

# The McLean News

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1914

NO 4

FIFTH YEAR



**THE TIE**

**BANK BOOK**

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know, because I have looked it over carefully, having gone through the treasury with a flashlight and personally sounded every member who seemed inclined to pay dues. There is absolutely nothing doing. Even the president, the impressive Mr. Keith of the Paris Advocate, is smoking cigars handed to him by paper drummers. He likes good cigars, and if there were any way to get them without spending his own money he would not be eating the kind of smokes the paper and type salesmen pass around. Believe me! I smoked one of Clayton West's imperfectos once, also one of Harry Olmsted's pantalettas—but not both on the same day.

Well this is a good town to hold a convention in. It is a good town to hold anything in, unless it is five aces. The spirit of the old pioneers is still regnant here, and it is reflected in their hearty hospitality. They shake hands with us, tell us they are glad to see us, ask us if we have been to dinner; and then they tell us about the good roads they are going to have. They are going to have them, too. Voted half a million dollars' worth of town and country paving bonds last week. I hate to mention it, but good roads are needed by these people. At present their highways all are of the old-fashioned gosh-zickety kind. When you start out on a Collin County road in the winter time you don't know when you will get to where you are going, and the date of your return is wholly problematical. Some people have left home on a Collin County road and never got back. The Sheriff was looking among the press people for one or two of them, but they didn't come.

Speaking of Sheriffs reminds me that McKinney has a unique distinction. It is in the form of a policeman who is a poet and orator. He is the City Marshal, and his name is McKinney. The town wasn't named for him, though. He was attracted to McKinney by the fact that he could be elected to office here. Wherever a man can be elected to office, there is his happy home. Well, when I met Marshal McKinley and he flashed his badge I began pleading my usual alibi. Immediately he smiled hospitality and said the

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### LEE BROS.

## East Texas Press Meet

McKinney, Tex., Jan. 17.—Being a delegate to a press convention is an office of considerable responsibility. Always I undertake such service with timidity, for I wish to fulfill my obligations to society and the State with credit to my conscience and benefit to my constituents. In these days there are so darn many critics ready to criticize and to question, and mayhap also mysteriously at improper influences, that my natural eagerness to help save my country often is opposed by my fear of being assailed by misguided individuals who misunderstand my votes in open session or misinterpret my oratory at the banquet board.

But here at McKinney I am less nervous than usual under similar conditions. I realize that I am in the midst of neighbors and friends, and that while my record at the convention may be the subject matter of more or

less disputation in other States and the Nation at large, my own home folks will yield me confidence and support. What boots it how much the captious critics of the North and East, at Washington and in Wall street, shall seek to impeach my sincerity or integrity, as long as my immediate associates uphold my hands and grant me absolution from any charge of consciously misrepresenting the interests of those who honor me with a delegateship? Here, then, in attendance on the convention of the Northeast Texas Press Association, I feel self confident and firm. I will do my duty to conscience and country, even if I have to lose sleep or keep dinner waiting until I finish a speech.

Even if there were any chance to fatten my fortune through my affiliation with the Northeast Texas Press Association, I would scorn to do it. Money obtained that way is of small value. I would rather work for wealth than procure same through methods suggestive of graft. In the first place, there is no graft in this convention. I

laws had been suspended temporarily for the benefit of the press delegates, and that I need have no misgivings. He is a nice man, goodlooking and all that, and said to be an active and popular and useful citizen and official. But it was at the banquet that he shone. He responded to a toast and made the best speech I ever heard delivered by a policeman. Mostly when I am with a policeman I do nearly all the talking. Also Marshall McKinney read a poem in which he called himself "A Friend of Man." He proved it all right by his consideration to the visitors, but if Marshall McKinney ever arrests me and begins another elocutionary stunt I am going to say to him, kindly, but firmly, "Take me to jail, man—take me to jail!"

