station agent it would have been different, but spying what evidently was a large clubhouse a quarter of a mile away, he set out briskly in its direction. He was enjoying himself hugely. He could not have been doing it any better had he dined and golfed at the Lakehurst club for years.

The deferential man in buttons at the club door fitted into the picture and the man in the checkroom completed Dilkins' peace of mind. He liked things to be in keeping. The Spaffords were not in sight, but then their machine might have broken down.

Dilkins wandered back and forth uncomfortably. He noticed the clerk at the desk furtively discussing him with the man in buttons. Finally, as Dilkins passed the desk in his peregrinations, the clerk coughed.

"Er--were you expecting to meet some one?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Dilkins. "The Spaffords. I'm to dine with them."

"Spafford?" repeated the clerk sadly. "There isn't any Spafford belonging to the club!"

When Dilkins and the clerk came to understand each other Dilkins had learned that he was not in the Lakehurst club. He was in the Star Tennis and Golf club at Lakehurst--and the Lakehurst Country club was at the next station, Wilmore. Just why it was at Wilmore when it was named after Lakehurst the clerk could not tell the indignant Dilkins. He believed it had been built before the railroad station was established and somebody who thought the spot looked as though it ought to be named Wilmore was responsible for the complication.

Dilkins got his coat and hat and was respectfully bowed out, feeling like a horse thief. He walked very hurriedly to the stucco station to wait for the next train, a half-hour off. He felt very bitter. Still, maybe dinner would be late and he would not have to reveal his crude mistake. Since Miss Higgins was a very pretty girl, she was likely to be intolerant of mistakes, and he hated to be laughed at. Besides, it would show that he not only was ignorant of the Lakehurst club, but that he had been making a cheap bluff.

He was in a state of nervous tension when he finally alighted at Wilmore. He sighed with relief at the sight of a vehicle labeled "Clubhouse bus" and climbed in. This would expedite matters. If worst came to worst, he could tell the Spaffords that he had missed the 12:30 train and had to take the next one. Well, he had taken it, hadn't he?

Engaged in these reflections, Dilkins did not realize at first that the bus had really stopped.

"Hotel!" cried the driver, opening the door.

Dilkins, speechless, looked. It was indeed the small hotel of Wilmore. There was no sign of its being even the remotest imitation of a clubhouse--and Dilkins was so hungry by this time that he could have eaten tin cans with a relish.

"I want the Lakehurst clubhouse," he explained, grimly.

"Oh," said the driver, "that's a mile down the other road--just three blocks the other side of the station!"

The driver took Dilkins to the clubhouse for \$2. It was then 2:30 o'clock.

Dilkins found the Spaffords and Miss Higgins. They all wore the contented, complacent and tolerant look of those who have dined well, thus making Dilkins feel younger than ever.

Just as he had finished an elaborately varnished tale of missing the train, Churkett, a mutual friend, strolled up.

"Hello, Dilkins," he said. "Didn't I see you getting off the 12:30 at Lakehurst and heading toward the Star club? I didn't know you ever went there!"

Dilkins after one slaying glance at

the innocent Churkett, turned numbly to the Spaffords. "Say," he murmured, "I'm not even a good liar. Anyhow, if I didn't know where your confounded old club was, you might forget it and take me out and feed me before I die at your feet!"

"I think the whole thing is deliciously funny, Mr. Dilkins!" cried Miss Higgins, who was indeed distractingly pretty.

"Do you?" asked Dilkins, thankfully. "Well, I feel better about it."

MISTAKES OF SCIENTISTS

Faraday and Airy Made Errors About Submarine Cable and Newcomb About Aeroplanes.

Sir Humphrey Davy's dogmatic pronouncement against gas lighting is not the only instance of a clever scientist being hopelessly wrong. The early history of submarine cabling furnishes two striking examples. Consulted on the scientific side of the project, Faraday asserted that the first cables were made too small. Then he said that "the larger the wire, the more electricity would be required to charge it;" and in this quite wrong opinion he was supported by other eminent electricians. As a result of this dictum the current was increased until the operation literally "electrocuted" the wire and the cable broke down. It was Lord Kelvin who by sending messages through heavy cables with incredibly weak electric currents proved that Faraday was mistaken.

