

The McLean News

VOLUME XV.

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1917

NUMBER 6



Keeping Business on a Level

Would it be any satisfaction to you in these times if you could put some of your money into the great national fund held by the Federal Reserve Banking System which is standing back of and steadying the business interests of the country?

You can do it by depositing your money with us, as we in turn keep part of it on deposit with our Federal reserve bank, where it will be ready for you when needed.

In this way, without cost, you can strengthen the system and secure for yourself its protection.



The American National Bank

Mr. Giddings Speaks on Red Cross

McLean audiences were privileged to hear two speeches by an orator of unusual ability Sunday afternoon and night, when E. J. Giddings of Oklahoma City spoke at the Methodist church.

In the afternoon he took as his subject the mission and work of the Red Cross, and was heard by a large audience. He handled the subject as only it could be handled by a man of exceptional talent, and the hearers were much impressed with his earnestness and eloquence.

Sunday night he spoke in behalf of the Council of Defense, and the large crowd present listened with enthusiasm to the end of a two-hour address. Many said as they went home that it was the best speech they had ever heard. Everyone was impressed with the earnestness and deep patriotism of the speaker.

It is seldom that people here are privileged to listen to a speaker of Mr. Giddings' calibre, for he is counted one of the best orators in the Southwest. One conclusive proof of the patriotism and earnestness of the man is the fact that he refused flatly to accept pay for the expenses of the trip. The people of McLean are sincerely grateful to him for his patriotic efforts, and The News hopes that we shall have the pleasure of listening to him again.

Doucette For Tax Assessor

In this issue of The News appears the name of A. H. Doucette as a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic primary next July.

Mr. Doucette has served the county in this capacity, being our present Tax Assessor, and needs no introduction to the people. He wishes the voters to look up his record as an official and see how he has handled the affairs of his office and the work. He has made us a competent and efficient official, and assures the voters that he will on all occasions try to the best of his ability to see that the assessing of taxes shall be done with full regard to the principle of a square deal, as he has done heretofore. He wishes to solicit your support in the coming primary, assuring you that it will be greatly appreciated.

Amarillo.—L. A. Wells, local real estate man, will act as food administrator for this district until a successor for Porter A. Whaley, resigned, can be selected. Mr. Whaley left last week for Brownwood, where he has accepted the secretaryship of the chamber of commerce. It is understood that Mr. Whaley has been appointed food administrator for the district into which he is moving.

Sheriff Copeland was over from Lefors Tuesday, giving the political prospects the once over. Mr. Copeland has announced for re-election, and says that the fellow who beats him campaigning will have to go some.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Coffey left Sunday afternoon for St. Louis, where they will buy more spring goods for the T. J. Coffey store.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stanfield spent Sunday in Groom with Mrs. Stanfield's brother.

Dr. Ballard Marries Sulphur Springs Girl

Dr. Ballard surprised his friends last week by getting married. The bride is Miss Ida Arnold of Sulphur Springs, near which city the Doctor practiced his profession until a few years ago. The Sulphur Springs Daily Gazette of January 31 says:

"At eight o'clock Wednesday evening Dr. W. E. Ballard and Miss Ida Arnold were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Arnold, on Texas street.

"The wedding was a quiet affair. Only a few relatives and close friends were present.

"Dr. Ballard resided some years ago at Bonanza, later moving to McLean, where he is practicing his profession. Dr. Ballard is also vice president of the Citizens State Bank at McLean.

"Miss Arnold is a very popular and accomplished young lady of our city. She has taught music for a number of years in different places, making for her many friends who join in extending their very best wishes for a long life of happiness and prosperity.

"Dr. and Mrs. Ballard left Thursday on the 2:20 Cotton Belt for their home at McLean, Texas."

For County Judge

T. M. Wolfe announces this week his candidacy for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject, of course, to the Democrat primary next July.

The qualifications of this candidate are so well known it is hardly necessary for us to recite here his competence and sterling qualities. His past record speaks for itself. We believe it can be said without fear of contradiction that Gray county has never had a better judge than T. M. Wolfe. He has performed the duties of his office with all fairness and righteousness, and to the satisfaction of every fair-minded man.

Under Mr. Wolfe's administration the schools of the county have not been in any way neglected, which is something that cannot be truthfully said of county judges in every county where the judge is also school superintendent.

We commend him to the voters as a man in every way worthy of the trust for which he asks a continuance. He solicits your support, and assures you that it will be greatly appreciated.

Amarillo.—Price Stewart of this city died Sunday night from a knife wound received in an affray. Clyde Kidd was arrested shortly after charged with having inflicted the wound. Kidd alleges that Stewart, recently released from the penitentiary, had threatened him, and on two nights had followed him.

Tuesday evening a crowd of young people were entertained at the bachelor headquarters of Emmett Thompson, on the ranch. Games and candy making were the diversions of the evening, and music was furnished by the Victrola. Those attending report an enjoyable time.

A crowd of young folks surprised Mrs. D. B. Veatch Monday evening with a storm party. Games furnished the chief diversion of the evening, and refreshments were served.

The fuel administration isn't pro-German but it is certainly in Dutch.

The Best Valentine Is the One You Write Yourself

The first valentine was a written message—a note of thoughtfulness penned in the writer's own hand. The sentiment is as beautiful today as in the days of old.

Why not this year revive the old custom by sending to each of your friends a personally written message?

Your letters should be written on stationery that indicates character—stationery that possesses distinction, that is a worthy medium for your thoughts.

You will find here two papers that convey this atmosphere—each the finest in this class—in shapes and sizes for all occasions.

SYMPHONY LAWN

is a writing paper that possesses style and unmistakable character. In this quality product the woman of refinement finds a medium that accurately reflects her personality. In white and tints, 50c up.

LORD BALTIMORE LINEN

is a remarkable value. You will be surprised to find such good stationery at such moderate prices. Its handsome linen surface will please and satisfy. In white and tints, to suit your taste. 35c and 40c.

Correspondence Cards and Envelopes in both Symphony Lawn and Lord Baltimore Linen

Erwin Drug Company
The Rexall Store

COMPARISONS

Somebody has said that comparisons are odious. THEY ARE NOT SO TO US.

We INVITE comparison, both as to price and quality of our choice line of

Groceries

You need them—must have them.

Why not come to a house that GUARANTEES you both as to Quality and Quantity?

After comparing our goods and prices with others, you will KNOW why we have no fear of comparisons.

TRY US.

Our Meat Market handles the best fresh meats in town—try it out.

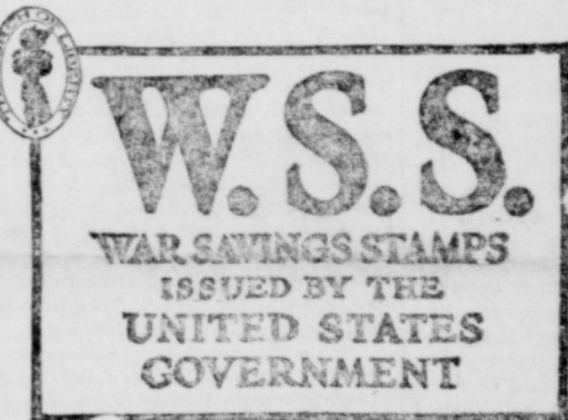
Haynes-Mertel Grocery Company

Phone 23 McLean, Texas

Home Grown MEXICAN BEANS

Anyone wanting some of these Beans, leave your order at McLean Mill. Attractive prices. Grown by

A. C. WALDRON, McLean, Tex.



—are your quarters fighting for Uncle Sam, or are they enemy aliens?

—invest them in War Savings Stamps.

—this bank can supply them.

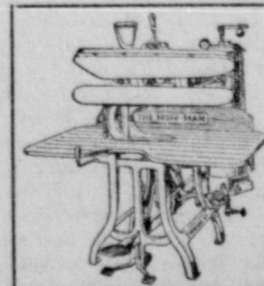
The Citizens State Bank

Sam Hodges, popular manager of the Bundy Hodges Mercantile Company, was under the quilts a few days this week with a severe case of grippe, but is able to be at his place of business again.

A. H. Doucette of Pampa county Tax Assessor and candidate for re-election, spent several days in the city and vicinity this week, looking after political fences and official business.

Bryant Henry went to Amarillo Monday to be examined for army service.

Slade Ball of Alanreed spent Sunday in the city, mingling with friends and otherwise enjoying himself.



Better Pressing

and Better Service than ever before are yours at this shop.

A New Hoff-Mann Sanitary Steam Press

came in last week, and has been installed in my Tailor Shop. This enables me to do better pressing than has heretofore been possible, and work can be gotten out in a fraction of the time that was formerly necessary. This is the machine that put the "serve" in "service."

V. O. COOKE
McLEAN, TEXAS

The Son of the Wolf

He Would a Wooing Go to
Win Him an Indian Bride

By JACK LONDON

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MAN rarely places a proper valuation upon his woman-kind, at least not until deprived of them. He has no conception of the subtle atmosphere exhaled by the sex feminine so long as he bathes in it; but let it be withdrawn, and an ever-growing void begins to manifest itself in his existence, and he becomes hungry, in a vague sort of way, for a something so indefinite that he cannot characterize it. If his comrades have no more experience than himself, they will shake their heads dubiously and dose him with strong physic. But the hunger will continue and become stronger; he will lose interest in the things of his every-day life and wax morbid; and one day, when the emptiness has become unbearable, a revelation will dawn upon him.

In the Yukon country, when this comes to pass, the man usually provisions a poling boat, if it be summer, and if winter harnesses his dogs, and heads for the Southland. A few months later, supposing him to be possessed of a faith in the country, he returns with a wife to share with him in that faith, and incidentally in his hardships. This but serves to show the innate selfishness of man. It also brings us to the trouble of "Scruff" Mackenzie, which occurred in the old days, before the country was stamped and staked by a tidal wave of cheques, and when the Klondike's only claim to notice was its salmon fisheries.

Scruff Mackenzie bore the earmarks of a frontier birth and a frontier life. His face was stamped with twenty-five years of incessant struggle with nature in her wildest moods, the last two, the wildest and hardest of all, having been spent in groping for the gold which lies in the shadow of the Arctic Circle. When the yearning sickness came upon him he was not surprised, for he was a practical man and had seen other men thus stricken. But he showed no sign of his malady, save that he worked harder. All summer he fought mosquitoes and washed the sure-things bars of the Stuart river for a double grub-stake. Then he rafted a raft of house-logs down the Yukon to Forty Mile, and put together as comfortable a cabin as any the camp could boast of. In fact, it showed such cozy promise that many men elected to be his partner and to come and live with him. But he crushed their aspirations with rough speech, peculiar for its strength and brevity, and bought a double supply of grub from the trading-post.

He was a sturdy traveler, and his wolf-dogs could work harder and travel farther on less grub than any other team in the Yukon. Three weeks later he strode into a hunting camp of the Upper Tanana Sticks. They marveled at his temerity; for they had a bad name and had been known to kill white men for as trifling a thing as a sharp ax or a broken rifle. But he went among them single-handed, his bearing being a delicious composite of humility, familiarity, sang-froid, and insolence. It required a left hand and deep knowledge of the barbaric mind effectually to handle such diverse weapons; but he was a past master in the art, knowing when to conciliate and when to threaten with Jove-like wrath.

He first made obeisance to the Chief Thling-Tinneh, presenting him with a couple of pounds of black tea and tobacco, and thereby winning his most cordial regard. Then he mingled with the men and maidens, and that night gave a potlach. The snow was beaten down in the form of an oblong, perhaps a hundred feet in length and quarter as many across. Down the center a long fire was built, while either side was carpeted with spruce boughs. The lodges were forsaken, and the fivescore or so members of the tribe gave tongue to their folk-chants in honor of their guests.

Scruff Mackenzie's two years had taught him the not many hundred words of their vocabulary, and he had likewise conquered their deep gutturals, their Japanese idioms, constructions, and honorific and agglutinative particles. So he made oration after their manner, satisfying their instinctive poetry-love with crude flights of eloquence and metaphorical contortions. After Thling-Tinneh and the Shaman had responded in kind, he made trifling presents to the menfolk, joined in their singing, and proved an expert in their fifty-two-stick gambling game.

It was slow work and a stiff game; but Scruff Mackenzie maneuvered cunningly, with an unconcern which served to puzzle the Sticks. He took great care to impress the men that he was a sure shot and a mighty hunter, and the camp rang with his plaudits when he brought down a moose at six hundred yards. Of a night he visited in Chief Thling-Tinneh's lodge of moose and caribou skins, talking big and dispensing tobacco with a lavish hand. Nor did he fail to likewise honor the Shaman; for he realized the

medicine man's influence with his people, and was anxious to make of him an ally. But that worthy was high and mighty, refused to be propitiated, and was unerringly marked down as a prospective enemy.

Though no opening presented for an interview with Zarinska, Mackenzie stole many a glance to her, giving fair warning of his intent. And well she knew, yet coquettishly surrounded herself with a ring of women whenever the men were away and he had a chance. But he was in no hurry; besides, he knew she could not help but think of him, and a few days of such thought would only better his suit.

At last, one night, when he deemed the time to be ripe, he abruptly left the chief's smoky dwelling and hastened to a neighboring lodge. As usual, she sat with squaws and maidens about her, all engaged in sewing moccasins and beadwork. They laughed at his entrance, and badinage, which linked Zarinska to him, ran high. But one after the other they were unceremoniously bundled into the outer snow, whence they hurried to spread the tale through all the camp.

His cause was well pleaded, in her tongue, for she did not know his, and at the end of two hours he rose to go. "So Zarinska will come to the white man's lodge? Good! I go now to have talk with thy father, for he may not be so minded. And I will give him many tokens; but he must not ask too much. If he say no? Good! Zarinska shall yet come to the white man's lodge."