But that banquet was worth going miles to eat. It was the first formal dinner I have attended since Old Allison Number Two went into effect. There are no more moist banquets in the dry portions of Texas, unless water or grape juice or buttermilk is considered a moisture. Personally I like the change. Fewer people make speeches at a banquet where there is no alcohol, and the few speeches made are shorter. It is not only a reformation, but a revolution. I especially enjoyed the banquet here last night because the loss in the matter of drinks was made up in the extra offering of oats. The piece de resistance was possum. There were great platters of possum framed with taters, and the cooking was expert, or as the hotel ads say, the cuisine was unexcelled. I made one error that particularly humiliated me. Being introduced to the president of the famous McKinley Possum and Tater Club I was told that his name was Boss Apple. Not quite catching it, I called him Hoss Apple.

The toastmaster was Tom W. Perkins and the master of ceremonies Perk T. Tompkins. He was certainly graceful and kind. Wishing to show his hospitality he allowed others present to do some of the talking. There was a long list of toasts, each with a spellbinder's name attached to it, and the welkin rang until the town clock struck one. Seldom has a speaker listened to higher praise than was then laid upon the bier of the bier of the possum in our midst. Once I have heard the horse rhapsodize

the dog apostrophed, but never did I hear possum so eulogized as last night. His eulogist covered the whole range of zoology and biology and doxology in painting his virtues, and as I sat rapt under the spell of their loquacity I hugged my possum closer and yet closer to my bosom, inside. In fact I felt ashamed of having eaten a possum without having first apologized to him for what I was about to do. Considering my remissness I did not complain when my possum lay heavily on my conscience after I went to bed.

The post-prandial speakers, in addition to Mr. Perkins, the toastmaster, who made a new speech every time a visiting speaker sat down, were Wilbur Keith, Will H. Evans, John S. McKinney, Boss Apple, C. A. Leddy, Howell E. Smith, J. H. Lowry, E. W. Kirkpatrick, Tom H. Napier, John C. Penn, Rev. Dr. Jamison, J. A. Thomas, Henry E. Ellis, Harve P. Nelson, Will H. Mayes, Prof. Morris, Will A. Harris, H. A. Ivey, Judge Davis, and Zeb Spearman. There may have been others. I quit counting at half-

passed twelve o'clock.

Mr. Spearman the last speaker, used to live in Texas, and now lives in Oklahoma. While a resident of this State and editing a perfectly Democratic paper at Weitwright, he was elected poet of the Texas Press Association. His official poem, written in token of his laureateship, may have had something to do with his having moved from Texas. There are some things which even the most penitent man can not live down in the community that loves him best. Mr. Spearman's ode, composed at the price of hours of toil and many beads of perspiration, was as follows:

Mary had a little lamb,  
She found the lamb too slow;  
She swapped it for a slitted skirt  
And gave her calf a show.  
I will not say that Mr. Spearman was ostracized, but I do say he now lives in Oklahoma.  
Not being myself a shorthand writer, I employed a stenographer to take down all the banquet orations, expecting to publish them in connection with this dispatch. After transcribing

(Continued on last page)

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# The MARSHAL

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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## CHAPTER I.

### The Prophecy.

Half a dozen high, little French voices floated shrilly out into the garden, on a sunshiny morning of 1820 from the great entry of an old farmhouse in the valley under the Jura mountains. The grandmother, sitting white-capped in the center of the hub-bub, heard one more willingly than the others, for not only was Francois her best loved, but also the story he asked for was the story she liked to tell.

Smiling, the grandmother began: "You must know, my children, that it was on a day in the month of May, in the year 1813, that he came. You, Lucie, and you, Pierre, and Marie were not born, only Francois and Tomas. Francois was the older—not quite three years old. The mother had gone to care for your Aunt Lucie, who was ill, and I kept the house for your father. It was the year of the great conscription, when the emperor took all the men to fight, not only the strong ones, but the boys, and the old and infirm, if they might but drag themselves at the tail of a regiment. So the few men who were not under the flag were sorely needed by their families, for it was necessary, if the women and children were not to starve, that some should stay to work in the fields. Your father was of the few who had escaped in our village of Vieques.

"One morning a man appeared in the village and said that Napoleon would pass this way within a few hours.

