

The McLean News

VOLUME XV.

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1918

NUMBER 20

**DECEMBER 1ST, 1907
MILL CLOSED
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE**

**No More
Currency Panics**

Do you remember the shut-downs, the business depression and the lack of employment which followed the currency panic of 1907?

To prevent another currency panic the Federal Reserve Banking System keeps on hand an immense supply of currency to furnish the banks which belong to the system, of which we are one, so that they may at all times meet the currency requirements of their depositors.

Doesn't it appeal to you to get its protection, without cost, by becoming one of our depositors?

**American
National Bank**

MEMBER
FEDERAL RESERVE
SYSTEM

Union Red Cross Service Sunday Night

In response to a request from Divisional Headquarters at St. Louis, asking that churches come together Sunday evening, May 19th, and hold a union service in preparation for the Red Cross Second War Fund Campaign, all congregations will meet at the Baptist church Sunday night. Arrangements have been made whereby Rev. J. E. Carpenter, pastor of the Polk Street M. E. church at Amarillo will speak. Rev. Carpenter is one of the most prominent ministers of the Panhandle, and you should not fail to be present. The following program has been arranged:

Music (instrumental) — Miss McCurdy.

Music — "America" — Congregation.

Prayer—Rev. B. J. Osborn.
Address—Rev. J. E. Carpenter.

Solo—Miss Ruby Cook.
Reports of local Red Cross officers.

Quartet.
Closing Hymn—"Star Spangled Banner"—Congregation.

Benediction—Rev. Jno. F. Reagan.

Ushers—M. D. Bentley, C. S. Rice, T. A. Landers.

V. O. Cook and wife moved this week to W. P. Roger's farm two miles north Ramsdell.

J. Coffey, W. T. Wilson, Cheney, D. N. Massay, Clay E. Thompson made a business trip to Claude Monday.

Mrs. W. R. Patterson and son, Kelley, and daughter, Miss Elezabeth and Connie Miles were over from Lefors Saturday.

C. Parker and sons from Alanreed were in the Monday.

C. E. Bogan and Clay Thompson and families went fishing Tuesday evening.

"A great net of mercy drawn through an ocean of unspeakable pain"

First of the American Army—they died in France! Gresham! Enright! Hay! They died for us. And willingly! But not, pray God, in vain!

For the sake of them, if for no other reason, will you not give to the Red Cross, which will care for the men that follow them?

For the sake of what they died for, will you not give—and give till the heart says stop?

None of us here can give as greatly as they gave and as others are yet to give. But can we not sacrifice ourselves a little? Will YOU take a little from the comforts of your life and give, not a mere "conscience gift" that saves your pride and lets you say to yourself: "I have given to the Red Cross"—but a gift that cuts down into the quick and hurts because it makes you deny yourself?

Remember—THEY gave till they died!

This space contributed by
Erwin Drug Company



Your Check Stands Guard

against loss, and oftentimes the useless spending of your money. A check on this bank will many times prove of much more than mere convenience. It will save you from possible loss. Ask us to illustrate how.

GUARANTY
FUND BANK

THE CITIZENS STATE BANK

FRESH VEGETABLES

Eat plenty of vegetables and you will enjoy good health. They are full of nourishment and have a beneficial influence upon your whole system. We have a complete stock of the vegetables in season, and sell them at prices you can afford to pay. And those not in season can be found in our canned goods department.

**Haynes-Merte
Grocery Company**

Phone 23

McLean, Texas

Mothrcycle Accident

Bill Bundy was painfully injured, Evan Sitter scratched up a bit, and Erwin Rice scared stiff Monday afternoon late, when the motorcycle and side car they were riding turned over out near McClelland creek, north of Alanreed.

After business hours the boys had loaded up the vehicle with fishin' tackle, eatables and themselves, and were planning to spend a few hours fishing. When about a mile from the fishing hole they were taking a turn in the road, at a speed some higher than safety would permit, and the machine turned over, spilling the occupants over parts of a large pasture.

Bill Bundy suffered a sprained ankle and shoulder and minor bruises, and it is thought it will be a week or two before he will be able to navigate without assistance. Evan Sitter was unconscious for several minutes, and his face was scratched up until he looked like a sack of cats had been unloaded on him. Erwin Rice evidently carried a couple of rabbits' feet in his pocket, for he escaped without a scratch. It might well be said that the three of them were lucky, for those who saw the wreck and the way the ground was torn up declared it a wonder somebody didn't get killed.

J. S. Morse and family, and Miss Lorane Stanfield went to Amarillo Tuesday, returning the same day.

Dr. Blackwell and son were over from Alanreed Tuesday.

College Play Scores Success

The Clarendon College Seniors delighted a large audience at the Pastime Theatre on Friday evening of last week with their production of "Green Stockings," a comedy of English society life, which is the class play this year.

The students acted their parts better, perhaps, than any group of amateurs ever seen on a stage in McLean. The players had been drilled for several weeks, and Miss Chism, the director, is to be congratulated.

The gross ticket sales amounted to \$109.05, and after the expenses, something like \$25.00, were paid, the remaining \$84.00 was divided between the Clarendon and McLean Red Cross Chapters.

When the performance was over, the players left for Shamrock, where they played Saturday night, but on account of the rain, only a small crowd was in attendance.

They were accompanied to McLean by Miss Loeffler, teacher of Music; Miss McLean, English teacher; Miss Lane, a student; S. H. Condron, dean of Clarendon College, and W. T. Hayter, a prominent merchant, all of whom returned to Clarendon Friday night.

Mrs. W. L. Haynes returned last Friday from San Antonio, where she went some time ago to be with her husband who was in training at Camp Travis.

Mrs. W. L. Webb returned Sunday from Montoya, N. M., where she visited her daughter, Mrs. Will Syler, and husband.

No Poverty in McLean

At the Thanksgiving service held at the Presbyterian church last November, a collection was taken for local charity. Mrs. C. A. Watkins, who had charge of the funds, tells us that since the fund came into her hands she has searched diligently for a case of poverty in order that she might put the money to the use for which it was intended. But there was no such thing as poverty in McLean last winter, and the money has been turned over to the Red Cross.

Yes, trade locals get results.

Dr. Montgomery left Sunday for San Antonio, where he attends the Medical Association. He stopped at Ft. Worth, where he was joined by his daughter, Miss Vida.

P. O. Wood and family of Quataque came to our city Saturday to visit with Mr. Wood's brother, Lon Wood. They returned home Monday.

T. M. Wolfe went to Pampa Wednesday on business pertaining to the school.

J. M. Huntsman from north of Alanreed was in town Tuesday.

There Is No Argument

Time as well as food must be conserved if our ambitions for a quick victory are to be realized.

Conserve the time of men who appeal to you for a subscription for the Second Red Cross War Fund. Be ready to say "I will" when the solicitor calls upon you. He is as busy as you and is giving his time to the Red Cross, and he has money, too, but asks you only for money.

There is neither reason nor time for debating over the wisdom of giving to the Red Cross. If there is any argument, it should be not "What shall I give?" but "What is the MOST I can give?" Have this argument with yourself BEFORE the solicitor calls.—J. L. Johnston.

GERMANS SHOOT DOWN 6 BALLOONS

Twelve Observers in One Day Trust to Parachutes in Leaps for Life.

PERIL IN BURNING GAS BAGS

Flames Likely to Overtake the Descending Observers—Many Narrow Escapes From Death—One Seizes Escape From Death.

Behind the British lines in France, leaps for life from burning observation balloons were described by observers of the British Royal Flying Corps in an Associated Press correspondent when he called on one of their camps behind the lines a few days ago.

A balloon ascent at the front is never a light undertaking and an one-day ascender when the correspondent visited a station in a fairly inactive part of the line on Monday morning. It was seen that down to German airplanes, all within sight of one another.

One of the 12 officers who were compelled to reach here from the parachute camp and the story of his trip.

"We were perched at 3,000 feet," he said, "and had been up only half an hour when a column of smoke two miles southward attracted our notice. There came the 20," and an observer.

"Two white Zeppelins floating eastward led us that the two passengers of the balloon had got clear in time. Just then two similar specks appeared suddenly from under another balloon warning us that the Zeppelin was out for a wholesale killing this time. But more white specks now appeared, and since it was obvious that the entire line was being attacked, I gave the order to land down.

Sudden Attack by Airplane

"At 1,000 feet," I noticed the which stopped the more balloons had been attacked, and although we were now the only one up, I could see British fighting planes ascending from the airframes behind us to clear away the enemy. So I decided to continue up again. We ascended to 5,000 feet this time, and soon were at work again.

"Then suddenly something happened. It happened exactly as in a dream. We didn't even see the German airplane approaching, but our ground officer and his assistants gave us the alarm just a second or two before the plane was on us. I heard my observer at the telephone say suddenly, 'What's that? Stand by! Good heavens!'"

Then he turned calmly to me and said with a smile, "Over, and over, we must get out of here." He helped me over the side first.

"I dropped and heard a 'bump' as the parachute left its case. That was the last sensation I experienced in my life as I fell like a stone for 300 feet. I saw the balloon shoot vertically upward and then my feet were hooked out by a large white umbrella which suddenly appeared above my head, and I realized that the parachute had opened. I didn't look down, as I felt my body swinging back in the breeze. The feet above led me that the Albatross

had gone its work and the balloon was safe. You cannot, of course, suppose a parachute, and there is always the possibility of the burning balloon overtaking you and burning your only means of escape.

"But before I reached the ground I saw far in front the Albatross crawling to earth under a wing. She had been hit by a cluster of anti-aircraft shells.

"The best thing I knew was that I was clear in the middle of a plowed field, with a short distance off I saw my observer coming across toward me."

WORK OF CENSORS FULL OF THRILLS

Women of England Find in It a Most Attractive and Lucrative Profession.

London.—The censor and in a way the most attractive profession in that of post-war. To the well-educated woman in her service the post-war censor offers opportunities for advancement not to be found elsewhere. The pay ranges from \$12 a week while learning, rising by increments of \$1 to \$25 a week, the maximum for an examiner, with additional war bonus. There are at least fifty women earning more than \$1,000 a year, supervising thirty or forty examiners each. They have all risen from the ranks.

Now they hold the proud title of D. A. C. (Temporary Assistant Censor), in which they have been elevated not so much for their languages as for their general capacity. One girl of distinction, engaged two years ago as a typist at \$2 a week, rose to \$15 within six months. Another, beginning at \$10, drew \$25 within eight weeks.

Let the point of the censor's chief concern is that "no censor get enough of the right kind of women to be chosen." The latter is the executive head of that vast machine, created mainly for constructive measures, which get along with valuable information but merely the war office, of which it

HELP DRAW NET ON SPIES

System in Perfect—One Narrows Down German Secret Agent Can Slip Through, but Slip Through He Does.

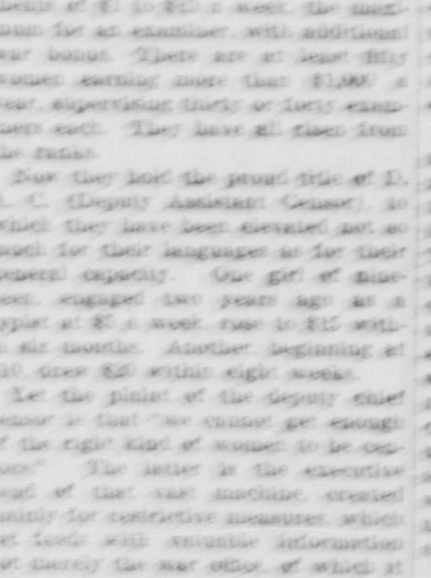
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POILUS HURRYING TO THE FRONT

A French politician on a narrow gauge railway carrying a load of Poilus to the front lines in the Somme sector.



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GIVE BOMBS TO TOTS

Soldier Tells of Inhuman Acts Practiced by Boches.

Chicago.—The thrilling story of his experiences against the Hun in France was told by Sergt. Christopher Jones of the Royal British Field Artillery, in the psychological court here.

Three times he was wounded and five times he went through the horrors of being gassed "over there." He has been doing duty at the British recruiting office here since his discharge in 1917. He will carry a piece of shrapnel in his skull, received at the Battle of Ypres, when for five days he lay in a shell hole, without food or drink, until a hospital rescued him.