He had already lifted the skin flap to depart, when a low exclamation brought him back to the girl's side. She brought herself to her knees on the bearskin mat, her face aglow with true Eve-light, and shyly unbuckled his heavy belt. He looked down, perplexed, suspicious, his ears alert for the slightest sound without. But her next move disarmed his doubt, and he smiled with pleasure. She took from her sewing-bag a moosehide sheath, brave with bright beadwork, fantastically designed. She drew his great hunting knife, gazed reverently along the keen edge, half tempted to try it with her thumb, and shot it into place in its new home. Then she slipped the sheath along the belt to its customary resting-place, just above the hip.

For all the world, it was like a scene of olden time—a lady and her knight. Mackenzie drew her up full height and swept her red lips with his mustache—the, to her, foreign caress of the wolf. It was a meeting of the stone age and the steel.

There was a thrill of excitement in the air as Scruff Mackenzie, a bulky bundle under his arm, threw open the flap of Thling-Tinneh's tent. Children were running about in the open, dragging dry wood to the scene of the potlach, a babble of women's voices was growing in tensity, the young men were consulting in sullen groups, while from the Shaman's lodge rose the eerie sounds of an incantation.

The chief was alone with his bleary-eyed wife, but a glance sufficed to tell Mackenzie that the news was already old. So he plunged at once into the business, shifting the beaded sheath prominently to the fore as advertisement of the betrothal.

"O Thling-Tinneh, mighty chief of the Sticks and the land of the Tanana, ruler of the salmon and the bear, the moose and the caribou! The white man is before thee with a great purpose. Many moons has his lodge been empty, and he is lonely. And his heart has eaten itself in silence, and grown hungry for a woman to sit beside him in his lodge, to meet him from the hunt with warm fire and good food. He has heard strange things, the patter of baby moccasins and the sound of children's voices. And one night a vision came upon him, and he beheld the raven, who is thy father, the great raven, who is the father of all the Sticks. And the raven spake to the lonely white man, saying: 'Bind thou thy moccasins upon thee, and gird thy snowshoes on, and lash thy sled with food for many sleeps and fine tokens for the Chief Thling-Tinneh. For thou shalt turn thy face to where the mid-spring sun is wont to sink below the land, and journey to this great chief's hunting grounds. There thou shalt make big presents, and Thling-Tinneh, who is my son, shall become to thee as a father. In his lodge there is a maiden into whom I breathed the breath of life for thee. This maiden shalt thou take to wife.'

"O chief, thus spake the great raven; thus do I lay many presents at thy feet; thus and I come to take thy daughter!"

The old man drew his furs about him with crude consciousness of royalty, but delayed reply while a youngster crept in, delivered a quick message to appear before the council, and was gone.

"O white man, whom we have named moose-killer, also known as the wolf, and the son of the wolf! We know thou comest of a mighty race; we are proud to have thee our potlach guest;

but the king-salmon does not mate with the dog-salmon, nor the raven with the wolf."

"Not so!" cried Mackenzie. "The daughter of the raven have I met in the camps of the wolf—the squaw of Mortimer, the squaw of Tregidgo, the squaw of Barnaby, who came two ice-runs back, and I have heard of other squaws, though my eyes beheld them not."

"Son, your words are true; but it were evil mating, like the water with the sand, like the snowflake with the sun. But met you one Mason and his squaw? No? He came two ice-runs ago—the first of all the wolves. And with him there was a mighty man, straight as a willow-shoot, and tall; strong as the bald-faced grizzly, with a heart like the full summer moon; his—"

"Oh!" interrupted Mackenzie, recognizing the well-known northland figure—"Malemute Kid!"

"The same—a mighty man. But saw you aught to the squaw? She was full sister to Zarinska."

"Nay, chief; but I have heard. Mason—far, far to the north, a spruce tree, heavy with years, crushed out his life beneath. But his love was great, and he had much gold. With this, and her boy, she journeyed countless sleeps toward the winter's noonday sun, and there she yet lives—no biting frost, no snow, no summer's midnight sun, no winter's noonday night."

A second messenger interrupted with imperative summons from the council. As Mackenzie threw him into the snow, he caught a glimpse of the swaying forms before the council fire, heard the deep basses of the men in rhythmic chant, and knew the Shaman was fanning with anger of his people. Time pressed. He turned upon the chief.

"Come! I wish thy child. And now see! here are tobacco, tea, many cups of sugar, warm blankets, handkerchiefs, both good and large; and here, a true rifle, with many bullets and much powder."

"Nay," replied the old man, struggling against the great wealth spread before him. "Even now are my people come together. They will not have this marriage."

"But thou art chief."

"Yet do my young men rage because

"And yet will my people say no."

"Grant, and the wealth is thine. Then shall I deal with thy people after."

"The Wolf will have it so. I will take his tokens—but I would warn him."

Mackenzie passed over the goods, taking care to clog the rifle's ejector, and capping the bargain with a kaleidoscopic silk kerchief. The Shaman and half a dozen young braves entered, but he shouldered boldly among them and passed out.

"Pack!" was his laconic greeting to Zarinska as he passed her lodge and hurried to harness his dogs. A few minutes later he swept into the council at the head of the team the woman by his side. He took his place at the upper end of the oblong, by the side of the chief. To his left, a step to the rear, he stationed Zarinska—her proper place. Besides, the time was ripe for mischief, and there was need to guard his back.

The singing and dancing ceased, and the Shaman flared up in rude eloquence. Through the sinuosities of their vast mythology, he worked cunningly upon the credulity of his people. The case was strong. Opposing the creative principles as embodied in the crow and the raven, he stigmatized Mackenzie as the wolf, the fighting and the destructive principle.

"Ay, my brothers, Jelchs is all-power! Did he not bring heaven-born fire that we might be warm? Did he not draw the sun, moon and stars from their holes that we might see? Did he not teach us that we might fight the spirits of famine and of frost? But now Jelchs is angry with his children, and they are grown to a handful, and he will not help. For they have forgotten him, and done evil things, and trod bad trails, and taken his enemies into their lodges to sit by their fires. And the raven is sorrowful at the wickedness of his children; but when they shall rise up and show they have come back, he will come out of the darkness to aid them. O brothers! the fire-bringer has whispered messages to thy shaman; the same shall ye hear. Let the young men take the young women to their lodges; let them fly at the throat of the wolf; let them be undying in their enmity! Then shall



Swayed a Moment and Pitched Forward.

the wolves have taken their maidens so that they may not marry."

"Listen, O Thling-Tinneh! Ere the night has passed into the day, the Wolf shall face his dogs to the mountains of the east and fare forth to the country to the Yukon. And Zarinska shall break trail for his dogs."

"And ere the night has gained its middle, my young men may fling to the dogs the flesh of the wolf, and his bones be scattered in the snow till the springtime lay them bare."

It was threat and counter-threat. Mackenzie's bronzed face flushed darkly. He raised his voice. The old squaw, who till now had sat an impassive spectator, made to creep by him for the door. The song of the men broke suddenly, and there was a hubbub of many voices as he whirled the old woman roughly to her couch of skins.

"Again I cry—listen, O Thling-Tinneh! The wolf dies with teeth fast-locked, and with him there shall sleep ten of thy strongest men—men who are needed, for the hunting is but begun, and the fishing is not many moons away. And again, of what profit should I be? I know the custom of thy people; thy share of my wealth shall be very small. Grant me thy child, and it shall all be thine. And yet again, my brothers will come, and they are many, and their maws are never filled; and the daughters of the raven shall bear children in the lodges of the wolf. My people are greater than thy people. It is destiny. Grant, and all this wealth is thine."

Moccasins were crunching the snow without. Mackenzie threw his rifle to cock, and loosened the twin colts in his belt.

"Grant, O chief!"

their women become fruitful, and they shall multiply into a mighty people! And the raven shall lead great tribes of their fathers and their fathers' fathers from out of the North; and they shall beat back the wolves till they are as last year's campfires; and they shall again come to rule over all the land! 'Tis the message of Jelchs, the raven."

This foreshadowing of the Messiah's coming brought a hoarse howl from the Sticks as they leaped to their feet. Mackenzie slipped the thumbs of his mittens, and waited. There was a clamor for the Fox, not to be stilled till one of the young men stepped forward to speak.

"Brothers! The Shaman has spoken wisely. The wolves have taken our women, and our men are childless. We are grown to a handful. The wolves have taken our warm furs and given for them evil spirits which dwell in bottles, and clothes which come not from the beaver or the lynx, but are made from the grass. And they are not warm, and our men die of strange sicknesses. I, the Fox, have taken no woman to wife; and why? Twice have the maidens which pleased me gone to the camps of the Wolf. Even now I have laid by skins of the beaver, of the moose, of the caribou, that I might win favor in the eyes of Thling-Tinneh, that I might marry Zarinska, his daughter. Even now are her snowshoes bound to her feet, ready to break trail for the dogs of the Wolf. Nor do I speak for myself alone. As I have done, so has the bear. He, too, had fain been the father of her children, and many skins has he cured there-to. I speak for all the young men who know not wives. The wolves are ever hungry. Always do they take the

choice meat at the killing. To the ravens are left the leavings.

"There is Gugkla!" he cried, brutally pointing out one of the women, who was a cripple. "Her legs are bent like the ribs of a birch canoe. She cannot gather wood nor carry the meat of the hunters. Did the wolves choose her?"

"All! all!" vociferated his tribesmen. "There is Moyri, whose eyes are crossed by the evil spirit. Even the babes are affrighted when they gaze upon her, and it is said the bald-face gives her the trill. Was she chosen?"

Again the cruel applause rang out. "And there sits Pischet. She does not hearken to my words. Never has she heard the cry of the chit-chat, the voice of her husband, the babble of her child. She lives in the white silence. Cured the wolves aught for her? No! Theirs is the choice of the kill; ours the leavings."

"Brothers, it shall not be! No more shall the wolves attack among our campfires. The time is come."

A great streamer of fire, the aurora borealis, purple, green and yellow, shot across the zenith, bridging horizon to horizon. With head thrown back and arms extended, he swayed to his climax.

"Behold! The spirits of our fathers have arisen and great deeds are afoot this night!"

He stepped back, and another young man somewhat diffidently came forward, pushed on by his comrades. He towered a full head above them, his broad chest defiantly bared to the frost. He swung tentatively from one foot to the other. Words halted upon his tongue, and he was ill at ease. His face was horrible to look upon, for it had at one time been half torn away by some terrific blow. At last he struck his breast with his clenched fist, drawing sound as from a drum, and his voice rumbled forth as the surf from an ocean cavern.

"I am the Bear—the Silver-Tip and the Son of the Silver-Tip! When my voice was yet as a girl's, I slew the lynx, the moose, and the caribou; when I whistled like the wolverines from under a cache, I crossed the Mountains of the South and slew three of the White Rivers; when it became the roar of the Chinook, I met the bald-faced grizzly, but gave no trail."

At this he paused, his hand significantly sweeping across his hideous scars.

"I am not as the Fox. My tongue is frozen like the river. I cannot make great talk. My words are few. The Fox says great deeds are afoot this night. Good! Talk flows from his tongue like the freshets of the spring, but he is chary of deeds. This night shall I do battle with the Wolf. I shall slay him, and Zarinska shall sit by my fire. The Bear has spoken."

Though pandemonium raged about him, Scruff Mackenzie held his ground.

"Brothers! The White Man, whom ye have chosen to call the Wolf, came among you with fair words. He was not like the Innuut; he spoke not lies. He came as a friend, as one who would be a brother. But your men have had their say, and the time for soft words is past. First, I will tell you that the Shaman has an evil tongue and is a false prophet, that the messages he spake are not those of the Fire-Bringer. His ears are locked to the voice of the raven, and out of his own head he weaves cunning fancies, and he has made fools of you. He has no power. When the dogs were killed and eaten, and your stomachs were heavy with untanned hide and strips of moccasins; when the old men died, and the old women died, and the babes at the dry dug of the mothers died; when the land was dark, and ye perished as do the salmon in the fall; ay, when the famine was upon you, did the Shaman bring reward to your hunters? Did the Shaman put meat in your bellies? Again I say, the Shaman is without power. Thus! I spit upon his face!"

Though taken aback by the sacrilege, there was no uproar. Some of the women were even frightened, but among the men there was an uplifting, as though in preparation or anticipation of the miracle. All eyes were turned upon the two central figures. The priest realized the crucial moment, felt his power tottering, opened his mouth in denunciation, but fled backward before the truculent advance, upraised fist, and flashing eyes of Mackenzie. He sneered and resumed.

"Was I stricken dead? Did the lightning burn me? Did the stars fall from the sky and crush me? Pish! I have done with the dog. Now will I tell you of my people, who are the mightiest of all the peoples, who rule in all the lands. At first we hunt as I hunt, alone. After that we hunt in packs; and at last, like the caribou-run, we sweep across all the land. Those whom we take into our lodges live; those who will not come die. Zarinska is a comely maiden, full and strong, fit to become the mother of wolves. Though I die, such shall she become; for my brothers are many, and they will follow the scent of my dogs. Listen to the Law of the Wolf: Whoso taketh ten of his people pay. In many lands has the price been paid; in many lands shall it yet be paid."

"Now will I deal with the Fox and the Bear. It seems they have cast eyes upon the maiden. So? Behold, I have bought her! Thling-Tinneh leans upon the rifle; the goods of purchase are by his fire. Yet will I be fair to the young men. To the Fox, whose tongue is dry with my words, will I give of tobacco five long plugs. Thus will his mouth be wetted that he may make much noise in the council. But to the Bear, of whom I am well proud, will I give of blankets two; of flour, twenty cups; of tobacco, double that of the Fox; and if he fare with me over the Mountains of the East, then will I give him a rifle, mate to Thling-Tinneh's,

If not? Good! The Wolf is weary of speech. Yet once again will he say the law: 'Whoso taketh the life of the Wolf, the forfeit shall ten of his people pay.'

Mackenzie smiled as he stepped back to his old position, but at heart he was full of trouble. The night was yet dark. The girl came to his side, and he listened closely as she told of the Bear's battle-tricks with the knife.