"Outside I heard the neighbors calling the same two words—'Napoleon comes'—one called it to another. If the trumpet of the angel sounded the end of the world, they could not have had more fear. Then your father kissed me, and knelt and held you, Francois, and Tomas, in his arms, and I saw tears, but he was brave—but yes, 'Courage, little mother,' he said, 'for me and for the babies. Courage.'

"And at that your father, who was my little lad once, you know, my dears, had gone, and I stood with an ache where my heart should have been, and for a moment I was stupid and could not think.

"As I stood so, like a blow there was a rush of galloping horses in a shower of noise down the street, and my heart stopped, for the horses drew up at this house. So that I was still in the middle of the floor when the door opened.

"It opened, that door there, and against the light I saw men crowding in the entry. They wore uniforms of bright colors, and swords hung at their sides, and on their heads were hats with trimmings of gold. Then I saw—Napoleon. With a step toward me he spoke in a kind voice, half smiling.

"Madame," he said, "will you let us use this room and this table for an hour? You shall not be disturbed in your work."

"I made my courtesy to these great gentlemen as I had been taught, and I found myself saying quite easily to his majesty the emperor, as easily as if I talked to Monsieur le Cure, in whom I was accustomed, that he was welcome, that I would serve him gladly if he wished to command me. And then I left them. I went into the kitchen and began to get dinner, but I was so dazed that I could not seem to make the soup as usual. When, suddenly, I heard a child cry, and with no thought then but of my babies, I flew to the door of the great room and stood looking, for I could not pass the sentinel.

"Among the officers in their uniforms there lay on the floor little Francois in his night-dress, and all the officers looked at him and laughed. The child, sleeping in the farther room, had waked at the voices and had climbed down from his crib and toddled out to see. The glitter of the uniforms must have pleased him, and as they all bent over the papers on the table he had pulled at the sword of one whom I afterward knew to be the great Marshal Ney. He wore a dark coat all heavy with gold lace, my children, and white pantaloons and high shining black boots, and across his breast a scarlet ribbon. He sat next the emperor. The marshal, turning sharply at the tug, knocked the little one over. It was then Francois cried out.

"Napoleon himself who spoke as I peered under the sentinel's arm. He shook his finger at his officer.

"Marshal, Marshal," he cried, "are you not too quick to overthrow so young a soldier, so full of love for his?"

"The emperor seemed to joke, for he laughed a little, yet there was a wound in his voice as if some part was serious. He turned sharply to the mayor. 'What is the child's name?'

"The mayor was our friend and knew the babies. Francois Beaupre, sire," he answered tremblingly.

"The emperor gave a short nod. 'Make him kneel,' he said. 'Marshal, your sword.'

"It was still for a moment, and all the officers stood up silent, and then the emperor took the marshal's sword and struck the baby's shoulder a light blow with the flat of it.

"Rise Chevalier Francois Beaupre," he said clearly, and in the pause he added, with a look in his eyes as if one gazed forward: "Some day, perhaps, a marshal of France under another Bonaparte."

## CHAPTER II.

### The Stranger.

On an afternoon in July in the year of 1820, Francois, being ten years old and a dreamer, came alone through the gate and sat down with his short legs dangling over an ancient wall, fifteen feet sheer down. He sat there, quite comfortable and secure, and kicked his heels, and thought of his brilliant future, and also of the story of the great dog and the treasure. The tradition ran that ages back, in the time of Caesar, fifty years after Christ, a Roman governor in this Gallic province had built a formidable castle on this hill outside the village. The castle had great granaries to hold the grain which the governor tortured from the peasants and sent to Rome to sell. So he grew rich by oppression, and the gold wrung from the people he piled in cellars deep in his castle. When it came to be a great amount he sent far to the north and got a huge dog, and this dog he trained to a terrible ferocity, so that anyone coming near in the long underground corridors where he guarded the treasure was sure to be torn in pieces, except always the governor.