He was in the fighting at Albert when his city was attacked and the garrison destroyed.

It was where the Boches gave

THE RED SACRAMENT

By Amelia Josephine Burr of the Vigilantes.

A coward's blood had stained their nation red;

The very wine of life was in their blood

And yet on that grim sacrament they fed

And some by strengthened to fulfil the task

The God had left undone.

O God, we ask

That we by sorrow may be Godly strong

To fight thy war against impure wrong

With the grapes—or ourselves—in God.

Our home, our birthplace, our no one land.—Suzanne.

LOAN SHARKE BUYS IN ARMY

Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.—In an order from the war department officers are warned to keep a sharp lookout for loan sharks, many of whom have been reported operating in the

FOR MUNITIONS WORKERS

This contract of especially designed blouse, vest and cap has been adopted by the United States government for use of women workers in government munitions plants. It consists of women workers at the Franklin Street Ordnance Depot. Superintendant shows the advantage of its early features.

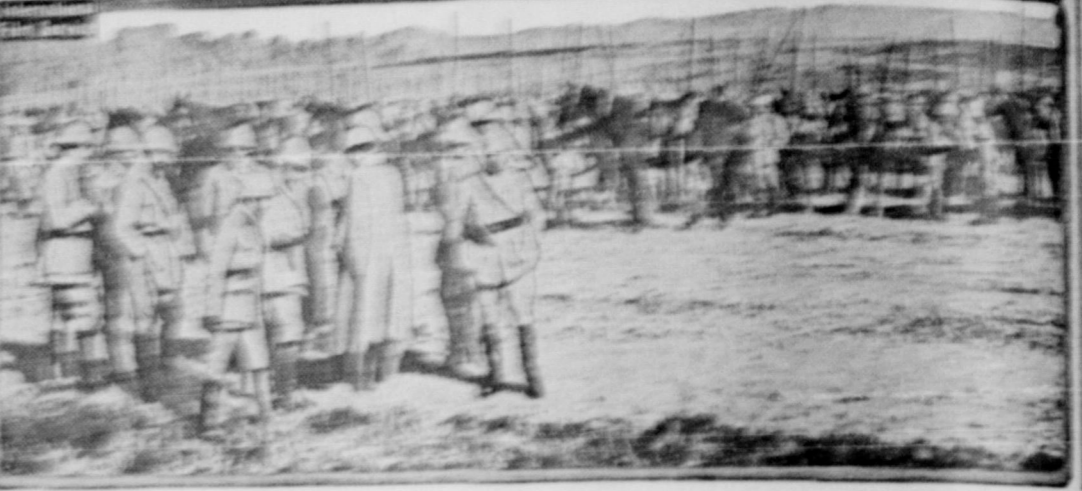
TOLEDO HONORS JOHN BURROUGHS

The bronze statue of the veteran naturalist, John Burroughs, was unveiled on Burroughs-Arbor day in Toledo, Ohio, April 12. C. S. Pietro was the sculptor.

HAULING FRENCH SHELLS TO THE FRONT

French artillerymen hauling shells to the Somme front in two-wheeled carts.

BRITISH INFANTRY AND FRENCH CAVALRY GOING INTO BATTLE



British infantry, happy and confident, bound for the Somme front to take part in the greatest battle the war has seen, and French cavalry who are doing such brilliant work in the same struggle.

GERMAN GUNNERS TRYING TO LOCATE A CANADIAN BATTERY



Here German gunners are trying to get the range of a battery located near the second line of trenches, which, with its emplacements, has been seen in the middle ground. In the foreground are three Canadians interested in the shooting.

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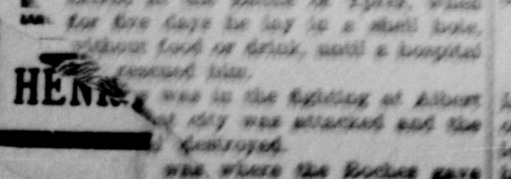


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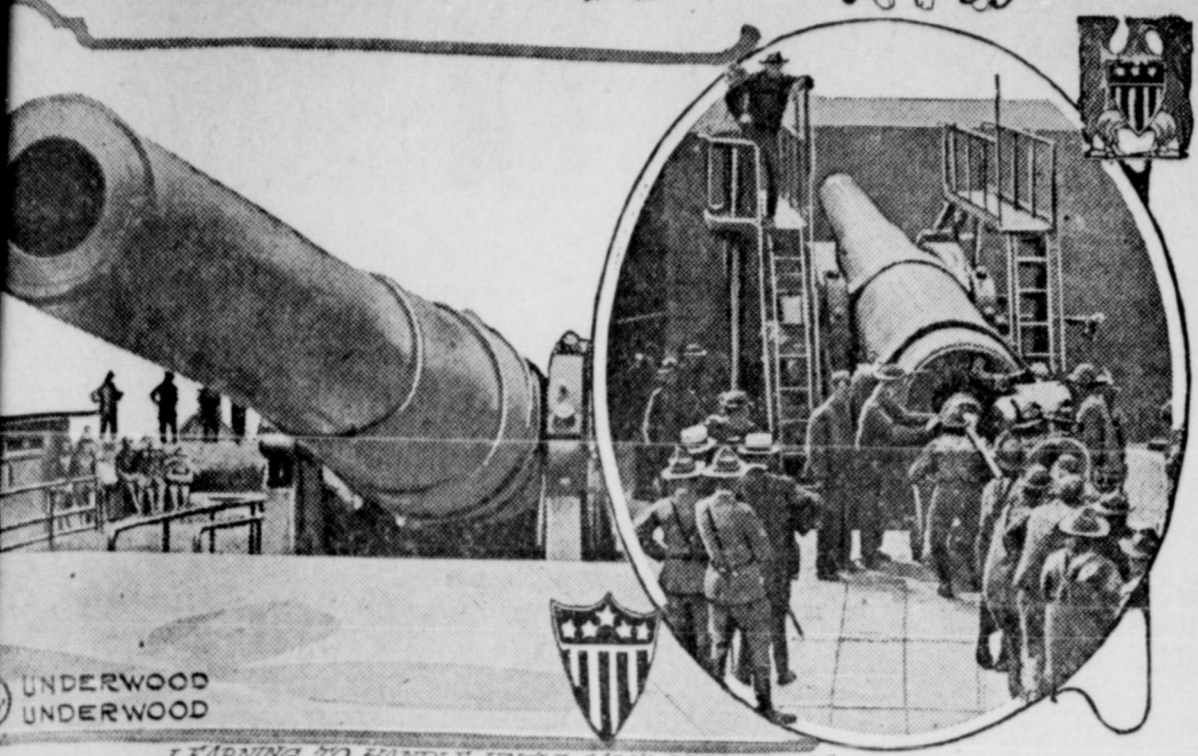
HAULING FRENCH SHELLS TO THE FRONT



French artillerymen hauling shells to the Somme front in two-wheeled carts.



Training Modern Artillery Officers



LEARNING TO HANDLE LITTLE SAYS GREAT GUNS

OWN at the Coast Artillery school at Fort Monroe, Va., Uncle Sam is turning out the latest pattern of modern heavy artillery officers. The National Guard coast artillery officers and such of the regular establishment as have not yet been through this school have been ordered down in two sections, the first of which has been graduated.

Upon the Coast Artillery corps has thrust the burden of handling heavy ordnance with which they are equipped, and which in the future will be manipulated by methods more or less resembling the methods already laid down for sea coast ordnance. These methods are far different from those used by the field artillery proper—that is, the light 3-inch rifles and 4.7-inch howitzers. The present-day heavy artillery officer must be a mathematical shark, a broad engineer and an expert in handling gasoline motors, besides having an intimate knowledge of gunnery, says a writer in the New York Herald. His equipment has changed from the battery commander's ruler and field artilleryman to a slide rule, transit and a book of logarithms.

In addition he must understand perfectly the manipulation of heavy ordnance—termed the art of mechanical maneuvers—for his guns will not be merely employed in concrete, but will be exposed to the mercies of the sea road, with consequent overturnings and sudden shiftings. He must know how to use tackle of all sorts, and in general know all the tricks of a modern contractor.

The officers who came down to Fort Monroe were nearly all graduates of the National Guard courses prescribed by the war department and were fully competent to handle sea coast ordnance. They thought that their knowledge was ample, and it would have been for this work, perhaps, but after a day or so they found out that this knowledge was essential to them as basic, it was only the beginning.

Gunnery the Big Thing.

The big thing, of course, was gunnery. This included a practical knowledge of ballistics—the science of the movement of bodies through the air. Ballistics is a very exact science, and on these days of precision is absolutely essential for the artilleryman. Reduced to language for the layman, it consists in the knowledge of just how far a given piece of ordnance will travel under a certain angle.

Very simple, say you. Yes, under standard conditions. Every gun when it is turned out from the maker is known to fire a certain projectile to a certain range at a certain elevation. These data are compiled in tables and are theoretically the same for all guns of the same caliber and model. These tables are known as range tables, and the conditions given for the firing of projectiles for these theoretical ranges are known as range table conditions. Remember this.

Now some of the principal range table conditions or assumptions are that the earth is flat and does not revolve; that the atmospheric conditions are standard; that there is no wind; that the gun and target are on the same level, and that the action of gravity is constant throughout the trajectory.

All well and good. We know that our gun, then, will fire its projectile, let us say 10,000 yards, under range table conditions. In other words, given the above conditions, it will, if properly laid in direction, hit a target 10,000 yards away. But unfortunately for us the earth is not flat, our target is 10,000 yards away, and 200 feet

above the level of the gun there is a ten-mile wind blowing straight across the line gun target, the thermometer is up to 85 and the barometer has dropped to 29. Will the projectile hit the target now? Not unless you correct the elevation of the gun for some of these conditions and its laying for the others. How are you going to do it?

First, you must find the force with which your projectile cleaves the air. This is called the ballistic coefficient, and is reduced by a simple formula to a figure. Knowing the weight of the projectile, its form and its diameter the ballistic coefficient is easily calculated.

The Air as a Check.

You have now taken the first step. You have the force of projectile to penetrate the atmosphere under standard conditions. But this force varies with the atmosphere. On a heavy, muggy day the atmosphere is dense, and you will be surprised the checking effect it will have on your projectile. By means of elaborate tables one can find just what this effect is, and we apply it to the original formula. Also in the atmospheric factor is included the temperature, for in hot weather our powder charge when ignited exerts more strength in decomposing into gases than it does on a cold day.

So far so good. What about this troublesome wind that is blowing? If it blows against the projectile it checks it; if with it, it helps it along. So we have two varying factors, which the ballistics juggler by utilizing trigonometry until he gets them in terms where he can once more change his ballistic coefficient, making it larger or smaller as the wind impels or accelerates the projectile.

Not quite so easy as you thought, is it? But we are not through yet.

We know that under range table conditions our propelling charge has a force that gives the projectile an initial velocity of so many foot seconds, say 2,250. But our powder has been stored in a dugout whose temperature is not normal, so by more figuring we find out just what this real velocity for the day is. Now we can begin to figure what elevation the gun must have to travel that 10,000-yard path to the target.

By dividing our old friend C, as the ballistic coefficient is termed, by the distance in feet that the projectile must travel, we get a reference number. This number we take with us and bury our noses in more tables until we find opposite this number in a column headed by the muzzle velocity another number. This number, multiplied by C again, gives us the sine of twice the angle of departure. A quick glance into a table of logarithmic sines gives this to us, and dividing by two we have a figure in degrees and minutes that represents the angle which the gun must be elevated from the horizontal to send its projectile 10,000 yards today. Wait a minute. Our target is 200 feet above the level of the gun. Also because of the curvature of the earth this 200 feet height has been reduced somewhat. So once more we delve into mathematics to correct the curvature of the earth and height of site of the target. The result we subtract from the angle found, and this time our gun is ready for business. Is it? No; it is not so easy.

The Influence of the Rifling.