The decision was for war. In a trice, scores of moccasins were widening the space of beaten snow by the fire. There was much chatter about the seeming defeat of the Shaman; some averred he had but withheld his power, while others conned past events and agreed with the Wolf. The Bear came to the center of the battle-ground, a long naked hunting-knife of Russian make in his hand. The Fox called attention to Mackenzie's revolvers; so he stripped his belt, buckling it about Zarinska, into whose hands he also intrusted his rifle. She shook her head that she could not shoot—small chance had a woman to handle such precious things.

"Then, if danger come by my back, cry aloud, 'My husband!' No; that 'My husband!'"

He laughed as she repeated it, pinched her cheek and re-entered the circle. Not only in reach and stature had the Bear the advantage of him, but his blade was longer by a good two inches. Scruff Mackenzie had looked into the eyes of men before, and he knew it was a man who stood against him; yet he quickened to the glint of light on the steel, to the dominant pulse of his race.

Twice he pricked the Bear, getting away unscathed; but the third time caught, and to save himself, free hands closed on fighting hands, and they came together. Then did he realize the tremendous strength of his opponent. His muscles were knotted in painful lumps, and cords and tendons threatened to snap with the strain; yet nearer and nearer came the Russian steel. He tried to break away, but only weakened himself. The fabled circle closed in, certain of and anxious to see the final stroke. But with wrestler's trick, swinging partly to the side, he struck at his adversary with his head. Involuntarily the Bear leaned back, disturbing his center of gravity. Simultaneous with this, Mackenzie tripped properly and threw his whole weight forward, hunting him clear through the circle into the deep snow. The Bear floundered out and came back full tilt.

"Oh, my husband!" Zarinska's voice rang out, vibrant with danger.

To the twang of a bow-string, Mackenzie swept low to the ground, and a bone-barbed arrow passed over him into the breast of the Bear, whose momentum carried him over his crouching foe. The next instant Mackenzie was up and about. The Bear lay motionless, but across the fire was the Shaman, drawing a second arrow.

Mackenzie's knife leaped short in the air. He caught the heavy blade by the point. There was a flash of light as it spanned the fire. Then the Shaman, the hit alone appearing without his throat, swayed a moment and pitched forward into the glowing embers.

Click! click!—the Fox had possessed himself of Thling-Tinneh's rifle and was vainly trying to throw a shell into place. But he dropped it at the sound of Mackenzie's laughter.

"So the Fox has not learned the way of the plaything? He is yet a woman. Come! Bring it, that I may show thee!"

The Fox hesitated.

"Come, I say."

He slouched forward like a beaten cur.

"Thus, and thus; so the thing is done." A shell flew into place and the trigger was at cock as Mackenzie brought it to shoulder.

"The Fox has said great deeds were afoot this night, and he spoke true. There have been great deeds, yet least among them were those of the Fox. Is he still intent to take Zarinska to his lodge? Is he minded to tread the trail already broken by the Shaman and the Bear? No? Good!"

Mackenzie turned contemptuously and drew his knife from the priest's throat.

"Are any of the young men so minded? If so, the Wolf will take them by two and three till none are left. No? Good. Thling-Tinneh, I now give thee this rifle a second time. If in the days to come thou shouldst journey to the country of the Yukon, know thou that there shall always be a place and much food by the fire of the Wolf. The night is now passing into the day. I go, but I may come again. And for the last time, remember the Law of the Wolf!"

He was supernatural in their sight as he rejoined Zarinska. She took her place at the head of the team, and the dogs swung into motion. A few moments later they were swallowed up by the ghostly forest. Till now Mackenzie had waited; he slopped into his snowshoes to follow.

"Has the Wolf forgotten the five long plugs?"

Mackenzie turned upon the Fox angrily; then the humor of it struck him.

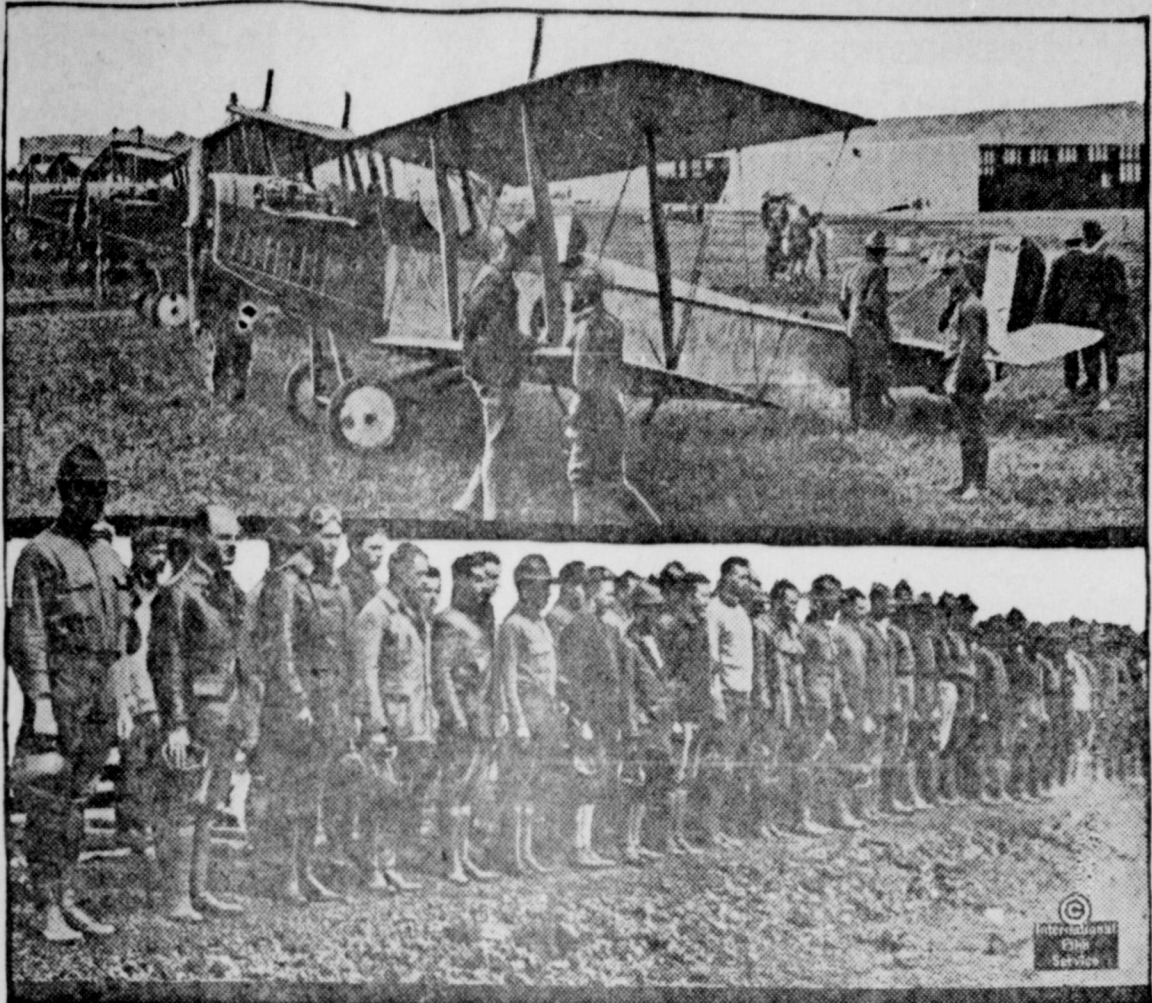
"I will give thee one short plug."

"As the Wolf sees fit," meekly responded the Fox, stretching out his hand.

The Heart and Reason.

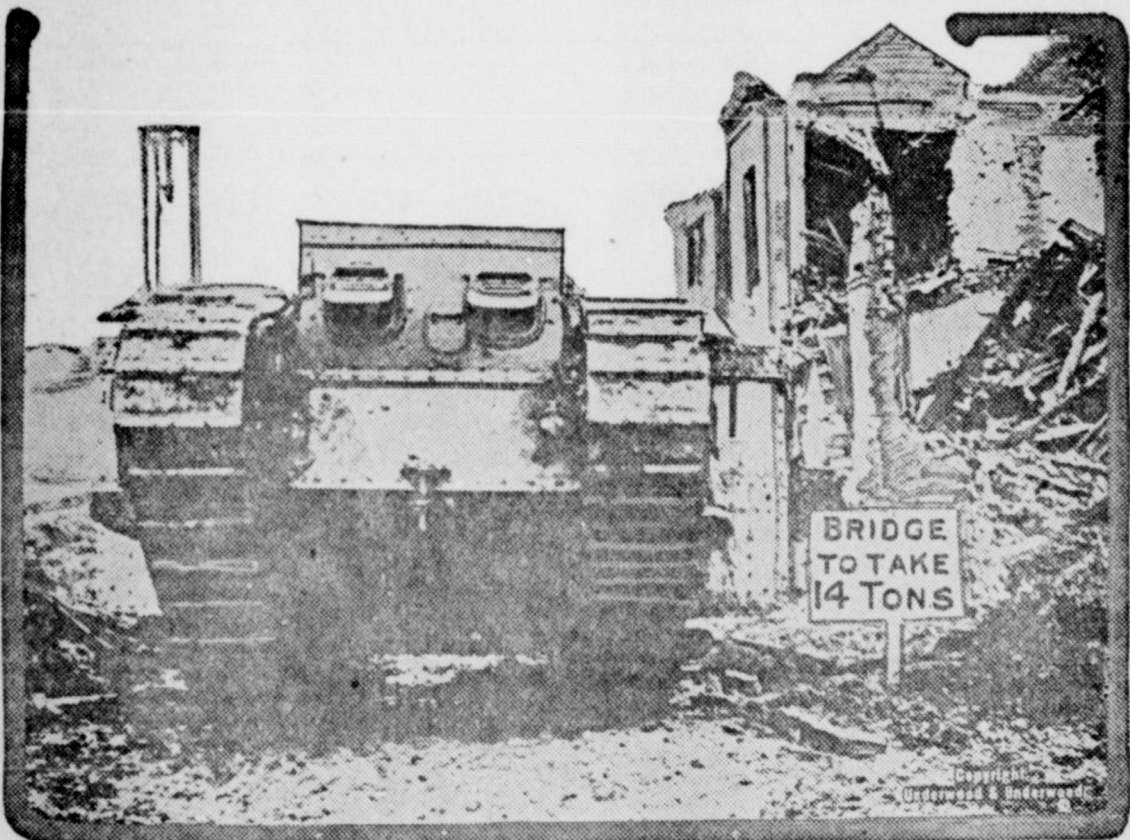
The heart has reasons which the reason does not know. It is the heart that feels God, not the reason. The primary truths are not demonstrable, and yet our knowledge of them is none the less certain. Principles are felt-propositions are proved. Truths may be above reason and yet not contrary to reason.

WHERE AMERICANS ARE BEING MADE INTO AVIATORS



Scenes at one of the American army flying fields where nearly 1,000 well-trained aviators are turned out each month. Above are the airplanes lined up ready for flights, and below are the student aviators ready for inspection.

BRITISH TANK RUMBLES INTO ACTION THROUGH RUINED TOWN



Rumbling and roaring as only a tank can, this British monster is waking the echoes amongst the solitude and desolation that once was a town. The tank is on its way to the front to help beat back the Teuton and prevent him from leaving any more mementos, like this, of his work in France.

HELPING TO WIN THE WAR

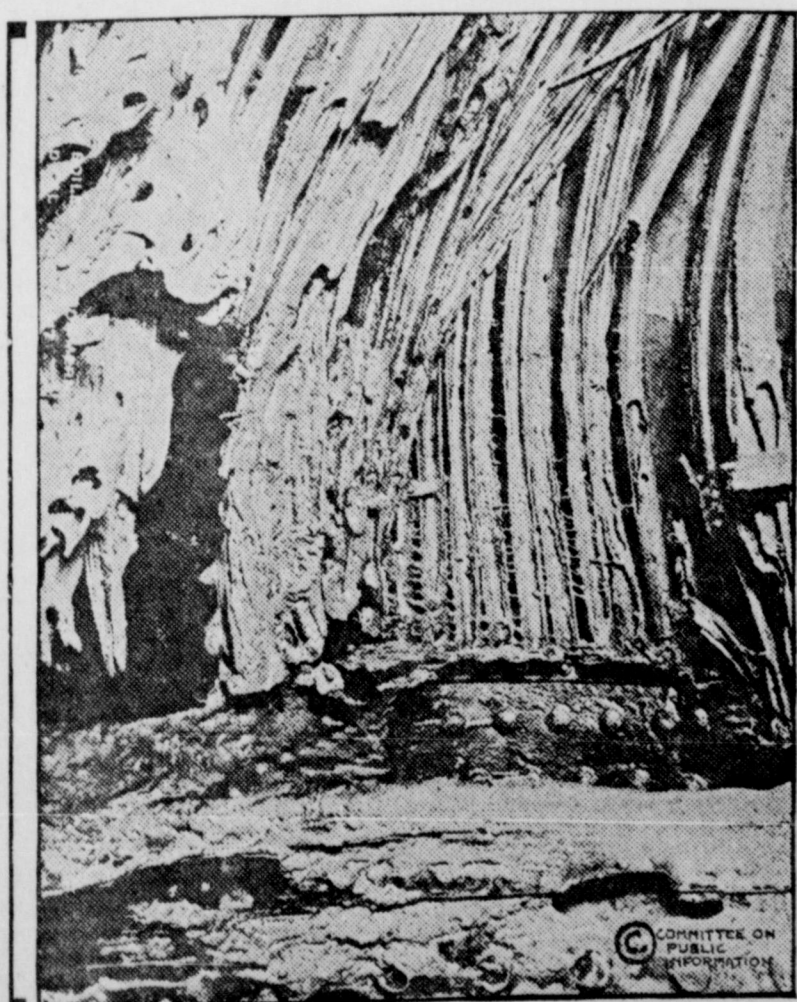


The National League for Women Service is doing war work on a large scale. This photograph shows Private Minott in the act of delivering a package to the Soldiers' and Sailors' club. Hundreds of women are enrolled. Many are ambulance drivers and chauffeurs. The league is aiding Uncle Sam in carrying on the war and is proving of the greatest value.