For years things went on in this way, the governor grinding the peasants, and the giant dog guarding him and his treasure, till at last there came a thunderbolt—the governor was sent for to come to Rome to give an account of the riches which he had kept from the emperor. He had to go, but he left the dog in charge, and the night after he was gone the peasantry gathered and set fire to the chateau and burned it to the ground, and the dog and the treasure were buried in it, and there they are to this day. The people of Vieques believe that if a man will go to dig that treasure and will stay till midnight, that at twelve exactly a colossal dog will rise from the ruined stones and come, breathing flames; in his mouth will be the key of the treasure-vault, and back of him will stand the ghost of the Roman governor wrapped in white, his face covered. And if the man will be bold enough to take the key from the flaming mouth, then dog and governor will vanish in a clap of thunder, and in front of the daring one will rise the door of the treasure-vault, and he may turn the key and go in and help himself.

Francois considered, and, feeling no fear in his soul, decided that he was the man destined to take the key out of the dog's mouth and get the treasure, which he would at once transfer intact to his mother. He had no need for treasure; there were things more important. It was for him to become a marshal of France, Napoleon had said so; it must be so; but he should like, on the way to this goal, to face the dog and take the key and give his mother the treasure.

In the galaxy of the thought, and feeling both ambitious all but accomplished by this decision, he lifted himself on the palms of his hands and kicked out lightly over the abyss. As Francois considered, and, feeling no fear in his soul, decided that he was the man destined to take the key out of the dog's mouth and get the treasure, which he would at once transfer intact to his mother. He had no need for treasure; there were things more important. It was for him to become a marshal of France, Napoleon had said so; it must be so; but he should like, on the way to this goal, to face the dog and take the key and give his mother the treasure.

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"Rise, Chevalier Francois Beaupre!" he kicked there was a sudden strong grip on his shoulder; he was jerked backward and rolled on the grass.

"Are you tired of life at this age then?" a strident voice demanded, and Francois lay on his back and regarded, wondering, at ease, the bronzed lined face of a big man standing over him. Francois smiled; then laughed with assurance of the other's friendliness up into the strange man's face. He got to his feet and stood.

"No, m'sieur," he said politely. "I was only pleased at thinking what I am going to be some day."

"Ah! is it permitted to ask what magnificence it is that you are to be?" "Certainly it is permitted, m'sieur," Francois answered in his courageous, courteous way. "I shall one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte."

The stranger watched him, astonished, and then he laid his hand on the

slim shoulder in its homespun blouse, and his grave voice was gentle. "My child, be careful how you say words like those; you may get your father into trouble. It is a good belief to keep in one's heart, and you and I may yet shout 'Vive l'Empereur' for a Napoleon again. Yes, who knows? But I must go on. Good day, my friend, the marshal."

## CHAPTER III.

### Without Fear.

The glider was at work gilding the great ball on top of the church steeple. Every twenty years this had to be done, and it was an event in the village. Moreover, it was dangerous, and, like all dangers, fascinating.

The boys of Vieques stood in groups in the street with their heads bent back, watching the tiny figure of a man that crept up an invisible ladder far in the air, lashed to the side of the steeple. Up and up it went, like a fly, crawling on the fleche, and there was a sinking feeling in each boy's stomach which was delightful, to think how at any moment that creeping black spot which was the glider might fall down, down, and be dashed to pieces.

Achille Dufour suggested, "Even Francois would not dare climb that ladder to the ball. Dare you?" The great brown eyes of Francois turned about the group; the boys waited eagerly for his answer. It was always this one who led into the dangerous places; always this one who went a bit further when the others' courage failed.

"I dare," said Francois. Then the dark heads came together in an uneasy mass, and there was whispering.

At the dinner-hour that day several mothers of the village remarked that their small lads were restless, not intent as usual on the black bread and the soup of chopped vegetables and the green beans—all anxious to finish and get away. Only the mother of Francois, however, reasoned from this that mischief was brewing. When the slim, wiry, little figure slipped from the table and out through the open door, she rose and followed and stood in the great entry watching him race across the field toward the church. He crept but once in his straight path—to turn to the Philpoteaux cottage, where the glider lodged while in Vieques.