Every rifled piece of ordnance imparts a twist to its projectile, and this twist causes the projectile to deviate from its course. In our service this deviation, called drift, is to the right, and is in ratio with the range. It is constant, therefore, for each range, and we find it very easily, either by mathematical computation or from drift tables. Also we go back to our wind problem and find what effect the wind

will have in pushing the projectile from its course, either to the right or left. These two corrections are brought together and determine the amount in degrees and minutes that the muzzle of the gun must be shifted from the target to the right or left in order that the projectile will curve toward its goal. At last we have our gun controlled so that it will hit the target.

Tarry just a moment. A gun, as text books tell us, is the simplest form of gas engine. Did you ever know two gas engines of the same model that acted alike? Neither will two guns of the same model.

The Fifty Per Cent Zone.

If you have an automobile you know that the piston rings wear out, allowing gases to escape, and thus reducing the force with which the piston is forced down. Also the cylinder becomes scored with the same result. Now, if you fire your gun many times the same thing happens. The projectile is the piston and the retaining band of copper the piston ring that seals the bore. If the bore is eroded or if the retaining bands are not perfect a certain escape of gases occurs and the flight of the projectile is consequently affected.

Again, there may be a difference in the weight of powder charges or in the weight of the projectiles, which will give slight variations in the flight of the projectiles. So that the battery commander must know the dispersion of each piece. This he finds out from observation of his shots, and it changes as the gun grows older. By figuring the deviation of a certain group of projectiles from the target, and which are known as trial shots or fire for adjustment, he finds out what is known as the mean error of the gun. This, multiplied by the factor .845, well known to students of probabilities, gives the mean probable error. Multiplying by two, the result in yards is what is known as the 50 per cent zone, within which 50 per cent of his projectiles will fall. This computation is done longitudinally and latitudinally, giving a certain oblong strip. If the center of this strip can be placed on the target by observation of fire the battery commander has done all that he can, and may now open fire for effect. Four times the 50 per cent zone gives the 100 per cent zone, within which practically all his shots will fall.

Knowledge of these zones is all important. By this means he can figure out how near he can come to our own first line trenches without murdering our infantry, and, what is almost as important, when it is necessary to save ammunition he can easily compute how many shots will be necessary to make a certain number of hits on a given target.

And what about camouflage? The enemy airplanes are on the alert and all gun positions must be disguised. The battery commander must be a master of camouflage, able to erect shelters and under their cover to build his emplacements, while by the exercise of discipline he restrains his men from making tracks about the positions which will give away to the all-seeing eye of the camera in the air the fact that guns are mounted there.

So that is why the student officers at Fort Monroe blistered their hands and strained their backs erecting camouflages and digging dugouts and bombproofs; that is why they dove and crawled under motortrucks and delved into differentials and gear cases, emerging dirty and grimy, but happy; that is why they toiled for hours at night, working out lengthy problems in trigonometry until angles danced before their eyes when they tried to sleep and endless chains of logarithms curved themselves through their brain cells.

A London cat, officially known as the "King's cat," is the only one in the Kingdom to receive an allowance from the treasury. He inhabits the Record office and 13 cents a week is spent for his meat.

For the unit of woman telephone operators to be sent to France a distinctive uniform is being provided. Salaries range from \$80 to \$125 a month, with allowance for rations and quarters. Successful applicants must speak both French and English with ease.

HAPPENINGS



Barrel of Apples Makes One Peck of Trouble

CHICAGO.—The motorman's life is full of vexing problems. After a long, hard winter, full of difficulties, delays, cold hands and feet and petty quarrels with passengers, he looks forward to the balmy spring days. Then the patrons of the street cars are in a joyful mood and the spring sunshine brings out their good nature. They are not harassed by heavy clothing. The green grass peeping through the earth cheers them up and they murmur "This is the life."



With the coming of the warm days the street car chauffeur sees a better world. No more wagons on the tracks, no breakdowns, doors that open easily and everything so happy and gay. But, alas, he has not reckoned with the small boy. That chap, ever full of mischief, ever watchful of a chance to play a trick that will reap him a good laugh and perhaps a "chase" by the unfortunate victim of the trick.

A Sixty-first street car was merrily bowling along the street. The motorman had a wide grin on his face. The conductor was checking up his books preparatory to a quick leave when the car reached the barn. With the right of way clear the popular automobile of the poor people was insured a fast voyage.

But alas! A barrel of apples stood innocently in front of a corner grocery. Along came a small boy. In an instant the barrel was overturned and hundreds of apples rolled into the street. The motorman's grin changed to sardonic laughter. Passengers silently cursed and the conductor knew he'd be late at home. There were cold suppers that night. The motorman could not start the car until the apples were gathered.

"In springtime a young boy's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of mischief."

Couldn't Get Cocktail Because of Her Uniform

NEW YORK.—A tall, dignified woman, of what might be termed the interesting age to avoid trouble, walked into the Park Avenue hotel's dining room with a couple of friends, and by way of introducing luncheon ordered cocktails for the party. "I am sorry, madam," said the waiter, "but I cannot serve you." "Why not?" "Because you wear the army uniform."

The tall, handsome woman wore the khaki of the Medical corps, and was forsooth an officer in the corps, a surgeon bent on going abroad to serve with the Pershing forces. Her blouse was cut English fashion, revealing a tie that sported the golden serpent that is the emblem of the corps. The lady in khaki refused to be turned down on the prohibition issue. She demanded that George C. Brown, who bosses everything around the place, be called. She laid the case before him.

Brown took a peep at the uniform and sustained the waiter. "Women have the same privileges and the same responsibilities that men have now," he said. "The government doesn't know the difference between a warrior in khaki and a warriress, and they'd send me over for a year for gratifying the most beautiful thirst in America if it wore uniform."

At dinner that night a perfectly cool lady in khaki was waiting calmly on a sofa before the dining room for the hapless Brown to come back. Brown, according to a late report, went to his room via a fire escape.

Court Rules Woman's Toilet "Trash" Is Necessary

RICHFORD, N. Y.—Young men call them foolish frills. Husbands call them trash. Women call them make-up. But, hereafter, soap and perfume that are to be found on millady's dressing table are to have legal standing in court as "a customary part of a woman's upkeep." The decision was handed down by a village police judge here after weighing every side of the question. And, take it from Louis J. Whelan, who must pay an additional dollar each week to his wife because of it, the judicial finding is one that is attracting considerable interest in this village.

Whelan, who is a foreman gardener on an estate near here, was summoned into court by his wife, who declared into court that her support was insufficient in these panicky times of war and costly living to keep her in the necessities of life.

"But she spends it all on trash—fancy soap, face powder, and all that trash," began Whelan.

Just then the judge cleared his throat, frowned down upon him and brought the complaining husband to a sudden stop.

"Yes, they're trash, but they're a customary part of a woman's upkeep." Whelan agreed that he would pay the sum, although the decision had not changed his opinion in the least.

Detroit Tommy's Revenge on His Doting Mother

TOLEDO.—There are no grounds to believe that Tommie McDuffie of Detroit ever read the adventures of that juvenile philosopher "Penrod Scofield" and yet the completeness of his revenge on a mother who favored "middy" blouses for a thirteen-year-old young man when the young man wanted "cord'roys," smacks of that fictional hero's most abandoned crimes.

Tommie is in jail in Toledo, and locked up with him is the queerest collection of clothes that a Detroit newsboy ever had the patience to gather and the consummate nerve to wear.

He appeared in a ravishing gown of rustling silk, neatly pointed low shoes, with high French heels, silken hose, a flower-pot hat that, apparently, had been chosen for its impossible combination of equally impossible flowers, a white silk shirtwaist, somewhat soiled in front where a piece of "lick'rice" had fallen, a green silk parasol, although it was cold and cloudy, a cretonne knitting bag and, crowning his disguise, a blonde wig.

In this garb Tommie swept up to the desk of the Park hotel and registered as "Miss Evelyn Smith Carew, Detroit." The clerk, after viewing the general effect of the prospective guest, was startled on observing "her" hands. They were red, somewhat chapped, grimy and the knuckles seemed to give mute evidence that their owner had been recently playing marbles in a cinder pit.

The real Tommie asserted himself at the police station, where a large, red-faced and grinning policeman demanded a kiss.

"Say, watcher doin', kiddin' somebody? I'll bust you with this bungershoot, you big stiff," was the highly unladylike announcement of Tommie, as his fists clenched.

A little later, his injured dignity soothed, Tommie explained the mystery of his appearance.

"Mother wanted me to wear middy blouses to sell papers in," the masquerader said. "I wanted a suit of cord'roys. Gee! Those middy blouses are nothing for a fellow to wear. I thought if she wanted me to look like a girl I'd go the limit. I got these things a little at a time and then I hid them in the cellar. After I got everything I put 'em on and started for Cleveland."

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS" IF CROSS, BILIOUS OR FEVERISH.



No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out of sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs;" then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Adv.

A New Definition.

"And so you think I'm a coquette?" she smiled sweetly. "Why, Frank, I don't believe you know what a coquette is!"

"A coquette is a woman who syndicates her affections," he returned, bitterly.—Ainslee's.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH

Strands of Gray Hair May Be Removed.

Strands of gray hair are unattractive and very unnecessary and accelerate the appearance of approaching age. Why not remove all traces of gray in the hair and possess an even shade of beautiful dark hair in bounteous quantities by the use of "La Creole" Hair Dressing? Used by thousands of people every day—everywhere—with perfect satisfaction. No one need be annoyed with gray hair—hair streaked with gray, diseased scalp or dandruff when offered such a preparation as "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Apply it freely to scalp and hair, rubbing it in well, and after a few applications you will be delightfully surprised with the results.

TRY

"LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING for gray or faded hair and retain the appearance of youth. Used by gentlemen in every walk of life to restore an even dark color to their gray hair, beard or mustache. Sold and guaranteed by all good drug stores everywhere, or sent direct for \$1.20 by Van Fleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn.—(Adv.)

Conservative Student.

"What does your teacher say about your studies?"

"Well," replied the small boy, "she thinks I have the right idea about geography. When it comes to giving the boundaries of European countries, the best you can do is to guess and that's a waste of time."

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. Give it a trial.—Adv.

Precious to Herself.

"Why is she always saying, 'Dear me?' " "That's the way she thinks of herself."

A good man does not cherish resentment.

To be effective sympathy should always be backed by a little capital.

TAKEN FROM EXCHANGES

Owing to difficulties in transportation from India, Great Britain is suffering from shortage of cottonseed, and oil cake for dairy cows is steadily rising in price.

The large sugar estate owned and managed for some years at Calamba by the Dominican friars has been purchased for \$1,000,000 for Japanese sugar capitalists. This is the largest project yet undertaken in the island by Japanese business men.

England, accepting men of nineteen to forty-one, inclusive, has 3,000,000 soldiers in the field. Germany, accepting men of eighteen and forty-five, inclusive, has 5,000,000. Germany's permanent disabilities are said to be 3,500,000, or at the rate of 1,000,000 a year.

King George rules over more Mohammedans than the sultan of Turkey, over more Jews than there are in Palestine and over more negroes than any other sovereign who is not a native of Africa.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

M. L. MOODY, EDITOR AND OWNER

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

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Single copy.....	.05

Announcements

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For Representative, 124th District:

C. W. TURMAN
J. B. HILL

For County Judge:

T. M. WOLFE
J. W. TURNER

For County and District Clerk:

W. R. PATTERSON

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:

W. S. COPELAND
S. L. BALL
W. A. CLARK

For Tax Assessor:

A. H. DOUCETTE
T. H. PHILPOTT
J. H. SAUNDERS
J. B. PASCHALL
MISS RUBY COOK

For County Treasurer:

HENRY THUT

For Public Weigher, Free. No. 5:

A. W. WILLARD
JESSE KINARD

Gray County Women Will Not Have to Register

The women of Gray county who are otherwise qualified to vote will not have to register with the tax collector in order to have the franchise this year. This statement is made on the authority of Attorney General Looney, who has passed an opinion on this point in connection with the Woman Suffrage Bill made a law by the last legislature.

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Mesdames D. B. Veatch and W. E. Ballard made a shopping trip to Amarillo last Friday.

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Joe Glass and Elvin McLean were down from Amarillo Sunday.