Thinness of Golf Leaf.

Ordinary printing paper is something more than 1,000 times thicker than the gold leaf that can be made in England today. For commercial purposes the leaf must, of course, have just a little more substance about it than that, but it is a striking and impressive fact that only about five grains weight of gold is required to make up the books that are in ordinary use today by gliders, each of the 25 leaves in that book being usually three and one-quarter inches square.

HOW GERMANS RUINED INTERNED SHIPS



This is a graphic illustration of how the crews of the interned German ships tried to render the vessels unfit for use by the American government. The photograph shows the interior of the boiler of the Pommeron, now the U. S. S. Rappahannock, showing how the German crew melted down the boiler by dry firing, probably using "thermit" to intensify the heat.

HERE AND THERE

Not far from Lake Victoria Nyanza there is to be found a large block of almost chemically pure sesquicarbonate of soda covering 50 square miles, which is so valuable that it will probably come in for some consideration in the adjustment of the war. An automatic brake has been invented to prevent riding plows running forward into horses when their shares are lifted from the ground or when they are being moved from field to field.

American manufacturers have built one-handed plows for use in Latin America. Tests have proved the worth and popularity of these implements. Farmers in these countries cannot be induced to use a plow having two handles.

Columbia university, New York city, now maintains an "extension school" at 203 Broadway, in the heart of the business district, where courses are given in railway traffic and rates. There is also a course on theory and practice of ocean transportation.

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



SMART FROCK FOR THE BUSINESS GIRL.

In the drama of fashions, the part of the one-piece frock has grown in importance for three seasons. It made a triumphant entry this fall and has held the center of the stage ever since. The advent of the "bustle dress" (which hardly deserved its name), and the furor for velvet portends a brilliant finish for this season of a style that is sure to reappear in the spring.

The bustle dress is given its name because it is caught up in drapery below the waistline at the back and merely suggests the bustle of other years. It is prettiest in velvet or heavy satin or crisp taffeta; best of all velvet. In the latest models skirts are narrow and drawn back from the front by the back draping. They have long, close-fitting sleeves and high necks. One-piece frocks of serge and other durable cloths have proven themselves the smartest sort of frocks for business women. This term includes about everyone these days when it is unthinkable that any well woman should be idle.

The frock of serge shown in the picture is enough to reconcile the most inconsequent of idlers to a business life. Consider its good points and remember how entirely practical it is. In addition to being good looking it is new and original. The sleeves are set on to an underbodice and finished on the forearm with neat straps of the material. The underbodice fastens over a separate vestee of washable white satin, which may be varied with vestees of other materials by way of change. A wide fold, instead of revers, on the bodice is placed high enough at the back to provide an unusually becoming neck finish, and a big trench

vogue—a special "January Hat"—to be worn north or south, but with a whisper of spring in their designing. They are not too summerlike, but there is no hint of winter about them.

Three of these captivating models are shown in the group above. They place themselves at a glance—hats of the highest class that need not to excuse themselves for appearing in the depth of winter. At the center of the group the large picturesque black hat is made of panne velvet and mailles. All its story is told by these two materials for its finish is merely a collar of the velvet with a bow at the back. One can imagine it at the afternoon concert or the bridge party in the heart of the northern winter, or worn as a dinner or afternoon hat under southern skies, with equal satisfaction.

At the left a small hat is shown made of fringed strips of black taffeta. These strips are braided or woven in and out to form the body of the hat. Taffeta proves itself sufficient for the completion of this model which is finished at the front with a bow of the silk, made of strips fringed along each edge.

At the right a hat of deep blue satin is made with rows of blue braid stitched on the upper brim and crown. The blue is vivid, somewhat lighter than sapphire, and makes just the right background for the odd Japanese leaves and berries that form a wreath about the crown. It is hard to describe anything so unlike the usual millinery flowers. The colors are odd, grayish green and yellows and white. Only the Japs know what these queer leaves are made of and after they have ex-



JANUARY HATS REVEAL A SUMMER MIND.

buckle shows the resourcefulness of the designer in providing a unique fastening.

The skirt has two box plaits at the back and front and cascaded drapery at the sides to lend it shapeliness and interest. Trim rows of bone buttons on the plaits at the front consign this frock to the ranks of the tailor-made.

Hats that reveal a "summer mind" have become fashionable for wear in January. They dare to be inconsistent and with true feminine unconscious are worn with the warmest furs in northern latitudes as well as in sunny southern lands. It happens that December sees many hats, designed for southern tourist use, displayed in the shops of northern cities. They are irresistible and they are inspiring a new

plained the inquisitive fashion writer knows no more than she did before. Anyway they appear to have found just the right background, in the clear blue of the hat and the wreath makes way for a bow of velvet in the same blue at the front.

Julie Bottomley

A Lemon on Your Hair.

Wet the hair with warm water, then rub the juice of a lemon into the scalp. Afterward rinse the hair thoroughly and dry with a soft towel. The lemon juice will remove all dirt and grease and leave the hair glossy and soft.

TWO DOLLAR WHEAT

This Price Will Hold For Some Years.

A well advised commercial authority gives it as his opinion, "as a slow, descent may be counted on in the prices for grain when the war ends—it may take several years to restore the world's stock of foodstuffs to normal—there is good ground for confidence in the outlook for rapid development in agriculture."

If this be correct, it follows that the profession of farming will materially increase its ranks in the next few years.

Today, the price of wheat is set by the United States government at \$2.20 per bushel, and in Canada the price has been set at \$2.21. This, of course, is less freight and handling charges which brings the average to the farmers at about \$2.00 per bushel. This price will pay so long as land, material and labor can be secured at reasonable prices. It remains for the would-be producer to ascertain where he can secure these at prices that will make the production of grain profitable. He will estimate what price he can afford to pay for land that will give him a yield of wheat which when sold at \$2.00 per bushel, will return him a fair profit. Local and social conditions will also enter into the consideration. Finding what he wants he would be wise to make his purchase now. Land prices in some portions of the country are low, certainly as low as they will ever be. City property and town property will hold its own. The price of grain is as low as it will be for some years. Therefore it would be well to look about, and find what can be done.

There are doubtless many opportunities in the United States, especially in the Western States, to purchase good agricultural lands, that will produce well, at reasonable prices. If the would-be buyer has the time to investigate, and that is needed, for these lands do not exist in any considerable area, he would be well repaid. Not only will his land certainly increase in value—the unearned increment would be an asset—while under cultivation he can find nothing that will give better results. He will at the same time be performing a patriotic act, a needful act, one that would meet with the food controller's plea to increase agricultural production and assist in reducing the deficit of 75 million bushels of wheat reported by the controller.

In addition to the vacant lands in the United States which should be brought under cultivation, Western Canada offers today the greatest area of just the land that is required, and at low prices—prices that cannot last long. Even now land prices are increasing, as their value is daily becoming more apparent, and their location desirable.

As to the intrinsic value of land in Western Canada, hundreds of concrete cases could be cited, which go to prove that at fifty and sixty dollars per acre—figures that have recently been paid for improved farms—the crops grown on them gave a profit of from twenty to thirty per cent and even higher, on such an investment. One instance, is that of a young Englishman, unaccustomed to farming before he took his seat on the sulky plow with which he does most of his work, after allowing himself \$1,000 for his own wages last year, made a profit of \$2,200 on a \$20,000 investment. His total sales amounted to \$5,700 and his expense, which included the \$1,000 wages for himself, was \$3,500. The interest was 11 1/2 per cent.

To the man who does not care to buy or who has not the means to purchase, but possesses wealth in his own hardihood, his muscle, and determination, there are the thousands of freestomesteads of which he may have the pick on paying an entry fee of ten dollars. These are high class lands and adapted to all kinds of farming. Send to your nearest Canadian Government Agent for literature, descriptive of the splendid opportunities that are still open in Western Canada. A.

War Use of Cattails.

High explosives require so much cotton in their manufacture that experimenters have been casting about for a substance to replace it.

It remained for Charles Board, Denver inventor, to discover that the floss of cattails can be substituted for gun-cotton in the making of ammunition.

Germany, it is reported, has for some time relied upon cattails to take the place of cotton in the manufacture of explosives.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. See.

Living is becoming so expensive that it will soon be placed on the lux list.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for all bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic.

It doesn't pay to bunko a woman whose only asset is a gift of gab.

Realities are above theories.

MURINE Granulated Eye
Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed, Itchy, Red, Swollen, Stinging, Smarting, and Weeping. Relieved by Murine. For your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort.
MURINE Eye Remedy At Your Druggist's. For Sale in Tubes 15c. For Bulk Buy the Case. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The McLean News
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

M. L. MOODY, EDITOR AND OWNER

Entered as second class mail matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.

Four issues make an advertising month. When five issues occur in the calendar month, charge will be made for the extra edition.

Obituaries, resolutions of respect, and cards of thanks charged for at regular advertising rates.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One year\$1.00
Six months50
Three months25
Single copy05

Announcements

The following announcements are subject to the Democratic Primary, July 27, 1918:

- For County Judge:
T. M. WOLFE
- For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
W. S. COPELAND
- For Tax Assessor:
A. H. DOUCETTE

In the course of an address Sunday Mr. Giddings of Oklahoma City said that patriotism begins at home. The local newspaper is a home institution that reflects, more than anything else, the social, material and civic interests of the community. "Show me a town," said Mr. Giddings, "that does not support its local paper and I will show you a dead town." He might well have added, "Show me a business that does not advertise and I will show you a business that is slowly dying of the dry rot." It is no less true of local enterprises than of the community itself that patronizing the home paper is an absolute essential to progress and expansion. Take the merchants of McLean for instance. The merchants who have been persistent advertisers are the merchants who get the most trade and whose businesses are growing. This is true in every town, and the merchants who refuse to advertise are committing commercial suicide.

Another proof that circumstances have much to do with the artistic temperament is to be found in the case of German artist who designed a recent issue of paper money in Germany. The marginal decorations consisted of drawings of such homely articles as hams, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, sausage, carrots, et cetera. After the money had been in circulation for some time it was discovered that above the picture of a ham the artist had written in microscopic letters: "A tender memory and a fond hope." Over a design of three turnips he wrote "This is how the Germans live." He has been arrested on a charge of holding the Fatherland up to ridicule. If the stories in the newspapers are true, the average German does find in the decorations of the currency things of great beauty, and very likely the artist soul has reason to get inspiration from the sight of a sausage.

McLean Boy Wounded in France

That the war is coming home to American people is becoming more and more evident as time passes. During the past week Private John Goodrum of McLean was mentioned in the casualty list as having been severely wounded.

Private Goodrum is a son of J. C. Goodrum, who moved away a few months ago.

John Sparks has recently bought and moved to the house across the street from Mrs. C. C. Cooper.

Flyers at Front Handicapped

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP



HARDLY a day passes but there is some fresh illustration of the inability on the part of governments to buy with money something essential for war preparation. We are now discovering that there is not linen enough in the world to cover the airplanes that the allies are producing. The English government has just decided that at least 10,000 acres of English soil must be devoted to the production of flax, instead of food. That government is making terms with the farmers, which will lead to the planting of that crop.

The illustrations are endless of the fact that there are not labor and materials enough to produce the things that the government wants. There are two ways of helping solve the problem. One is to speed up production and industry. The other is to cut down unnecessary consumption. By the latter method every one can put himself in an effective way in the front trench. Every one can make sacrifices that will be reflected in a quicker and better equipment of armies. The progress that can be made by speeding up production can be exceeded many fold by the effect which can be produced by a whole nation making up its mind really to help win the war. The difficulties of equipping the army would easily be cut in half if every individual in this country would recognize his responsibility in helping to equip the army, his responsibility to get on without demanding new things he can get on without, and by so doing leave a greater amount of labor and material to produce the things the government must have.

Every yard of linen that is bought from today on puts the buyer in direct competition with the Aeroplane Board in equipping the fleet of airplanes which we hope to put over the German lines. That should be very plain to every one when it is known that the need of linen for airplane production exceeds the total stock there is in the world. But the same rule applies in almost every direction that we turn.

There can be only two reasons why men should not see in their personal expenditure their individual responsibility for equipping the army. One is a belief that a fully equipped American army is not going to be necessary; that the war either will be won by our allies, or it already has been won by the exhaustion of our enemies. There is little in the situation upon which to base such a belief. The other reason must be that people believe that there are labor and materials enough to produce everything that they want for their individual uses and everything that the Government must have. Absolute blindness to what the total is when you add two and two is the only excuse there can be for believing there are labor and material enough for the individual comforts and military needs of the country. The man who is not prepared to economize today either believes there is no necessity for military preparedness or he will not look in the face of the plainest facts in regard to industrial capacity. The Government has provided the easiest possible road for the individual to turn his personal sacrifice into patriotic aid—save and buy War Savings Stamps.

WHAT THE RED CROSS IS DOING AND WHAT YOU CAN DO

CANTEEN SERVICE DEPARTMENT.

In the Southwestern Division of the Red Cross, which includes the States of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas, there have been organized 97 Red Cross Canteens in towns along the main lines of railway travel to render aid of every kind to troop trains.

In large movements of troops delays are unavoidable, and these bodies of men will often suffer from hunger and thirst in spite of the best efforts of the Army, and to give some refreshment to these men is a service the Red Cross is undertaking.

The commander of every troop train is supplied with a list of the towns where Red Cross canteens have been organized, and he is instructed to wire ahead for any service that a canteen can give. The organization of a canteen consists of a chairman and a committee of at least 10 members. Arrangements are made beforehand for the preparation of coffee and sandwiches in large quantities on short notice and their transportation to the station. The average troop train of 500 men will require 60 gallons of coffee. Fruit, cigarettes, etc., are also distributed. Hot coffee is always most acceptable. Although supplied with the army travel ration, it is often impossible to provide every troop train with cooking facilities, in which case hot coffee is greatly appreciated by the men.