Sir G. B. Airy submitted the project to mathematics and arrived at the conclusion that a cable could not be submerged to the necessary depth, and that if it could no recognizable signal could ever travel from Ireland to Nova Scotia. In aviation Professor Newcomb, one of the cleverest mathematicians America has produced, who died last year, declared that he had mathematically investigated all the conditions operating against the heavier than air machine and was convinced that the aeroplane would never be more than a scientific toy; and the possibility of an aeroplane motor being reliable in the reduced atmosphere pressure above 3,000 feet was by several experts said to be out of the question a few months ago. Drexel's carbureter was certainly a bit erratic above the clouds last week, but he rose to an altitude of 6750 feet.

SOUNDED ITS OWN KNELL

Bell Told as the Famous Old Campanile of Montauban Fell in Ruins.

The town of Montauban, France, was proud of his bell tower. It was built by a rich citizen in the sixteenth century and named for him the bell tower of Lautier, nearly 100 feet tall and 25 feet square; the great bell on its top has called the people to all the important events in the town's history.

Recently it sounded its own death note. The town began to tremble and the vibration of the top was enough to set the bell ringing, warning all those near it to escape. In a few seconds the massive tower was a heap of dust and broken stones.

While not so celebrated as the Campanile of Venice, which met the same fate a few years ago, it was as dear to Montauban, and the town mourns its destruction.

The Power of Right.

As I myself look at it, there is no fault nor folly of my life--and no have been many and great--that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of righteousness or good in it, is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this art and its vision. So far as I can rejoice in or interpret either, my power is owed to what of right there is in me.

I dare to say it, that, because through all my life I have desired good and not evil; because I have been kind to many; have wished to be kind to all; have willfully injured none, and because I have loved much, and not selfishly; therefore, the morning light is yet visible to me on those hills, and you who read may trust my thought and word in such work as I have to do for you, and you will be glad afterward that you have trusted in them.--Ruckin.

The Elgin Marbles.

These famous sculptures are so called from the name of the British lord who took them from Athens to London. When Lord Elgin was appointed ambassador to the porte in 1799, his attention was called to the imminent danger of destruction under which the Athenian sculptures lay, and at the first opportunity he had them taken from their places in the Parthenon and conveyed to England. They were finally acquired by the British government and in 1816 were deposited in the British museum, where they are treasured with almost religious care.

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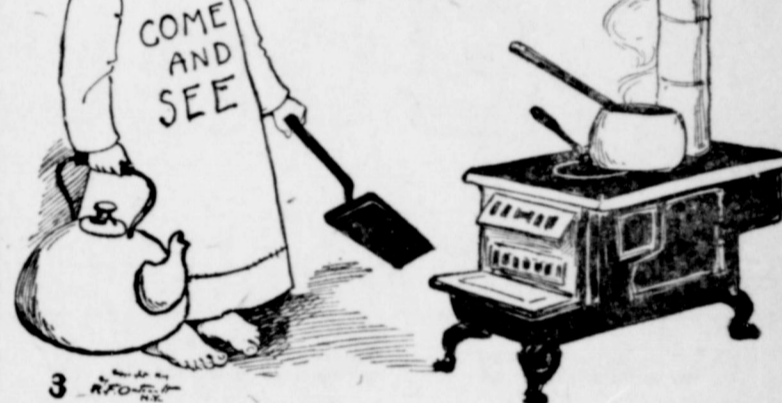
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HEDLEY, TEXAS

Locals and Personals

Phone 47 Your Items of News--We Want Them.

R. H. Jones went to Memphis Wednesday.

J. G. McDougal went to Clarendon Saturday.

W. R. McCarroll was in from Bray Wednesday.

J. P. Sarvis visited relatives in Memphis Saturday.

Mr. Youree and family went to Clarendon Tuesday.

Wm. T. Hayter of Clarendon was in town last Friday.

G. G. Dunn returned first of week on a business visit.

Born to A. N. Wood and wife a little daughter Nov. 25.

Rev. L. O. Lewis of Clarendon was in town last Saturday.

Mrs. Z. Mickle is visiting her daughter Mrs. A. M. Sarvis.

Mrs. Boston of Memphis is visiting her son J. R. Boston.

Miss Pyle of Memphis visited the McDougals Thanksgiving.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hall north of town Nov. 21 a girl.

A. F. Waldron went down to Memphis Tuesday on business.

All hunters are warned not to hunt on my place. C. F. Doherty.