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I. E. DUNCAN

Attorney at Law

Will Practice in All Courts

Rooms 1 and 2
First National Bank Building

PAMPA, TEXAS



Red Cross Column

We had several visitors from Clarendon last week. The room is always open to visitors.

A box is now being filled with 5 yards by 4 1/2 inches gauze rolls, also one of the many tailed muslin bandages.

Remember the girls meet on Tuesday afternoon of each week. Quite a number are attending and much work is being accomplished.

The work room is open six days in the week from 1:30 to 6 p.m. Last week the attendance was much better than for several weeks and yet there is room for more.

The ladies of the Heald neighborhood are working together, making garments. Mrs. Nida Green will have charge of this work. She will give out the work, collect it and return it to the work room, where Mrs. Paschall and Mrs. Wolfe will inspect all garments.

Three boxes of the regulation size and one smaller box were shipped to headquarters at St. Louis this week. Box 18 contained 1000 slings. These dressings are used in different ways. Each soldier has one of the slings with other necessary articles, in his comfort kit as he goes into the trenches. Box 19 contained the knitted articles of which there were 54 sweaters, 36 helmets, 61 pairs of socks, and 35 pairs of wristlets or 282 pieces. Box 20 contained 5800 8x4 inch Gauze compresses. Box 21 contained 74 hospital bed sheets and one-half dozen bed socks. The total in all boxes being 7168 pieces.

Ada Lee Carpenter

Little Ada Lee Carpenter was born Feb. 8, 1912. She died May 10, 1918. Her stay here in this world was very brief, but it was long enough to endear her to her fond parents and little sister, Charlie Mae, until it seems that separation from her is unbearable. She was such a sweet, good, obedient child to her parents, and such a chummy little companion to her little sister. We know she is resting in peace with her loving Savior now. We know nothing better than the sentiment of little Ada Lee's favorite song while here on earth. "Little feet be careful where you take me to, anything for Jesus let me do." Let this be our motto: To do only the things that Jesus would be pleased for us to do each and every day of our lives so that when our time comes to die, death will have no terror, but will be a gateway to peace and happiness and joy forever.

Red Cross Rally

A Red Cross Rally has been planned for Liberty School House on Wednesday night, May 22nd, at which time there will be some good speakers to address the meeting.

It is hoped there will be a large number of people present.

J. M. Noel and A. Stanfield shipped two cars of cattle to Kansas City Monday.

D. E. Johnson shipped one car of hogs to Oklahoma City Sunday.

A. Stanfield went to Kansas City Monday, returning Wednesday.

Miss Ethel Cash went to Amarillo Saturday, returning Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook went to Amarillo Tuesday.

For Representative

H. P. Hill of Shamrock orders his name placed in our announcement column this week as a candidate for Representative from this the 124th legislative district, subject to the Democratic primary.

He has for several years practiced law, with office in Shamrock, during which time he has been an active worker for the development of his town. In fact, that Shamrock can boast of modern water works and electric light systems is due to the efforts of this one man, more than anyone else.

Mr. Hill worked his way through the University of Missouri, coming to Shamrock with little more than a professional education, a determination to win, and a lot of debts unpaid. During his stay there he has paid his debts, and now owns, clear of incumbrance, a good library, a home, and a farm near his town. Obviously, a man who is successful in his own business affairs is a man whose judgment one may well trust in helping manage the affairs of the state.

Mr. Hill says that "The state of Texas should have but one thing in view—winning the war. All other issues are of minor importance. Short business sessions of the Legislature will help in this regard, so that our energies may be turned to the all-important activity."

The News recommends him to the voters as a man worthy of their consideration when they go to vote.

For County Judge

In our announcement column will be found the name of Prof. J. W. Turner as a candidate for county judge of Gray county, subject to the Democratic primary July 27th.

Mr. Turner is well known to the voters, having taught school in various parts of the county for the past five or six years. He promises that if elected he will give special attention to the needs of the schools, and will endeavor to build them up to the highest possible efficiency. He tells us that it is his intention to move to Lefors if he is the successful candidate, in order that he may keep in closer touch with the affairs of the county, thereby rendering better service.

He is a young man of excellent character, in every way competent to fill the office with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the majority. As such we commend him to the public for a fair consideration of his claims.

For Tax Assessor

To the voters of Gray County: I am a candidate for Tax Assessor for Gray county. Please give me your vote and influence.

The fact that our Government is daily asking that women fill all places possible in order that men may be released for other duties (which women are incapable of filling) prompts me to offer for this place.

My educational training has fitted me to efficiently discharge the duties of this office.

To faithfully and conscientiously perform the duties of this office to the satisfaction of the public at large will be my aim and ambition.

I assure you that any aid you may give me will be greatly appreciated.

Submitting my candidacy and earnestly soliciting your most favorable consideration, I am

Very respectfully,
MISS RUBY COOK.

A. D. Jones, J. A. Maberry, C. A. Bridges and J. F. Brow had business in this city Friday.

Born—A girl, on May 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Tom McKinzey of Heald.

Keep Out the Flies

We Have the Screen Doors

Paint Your House

We Have the Paint and Oil

Fence Your Yard and Garden

We Have the Red Picket Fence

Get Your Coal While You Can

We Have Coal in Bins and in Transit

All Kinds of Building Material on Hand

Cicero-Smith Lumber Company

PHONE 3

Little Miss Johnnie Dunn is visiting her Aunt, Mrs. J. F. O'Rourke of Clarendon this week.

Mrs. Lou A. Haynes left Tuesday for Granite, Okla., where she visits her son, D. J. Haynes.

Emmet Thompson made a business trip to Groom Monday.

C. W. Turman of Miami was in the city Saturday.

Newton Willis was here from Canadian Saturday.

W. H. Barnes was in from the Ranch Saturday.

Chester Crabtree came home last night from Roswell, N. M., where he has been attending the Military Institution.

Dewey Campbell and John Haynes Jr., went to Crowell Tuesday.

Micheal Mertel and family visited in Shamrock Wednesday.

T. J. Prock and son were over from Alanreed Tuesday.

M. A. Jordan of Childress was in the city Friday.

L. F. Gregory went to Kansas City Sunday.

Our Prices for Auto Storage

On and after the first of June we will charge storage on all cars. Our prices will be

\$3.00 per Month	\$1.00 per Week
25c per Night	
\$5.00 per Month for Two Cars	
Free Day Storage	

No storage will be charged for cars in the shop for repairs

McLean Auto Co.
Service Car. McLean, Texas

Notice to Breeders

I have one black jack; will make the season at my place 5 miles west of McLean, at the place known as the A. S. Parcel place.

Price \$10.00, to Insure a Living Colt

W. L. Campbell
5 Miles West McLean, Texas

Trade Locals

Four burner oil stove for sale. See John Mertel. 4c

Send your child to the singing class that starts next week. Books furnished. Phone 147. 1p

Horse for sale. Geo. Bourland. Phone 52 2 rings. 21p

For Sale—Two fine calves. H. M. Smith. 1p

Well matured dwarf maize and kafir heads for sale. \$50 per ton, at my place one mile west of town. S. W. Rice. 20 tlc

O. K. Scratch Feed for chickens. W. J. Keasler.

For Sale Sudan seed at 24 cts. per pound. C. C. Stoll. 5 miles east, 1 mile north of McLean. 19 3p

Card of Sympathy

The people of the Carpenter community wish to extend their sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter and little Charlie Mae in the bereavement of their little daughter and sister Ada Lee. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter and little Ada Lee have all been faithful members and workers in our little Sunday School and we certainly miss them. May God bless and comfort them in their hour of sadness is our prayer.

I have one of the best washing machines on the market, and will put them out on trial, call and see them. C. S. Rice.

RIT—Washes and dyes fabrics in one operation without boiling. Palace Drug Store.

A new shipment of rugs received, you will want one, why not get it now. C. S. Rice.

Vapo Cresolene—For whooping cough and croup. Palace Drug Store.

I am still writing Fire and Tornado Insurance, better be safe than sorry. C. S. Rice.

Hogs for sale.—Registered Duroc Jerseys, shoats, both sexes, also breed sows. R. S. Jordan. 10 tlc.

Johnson's wax for furniture and automobiles. Makes them look new. Palace Drug Store.

Painting and paper hanging—estimates on any kind of jobs furnished free. S. J. Hodges.

Japanese Menthodine for neuralgia, catarrh, cold in chest, croup, sore throat, insect bites and bruises. Palace Drug Store.

Kings Kidney Remedy. Made of herbs. Palace Drug Store.

Big German millet seed at Henry & Cheney's. R. S. Jordan. 14 tlc

Try Pyrex Glass Cooking ware, clean and sanitary. C. S. Rice.

Card of Thanks

To our friends who assisted and to those who offered assistance during the illness and death of our dear little girl. We take this method of expressing our heartfelt thanks.

Words fail to express what our hearts speak, but we assure you that your unselfish services shall ever be cherished as a bright spot in our dark hours of grief and loneliness.

We wish to thank you also for the many kind words of sympathy and for the beautiful floral offering.

May the God of love reward Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Carpenter.

For Rent—To small family. For my board, a good four room house. 2 rooms 8x14 ft., 2 rooms 14x14. 1 acre land. J. P. Major. 20 tlc

Supplement to THE McLEAN NEWS, Friday, May 17, 1918.

The Maker of Bandages

Red Cross Workers Solve in One Minute the Mystery of the Stony Hearted Mrs. Britt.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER
Of the Vigilantes.

A diamond is not the hardest thing in the world. A diamond will cut glass and bore through case hardened, tempered chrome steel, but glass and steel—the diamond itself too—are soft compared to some things. The hardest thing in the world is a hard woman.

Mrs. Britt was such a woman. I have seen hard women in my time, but never one who was harder. She smiled seldom, and when she smiled it was like the glitter of ice. She spoke infrequently, and when she spoke her speech was the tinkle of hail on slate roofing. She did not look as if she had ever wept in her life.

Every morning Mrs. Britt appeared at the Red Cross auxiliary in upper Broadway. She was the first to arrive in the morning, the last to leave at night. No one knew much about her, though. She was not the sort that make confidences. But that she was a worker—a hard worker—no one would dispute. Efficiency, as you'd suppose, was a trait of Mrs. Britt's.

Are Efficient Women Hard?

Efficiency—dreadful word that! How often hard women are efficient! How often efficient woman are hard! She was both, Mrs. Britt. The moment she came in at the door she had her hat and jacket off. The next instant she was at her place, her mouth set, grim, austere and hard—hard at work. Probably she did her work only from a sense of duty. Hard women always profess that trait. Duty, duty! But, then, few women are as hard as Mrs. Britt.

In contrast to her was Mrs. Farlow. She was soft and womanly and gentle—the exact opposite. She was not very efficient, of course, though she tried. Day after day Mrs. Farlow sat at the work table, her mouth quivering, smiling wistfully, the tears starting in her eyes. The bandages that came from her were often soiled and rumpled, poorly sewn, too, by her poor little trembling fingers. It was a wonder she could even see to sew at all. Again and again what she turned in had to be thrown away.

But no one reprimanded her. No one even let fall a hint that she was more of a burden than a help. The hearts of all those women ached with womanly pity for the poor, stricken mother. Once in awhile, though, in her corner at the back of the room Mrs. Britt would turn around and throw a glance at her. The glance was as hard as rocks—harder, in fact.

Mrs. Farlow had a son in the Rainbow division. The son was the oldest of her four children, and until he went away the little mother had been the happiest woman in the world. Now any day he might be ordered off to France.

His picture was in the locket she wore. Every half hour she would stop her work to look at it. Sometimes, her face wistful, she would show it to the other workers, voicing the anguish that with every waking breath she drew twanged hollowly in her mother's heart. One afternoon Mrs. Farlow's oldest daughter came hurrying in. Her face was white. She had just learned that the Rainbow division had been ordered overseas.

Mrs. Farlow rose, her face tragic. One glance she gave about her, then she collapsed, sinking to the floor. In her fall she overturned a huge pile of antiseptic gauze just torn into squares for Triangulars No. 13.