If a troop train commander finds that, owing to delay, his food supply is exhausted, he will wire his requirements to a canteen and they will send their organization to supply his needs. In case of serious illness demanding immediate attention, the canteen will have an ambulance at the station to remove the man to a hospital without delay. This service has already been the means of saving the life of more than one of our boys.

Postal cards are distributed to the men to write home. This little attention is much appreciated by them, as the troops are often not allowed to leave the train.

Innumerable letters are received showing the gratitude of the boys for

the favors they have received from the Red Cross canteens all over the country, all of which makes them feel that somebody is interested in their welfare, and does much to cheer and encourage them.

The personal touch of the Red Cross worker is an important factor in maintaining the spirit of the troops, and this is an important duty of the Red Cross.

Too much cannot be said of the splendid enthusiasm that the women of the whole country have shown in this work. When they have been called upon they have responded, whether day or night. It is a service that all women will be glad to render to our boys who are giving so much.

That it's worth while on has but to read the letters from the men. I quote but one:

"On our arrival at M— we were tendered a most hearty reception by the Red Cross. Their kindness in serving us with hot coffee and sandwiches left an impression upon the boys that will never be forgotten. We cherish not only the worth of such a gift, but more than that the fact that the whole nation is interested in our welfare."

We welcome the organization of a Red Cross canteen along any main railroad line, and the undersigned will be glad to furnish information as to just what duties may be expected of them. CHARLES P. PETTUS, Director of Canteen Service, Southwestern Division American Red Cross, 1617 Railway Exchange Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Trade Locals

If the party or parties who swiped my 12 inch pipe wrench and monkey wrench (right hand) will return same no questions will be asked. J. Lee Turner.

We handle the best cigars in town at Dunn's Confectionery.

New spring silks in newest patterns. Also new crepe tube silk. T. J. Coffey.

Best dried peaches, grapes, apricots, apples and prunes ever brought to McLean. Bargain price. Bundy & Biggers.

For Sale— Jessie James stallion formerly owned by J. R. Gracey. Can sell cheap. Colts to show. W. W. Wilson. 62c

We have the candies you want at Dunn's Confectionery.

We are showing many new gingham patterns. T. J. Coffey

Our stock of case goods is moving out. If you miss the bargains don't blame us. Bundy & Biggers.

Crowder peas for sale at Henry & Cheney's feed store. 68p

Let us sell you drinks. Dunn Confectionery.

Big line of new spring white goods of newest patterns. We can save you money as these goods were bought before advance. T. J. Coffey.

We have some very fine honey. Bargain price. Bundy & Biggers

For Sale—5 milk cows and 3 young horses. Phone 128. I. C. Woody, McLean. 62c

I can save you money on sheetings, domestics, outing, all staple lines of domestics. T. J. Coffey.

We pay \$9 a ton for scrap iron and steel during the month of February. Nash Produce Co. Shamrock, Texas. 63c

We fix your shoes to make them look like new. McLean Shoe Store. 54c

Notice.—Anyone wanting a choice quick cooking Mexican bean can get them by leaving order at McLean Mill. Grown by A. C. Waldron, McLean.

We have just received a new shipment of mens shoes at the McLean Shoe Store.

Good second hand heater for sale. See it at McLean Hardware Co. Geo. Bourland. 42p

To those wanting to buy nursery stock, fruit or shade trees: I don't have time to canvas the county, but if you really mean business and want to plant trees, let me know and I will manage to see you and take your order for spring delivery. Dubbs Bros. Located among you. 44c

We do first class shoe repairing, give us a trial. McLean Shoe Store. 54c

Amariolo.—A farmer residing near here by the name of Holtenstein accidentally discharged a shotgun while cleaning it Sunday afternoon and shot his wife and two months old baby. They will recover, as they suffered only flesh wounds.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Alders of Shamrock were here the first of the week visiting Mrs. Alders parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cook. They were on a return trip from California.

Mrs. Blackley of Alanreed was here Thursday.

Milo Kinard was here Saturday from Gracey.

McLEAN AUTO COMPANY

Under New Management

On the first of February the management of this garage passed from Luther McCombs to W. L. Haynes and C. J. Cash. They intend to continue in the future the first class service you have been getting in the past, and to improve it if possible.

Repairing here is in the hands of skilled mechanics, which assures you of the best in this line.

A large stock of accessories is kept on hand constantly. Goods of highest quality are most economical in the long run; if you will remember this you will buy your supplies from us.

We are prepared to repair and charge your storage batteries. In fact, anything in the way of battery service can be had here.

There are no better tires made than the Firestone, and we have a large stock on hand.

Service car, ready to serve you.

McLEAN AUTO CO.

BILL HAYNES and C. J. CASH

Save

- 1-wheat**
use more corn
- 2-meat**
use more fish & beans
- 3-fats**
use just enough
- 4-sugar**
use syrups

and serve the cause of freedom
U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

Use More Wall Board and Save Fuel

Ask those who have used it. They will tell you better than we can. Let us figure your bills. Plenty of Nigger-Head Coal on hand.

Cicero-Smith Lumber Company

PHONE 3

The News for Printing

The Farmer's If

(With Apologids to Kipling. S. C. H.)

If you can raise a crop when all about you
Are losing theirs and don't know what to do;
If you can trust your yields when all men doubt them,
And raise enough for stock and family too;
If you can wait until the market shifts you,
And not be forced to make a sacrifice,
If you can live at home while you are waiting
The time when you may get the proper price.

If you grow cotton and it's not your master,
If you grow food and feed and these are not your aim;
If you can use your soil to best advantage,
And live at home and raise some crop for gain;
If you can bear to hear the truth plain spoken,
And choose the good and leave the bad alone;
If you can stand to see the ways you believe in crumble
Accept the best and make them all your own;

If you can make one heap of all your ideas
And pitch them from your mind at one grand toss,
And learn, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a whimper o'er your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn and follow the new way,
And so hold on when there is doubt within you,
And live at home and raise a crop for pay;

If you can raise a crop in drouth and panic,
And farm with failure stalking by your side;
If neither loss nor worldly gain can turn you,
When a clear conscience says that you have tried;
If you can utilize each acre and minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
And use your head for everything that's in it,
You'll be a useful patriot, my son!

Red Cross Column

The local chapter has received a large shipment of material—enough to keep everybody busy for some time.

A box of knitted articles has been sent to headquarters this week. It contained 20 helmets, 20 sweaters, 20 pairs socks and 18 pairs wristlets, a total of 78 articles.

Of the many thousands of articles that the local Red Cross has shipped to headquarters not one has been rejected. When the requirements are considered, this is something to be proud of.

White cotton fabrics—this material is required in large quantities for envelope coverings of surgical dressings. All house holds have material of this kind. It is of great value for the Red Cross work. Several have donated some; we are asking for more.

The following have worked at the work room during the past week, not including Friday:
Monday—Mesdames Henry, C. S. Rice, W. E. Bailey, J. E. Cubine, Bentley, C. C. Cooke, S. E. Boyette, and Miss Vella Wilson.
Tuesday—Mesdames Faulkner, Coffey, W. T. Wilson, Poncelet, Bailey, Frank Wilson, Paschall, C. E. Poncelet, Grogan, and Misses Cooke, Wilson, Gaynelle Wilson, Henry Thompson.
Wednesday—Mesdames Smith, S. W. Rice, Cousins, Sparks, Petty, Wolfe, W. W. Wilson, F. P. Wilson, Noel, Boyette, C. C. Cooke, C. S. Rice, Newton, Latson, Paschall, T. A. Cooke, Cubine, Bogan, Moody, Pierce, and Misses Cooke, Cousins, Wilson, Vella Wilson, Hart.
Thursday—Mesdames Green, Coffey, C. S. Rice, Watkins, Paschal, F. P. Wilson, Cash, Davis, Cooper, Henry, Sparks, Phillips, Harris, C. C. Cooke, Chambers, Bentley, Smith, and Misses Watkins and Henry.

Two Suspects Arrested

Last Tuesday afternoon, late, two strangers, claiming to be secret service men, were seen on the streets. Their actions were not looking good to Sheriff Combest, so he sent them word that they had better leave town. They started out, walking, in a northeast direction. Deputy Sheriff Bebout arrested them a short distance from town and brought them back to the sheriff's office.

The men were nicely dressed, and at first gave their names as John Wisnosky and Geo. Mobley, respectively. Investigation, however, disclosed the fact that they are brothers, and that their right name is Wisnosky. The one posing as Mobley had a discharge from an army camp in North Carolina dated December 27th, and good for leave of absence only until January 7th. The other man claimed that he was from Albany, New York, but that he had never been in the service, and that his questionnaire had not reached him.

Sheriff Combest wired the camp in north Carolina, and received a message Wednesday morning to hold "Geo. Mobley" and that a guard was being sent for him. Not only did "Mobley" stay longer than his leave of absence permitted, but he took off his uniform and put on civilian clothes. From the present outlook it would seem that both have a hard row to weed, especially the one known to have been in the service.—Paducah Post.

Bob Grigsby, since last week has been occupying the south Roschensky house.

Born—Some time last week to Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Davis, of near Heald a girl.

D. B. Veatch spent yesterday in Amarillo looking after business interests.

E. H. Tharp left Tuesday morning for Keighley, Kans., to live.

Judge Wolfe made a business trip to Pampa Tuesday.

W. D. Shelton of Hedley was in this city Saturday.

Jim Slavin of Alanreed was in the city Saturday.

POULTRY WANTED

I will have a car here Tuesday, February 12th, and want all your poultry at the following prices:

Hens, 20c

Springs 19c
Roosters, old 10c
Roosters, young 13c
Turkeys, No. 1 18c
Old Toms 16c
No. 2 Turkeys 14c

I understand the Government is going to prohibit the shipment of poultry after March 1st, for three months. If you have any surplus poultry, better get in on this market.

W. J. KEASLER
McLEAN, TEXAS

Better bring your car to our garage

for the winter. One small freeze might cost you more than all winter storage. And, too, the trouble of starting on extremely cold mornings should be remembered. The price is within reach of anybody. We try to please.

Bentley & Grigsby

We Handle All Kinds of Swift's Cured Meats Lard, Boiled Ham, etc.

Besides the Nice Fresh Pork and Beef. Our Prices Are Always Right.

COME TO SEE US
RUSSELL & SON

Wanted

Loans on improved Farms and Ranches
Long time, Low rates. Liberal Options.
Quick Services

Hooper & Roach
Groom, Texas.

\$25.00 REWARD

I will pay a twenty-five dollar reward for the arrest and conviction of any party guilty of tying down any telephone wire or in any other manner tampering with the lines. The state law on the subject is as follows:
Penal code, Art. 784: If any person shall intentionally break, cut, pull or tear down, misplace, or in any other manner injure any telegraph or telephone wire, post, machinery or other necessary appurtenance to any telegraph or telephone line, or in any way willfully obstruct or interfere with the transmission of any messages along such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or by fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

THE NEWS OFFICE FOR PRINTING

ies at Naval Training Station

News reached us yesterday at Mannie Williams had died pneumonia at the San Diego, training station, and the body would be shipped here for burial.

He is a son of Mrs. U. S. Williams of near Carpenter school house. The News extends sympathy to the bereaved.

W. R. Paterson, county clerk, was in this city Saturday.

Fred Hood was here Friday from Erick, Okla.

Mr. Fletcher and family from New Mexico, formerly of this place, passed through here Tuesday and visited with W. C. Cheney and family. They are on their way to Oklahoma where they intend to live.

Miss Leota McKinley came home from Clarendon Tuesday for a few days visit with home folks.

C. M. Cash and "Dad" Paschall went to Lefors Tuesday.

J. E. Williams of Lefors was in town Saturday.

The Presbyterian pastor wants to see all his people together Sunday. Won't you come and gratify his wishes? Do come. Yes, and he would be delighted to have all others who will to and worship with them. Won't you come too? Do come.

Mrs. J. Y. Bates and children left last week for Gallatin, Tenn., where she is to spend the rest of the winter.

J. E. Scott and wife had the misfortune of losing their baby last week. It only lived two days.

Jeff D. Mankins of Shamrock was here Saturday acting as auctioneer for the Landers doys.

Mrs. R. S. Jackson and Mrs. Charite Carpenter from north of town were here Tuesday.

I. X. Kachelhoffer came in Friday from Joliet, Ill., to look after real estate holdings.

A. B. Gardenhire of Montoya, N. M., was here the first of the week.

Frank Gardenhire of Clarendon was in the city the first of the week.

D. B. Veatch returned Tuesday from a business trip to Kansas.

L. C. Parker and wife of Alanreed were in the city Saturday.

S. R. Kenedy and wife were over from Alanreed Saturday.

Mrs. J. Lee Turner went to Groom Thursday to visit her son.



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John B. Vannoy
Optician and Jeweler
Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.
Does Engraving, and all kinds of Repair Work pertaining to the jewelry trade.

Terry W. Hudgins
Erick, Oklahoma
Expert Watch Repairing and Engraving
Write me for anything you want and it will be sent on approval, prepaid.

RED CROSS SALE DAY

Saturday, Feb. 16th

Begins at 2:30 p. m. Everyone who has anything to donate to the Red Cross sale, bring it in—anything you may have. On account of material being so high, we need your help.

Coffee, Hamburgers and Pie

are being served in the most approved style at our place. A sandwich or cut of pie is just the thing for that hungry feelin' when it comes an hour or two ahead of time.

THE POSTOFFICE CONFECTIONERY

AN ATTACK OF GRIP USUALLY LEAVES KIDNEYS IN WEAKENED CONDITION

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are often very distressing and leave the system in a run-down condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to dangerous kidney troubles. Druggists report a large sale on Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which so many people say soon heals and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root, on receipt of ten cents, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Regular medium and large size bottles, for sale at all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper.—Adv.

Inner Requirements. "Mister, have yer got any ol' duds yer don't want?" "No; but I've an old automobile you may have." "Tanks, but I got enough trouble supplyin' me own innards widout beggin' gasoline from door to door."—Boston Transcript.