"How soon will one be at work up there again?" he asked through the window of Auguste Philpoteaux sitting at his dinner, and the man answered good-naturedly:

"It may be in half an hour, my boy, not sooner." And Francois raced on. By this time a boy here and a boy there had stolen from their dinner tables and were gathering in groups down the street, but the elders paid no attention. Francois disappeared into the church; the boys began to grow breathless.

"It will take some minutes for the stairs," one said, and they waited. Two minutes, three, perhaps five; something rose out of the trap-door leading to the platform from which the steeple sprang—a figure, looking very small so far above them. Instantly it attached itself, like a crawling fly, to the side of the steeple; it moved upward. Henri Dufour, below in the street, jumped as a hand gripped his arm. He looked up frightened at La Claire.

"Is that my Francois?" she demanded sternly, but the boy did not seem to answer.

With that, by degrees people came from the cottages as at some mysterious warning and stood silent, afraid to breathe, watching the little figure creeping up, up the dizzy narrowing peak of the church steeple. A rider galloped down the road; seeing the groups, he pulled in his bay horse and his eyes followed the upward glance of the whole village.

"Who is it?" he flung at the nearest knot of peasants; his voice was abrupt and commanding.

The men pulled off their caps, and one answered respectfully: "It is little Francois Beaupre, my seigneur; it is a child who has no fear; he is almost at the top, but we dread it when he descends."

"Mon dieu!" the man on horseback growled. "If he looked down he is lost; the lad is a born hero or a born lunatic."

The crawling spot up there showed dark in the sunlight against the new gilding of the ball. It stopped; the blot was fixed for a second; another second. From the crowd rose gasps, and excited broken sentences.

"He has the vertigo! He is lost!" The dark blot clung against the gilding. Then suddenly it moved, began to make a slow way downward, and a long sigh, like a ripple on water, ran through the ranks of people. No one spoke; all the eyes watched the little figure slip down, down the unseen ladder in the air. At last it was at the bottom; it disappeared into the trap-door. Every one began to talk volubly at once; a woman cried for joy, then a child spoke in a high voice.

"See," she said shrilly, "the mother of Francois goes to meet him!" The Claire was far down the street, gliding toward the church doors

which was under the steeple. As she reached it the little lad came out, his face flushed, his eyes shining with excitement and triumph. She took his hand silently, hardly looking at him, and turned so, quietly, without a word of either joy or reproof, her face impassive. She had got her boy again from the dead, it seemed to Claire, and those first moments were beyond words or embraces. To touch his warm hand was enough. The man on the bay horse, trotting slowly along, saw the meeting.

"It is a woman out of the common, that one," he spoke aloud. "She rules herself and the boy." And the boy looked up as he came and smiled and tugged at his cap with the hand which his mother did not hold.

"Good morning, m'sieur," he said with friendliness, and the rider stared.

"Sacre bleu!" he flung back in his strong sudden voice. "It is my friend, the marshal. Was it you, then, glued up there? Yet another fashion to play with death, eh? Nom d'un chien! You have a star of good luck—you are saved for something great, it must be."

"M'sieur the Marshal," he flung at Francois. "Come and see me in the chateau."

There was a clatter of galloping hoofs; the bay mare and her rider were far down the street.

"Who is it, my mother—the fierce gentleman?" Francois asked. "You are fortunate today, Francois," Claire answered him. "The good God has saved your life from a very great foolishness, and also I think you have made a friend. It is the new seigneur."

## CHAPTER IV.

### Coming to His Own.

Six years ago, before Waterloo, Napoleon had given the new chateau of Vieques and its lands to general the Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, whom he had before then fashioned into a very good pattern of a soldier out of material left over from the old aristocracy. Vieques lay in the Valley Delesmontes—"of the mountains"—a league from the little city Delesmontes, whose six thousand inhabitants constituted it the chief city of this valley of the Jura. Over Vieques hung the mountain called Le Rose, behind Le Rose loomed that greater mountain called Le Raimu; back of Le Raimu rolled the Jura range.