The room instantly was in confusion. Instantly every one sprang to the mother's aid—that is, every one but Mrs. Britt. She rose and rescued the bandages under foot. Then, her face hard as nails, grimly Mrs. Britt went back to her work. When Mrs. Farlow, still stricken, was led away to her car outside the drab figure in the corner was plugging away as mechanically and methodically as ever. The one glance she threw over her shoulder at the weeping woman was almost contemptuous.

A hard woman, Mrs. Britt; a heartless one, too, it was agreed.

For days nothing was seen at the auxiliary of Mrs. Farlow. It was understood that in her grief and apprehension she was ill in bed. Then one afternoon, pallid and quivering, she came in at the door. She smiled wistfully when the others gathered about her. "Let me work," she appealed plaintively. "Work may help me not to think."

Her Bandages Worthless.

She took a bandage and tried to sew. She made poor work of it, however. Then her head sank on her breast and the bandage slipped from her hands. "I can't—oh, I can't!" she wept.

Once more she was led away. The same thing happened three or four days later. A week later the mother wandered in again. By now the first of the troops were in the trenches, and her pale, transparent face was like a wraith's. She took a bandage; she tried to sew, and for a third time Mrs. Farlow gave in.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" she wailed. The next instant a face was thrust into hers. The face was Mrs. Britt's, and the hard, bony visage was quivering with ill concealed anger and contempt.

"Sit down! Stop it!" said Mrs. Britt. With one hand she thrust Mrs.

Farlow back on her chair; with the other she thrust at her the half finished bandage. Her tone as grim as her face, she spoke, and again the sound of it was like hail pattering on slate. "You're not thinking of your son," she said. "You're just thinking of yourself!"

There was a murmur of remonstrance. Mrs. Britt heard it, and she flashed a look about her. But when she spoke again it was to Mrs. Farlow she spoke.

Think of Your Son.

"You're not the only mother in this war," she said. "If you thought a little more about them and a little less about yourself you'd be doing something. You'd be helping your son, for one thing!"

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Farlow.

Mrs. Britt smiled another adamant, icy smile.

"Your son wouldn't die for want of care. Any one of those bandages I've seen you ruin might save his life. Any one of them might save the life of some other mother's son!"

Mrs. Farlow shrank as if she had been struck. She'd never thought of it that way before.

The silence, the grim reserve, which had cloaked Mrs. Britt seemed for a moment to quit her. "I have no son," she said, her flinty voice biting out the words. "I had one, but he died at Guantanamo. It was in the Spanish war," snapped Mrs. Britt, "and there were no bandages—nothing. That's why he died. That's why I'm here now. It's to keep other women—mothers—from becoming the sort of woman I am." A harsh, brittle laugh escaped her. "Oh, I know what you think of me. I've heard what you said. Well," said Mrs. Britt, "my son wouldn't have died like that maybe if I hadn't sat around sniffing and snuffling, never doing a thing."

Then, her lips drawn into a hony smile, she glanced about her once more and stalked back to her place in the corner.

That night Mrs. Farlow rose from her place at the bandage table and sought the table at the back. For the first time that day Mrs. Farlow had managed to create half a dozen bandages, none of which had to be thrown away. Timidly she held out a hand to the drab, dingy figure in the corner.

"I—I've done better today," she said timidly.

Mrs. Britt looked up at her. Out of the corner of one glassy eye something welled, then fell, running slowly down her cheek.

"He was only twenty. He was all I had," said Mrs. Britt.

Notice to the Public

Since it has become necessary for the United States Government to enter this Great World War that is now raging, it behooves every Loyal, Patriotic Citizen of the United States of America, to save and conserve in every way possible, thereby helping to win this great war in the shortest possible time, now to that end the public in general is hereby notified and warned against patronizing the traveling shows, conducted by people who are entire strangers to us, as such gatherings constitute a very favorable place, for those who would do such a thing, to scatter germs of the various contagious diseases, and also be ware of the person who is traveling over the country, as agents, peddling various articles. (we mean people who are entire strangers) for such people have a great opportunity to enter your home and fill same with deadly germs of the various contagious diseases of the world, (and there are those who will do those things) and in these times of war people should confine their buying to the necessities of life and assisting the Government in winning the war, and leave off such things as would have to be handled by the peddler, and all those things can be had at home from the people whom we know, thereby eliminating the numerous dangers incident to the encouraging of the peddling system, and again people should use every precaution to protect themselves and their families from the various floating diseases; to this end we here and now give notice that there will be no more traveling shows, conducted by strangers, allowed in the town of McLean, Gray County, Texas, except such as are for the benefit of the Red Cross work, or for the benefit of the war in some way, and then that the management be known and vouched for by the local citizenship, and further that all peddlers had better see and consult the local authorities before beginning their work in the town or surrounding country.

W. C. CHENEY, Mayor,
W. T. WILSON, City Secretary.

Yes, trade locals get results.

For Correct Notary and Abstract Work

and Perfecting Titles, See

Jas. F. Heasley

Office Over Bundy-Biggers

sent. We extend a cordial invitation to every body to come and worship with us.

At night we will join in the union service at the Baptist church.

Amos persons and family of Quitaque, visited Mrs. Persons' sister, Mrs. L. Moody and family from Saturday till Monday.

Frank Faulkner went to Alarreed Monday, on business pertaining to the Red Cross campaign.

C. S. Rice and wife and W. B. Upham and wife went to Amarillo Monday.

Mrs. V. O. Cook went to Alarreed Monday, returning Tuesday.

Presbyterian Church

Sunday School at 10 a. m., Arthur Erwin superintendent. The eleven o'clock service will be a patriotic service. The subject will be the War and the Red Cross. This is in accordance with the proclamation of President Wilson. We want to make this a great service, therefore we urge all our people to be present.

then a little more.

Will you hold up your end?

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED TO THE RED CROSS BY

- American National Bank
- Bentley & Grigsby
- Bundy & Biggers
- Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Company
- Cicero-Smith Lumber Company
- Citizens State Bank
- T. J. Coffey
- Haynes-Mertel Grocery Company
- Henry & Cheney
- McLean Auto Company
- J. Lee Turner

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I. E. DUNCAN

Attorney at Law

Will Practice in All Courts

Rooms 1 and 2
First National Bank Building

PAMPA, TEXAS

Red Cross Column

We had several visitors from Clarendon last week. The room is always open to visitors.

A box is now being filled with 5 yards by 4 1/2 inches gauze rolls also one of the many tailed or lin bandages.

Remember the girls meet Tuesday afternoon of each week. Quite a number are attending and much work is being accomplished.

The work room is open days in the week from 1:30 to 6 p.m. Last week the attendance was much better than several weeks and yet there is room for more.

The ladies of the Heald neighborhood are working together making garments. Mrs. N. Green will have charge of the work. She will give out the work room, where Mrs. P. Chall and Mrs. Wolfe will inspect all garments.

Three boxes of the regular size and one smaller box were shipped to headquarters at Louis this week. Box 18 contained 1000 slings. These slings are used in different ways. Each soldier has one of the slings with other necessary articles, his comfort kit as he goes in the trenches. Box 19 contained the knitted articles of which there were 54 sweaters, 36 hosiery, 61 pairs of socks, and 2 pairs of wristlets or 282 pieces. Box 20 contained 5800 8x4 in Gauze compresses. Box 21 contained 74 hospital bed sheets and one-half dozen bed socks. Total in all boxes being 71 pieces.

Ada Lee Carpenter

Little Ada Lee Carpenter was born Feb. 8, 1912. She died May 10, 1918. Her stay here in this world was very brief, but was long enough to endear her to her fond parents and little sister, Charlie Mae, until that separation from her is unbearable. She was such a sweet, good, obedient child to her parents, and such a chummy little companion to her little sister. We know she is resting peacefully with her loving Savior now. We know nothing better than the sentiment of little Ada Lee's favorite song while here on earth. "Little feet be careful where you take me to, anything for Jesus let me do." Let that be our motto: To do only those things that Jesus would be pleased for us to do each and every day of our lives so that when our time comes to die, death will have no terror, but will be gateway to peace and happiness and joy forever.

Red Cross Rally

A Red Cross Rally has been planned for Liberty School House on Wednesday night, May 22nd, at which time there will be some good speakers to address the meeting.

It is hoped there will be a large number of people present.

J. M. Noel and A. Stanfield shipped two cars of cattle to Kansas City Monday.

D. E. Johnson shipped one car of hogs to Oklahoma City Sunday.

A. Stanfield went to Kansas City Monday, returning Wednesday.

Miss Ethel Cash went to Amarillo Saturday, returning Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook went to Amarillo Tuesday.

For Representative

H. P. Hill of Shamrock orders his name placed in our announcement column this week as a candidate for Representative from this the 124th legislative district.

Keep Out the Flies

We Have the Sorey Deere

Trade Locals

Four burner oil stove for sale

I am desirous to perform the duties of this office to the satisfaction of the public at large will be my aim and ambition.

I assure you that any aid you may give me will be greatly appreciated.

Submitting my candidacy and earnestly soliciting your most favorable consideration, I am

Very respectfully,
MISS RUBY COOK.

A. D. Jones, J. A. Maberry, C. A. Bridges and J. F. Brown had business in this city Friday.

Born—A girl, on May 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Tom McKinzey of Heald.

NOTICE TO Breeders

I have one black jack; will make the season at my place 5 miles west of McLean, at the place known as the A. S. Parcel place.

Price \$10.00, to insure a Living Colt

W. L. Campbell
5 Miles West McLean, Texas

We take this method of expressing our heartfelt thanks.

Words fail to express what our hearts speak, but we assure you that your unselfish services shall ever be cherished as a bright spot in our dark hours of grief and loneliness.

We wish to thank you also for the many kind words of sympathy and for the beautiful floral offering.

May the God of love reward Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Carpenter.

For Rent—To small family, for my board, a good four room house. 2 rooms 8x14 ft., 2 rooms 14x14. 1 acre land. J. P. Major. 207c.



*"A great net of mercy drawn through
an ocean of unspeakable pain"*

How Was the Last War Fund Spent?

IT is a fair question—and it is fairly answered in the detailed and itemized reports that have been published in the newspapers of every town and city of the land.

You never saw it? Then ask at the nearest Red Cross Chapter, or write, for the Red Cross wants you to know where your money went.

They say that Red Cross supplies have a way of coming through on time.

Italy surely has found us not wanting in promptness when her great trial came.

And Roumania—they said no allied nation could get through to help her dire need.

But the Red Cross *found a way*.

It's not always a cheap way—"Needs must" costs money. But did you give that money *to be saved*—or *to save* lives? Are you not willing to pay five dollars or *fifty* to bring something of comfort to a war racked, tortured mortal who but for you would surely die?

And of one thing you may be sure. *Not one penny of that Hundred Million has gone for anything but War Relief.*

In the Red Cross there is no high salaried bureaucracy, no extravagant administration expense. All of the higher officials and nine-tenths of the workers are unpaid volunteers.

The cost of raising and collecting the last War Fund was about one-half of one per cent., more than covered by the banking interest on the money.

Your Red Cross needs another hundred million to lighten just a little of the awful load of misery "over there." Your share is all that you can give—and then a little more.

Will you hold up your end?

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED TO
THE RED CROSS BY

American National Bank
Bentley & Grigsby
Bundy & Biggers
Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Company
Cicero-Smith Lumber Company
Citizens State Bank
F. J. Coffey
Haynes-Mertel Grocery Company
Henry & Cheney
McLean Auto Company
J. Lee Turner

NO CAMOUFLAGE IN THIS STORY

APPLY A FEW DROPS THEN LIFT TOUCHY CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS.

Don't hurt a bit! Drop a little freeze on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!



A tiny bottle of freeze costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callouses, without soreness or irritation.

Freeze is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.—Adv.

To Release Grain in Case of Fire.

An excellent suggestion for saving wheat and other grain in country elevators in the event of fire has been made by a South Dakota builder. The idea is simple. Each bin for grain is provided with a trapdoor in the outer wall of the building, so arranged that in case of fire the door could be pulled open and the grain allowed to run out on the ground.—Scientific American.

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 *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in use for over 30 years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Easier Than.

"Marjory, you must forgive your little friends when they are rude to you." "I do, mother; but I slap their faces first."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A man's actual measure is never marked off on his tombstone.