IMMEDIATE ATTENTION should be given to sprains, swellings, bruises, rheumatism and neuralgia. Keep Mansfield's Magic Arnica Liniment handy on the shelf. Three sizes—25c, 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

She—"I am just crazy about surf bathing." He—"A dipsomaniac, then!" The Lamb.

Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be removed and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. All Druggists &c. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The Way of it. "You say he got the drop on you?" "Yes, he landed on my head in a parachute."

Comfort Baby's Skin When red, rough and itching with hot spots of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. This means sleep for baby and rest for mother. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. K, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c.—Adv.

A Girl's Denial. "Mary, Johnny tells me that when he went into the dining room last night he saw Mr. Bluff with his arms round your waist." "What a story, mamma! Why, the gas was out."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. 50 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Necessary. "Riches have wings." "They need 'em to keep up with the cost of living."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's The Old Standard Grove's Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

Homicidal Language on Rifle Range. Officer—"Have you anyone else to shoot, sergeant?" Sergeant—"No, sir. I'll shoot myself now."—Exchange.

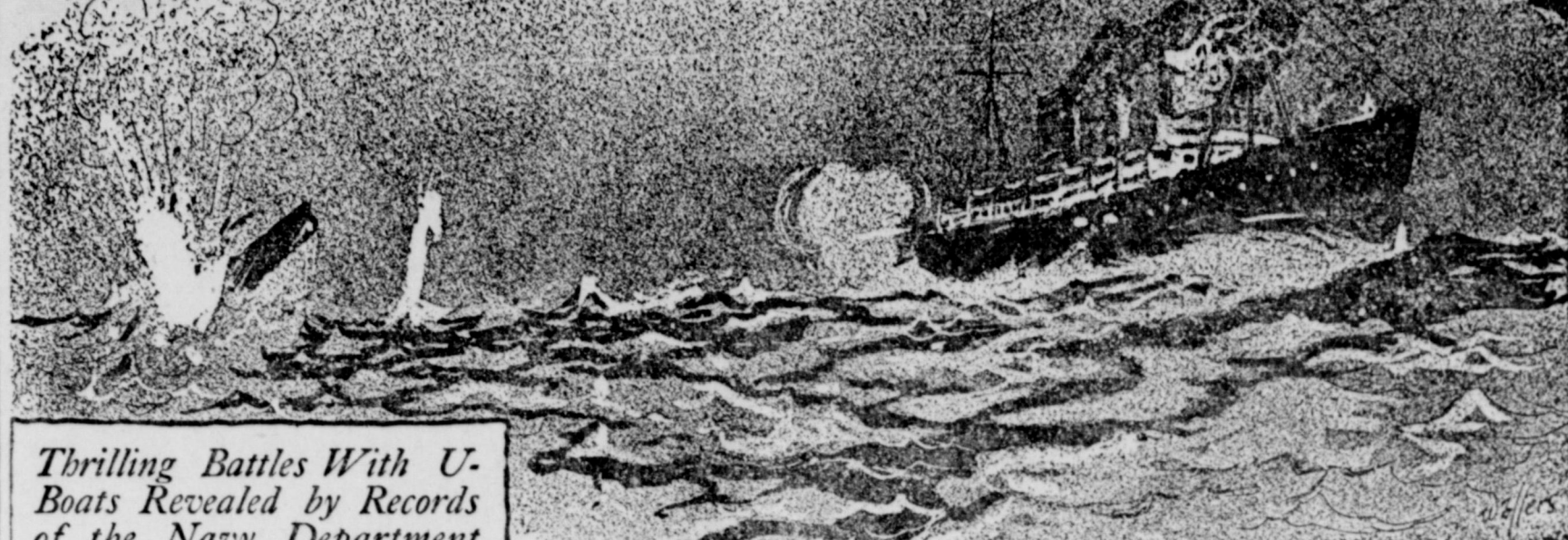
RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR. To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Accounting for It. "What makes the old fellow over there such a croaker?" "He told me he had a frog in his throat."

THAT GRIM WHITE SPECTRE, Pneumonia, follows on the heels of a neglected cough or cold. Delay no longer. Take Mansfield's Cough Balsam. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Lucrative. "Papa, why are they always digging up New York?" "Because there's money in it."—Life

Merchant Ships and Yankee Gunners



Thrilling Battles With U-Boats Revealed by Records of the Navy Department

By RALPH D. PAINE. ARE American armed merchant ships really sinking any German submarines? If you care to believe the waterside rumors and fo'castle yarns, one of these devilish marauders is rammed or blown up on every voyage across the Atlantic. In saloons where merchant seamen seek haven and pound the bar with halcy fists strong liquors magnify the tales, and one concludes that the Kaiser's undersea fleet must be wiped out by now. The navy's records are less fanciful, strictly adhering to the motto of the man from Missouri.

Here is the account of an action fought by a cargo steamer which leaves no room for doubt that one very busy U-boat was suddenly removed from the active list of the Imperial German navy. It is advisable to omit the name of the chief boatswain's mate who commanded the gun crews. He was promoted to warrant rank as a reward for the feat and is now stationed ashore, but he may go to sea again in charge of another lot of gunners, and if he should be taken prisoner the enemy would not love him for what he did to a missing submarine. In his official report he states:

"Weather hazy. Saw a submarine firing on a topsail schooner, which shortly after blew up. Changed course to bring the submarine on our starboard beam about 5,000 yards distant and lost sight of her in haze. Continued on this course for two hours and then resumed our original course. At 2:55 p. m. the submarine appeared out of the haze at 2,500 yards on our starboard beam. She immediately opened fire. We changed course to bring her three points on the starboard quarter and returned the fire.

"The engagement lasted 35 minutes, during which time the submarine fired about 40 shots, scoring one hit under our port counter a foot from the water, and causing a leak. We fired 27 shots. The twenty-sixth shot was seen to hit her just forward of the forward gun, and a cloud of flame and dark gray smoke burst from the hatches. The crew of the submarine left the gun and ran aft. Almost instantly the submarine sank, bow first, the stern lifting high out of the water, so that the propellers could be seen revolving. The steamer was leaking and temporary repairs were made by the crew."

When the ship reached her foreign port of destination and reported the victory an official inquiry was ordered by the French government. A naval lieutenant conducted it with great care and confirmed the verdict of the American gunners. The steamer fought with the American flag flying, he stated in his written opinion, firing 27 shots in half an hour. The distance increased about 100 meters for each shot. The twenty-sixth shot exploded, producing a thick black smoke, which was visible to all on shipboard. Such an explosion must have been produced in the submarine itself. He said, in summing up the evidence:

"The result of the inquiry is that the fight has been very well conducted and that the men have shown a very fine spirit, doing honor to the American navy. The conclusion may be drawn that the submarine was hit and probably sunk."

This was first-class shooting, the submarine steadily drawing away until when struck she was 5,000 yards, and more, or three land miles from the steamer. Binoculars and telescope sights enabled the gunners to distinguish her with clearness and to note the effects of the shell which ended her wretched career. It was her commander's intention to move beyond range and continue the action on the chance that he had the bigger guns, but he miscalculated, and paid the price.

It seemed a cruel slant of fortune that this American steamer, which so brilliantly bagged a submarine, should have accidentally burned at sea on her next voyage. There was no time to stretch hose or muster the crew. Ablaze in an instant, she was one vast furnace while the men raced for the boats with death at their heels. All hands got away, including the navy gunners, and their cruise in open boats was made without severe suffering. It was all in the day's work.

Very similar to this successful encounter was the adventure of the steamer Silver Shell. In this instance also the French ministry of marine added its opinion that the submarine had probably been hit and sunk. The chief gunner won promotion shortly after this statement was issued by Secretary Daniels:

"William J. Clark of New York, chief turret captain and commander of the naval gun crew of the Silver Shell, is deserving of promotion, which we are now considering. All the other members of the crew, as well, and what they have done, deserve great credit and distinction. The chief turret captain is a very capable man. He is an enlisted man who has seen nearly 12 years of service in the navy and has won successive promotions by proven capacity. For his work he deserves the very best that can be done for him."

Here was a man fit and ready for his job, and he knew how to put his own spirit and experience into the team play of his gunners. An American naval officer of high rank detailed on special duty at a French post conducted an inquiry and found pleasure in writing to Washington that "the master of the Silver Shell was particularly enthusiastic over the splendid work of the turret captain and the entire naval gun crew; he also states that his

whole crew displayed a most commendable spirit during the battle." This is precisely as it should be, bluejackets and merchant seamen standing together, fighting the enemy as one intrepid American crew, and the Stars and Stripes hoisted at the first shot by order of the skipper. Chief Gunner Clark had the honor to report to the navy department:

"As the submarine displayed no flag and was coming nearer, we fired a shot. The submarine, which was then about 7,000 yards away, replied immediately with what seemed to me, on account of the range, a six-inch gun. Her first shot fell amidships about 100 yards short. We changed our course due west, increasing speed. The submarine followed us, keeping up fire. The fight lasted from 6 o'clock until about 7:30 p. m. We fired 25 shots. The submarine fired over 30, including some shrapnel toward the end, which exploded astern of our ship too high to do any damage.

"Our last two shells seem to have hit the submarine in the forward part. A few seconds later her bow jumped up, and she went down, stern upward at an angle of about 45 degrees. The submarine did not come up again, and I believe it was sunk then and there. No damage was done to our ship, and there were no casualties."

The steamer was still within effective range of the big guns of the submarine, which could have had no other reason than a sudden attack of acute illness for vanishing in this abrupt manner. It seems fairly conclusive that a shell blew her partly out of water, and then she went lunging and foundering into the depths. The steamer did not stop to search for traces of the disaster, but sensibly continued along on her course. Tankers filled with millions of gallons of gasoline do not linger in the war zone.

The American passenger liners, maintaining their service almost as regularly as in time of peace, would naturally run the gantlet much oftener than the same number of cargo boats. They sail on an express schedule and spend little time in port. It is no secret that they are fast and well armed, able to whip a submarine in a fight with guns. The deadly torpedo is another matter, but speed has so far been a saving factor. It is what the gunners on board call "the sporty life," nor can it be recommended to people with nervous systems as a restful vocation. For example, one of these liners, during the first six months of war, made only one perfectly tame and routine voyage. During all her other trips across there were fights with submarines or escapes from torpedoes.

Extracts from the navy department's reports of these steamers may be chosen almost at random as interesting reading with a thrill in it. These are fair samples of what it means to make the Atlantic voyage, which is no longer a commonplace, soothing "ocean ferry."

"The lookout in the lower crow's nest, a coxswain of the naval guard, picked up an oil slick ahead, which veered off to port at right angles to the ship's course. Following the slick, which was about the width of a ship, he suddenly saw the periscope of a submarine appear at the end of it, about one foot out of the water. He instantly sung out, 'Periscope,' and the next moment, 'Torpedo,' for the submarine had been exposed scarcely more than a second when she fired a torpedo. The enemy was then about 900 yards from the ship and three-fourths point forward of the beam.

"The torpedo was running straight, but apparently having trouble in maintaining its depth, for when about 200 yards off I saw a streak, then at a depth of about five feet. It dived and passed under the ship about 30 feet from the stern. Soon after heading away from the submarine we picked up an abandoned lifeboat two points off the starboard bow. The submarine had apparently been lying near the life boat, and on seeing us approach had headed off to assume a position for attack on our port side, probably expecting us to pick up the lifeboat and thus miss seeing him. Fortunately, however, the oil slick was sighted first.

"The old hands among the gunners paid no attention to the torpedo, which was coming right for them, but made every effort to get the guns on the target, which was the submarine's periscope. What might be called a close shave befell another steamer on the return voyage.

"There were several other ships in the vicinity," runs the report, "including two tankers and a destroyer and two or three tramps. Suddenly a periscope was sighted a quarter of a mile away, showing up plainly in the streak of moonlight on the water. The submarine seemed to be just coming up and had probably misjudged the speed of the steamer, having seen her some time earlier. Before a torpedo could be fired or the guns manned, the steamer was right on top of the submarine, which submerged. The chief officer threw the helm hard over and went straight for him, hoping

to run him. But no shock was felt when the ship passed over the spot, so in all probability the submarine was able to dive deep enough to escape being hit."

There was precious little room to spare in this adventure, but it was surpassed by a liner, formerly a favorite ship among Atlantic pilgrims, now carrying cargoes to the allies. A blanket of fog covered the sea in the early morning. It lifted a trifle, and a very much surprised submarine popped up dead ahead of the lunging prow. She let fly a torpedo in a wild flurry, at the steamer's side without exploding. A moment later the submarine itself went bumping and scraping along the other side of the vessel, whose officers, sailors, and gunners stared straight down at it and uttered the deep and hearty curses of the sea. They would have swapped their souls for a few bombs to drop in remembrance. Grimy stokers poked their heads through the open ports and spat at the conning tower, or passionately scrambled for 'umps of coal and slice bars to heave at the blankety-bleak thing. Then the fog swallowed it up and the incident was closed.

For hard fighting and the dogged courage that we rightly ascribe to the men of the American navy, the story of the Moreni and Chief Petty Officer Andrew Copassaki, commanding the armed guard, is one of those which shines undimmed in defeat. German sailors cheered him and his men from the deck of a submarine when he finished with his ship on fire and a cargo of gasoline about to blow him to kingdom come. He was made a warrant officer for devotion to duty and determination to fight as long as she floated. A summary of his report to the navy department was given out shortly after it was received.

For wanton brutality there is the report of the loss of the American schooner Childe Harold off the French coast. Unadorned, the episode is thus described:

"At daybreak an object reported by the mate was believed to be the square sails of a ship hull down. The glasses showed it to be the superstructure of a submarine one mile away. (The Childe Harold was unarmed.) The submarine opened fire, and the shells ripped through the schooner's hull and sails. The master ordered the crew into the motorlaunch and lowered away. This was plainly visible to the submarine, which had come much nearer. She continued to fire, however, evidently at the boat in the water, which escaped being hit. The captain and his crew were ordered aboard the submarine and noticed that the cap ribbons of the sailors bore the letter 'U-19' and 'U-17'. Two of the officers spoke excellent English, and Captain Byrne of the schooner informed them that the firing was totally unnecessary and that he had not expected such dastardly treatment from any white men.