Mrs. Nelson and daughter, Miss Jennette, went to Memphis today.

Bird hunters are hereby warned not to hunt on our section.

B. E. Harris.

All hunters are warned not to hunt in my pasture.

A. F. Waldron.

FOR SALE—Good Durham milk cow. Will be fresh about Dec. 20th.

E. H. Willis.

L. D. Clark made a business trip to Clarendon first of the week.

E. L. Yelton made a business trip to Claude first of the week.

Frank Kendall and R. C. Dial were down from Clarendon Saturday.

Lynam McHan came home from Goodnight to spend Thanksgiving.

Mr. Wilson of Wayside, Texas was here to attend the funeral of Miss Inis Hamblen.

Mrs. Dr. Wilson of Memphis spent Thanksgiving with G. A. Wimberly and family.

A crowd of Hedley young people spent the day Thursday at George Washington tips.

Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Wood went down to Clarendon Tuesday to spend a few days visiting.

Dr. Ozier and wife came down from Amarillo this week to bring the Dr. a large load team.

Miss A. H. Lewis and Myrtle Gibson of Memphis spent Thanksgiving with Bond.

Thanksgiving was very quiet in Hedley as nearly everybody was out of town visiting.

J. A. Simmons returned Wednesday from a visit with his children at Dallas and Kauffman.

FOR SALE

Two good work mares for \$175 cash; two good work mules for \$150. W. W. Crawford.

Read the Informer.

Jones and Reeves are erecting a building on Jones street which will probably be occupied by the postoffice.

Misses Maggie and Mary Wilson of Memphis spent Thanksgiving with their sister, Mrs. G. A. Wimberly.

If you owe us a past due note or account please call and settle. We need the cash.

JOHNSTON HDW. CO.

Just received a nice line of glassware. If you need anything in this line and looking for bargains, come to A. N. Wood's.

Arthur and Clarence Luttrell of Claude came down to attend the funeral of their cousin, Miss Inis Hamblen.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews came in from Missouri Wednesday to visit Mrs. Matthews father J. X. Miller, and family.

Mrs. W. T. White went to Clarendon Monday. Her daughter-in-law was very sick, thought to be typhoid fever.

Sam Harrison of the Harrison-Headrick Hdw. Co. and Frank Wright, of Memphis, were here on business Monday.

L. D. Clark and G. C. Nelson completed a fine residence last week for G. W. Stallings several miles northeast of town.

L. D. Perry of Collingsworth county is in the city today. He likes our town and will probably locate here in the near future.

OWNERSHIP OF A LETTER

Missive Does Not Belong to Person to Whom It is Sent Until Delivered.

Under the postal regulations and the rulings of the highest courts of the United States a letter does not belong to the person to whom it is sent until it is delivered to him. The writer has a right to reclaim and regain possession of it, provided he can prove to the satisfaction of the postmaster at the office from which it was sent that he was the writer of it. Even after the letter has arrived at the office which is its destination, and before it has been delivered to the person to whom it is addressed, it may be recalled by the writer by telegraph through the mailing office.

The regulations of the postoffice department of course require that the utmost care shall be taken by the postmaster at the office of mailing to ascertain that the person who desires to withdraw the letter is really the one who is entitled to do so, and the postmaster is responsible for his error if he delivers the letter to the impostor or an unauthorized person.

The vital principle in our political system lies at the bottom of this matter. In this country the state is the servant or agent of the citizen—not his master. It remains merely his agent throughout the transmission of a letter. The state may prescribe regulations under which its own servants may carry a message for the citizen, but it cannot shirk its responsibility to him.

A Chinese Hero.

At Le-ping Hsien is a statue draped in full dress of a mandarin (the Pu ting or police master named Chin, who gave his life for the people. An exile who was in the camp at Jaochow and who owed the Hsien (District Magistrate) a grudge, rode a black horse to Le-ping, and having killed the Hsien got back for the Jaochow roll call next morning.

As the murderer could not be found, orders came from the capital that a large number of people should be killed. To prevent this slaughter of innocent folk the Pu ting, a good old man, said he stabbed the Hsien after a few words over the wine cups, and he was consequently beheaded. No resident of the district would deal the fatal blow, but an itinerant cobbler or bamboo worker did it for a reward of 40 taels. Tradition adds that he was struck dead by lightning after leaving the execution ground.

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