The needle you must hunt for in the haystack never pricks your fingers.



OUR DEFENSE

In the spring we may be attacked at any moment. Toxic poisons pile up within us after a hard winter, and we feel "run-down," tired out, blue and discouraged. This is the time to put our house in order—cleanse the system and put fresh blood into our arteries. You can obtain an alternative extract from Blood Root, Golden Seal, Stone and Queen's root, Cherry bark, rolled into a sugar-coated tablet and sold by most druggists, in sixty-cent vials, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This blood tonic, in tablet or liquid form, is just what you need for "Spring Fever," for that lack of ambition. It will fill you full of vim, vigor and vitality.

Chilliness, when other people feel warm enough, is a sign of biliousness, or of malarial poisons—so is a furrowed or coated tongue, loss of appetite, headaches or giddiness, and a dull, drowsy, debilitated feeling. It's your liver that's at fault. You want to stimulate it and invigorate it with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. With every trouble of the kind, these tiny little things act like a miracle. You can break up sudden attacks of Colds, Fevers, and Inflammations, with them. They'll give you permanent benefit for Indigestion, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, and Dizziness. They are small and pleasant to take, and the most thoroughly natural remedy. Twenty-five cents at most drug stores.

Eczema

MONEY BACK

Without question if Hunt's Salve fails in the treatment of Eczema, Scabies, Ringworm, Itch, etc. Don't become discouraged because other treatments failed. Hunt's Salve has relieved hundreds of such cases. You can't lose, on our Money Back Guarantee. Try it at our risk TODAY. Price, 50c, at drug stores. A. S. Richards Co., St. Louis, Texas.

HUNT'S Salve

What Do You Know About CATTLE?

Do You Want to Know the CATTLE BUSINESS?

Drop us a post card today and get FREE INFORMATION about the New Book "CATTLE BREEDS AND ORIGINS" about all breeds of cattle on earth.

DR. GAY'S ROBERTS' VETERINARY CO., 100, WARENSA, WIS.



Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

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

CONVERT NATION TO CHEESE, WOMEN'S TASK



Women Food Specialists in Washington Entertaining Officials of the United States Department of Agriculture and the Food Administration at a Cottage Cheese Luncheon.

COTTAGE CHEESE AS STAPLE FOOD

Thirty Billion Pounds of Skim Milk Available for Making Substitute for Meat.

IMPROVED WAYS OF SERVING

Federal and State Agencies Organized to Convince American Housewives of Great Value—How to Make Some of New Dishes.

Almost 30,000,000,000 pounds of skim milk are available for making cottage cheese. Skim milk made into cheese is seven times more valuable as a food than as a feed for live stock. A pound of cottage cheese used in the home releases a pound of meat for shipment to our soldiers.

These were the actuating principles behind the organization of a cottage cheese demonstration corps of the dairy division, United States department of agriculture, which recently undertook a nation-wide drive to make cottage cheese a staple food throughout the land. Forty-seven women specialists from almost as many states make up the corps that will carry the message.

These women have been in training in Washington for several weeks learning how to make cottage cheese and how to serve it in the newest and most attractive dishes. In the accompanying picture they are shown demonstrating their new creations in a cottage cheese luncheon to officials of the department of agriculture. The luncheon was held in one of the rooms of the dairy division. Among the guests were Assistant Secretaries Carl Vrooman, Raymond A. Pearson and Clarence Ousley, Dean H. L. Russell of the food administration, chiefs of several bureaus and a score of the department's food and demonstrating experts. Here is what the guests ate:

COTTAGE CHEESE LUNCHEON.

- First Course—Astonishment. Cream of Cottage Cheese Soup Croutons.
- Second Course—Interest. Cottage Cheese Sausages—Creamed Potatoes. Mustard Pickles. Graham Muffins—Coffee. Whey Honey.
- Third Course—Admiration. Cottage Cheese Salad. Wafers. Whey Punch.
- Fourth Course—Devotion. Cottage Cheese Tart. Mints.

Five women demonstrators started the campaign in Cleveland, O., a few days later. The others will go to other big cities, small towns and rural communities. Women will be taught how to make cottage cheese, its food value and how to use it. Regular home demonstrators and county agents of the states' relation service will help the cottage cheese force and experts from the bureau of markets will encourage and assist food dealers to make cottage cheese one of their regular staples. Representatives of the state extension forces also will

help. Meanwhile the commercial dairying experts of the department are working with the big creameries to turn their skim milk into this product to meet the big demand certain to develop.

Here is how to make some of the new cottage cheese dishes:

Cottage Cheese Sausage.

- 1 cupful cottage 1/4 teaspoonful powdered sage
- 1 cupful dry bread 1/2 teaspoonful crumbs, or 1/2 cupful thyme
- 1 cupful cold cooked 1 teaspoonful salt
- rice and 1/2 cupful 1/2 teaspoonful pepper crumbs
- 1/2 cupful peanut 1/2 teaspoonful soda butter or more
- 1/2 cupful chopped 1 tablespoonful of peanut meats chopped onion

Mix all dry ingredients thoroughly with bread crumbs. Blend peanut butter and onion with the cheese, and mix them with the bread crumbs, form into flat cakes, dust with bread crumbs or cornmeal, and fry a delicate brown in a little fat in a hot frying pan.

Cottage Cheese Tart.

- 1-1/2 cupfuls of cot-1/2 teaspoonful lemon juice
- Whites of 3 egg-1/2 teaspoonful lemon juice
- 1-3/4 cupful of heavy 2 to 3 tablespoonful cream, whipped
- 1-3/4 cupful of heavy 2 to 3 tablespoonful cream, whipped
- 1-3/4 cupful of heavy 2 to 3 tablespoonful cream, whipped
- 1-3/4 cupful of heavy 2 to 3 tablespoonful cream, whipped
- 1-3/4 cupful of heavy 2 to 3 tablespoonful cream, whipped

Soften the cheese with the milk. Add part of the whipped cream, and the flavoring, which should be very delicate. Fold in last the beaten egg whites. Heap lightly into ready cooked, delicately browned pastry cases, made by baking pie crust in muffin tins or on the bottom of inverted pie tins. Garnish the top of the tart with the rest of the whipped cream, and with fresh or canned fruit if desired. This makes a large one-crust pie or tart.

Conservation Crust.

- 1/2 cupful cornmeal, 1/2 teaspoonful baking powder
- 1/2 cupful of other 1/2 teaspoonfuls of substitute
- 1/2 cupful of wheat 1/2 teaspoonfuls of flour
- 1/2 cupful of wheat 1/2 teaspoonfuls of flour
- 1/2 cupful of wheat 1/2 teaspoonfuls of flour

Sift together the dry ingredients, cut in the shortening, blending it thoroughly with the dry materials. Mix with very cold water to a rather stiff dough. Roll as thin as can be handled. Line two pie tins and use the trimmings to cross-bar the tops if desired. This crust may be baked before the pie, if the nature of the filling makes it desirable.

Cottage Cheese Salad.

Cottage cheese lends itself especially well to salads. If enough is used, the salad may serve as the main dish of the meal. French, mayonnaise and boiled dressing all go well with cheese salad.

Cottage Cheese and Peanut Butter Soup.

- 1 cupful milk 1 tablespoonful butter
- 1/2 cupful cottage 1/2 cupful of cottage
- 1/2 cupful of cottage 1/2 cupful of cottage
- 1/2 cupful of cottage 1/2 cupful of cottage
- 1/2 cupful of cottage 1/2 cupful of cottage

Heat the milk with the bay leaf, salt, pepper and onion juice in a double boiler. Soften the butter and blend with it the flour. Pour hot milk gradually on this paste and heat until smooth. Bring to a boil and cook over hot water for ten minutes, then cool slightly. Blend cottage cheese, soda and peanut butter, softening with a little of the warm sauce to a smooth thick cream. Add the cream to the sauce and reheat carefully. Avoid boiling the sauce, for this will toughen the cheese. Serve with croutons.



Some Attractive New Dishes Made From Cottage Cheese—1, Loaf; 2, Club Sandwich; 3, Pie; 4, Sauce.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

During the month of February the receipts coming into the treasury department through the sale of War Savings and Thrift stamps totaled \$41,000,000. It is reported that they average now about \$2,000,000 a day. Returns from the same source in England were \$37,000,000. The War Savings and Thrift stamps give everyone a chance to be "in" on the great business of winning the war. They are a fine investment and within the reach of everyone. Congress set \$2,000,000,000 as the amount to be raised by this means for the year. If this amount is reached it will cover the entire cost of the government's shipbuilding program for the year. It has now from this source enough revenue daily to build 10,000 tons of shipping and altogether has received to date funds for building 420,000 tons, or 84 ships of 5,000 tons each.

Our strength in this war has not made itself felt yet as it will be felt. Great reserves of it will be forthcoming. We have hardly felt the pinch of the war yet. In the War Savings and Thrift stamps we have an opportunity to all take a hand in building ships, and they must be built. Besides this the Thrift stamps are educating people, especially young people and children, to save and to use money for investment instead

of spending it for things they do not really need. Lack of thrift, in this direction, seemed to be almost a universal failing before the war. Accumulating Thrift stamps is likely to establish the habit of saving in young people and children.

Work Which Only Women Can Do.

Whatever our other activities, we must "go on with our knitting," in a very literal sense. Sox, sweaters, wristlets, and bands and then more sox will be needed in far greater numbers than ever before. Surgical dressing and bandages, also, must be supplied by the shipload, and food must be conserved. In these affairs the world leans on women for support. But if each woman gives a little time systematically to Red Cross work and looks after the conservation of food in her own home, the great total of achievement will do the work and fill needs depending on us. Our part is easy compared to that of the soldiers and sailors. It is amazing that there are women, with time and means at their disposal, who, because they have no relatives in the army or navy, are taking no interest, much less any active part in the work to be done. They are not worth fighting for, and should be held up to the scorn they deserve. Now is the time when cold selfishness will betray itself.

FOR SLENDER LITTLE GIRLS



For the occasions that require her to dress-up a bit there are pretty frocks of crepe georgette and voile that will make the little girl look her best this summer. From her eighth to her fourteenth or fifteenth year she is apt to be a very slim, long limbed little person with a good many angles that are prominent and need to be well considered when it comes to choosing her clothes. Since there are designers who specialize in clothes for children the needs of the thin little girl have been given expert attention—and the problems of distraught mothers solved for them.

Here is a dress of fine voile shown on a slim little girl of eleven that will bear study. It is in two pieces—a skirt and a long blouse, thereby disposing once for all of that bugbear in children's clothes—the waistline—by leaving it out of the reckoning. The skirt is suspended from a short underbodice, gathered on to it and fastened in the back. It is moderately full and has a two-inch tuck above the

three-inch hem. These give it a little weight and flare at the bottom where it is precisely even in length and reaches to the knees.

It is the blouse that reveals the cleverness of its designer. Its body hangs from a very short yoke, gathered quite full over the shoulders. The body of the blouse is smocked in three rows of smocking where it joins the shirred yoke. It is usual this season to use one or more colored silks in doing the smocking on white frocks and these little bits of color are very childish and pretty on dresses for all little girls. There are two pockets at the bottom of the blouse with smocking across the top and buttons that repeat the color used in the smocking. They are set on purely as a finish for the blouse fastens with snap fasteners. The collar which is of wash satin is like them in color and the sleeves are plain—three-quarter length.

Julia Bottomley

Jackets and Skirts.

That jackets will be short rather than long seems to be a foregone conclusion, judging by the South-wear fashions, and etons and boleros are decidedly in evidence. Not only suits but dresses, too, are seen in these eton and bolero styles, and very smart and youthful are these effects worn over blouses of crepe organdie.

Jacket and coat sleeves are narrow and close-fitting and in wrist length; skirts, too, are modeled with conservation of material very much in mind, for they are cut decidedly narrow and fairly short, though not as short as some fashionable skirts of last season. The average width of modish skirts is about one and one-half yards around and the length from four to six inches off the ground.

Georgette Blouses Trimmed in Val.