"The conversation developed the fact that the commander of the submarine knew the date of sailing of the Childe Harold from an American port and was on the lookout for her. He had also received information of the departure of the four-master Alicia B. Crosby and the three-master A. V. Sherman on the same date, all three vessels having passed out to sea together. He wanted to know where the other schooners were. According to his schedule they should have shown up by this time.

"The Germans looted the Childe Harold and seemed very hungry. They had only coffee and dry bread for breakfast aboard the submarine. After fetching all the stores in the launch, they put the captain and his crew in the boat again, which was stove and half full of water. The schooner was set on fire. Her people were rescued by a steamer. Captain Byrne is anxious to try it again."

A robust American shipmaster, this skipper of the Childe Harold, who told the Germans to their faces what he thought of them and was eager to have another fling at it!

AN ATOM A SMALL WORLD.

In a paper concerning the functions of the minute electrical charges in the chemical combination of atoms, delivered by Prof. William Albert Noyes of the University of Illinois, before the National academy at Washington, he said that for a century the atom was the ultima thule of smallness for scientists. Now they know that each atom is a complex system similar to our sun and its planets, that is, with a central body and from one to a hundred smaller bodies revolving around it. The differences between hydrogen, oxygen, iron, gold, radium, etc., are all in the electrical charge of the central nucleus and in the number and arrangement of these little satellites of their atoms.

UNACCOMMODATING WELLS.

In the desert of western Australia there are wells which yield water only at night. Before the water begins to flow, weird hissings and the sound of rushing air may be heard. The phenomenon is believed to be due to a change in the form of the rocky channel through which the water flows, and to the extreme change in temperature between day and night which occurs in this region. The hissing is due to the escape of air before the advance of the water.—Popular Science Monthly.

Save Your Cash and Your Health. HILL'S CASCARA-BROMIDE QUININE. The standard cold cure for 20 years. In tablet form—safe, sure, no opium—cures cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. Costs less, gives more, saves money. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store.

Cuticura Soap Ideal For Baby's Skin

Watch Your Calves At the first indication of scours or cholera give them Dr. David Roberts' Calf Cholera Remedy. For scours in cattle, horses and pigs. Used and recommended by thousands of dairymen and stockmen. Read the Practical Home Veterinary Book for free booklet on scours in calves. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Ill.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 3-194. He that lives upon hope will be fasting.

With a man an effect must have its cause; with a woman it must have its because.

Weak, Faint Heart, and Hysteria can be rectified by taking "Renovar's" heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

According to Evidence. Mrs. Bilson (sentimentally)—"It's love that makes the world go 'round." Mr. Bilson (a lawyer)—"No wonder it gets dizzy."

By the Court Calendar. "Edgar?" "Yes, mother." "What are you children doing?" "Playing royalty. I am a knight of the Garter, and Edwin is Saturday." "That is an odd name for royalty." "Oh, it is just a nickname on account of his title." "What is his title?" "Night of the Bath."—Youngsters Telegram.

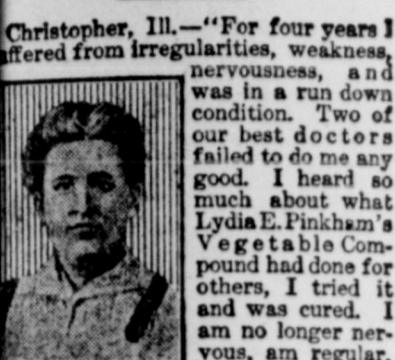
First Patriotic Christmas. A woman's club at South Bend hired a professional story-teller to entertain the children at a Christmas party. The Christmas story of the birth of Christ was told, and the narrator began to quiz the children about the story. "What did the three wise men see?" she asked. "They saw the shepherds and the star in the east," said a little girl. "Very good; and what did they hear?" "They heard the angels singing," was the answer. "What did the angels sing?" Nobody seemed to know. Finally a little boy's face brightened and he sprang to his feet and almost shouted: "They sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner!'"—Indianapolis News.

There's "Body" To Instant Postum and "snap" to its taste. Try a cup and notice the charming flavor and substantial character of this table beverage. Postum is a true "man's" drink, and women and children delight in it. "There's a Reason" for POSTUM Sold by Grocers Everywhere!

Health... Mr. J... road... story... A pa... study... oners... a baby... "Par... must g... luce, h... ant an... baby of... and de... but pe... head of... gray, o... store it... ber by... ng. P... The wo... eleven... In th... sends... Bac... The... neys a... may b... backac... aches... larities... the mo... heart... Donn's... is so g... by gra... Mak... by mak... beautif... Red... will d... cel... yel... UB... ple... At a... SAL... (you w... oposit... estor... 500)... lau... in... o... fa... A. II... HE

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Sold by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.



Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HELLER, Christopher, Ill.

Strictly According to Law. Mr. J. J. Hissey, in his book, "The Road to the Inn," tells the following story:

A parson was quietly seated in his study when one of his male parishioners was shown in to him, carrying a baby. "Parson," he says, "as the law tells I must give you one-tenth of all I produce, here's my tenth child," and without another word the man placed the baby on the astonished parson's knee and departed.

COVETED BY ALL
Not possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

The man who compliments nine women on their looks and one on her cleverness makes only one mistake. In the game of life a good deal depends on a good deal.

Back Lame and Achy?

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

An Oklahoma Case

J. H. Hayes, Holdenville, Okla., says: "I suffered from constant dull aches in my back which were so severe I was hardly able to get around. The kidney secretions were too frequent and highly colored. Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured the backache and regulated the kidney action. I am glad to say that the cure has been permanent."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Make The Laundress Happy



by making it possible for her to turn out beautiful, snowy white, clothes like new.

Red Cross Ball Blue

will enable the laundress to produce fine, fresh-looking pure white clothes instead of the greenish yellow usually obtained. RED CROSS BALL BLUE always pleases.

5 cents.
At all up-to-date grocers.

SALESMEN WANTED

If you want to sell a real OIL and REFINING proposition that will make money for you, contact and one in which you can make \$2500 per week commission, come to see us. Our land is near Bartlesville; 24 producing in the same section. It is easy to sell.

IRITATING COUGHS

SO'S

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

DISINFECTION TO PREVENT DISEASE

Several Well-Known Substances Will Destroy Bacteria.

CLEAN UP BARN THOROUGHLY

Careless Work Is Worse Than None Because It Gives False Sense of Security—Admit Abundance of Sunlight and Fresh Air.

In any outbreak of infectious disease among animals on the farm or in the neighborhood thorough disinfection of the premises is essential in preventing its spread. Certain substances such as freshly slaked lime, or unslaked lime in powder form, chlorid of lime, carbolic acid, corrosive sublimate, formalin, formaldehyde gas, or a compound solution of cresol possess the power of destroying bacteria with which they come in contact. To make the use of such substances of value, however, the work must be done with the utmost thoroughness. Careless disinfection is probably worse than none if it merely serves to give a false sense of security.

In the disinfection of stables and premises the following directions should be carefully observed:

Sweep the entire interior surface, including ceilings, side walls, stall partitions, floors, etc., free of dirt and dust.

Remove all accumulations of filth by scraping, and if any woodwork has become decayed so that it is porous or absorbent it should be removed, burned and replaced with new material.

If the floor is of earth, remove four inches from the surface and replace it with earth from an uncontaminated source; or, if improvements are desired, a new floor of concrete may be laid, which is very durable and easily cleaned.

All refuse material from the stable and barnyard should be removed to a place not accessible to the stock and covered with freshly slaked lime. The manure spread upon the fields should be turned under immediately.

The entire interior of the stable, especially the feeding troughs and drains, should be saturated with a disinfectant, as a 3 per cent compound solution of cresol, which would be 4 ounces of the compound to every gallon of water.

The best method of applying the disinfectant is by means of a hand sprayer.

Take Care of the Milk.

Here are ten suggestions which milk consumers could employ, not only to conserve the supply, but to guarantee a more wholesome product for the family:

1. Buy only the best milk obtainable. It is cheapest in the long run.
2. Consult the health department before selecting your milk dealer.
3. Buy only bottled milk if possible. Dipped milk is often dirty and deficient in cream.
4. Take milk into the house as soon as it is delivered, and place it in the refrigerator immediately. Bacteria increase rapidly in milk which stands in the sun or warms up, and such milk will sour quickly.
5. Keep milk in the original bottle in the refrigerator until the moment of serving. Milk which has been poured from the bottle should not be returned to it.
6. Keep the bottle covered with a paper cap or an inverted tumbler, to prevent the entrance of flies and dust, which may carry dangerous bacteria into the milk.
7. Keep the refrigerator clean and sweet by means of proper drainage and frequent washing with scalding water and salt soda, since milk quickly absorbs unpleasant odors and becomes less palatable.
8. Wash milk bottles as soon as emptied, by rinsing first with lukewarm water and then with hot water. If there is an infectious disease in your house, do not return any bottles except with the knowledge of the health department and under conditions which it may prescribe.
9. Return empty bottles promptly, and do not use them for anything except milk. Remember that they are the property of the dealer and represent cash.
10. Remember that clean milk, properly cared for, is one of the best foods obtainable. It is nourishing, digestible and usually economical.

TO REINFORCE MANURE PILE

Acid Phosphate or Raw Phosphate Rock May Be Spread Over Fertilizer While in Shed.

Acid phosphate or raw phosphate rock is commonly used in stables at the rate of a pound daily for a thousand pounds live weight of the live stock. It may also be spread over manure in the shed or at the time of hauling. About 40 pounds to the ton of manure is the common rate.—Ohio

infected is by means of a strong spray pump, such as those used by fruit growers in spraying trees, or a small garden sprayer may be used. All mangers and feed boxes which have been sprayed should be allowed to dry, and then be washed out with hot water to prevent poisoning the stock. The spray should be applied immediately following any outbreak, and as a matter of precaution it may be used once or twice yearly.

All stables, like houses, should have ample window space in order to admit a plentiful supply of sunlight and fresh



Applying Germ-Killing Solution.

air, in themselves among the most powerful disinfectants known. Most disease germs thrive in dampness, dirt, and darkness, and a clean, dry stable presents the most unfavorable conditions for their development. For this reason good drainage is also essential in the stable and about the barn lot.

USE GARDEN SPRAYER FOR DISINFECTING.

In small buildings and premises the garden hand-sprayer can be used to supply the germ-killing cresol solution or other disinfectant. Such a sprayer purchased now for this purpose would be ready for anti-insect and disease work in the garden later. Compressed air sprayers of the hand type may be had in galvanized steel at \$3.50 to \$5, and in brass at \$6.50 to \$12.50. The smaller hand atomizer sprayer can be bought for 50 to 75 cents.

Use Milk, but Save It.

How can the consumer help the milk supply? By judicious use, good care, and by utilizing it in all its forms. That half cupful of milk which was poured into the sink today because it was allowed to sour—it would have made a substantial amount of cottage cheese or could have been used in cooking.

In many households quite a little milk is wasted—left uncovered in glasses—regarded useless because the cream has been skimmed off, allowed to sour—poured down the sink or thrown away. Half a cupful of milk—whole, skimmed or sour—seemingly a trifling matter, hardly worth the trouble to keep or use.

But if every one of the 20,000,000 homes should waste on the average one-half cupful daily, it would mean 2,500,000 quarts daily for the country—912,500,000 quarts a year—the total product of more than 400,000 cows. It takes a lot of grass and grain to make that much milk and an army of people to produce and deliver it. Maybe this estimate is too high. Suppose that one-half cupful is wasted in only one out of 100 homes. The waste which this would make is still intolerable when milk is so nutritious, when skim milk can be used in making such wholesome soups and cereal dishes, when sour milk can be used in bread making or for cottage cheese.

That we have the physical resources to win this war, if they are properly conserved, I entertain no doubt; that we have these in larger measure than any other nation in the world is a matter of common knowledge.—Secretary Houston.

Warm House Saves Feed.

Warm houses, if well ventilated so that the air is good, will help save feed by conserving the heat and energy of the flock. It will also assist in egg production for the same reason.

REDUCE AMOUNT OF NITROGEN

This Can Be Done Where Soil Is Rich in Organic Matter or Humus—Grain Crops Lodge.

Where a soil is rich in organic matter or humus, or where there is plenty of barnyard manure that can be put on the amount of nitrogen in the fertilizer may be reduced or entirely eliminated where it is to be used on grain crops. If there is too much nitrogen in the soil it is liable to result in making the grain crops lodge badly.

WAR MUST NOT BE CALLED DRAW

Germany Cannot Be Given Chance to Repeat Crime Against World.

DANGEROUS MOMENT AHEAD

Americans Must Guard Against Day When Teutons, Beaten, Offer Peace on Basis of Status Quo Ante.

By J. FRANK DAVIS.

Perhaps the most dangerous moment for America in all this war will be the moment when Germany, admitting she cannot win, offers to make peace on the basis of the status quo ante—to go back to where things were before she set forth so blithely upon her great adventure.

Already her newspapers talk of such a peace. The reichstag "no annexations and no indemnities" resolution is a "feeler" for it. The war lords allow this talk to be made, although they have not officially sanctioned the proposition.

The day will come when they will, however, and that will be a dangerous day for America.

From what we see quoted from German newspapers it is quite clear that the people of Germany think they have only to offer to go back to where they were before the war to gain peace. When they say "no annexations and no indemnities" they mean no annexations by Germany and no indemnities to be collected by Germany, because it has not even entered the head of one man in ten in all Germany that they may be forced to make reparation.

Germans Still Deceived.