"If you haven't seen the new blouses of crepe georgette, trimmed in val lace, you are missing something," said a blouse buyer who has just returned from the Eastern markets. "They are very enticing, and are shown in regular, as well as slip-over style."

According to this same authority, the rage for filet, both real and imitation, continues, and some pretty models are slip-overs with sailor collars trimmed in filet. Some of the new georgettes have little collars of white mousseline de soie, which launders very satisfactorily.

The freshest, prettiest of the new blouses are of net, in white and light shades. Batiste and voile are very popular for the high-necked ones, of which there are a great many shown.

Grip Still Hanging On?

Back aches? Stomach sensitive? A little cough? No strength? Tire easily? All after effects of this dread malady. Yes, they are catarrhal. Grip is a catarrhal disease. You can never be well as long as catarrh remains in your system, weakening your whole body with stagnant blood and unhealthy secretions.

You Need PERUNA

It's the one tonic for the after effects of grip, because it is a catarrhal treatment of proved excellence. Take it to clear away all the effects of grip, to tone the digestion, clear up the inflamed membranes, regulate the bowels, and set you on the highway to complete recovery.

Perhaps one or more of your friends have found it valuable. Thousands of people in every state have, and have told us of it. Many thousands more have been helped at critical times by this reliable family medicine.

Prepared also in tablet form for your convenience. The Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Possibly all men may be born free and equal, but it is impossible to keep some of them in that condition.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Sometimes a man's enemies with bad designs do him less harm than his friends with good intentions.

To Be Strong and Healthy

You must have Pure Blood. GIBSON'S TASTELSS BLOOD TONIC Purifies and Refreshes the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. It contains the well known tonic properties of Iron and Quinine. You can feel its good effect on the blood after the first few doses. Price 50c.

Precaution.

"Are you studying German?" "Yes, I don't want any alien enemy to be able to say things I can't understand."

Up to Date.

Teacher—Name the five zones. Pupil—Temperate, Intemperate, war, postal and o.

Marriage a la Mode.

"Would you give up your happy home for me?" "I might."

"Good!"

"But remember, I won't give up my matinee crowd or my dancing set of my bridge club."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It Didn't Pay.

The poets and others, mainly others, have sung of the virtues and blessings of sleep. No class of men guards sleep as carefully as the doctors.

Some one, with all the wise theories of advertising, decided to mail his little call for business to the medical men of Indianapolis. He spent a large sum getting up some real snappy stuff. He figured out all the psychology and personal appeal, with all of the big "T" stuff he could, and then some. He laid plans to reap a harvest. He did—not.

His good money went to the printer. More went to Uncle Sam for stamps. This wise ad writer put a special delivery stamp on each of his letters.

Result: The doctors of Indianapolis were awakened about 1 a. m. to sign for a bunch of printed matter. Every doctor seen says he tore up the booklet and with curses deposited the unread pieces in the waste-paper basket or elsewhere.

With groans and harsh words the medical men went back to bed. It was a great idea.—Indianapolis News.



A Package of Grape-Nuts teaches food conservation.

Saves FUEL SUGAR TIME WHEAT AND WASTE

SOLD BY GROCERS.

Tonight! Take Dodson's Liver Tone! Better Than Calomel For Liver

Calomel sickens! If bilious, constipated and head-
achy read my guarantee.

Listen to me! Take no more sickening, salivating calomel when bilious or constipated. Don't lose a day's work!

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones, Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile, crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you are sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone for a few cents. Take a spoonful tonight, and if it doesn't

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning, I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it can not sallow or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.—Adv.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

SOLD FOR 50 YEARS.
For MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER.

ALSO A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC. Sold by All Drug Stores.

Disappointed.

"What did you get out of that will case?" asked the first lawyer.
"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars," replied the second lawyer.
"Good round sum, eh?"
"Yes, but I thought the old man left more than that."

Itching Burning Skins.

For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, pimples, dandruff, sore hands, and baby humors, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supremely effective. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

With Many Others.

"I say, old boy, do you happen to have an X about you?"
"Sir, an X is an unknown quantity with me."

Among Girls.

Florence—Oh, yes, he's all right, but so old fashioned. Why he still refers to his mustache as a soup strainer.

The wise man makes hay while the sun shines, but the fool sows wild oats by electric light.

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 for a constant, dull ache in my back which was 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. I had 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.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 17-1918.

Win the War by Preparing the Land Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops

Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada
CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY
TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. When- ever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there.

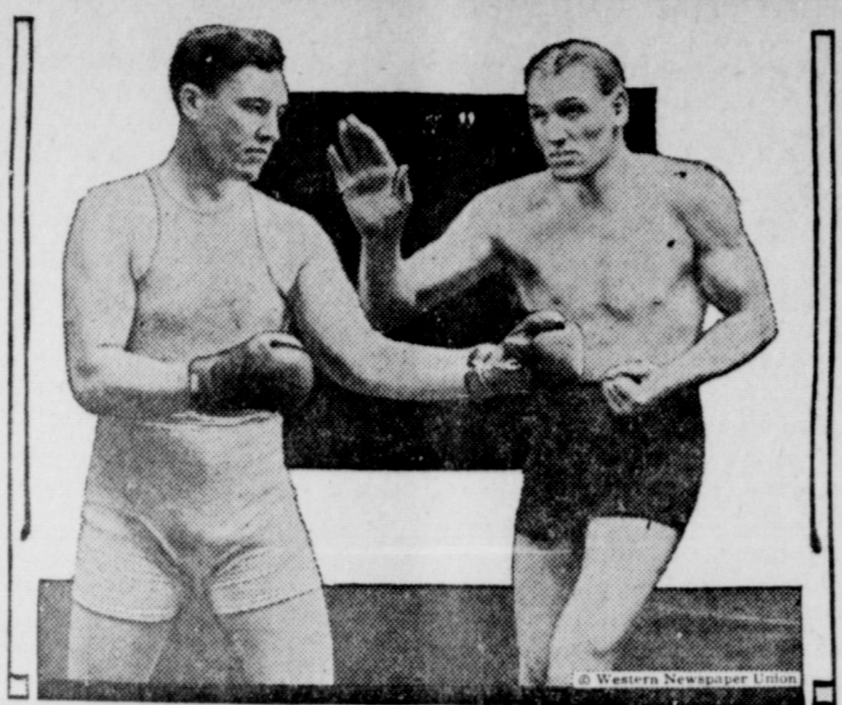
Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interests.

Western Canada's help will be required not later than May 5th. Wages to competent help, \$50.00 a month and up, board and lodging.

Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return.

For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to:
U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

MINNESOTA PLASTERER IS MATCHED TO FIGHT WORLD'S CHAMPION JESS WILLARD



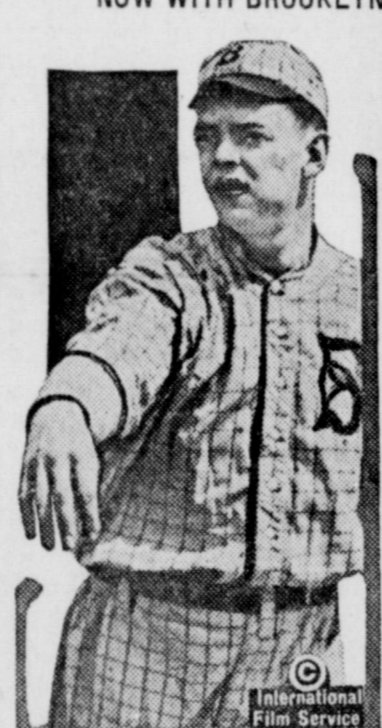
Fred Fulton, the Minnesota plasterer, has been matched to fight Jess Willard for the world heavyweight title on July 4 at a place to be named later and over a route to be decided some time in the near future.

Fulton has fought many of the leading heavies of today and has placed himself in a position that the public has demanded Jess give him a bout.

BEAUTY OF FORBES FIELD

Barney Dreyfuss, president of the Pittsburgh baseball club, values the beauty of Forbes field at more than \$10,000. He has refused that amount for permission to place advertising signs in the field, and even turned down an offer to put a huge clock, with an advertisement on it, above the score board. Dreyfuss has the pleasure, each spring, of turning down similar offers, but this year the amounts offered were higher than ever before. Forbes field is the only National league park lacking these unbecoming advertising devices.

FORMER PITTSBURGH STAR NOW WITH BROOKLYNS



Al Marnaux, former star boxman of the Pirates, and now with the Brooklyn Dodgers, has been placed in class A-1 in the draft and may be called at any time. Ebbets bought Marnaux at the close of last season.

"THAT'S TWO," SAYS G. LAND

Familiar Cry of Veteran American Association Backstop May Be Heard in War.

Some of these days that part of the American association contingent fighting with Uncle Sam's forces in France may be startled by a familiar old cry, one, mayhap, that will be heard despite the sound of bursting shell, roaring gun or flying shrapnel—"That's Two." They will know that a second German has taken the count. Grover Land, familiar as a catcher and scrapper, has decided to carry the fight of his A. A. days to a real battlefield and will soon be seen fighting as a member of the coast artillery. The second batsman of an opposing team to be retired always was a signal for Land to raise his sonorous voice and let go "That's Two," so force of habit may bring forth the old diamond call when the ball player observes a second enemy take the count in the more serious game "over there." Land played with Toledo, St. Paul and Minneapolis in the Association and has seen service as a major leaguer with Cleveland and Pittsburgh. He jumped from the St. Paul club last season to Virginia, Minn.

HAUGHTON GOING TO FRANCE

President of Boston Braves May Take Charge of Athletic Work in Army for Y. M. C. A.

Percy Haughton, president of the Boston Braves, who made his name as an athletic director when coaching the Harvard university football squad, may go to France later in the year to take charge of athletic work in the army over there for the Y. M. C. A. If he does he will pay special attention to developing army football next fall.

IT IS GERMAN RUTHLESSNESS

Former Manager Dooin of Phillies Thunderstruck at Sale of Alexander to Cubs.

Charley Dooin, once manager of the Phillies and a man who did much to develop and bring out Grover Cleveland Alexander's great skill as a pitcher, calls his sale by William F. Baker to the Chicago Cubs little short of German ruthlessness. He is quoted as saying: "I was thunderstruck when I read the news. Money can never replace wonders like Alexander and Killifer. Alexander was the greatest pitcher in the history of the game, and it is a matter of much personal pride to me that I was responsible for his development. "Selling Alexander, to my mind, is something like the practice of the Germans in demolishing a cathedral or destroying priceless works of art."

BASEBALL STORIES

Russian soviet remind us of left-handed pitchers.
Kaiser's army hasn't stolen a base on Hank Gowdy yet.
The poor, down-trodden players are allowed but three feeds a day.
Guy Morton's pitching wing is said to be in good condition this spring.
It is still possible to go crazy over baseball, but it is no longer obligatory.
Fordham university baseball team will make a northern trip this spring.
Owing to the war Benny Kauf ordered only 12 suits of clothes this spring.
Catholic University has a pitcher whose name has been given out as Keronowetter.
Miller Huggins likes the looks of Sam Viek, the young outfielder from the Southern association.
Players in the National league must now buy their own shoe laces and pay for their own chicken feeds.
Harry Frazee, owner of the Red Sox, will retain the veteran Billy Murray. He will be the club's scout.
Bert Humphries, former big league hurler, has been signed by the Louisville club and will attempt a comeback.
Babe Ruth started off in fine shape against the Brooklyn Dodgers with two home runs over the garden wall at Hot Springs.
During 21 years as a player in the National league Hans Wagner of the Pittsburgh team has cracked out a total of 100 home runs.
Horace Milan of the Washington team, now is taking a course of instruction at the naval aviation station at Charleston, S. C.
Hugo Bezdek, manager of the Pittsburgh Nationals, and Ed Barrow, pilot of the ex-world's champion Boston American league nine, never played ball on either a major or minor league team.
Pitcher Bill Percy, who played with Toledo under option from the New York Yankees last season and was recalled in the fall, has been sent to the St. Paul club for this year by Manager Miller Huggins.

FOODS TASTE BETTER COOKED —TOBACCO TASTES BETTER TOASTED

Since the day of the caveman, who liked his meat raw, civilization has learned a lot about the scientific treatment of the things we eat.