Also Germany does not understand that any mere promise on her part not to attack her neighbors will not be taken. The Germans as a whole still are deceived into thinking their rulers did not start the war. They do not appreciate that their promise not to offend again would be a worthless promise. They do not know that their nation is morally bankrupt; that the word of its overlords is no longer of the slightest value in the councils of civilization.

When they get ready to admit that they cannot win and to offer to return to the status quo they will expect their enemies to accept those terms—in effect a peace made in Germany. And we must be prepared for a considerable movement in the United States advocating the acceptance of such an offer.

The hyphenates and the pacifists and the cowards and all the other copperheads will be for it. "What more is there that we should fight for?" they will shout. "Why should we take sides in any European quarrel over territory or indemnities? Let the Germans return Belgium and northern France, and let the British and the Italians give back the former German colonies and the territory taken from Austria. And let us all get together—Germany to do her share, of course—and rebuild the towns in France and Belgium that have been destroyed. Let us be generous."

May Gain Following.

If only the traitors and the pacifists were for such a plan we should have no more to worry about than we now have to trouble us in the activities of I. W. W. and peace councils and disloyal German newspapers. But they may gain an additional following among lack-brained folk who now are not with them.

We Americans are a sentimental people. We like to think about punishing criminals, but we seldom like to punish them. We will not repeal our laws against capital punishment, but we hate to convict under them. The cry that will go up from all the German propagandists when the offer of a status quo peace is made will be a loud one, and thousands of Americans who are loyal enough at heart, but loose-thinking, may be attracted by it. Germany, in that hour, may be dependent upon to use every tool at her command in this country to throw up dust, to obscure the issue, to influence Americans toward a peace that shall leave the world as much in peril as it was prior to August, 1914.

Would Be German Victory.

If they can get a great number of people in the United States to agree that Germany ought not to be put where she cannot repeat her crime against civilization, the war will have been in vain. If the Germans are able to cease fighting, unpunished, and go back home to prepare for the next war, with Mittel-Europa in their hands, even though not such a victory as Germany expected when she began the conflict.

Nobody expects to annihilate Germany. Nobody wants to see her annihilated. Nobody wants to crush her, except as a military menace. But she must keep the peace hereafter, and to make sure that she does so her power to repeat her offense must be destroyed. And—most important of all—the German people must have learned that the militaristic policy of their war lords does not pay.

Watch and guard against the day when Germany offers to call it a draw. It would be a black day for the world if America's influence were then to be thrown into the scale in favor of such a peace.

Trust Me! Try Dodson's Liver Tone!

Calomel Harms Liver and Bowels

There's no reason why a person should take sickening, salivating calomel when a few cents buys a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone—a perfect substitute for calomel. It is a pleasant, vegetable liquid which will start your liver just as surely as calomel, but it doesn't make you sick and can not sallowate. Children and grown folks can take Dodson's Liver Tone, because it is perfectly harmless. Calomel is a dangerous drug. It is

mercury and attacks your bones. Take a dose of nasty calomel today and you will feel weak, sick and nauseated tomorrow. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone instead and you will wake up feeling great. No more biliousness, constipation, sluggishness, headache, coated tongue or sour stomach. Your druggist says if you don't find Dodson's Liver Tone acts better than horrible calomel your money is waiting for you.—Adv.

ECZEMA!

THIS isn't one of those fake free treatment offers you have seen so many times. We don't offer to give you something for nothing—but we do guarantee that you can try this wonderful treatment, entirely at our risk, and this guarantee is backed by your local druggist.

This makes the offer one which you can absolutely depend upon, because the druggist with whom you have been trading would not stand behind the guarantee if he did not know it to be an honest and legitimate one.

Hunt's Salve, formerly called Hunt's Cure, has been sold under absolute money back guarantee for more than thirty years. It is especially compounded for the treatment of Eczema, Itch, Ring Worm, Tetter, and other itching skin diseases.

Thousands of letters testify to its curative properties. M. Tinerlin, a reputable dry goods dealer in Durant, Oklahoma, says: "I suffered with Eczema for ten years, and spent \$1,000.00 for doctors' treatments, without result. One box of Hunt's Cure entirely cured me."

Don't fail to give Hunt's Salve a trial—price 75 cents, from your local druggist, or direct by mail if he does not handle it.

A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

Unexpected Frankness. Visitor—"How many men are studying at Lehigh?" Host "18—" "Oh! Not half of them."—Lehigh Burr.

Dr. B. F. Jackson, Celebrated Physician, lauded down to posterity his famous prescription for female troubles. Now sold under the name of "Femina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

"Jane, is my wife going out?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know if I am going with her?" Men are what their mothers made them.

ALL MEN AT HOME SHOULD PREPARE FOR WAR

The first test a man is put thru for either war or life insurance is an examination of his water. This is most essential because the kidneys play a most important part in causing premature old age and death. The more injurious the poisons passing thru the kidneys the sooner comes decay—so says Dr. Pierce of Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., who further advises all people who are past thirty to preserve the vitality of the kidneys and free the blood from poisonous elements, such as uric acid—drink plenty of water—sweat some daily and take Anuric, double strength, before meals.

This An-uric is a late discovery of Dr. Pierce and is put up in tablet form, and can be obtained for 60c at almost any drug store. For that backache, lumbago, rheumatism, "rusty" joints, swollen feet or hands, due to uric acid in the blood, Anuric quickly dissolves the uric acid as hot water does sugar. Take a little Anuric before meals and live to be a hundred. Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce for trial package of Anuric.

Auntie All Upset.

Aunt Elvira rushed into the house, hysterical. "I've lost my hearing!" she shouted. "You have?" her frightened sister shouted back. "How do you know?" "See that man out there playing that hand-organ? Well, I can't hear a single note!" And Aunt Elvira wept afresh.

"That's a moving-picture photographer at work!" snapped her sister.—New York Evening Post.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. It stops the Cough and Headache and works of the throat. H. W. GIBBY'S signature on each box. 50c.

Sluth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

A Marvelous Herbal Tonic

Oklahoma City, Okla.—"I was ill for six months—had five doctors and all failed. Finally a friend told me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The first dose helped me and in two weeks I was able to go down town. I recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as being a great medicine."—MRS. G. W. BRYCE, 427 W. Noble.

Prepared from nature's roots and herbs, it contains no alcohol or narcotic nor any harmful ingredient. Medicine dealers everywhere have it in tablet or liquid form. Tablets 60c.

Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will mail trial package of the tablets. The poisons in your system can be thrown out by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, composed of May-apple, aloes, root of Jalap, sugar-coated, and sold by all druggists.—Adv.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Get under the Shower of Gold

coming to farmers from the rich wheat fields of Western Canada. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre and raise from 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre it's easy to make money. Canada offers in her provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads Free to Settlers

and other land at very low prices. Thousands of farmers from the U. S. or their sons are yearly taking advantage of this great opportunity. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools, markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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Canadian Government Agent

As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

correct
CONSTIPATION

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price, But Great in its Good Work

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine bears signature

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by **Carter's Iron Pills**

Heald Items

Quite a bit of sickness among grown ups and children at present writing, but we are glad to say there is no one seriously ill.

Mrs H. N. Roach has been real bad off but we are glad to say she is on the road to recovery.

Little Vivian, Nellie and Arthur Roach have been visiting their grandmother, Mrs. A. P. Rippy during their mothers illness.

Uncle Johnnie Haynes had the misfortune of being thrown off his wagon last Monday caused by a pipe which he had on the wagon turning. We have no proof of this as no one was with him at the time and we cannot say where he left his jug. But never the less he got the worst end of the bargain, falling on his left shoulder and side of his head, his right knee struck the wagon wheel and the wagon passed over his left leg between the knee and ankle. Also hurt his back and right side. Uncle Johnnie says he don't know which is the worse, riding a broncho or trying to ride a pitching pipe. He is very sore but is getting along very well.

Cecil McKinzey has been very poorly but is better at present writing.

Tom McKinzey and family

spent Tuesday night with Uncle Johnnie Haynes and wife.

H. F. Wingo and family, Frank Bailey and family and Uncle Johnnie Haynes and wife took dinner with Tom McKinzey and family Sunday.

Miss Ruth Bailey was shopping at Heald Tuesday.

Clarence Blandford and wife went to Shamrock Sunday night to be with Mrs. Blandfords mother, Mrs. Sim Johnson, who was to leave for Ft. Worth Monday to see her son Clifford, who is in training camp at that place. Sister Mary.

Vega.—As the result of an argument at the close of an all night poker game, Noe Labardee, a Mexican was shot through the head near here on Wednesday morning of last week. Jim Shirley is in jail, charged with having done the shooting, and is being held for \$1000 bond.

Lockney.—The Lockney State Bank has made application to increase their capital stock from \$20,000 to \$25,000. This change is said to be necessary to enable the bank to handle better its large volume of business.

Claude.—The local Red Cross has started a voting contest for a silver water set, and considerable interest is being shown. A Shetland pony has been sold at auction, \$37.50 being realized from the sale of it.

Miss Pearl Guill and E. R. Eakins spent Sunday in Amarillo.

Governor Designates Seed Sowing Sunday

There is one season of the year, and only one, more important than the harvest season and that is the seed sowing time, but one is absolutely dependent upon the other, and it is impossible to have one without the other. A complete and plentiful sowing time is sure to bring forth a glorious harvest, just as a bounteous harvest can result from none save a full, abundant sowing time.

It is the best planter, as we learn in our first school days, who can produce two blades of grass where only one was produced before, which, of course, refers alike to all food-producing grains. We, in America today, have an exalted, even a holy purpose, in trying to "produce two instead of one blade", and this purpose is to sow grain to help feed the world, who begs and waits for our industrial assistance.

One grain of seed sowed and cultivated will provide a meal for a hungry soldier, one row of grain sowed and cultivated will feed a company, one acre of grain will feed a regiment, and so on. Let us look about us and sow this food for our soldiers until we see every vacant space, be it our ten feet door yards, our small front lawns, our landed estates, or our thousands of acres, all smiling with a promising harvest.

Our State, which could under proper cultivation, supply one-fourth of the grain of the entire United States, can feed a good portion, therefore, of our great American Army, and the variety of food grains which our wheat, corn, rice, oats, barley are the very best food for the very best men. The oldest, most heart searching lesson in our Holy Book are lessons of sowing and reaping, planting and gathering, watering and increasing, so let us learn this greatest lesson and apply its magic truth.

Since we "reap as we sow", and most of us will agree that we do, let us determine, right now, that no harvest has ever been gathered that can, in any way, compare with what will be ours our next harvest season.

I, therefore, urge every man and every woman in our state to observe February 10th, which is the second Sunday in the month as "Seed-Sowing Sunday". I designate a holy day because it is a holy cause, and upon this day, or near this day I respectfully request every minister in this State, Catholic, Non-Catholic and Jewish so deliver in his pulpit upon this day, or as near this day as possible, a sermon which will direct the minds and hearts of his congregation to the practical importance and bold necessity, even their obligation, to sow seed and help feed the world.

I further request every instructor in this State, in private and public schools, colleges and Universities, to place before their students in unmistakable appeal the importance of this suggestion and encourage them to act upon it as soon as possible. I urge every mother and every father to plant food-producing grain, to utilize every available space in their premises now unused or not necessarily used, and to encourage their children to cultivate it. Let every farmer and every planter, who now cultivates only a portion of his land, cultivate all of it, for Texas this year does not want a fair crop or an average crop but a phenomenal crop, the largest ever planted or gathered in this country. With the conservation of our full energies this can be done and the blessing which will follow is beyond estimate. I believe our noble Texan will enter into this exalted expres-

CAR OF FURNITURE

We have just unloaded a full car of Furniture, consisting of most everything usually found in a Furniture Store

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In business for your health

—that's the reason why we buy none but purest drugs and medicines.

—at your service, any time.

Palace Drug Store

Land For Sale

We have land for sale in any part of the Panhandle, and in any amount you want and the very best prices and terms. Write for full information. List your land with us—we can sell it.

Gardenhire Realty Co.

McLean, Texas

THE ELITE BARBER SHOP

EVERETT BROS., Proprietors

The Best Barber Service Always

Agents for the PANHANDLE STEAM LAUNDRY, Amarillo. Basket Leaves Tuesday Afternoon; Returns on Friday.

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Everything You Could Need in This Line Can Be Bought From Us.

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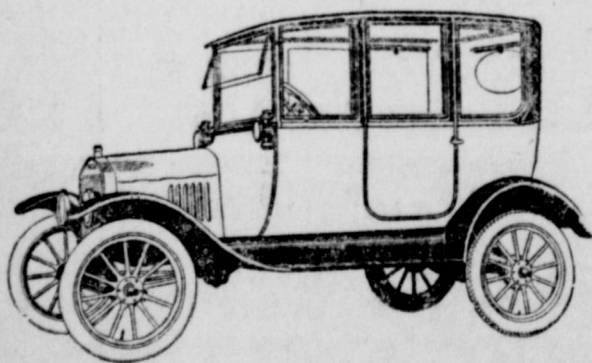
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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

More and more the enclosed motor car grows strong in popular favor. It's natural, especially with Ford cars, which are busy running every day in the year—winter and summer the Ford car serves faithfully and profitably. So for a real family car there is nothing equal to the Ford Sedan at \$695 f. o. b. Detroit. It seats five. Large doors, plate glass sliding windows, silk curtains, deeply upholstered seats, latest type ventilating windshield—a car of refined luxury with the everlasting Ford chassis. Come in and know more about this superior car.

Denson Motor Company
McLean, Texas



Cement Improves the Farm

THE FARMER, perhaps, has more varied use for cement than anyone else. The same as city folk, he can use cement to good advantage for walks and foundations. For the building of silos, for instance, it is unexcelled because of its everlasting durability and because it is so thoroughly impenetrable to either the ravages of storm or the gnawing teeth of rats and vermin.

Troughs of cement, too, are far superior to wooden troughs. More sanitary than the worm-eaten, mouldy, rotting wooden box. And the cement trough lasts forever.

WESTERN LUMBER CO.