Naturally none of us would now prefer to have our meat raw, our potatoes as they come from the ground, our coffee unroasted.

And naturally follows the great discovery recently made by The American Tobacco Co.—that tobacco tastes better TOASTED!

This wonderful new idea—simple like all great inventions—was first used in producing the famous LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette—made of toasted Burley tobacco.

Burley has a mellow flavor, entirely different from the tobacco usually used for cigarettes. It is a pipe tobacco and LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes taste like a pipe. Adv.

Egyptian Decorations in Homes.

This year there is a strong Egyptian element in household furnishings. It is a year of varied influences in cloths fashions so it is an eclectic period in interiors. We do not stick so closely to one period as we used to, but we go here and there and combine such elements as we like from various historic backgrounds. From Egypt we have got some of the best of the spring designs in chintzes and cretonnes. Some of them show Egyptian mural decorations. They are worked out cleverly in the red and yellow of Egypt with a plentiful use of black and white.

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Conservation.

"What are you doing there?"
"Making over an old waist. War work. It is a sin to lose a pin; it is bad taste to waste a waist."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT

When your shoes pinch or your corns and bunions ache get Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. Gives instant relief to Folds, Achil's, Swollen, Tender feet. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the troops at the front. Sold every where, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.—Adv.

Did it ever occur to you that summer girls and peaches disappear simultaneously?

It doesn't pay to stick your nose into other people's business—unless you get a fee for so doing.

HOW TO AVOID BACKACHE AND NERVOUSNESS

Told by Mrs. Lynch From Own Experience.

Providence, R. I.—"I was all run down in health, was nervous, had headaches, my back ached all the time. I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had taken a number of medicines which did me no good. One day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for women, so I tried it. My nervousness and backache and headaches disappeared. I gained in weight and feel fine, so I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman who is suffering as I was."—Mrs. ADELINA B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. I.



Backache and nervousness are symptoms or nature's warnings, which indicate a functional disturbance or an unhealthy condition which often develops into a more serious ailment. Women in this condition should not continue to drag along without help, but profit by Mrs. Lynch's experience, and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

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It's SO easy!
A single trial package of
Red Cross Ball Blue

will convince you that never before have you known true happiness at the end of the day. White?—why it gives your clothes a whiteness that even the fleeciest clouds cannot rival.

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placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Fast, clean, economical, unobtrusive. Lays all search. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not set off or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or direct by mail, prepaid, for \$1.00.

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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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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**

Letter From Miss Amy Faulkner, American Nurse, A. E. F., France

That the life of an army nurse or soldier with the A. E. F. in France is not all hard work and no play is shown by the following letter from Miss Amy Faulkner, who is with the U. S. A. Nursing Corps. This is the story of a ten days' vacation, which is granted every four months.

Saturday Night, April 6th.
My Dear Mabel:

When I returned from my furlough on the Riveria I found three letters from you; today I received a fourth. You must know how deeply I appreciate your writing so often. Your letters are very interesting and I think you are a dear to write to me as often as you do. Lula's letter mentioned in your letter received today did not come. Of ten letters mailed the same day come weeks apart. Will you tell me if my letters sent through "Base Censor" come more quickly than those censored by our officers? When nurses are lieutenants they can do their own censoring. That bill is likely to fall to pieces before it comes before Congress. Still there are some influential people who are trying to get it through. The nurses in France are paid about half what they get at home. We have to buy all our own clothing and pay all expenses above actual lodging. We are to go on furlough every four months. Of course this takes much money. Everything is dear since the war. When you live under these primordial conditions for four months you are glad to get away for seven days. It is necessary, in fact, we all feel that if we received second lieutenant's pay and furnished everything, as the officers do, we could look much better, have everything better, in fact, and feel much more independent. Of course we go no where in "mufti." No foreigners are allowed to travel in France without uniform unless they are in some way connected with the army as actresses, artists, etc., with the Y. M. C. A.

Everyone must have a passport, even the French.

We do not belong to the Red Cross any more. Orders are out forbidding us to wear the R. C. on our uniforms, caps or coats. We cannot even wear the pin! This is because we now belong to the U. S. A. Nursing Corps. We wear the "A. N. C." caduceus "U. S." That is all. Everyone has the greatest respect for the American nurses in France. The French do not salute their own nurses, but they never fail to salute us, officers and men alike.

Our trip to Monte Carlo and vicinity was interesting and delightful throughout. We, Ann Rogers, Ruth Bridge and I, left our post at 7:30 one cold morning in March, the 25th to be exact. We went to a distant town by auto. This in order to get to Paris. The big boche gun had just made her debut the day before, but no one thought of being afraid. The Red Cross in P. had made reservations from Paris to Cannes. Our train was three or four hours late, and though we took a taxi and drove straight to the R. C. headquarters at Place de Concord on the Rue de Rivoli, we found the man who had our reservations had gone home. Every effort was made to find him, but we had to catch our train without any reservations. By great good fortune we found three seats in the first class carriage, and by a little tactful argument with the porter, managed to get them. There were three French people in our compartment. Each compartment holds six people. "Papa" and "mama" had traveled before at night and had gotten four beautiful pillows, which they kept to themselves. The fun began when we began to sleep. "Papa" made fast the carriage windows, pulled the blinds and closed the door. Vainly we pleaded for a bit of fresh air—not an inch would he open the window. At last I said to Ann, "when 'Papa' is deep in slumber we will open the win-

dow." After wrapping their faces in mufflers the Frenchies began to snore.

Silently I opened the door. Almost at once "Papa" jumped up and closed it. This went on till 4 a. m. After that the old gentleman seemed to sleep more deeply, in spite of the "poison night air." At 11 a. m. we changed trains at Marsailles. This time we couldn't possibly get seats. We sat on our suitcases twelve hours from Marsailles to Monte Carlo. Horrid, but the country is so charming we were well pleased to be there, even in the narrow passage way without food or drink till 4 p. m. The train was so long we had to wait till the sixth service for luncheon! The railroad runs in a valley between the Alps and along the seashore for many miles. On one side one sees snow-capped Alps, on the other perhaps the blue of the Mediterranean. In the valley there are miles of olive trees, very beautiful, old, ashy, gray, they stand in quiet peaceful groves, just as they have stood for hundreds of years. Some of them are thirteen hundred years old. A "native" told me an olive tree never dies. They may cease to bear fruit, but still live on and on. Suddenly the train shoots into a tunnel, dark, smoky, and just as suddenly out again into the lovely sunshine—sunshine on the bluest sea, the sweetest valleys, the most picturesque villages—France, the land of everything beautiful in civilization. What a pity that the face of this fair green country should be so battle scarred! that her sons should lie out in the mud and filth of the trenches, killing and being killed! And for what? Because in the north of the German Empire is a race of cruel medieval vandals who know not truth and honor. Their green eyes looked at beautiful France and desired her. How bravely her sons have defended her all the world knows! In little habits and forms of life we differ, but in the big things we are alike, our great United States and little blood drenched France. We must love her, for she is our sister. To go on with our journey: we reached Monte Carlo about ten o'clock, where we went directly to our hotel. After a light lunch we slept the sleep of utter weariness, but not before we had had a real honest-to-goodness bath in a perfectly clean white bath room. Nobody who hasn't been a soldier can fully appreciate the joy of getting back to law and order and comfort. My room was simply luxurious! Mirrors, dressing table, rugs, long mirrors, a huge downy bed—every little comfort not noticed in civil life seemed a great luxury. And the service! Simply ring the bell over the head of the bed and you have the entire staff at your command.

One of our medical students who recently went on his vacation said he and his "pal" had about two thousand francs they didn't know what to do with, so they stayed in bed and rang the bell. Every time the maid came in they gave her a franc. This went on till finally the bell-boy came up with a telegram for one of the boys, calling him back to camp. Unlucky fellow! he had only been there 12 hours! The reason he was called back is quite a story for another time, perhaps. [In writing her brother, Frank, of this case, Miss Faulkner said: "When he finally reached his camp he was told to make his bed! He laughs about the episode and everyone loves him because he can laugh. I'm sure I'd swear."] To resume: We slept well and next day climbed an Alp, visited an old Roman tower, walked for miles over an ancient Cornish road, and lunched at a beautiful cliff house, hanging right over Monte Carlo and Monaco. This cliff is said to be fifteen hundred

feet higher than the Eiffel Tower. Several of our officers were on leave at the same time we were, my beau for one. We had some wonderful trips altogether. One day we visited via donkey route an old Roman town on the top of a mountain. We went over into Italy across the bridge at Menton. Rode in a carriage over Monaco and Monte Carlo, on to Cap Martin, where there is a large hospital. In the harbor at Monaco we saw the prince's yacht, where the prince lives the year round. He was lying on deck in the sun that afternoon.

Of course we visited the Casino, where so many fortunes have been won and lost. Saturday we lunched at Nice at the most fashionable hotel, and afterward drove over the city. I could never tell you all we saw or did in one letter.

I must now jump to the return trip. We had our reservations to Marsailles only, so decided to make the trip in three days, spending one night in Mar., the second in X—, and home the next. In the diner we three sat at a table for four. When we had about half finished our lunch an old man with long slightly gray hair came in and sat in the vacant seat. The maid came flying, all attention. We were conscious of a presence. The old man did not take any lunch, but took a bottle of white wine. He began a conversation and soon we found that he was the director general of the whole railroad, and had seven hospitals for the soldiers, etc. He said he had looked the people over and decided to sit with us as we looked interesting. He admired American nurses for the promptness with which they responded to the country's call, etc. A very eccentric person! Well, he liked us, and in his odd, but charming manner he said, "You are going to M—; so am I. You will be my guests." When we attempted to pay the luncheon bill he swept our money aside and spoke to the maid. She absolutely refused to take our money. Everyone was out of the diner. He told us to remain until we stopped at X—, where we could walk back to our coach instead of through. It had been a difficult task climbing over people and things, so we remained. On reaching Marsailles we took a motor car for his hotel. Every room in every hotel in town was full! He called the proprietor of a large hotel and told him he wanted rooms for three American nurses. He got them! The proprietor himself met us at the door and personally conducted us to our rooms. From that time on we were in the hands of M—. We dined, we had breakfast in our rooms. Then at nine in the morning our "Count of Monte

\$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.

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THE NEWS OFFICE FOR PRINTING

Christo" called with his motor car and took us over the wonderful old city. I paid our hotel bill before nine, but when we returned M— found out about it. He was indignant. He said the clerk should be discharged because he had told him to accept no money! Poor clerk. So he gently but firmly refunded my money. We lunched in state. Salads a la Francois, fish, sauce, steak (inches thick and wonderfully cooked), asparagus tips, potatoes, rum omelet (such an omelet!), and I won't tell how many kinds of drinks. I drank mostly of the sparkling mineral water. All during lunch he outlined a program for our next vacation. He and his wife and two daughters will meet us at X—, where we motor to his villa on lake C—, in the Alps. We have but to let him know the date of our arrival. I must not forget to tell you this important person called off two important directors meetings just to go with us!

We had a compartment reserved by this person, and at 1 p. m.

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.

resumed our journey. We are to write to him now and then. He has adopted us as his "god children." He says he has long wanted to show his appreciation for the help and sympathy shown his country by America. After the war he says he wants us to stay a year and tour Europe! Every one in France knows him just as everyone in America knows John D. Rockefeller. We met a Colonel in the British army who told us he was one of the richest and greatest men in France. He has seven hundred blind persons whom he supports. I can't tell you how wonderfully kind and good he was to us. I expect to write him very soon a letter of thanks for a beautiful time. The whole story sounds rather like a "1001 nights" story, doesn't it?

Well, here I am, back at work. I am on night duty with nearly one hundred patients. I will tell you of them in my next letter. Love to all.

Your sister,
AMY.

W. J. Keasler went to Alanreed Wednesday on business.

Frank Bell and wife went to Alanreed Tuesday.

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When it comes to fence posts, of course, we're right there. We need not sing to you the fame of our

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Cedar Wood contains a peculiar oil that the worms simply can't stand. They keep as far away from it as they can; that partly accounts for the everlasting durability of cedar fence posts.

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