The Baron-General Gourgaud, taking possession of the chateau in this month of July, thought it lucky he had not seen this domain of his before, else the vision would have turned his heart from his duty. After a full career almost in boyhood—for the Cross of the Legion of Honor had come to him at twenty-four—after service in the Spanish and Austrian campaigns and diplomatic missions; after saving the emperor's life at Moscow; after Waterloo, Napoleon had chosen him as one of three officers to go with him to St. Helena. The chateau and estate of Vieques had been given to him by the emperor after that brave and lucky moment at Moscow when, the first man to enter the Kremlin, he had snatched the match from a mass of gunpowder which would a moment later have blown up both officers and emperor.

Ten years before he had married; four years after that his wife had died, and the daughter she left was now a girl of seven, a fair type of girl. "You are perfect in every way but one, Alixe," he said, as he swung her high to kiss her. "You are—"

"I know," the little girl interrupted, comrade-like. "I know the fault I have. I am not a boy. But I do not wish to be a boy, father. I would then grow to be a great fierce person with a moustache—like you. Imagine me, father, with a moustache," and the two laughed together.

"Father, father!" Alixe dashed into the library.

"There is a queer, little, village boy—but a good boy, father. He has brought you a bunch of lettuce—such white fat lettuce! Will you see him? He is a very good boy."

"Alixe, you are impayable," the general growled. "I am your plaything! Yes, send for all the village—that will help me with my writing."

Alixe, ignoring sarcasm, had flown. In a minute she was back and led by the hand Francois.

"Ah!" the general greeted him sternly. "My friend, the marshal! You have already begun the attack on my chateaux, it seems?"

"No, my seigneur," the boy answered gravely. "Not yet. I bring you some salad as a present. It is from my mother's garden. I chose the best."

"I thank you," said the general with seriousness. "I am not sure if your mother will thank you equally. It is a good present."

Francois was gratified. Le Claire had this morning sent him to the gardens with a wide margin of time, and the inspiration had come as he looked down the gleaming row of white lettuce that he would take a tribute and make the visit which the seigneur had asked him to make.

General Gourgaud brought down his

stet on a table so that it rattled and Francois started—but not Alixe.

"Sabre de bois!" he threw at the two children. "You have ruined my morning these cursed chapters this morning. But let them wait. Having the honor to receive a visit from an officer of high rank, the least I can do is to entertain him. What amusement do you prefer, m'sieur the Marshal? I am at your service."

It was natural to Francois to believe every one kindly; he accepted with simplicity, if with slight surprise, the general's speech.

"The seigneur has fought battles under the great emperor himself!" the boy asked in an awed tone.

"Yes," came the abrupt answer. "Think!" whispered the French boy. "To have fought under the emperor!" And the old soldier's heart thrilled suddenly. The child went on. "If the seigneur would tell me a story of one fight—of just one!"

"Ratsibon, Ratsibon!" clamored Alixe, and she scrambled over the arm of his chair to her father's knee and her hand went around his neck. "Tell about Ratsibon and the ditch and the ladders, father."

"Halt!" ordered the general. "I have not a week to talk. But I will tell about Ratsibon if you wish."

The deep voice stopped, then went on again. "The Austrians held Ratsibon and the bridge across the Danube river. The emperor wished to take the town and that bridge. Marshal Lannes was ordered to do it. You see, my children, the walls were very old but filled with Austrian artillery, and there was infantry on the parapets. An old ditch lay under the walls, a large ditch, dry, but twenty feet high and fifty feet wide. All the bottom of it was a vegetable garden. To take that town it was necessary to go down into that ditch and climb up again to the walls, and all the time one would be under fire from the Austrians on the walls—do you understand that, children? Very well. Twice the marshal asked for fifty volunteers to take the ladders and place them in the ditch. Twice one hundred men sprang forward, and it was necessary to choose the fifty. Twice they dashed out, carrying the ladders, from behind the great stone barn which had covered them, and each time the detail was wiped out—fifty men wiped out. It was like that, my children, the fight at Ratsibon."

"The emperor!" Francois breathed. "The emperor was there?"

"Probably nothing, which had not to do with his daughter, could have touched General Gourgaud as did that tribute."

"Sapristi!" he growled. "The arm of the little corporal reaches a long way. The child has not even seen him, and volia, he loves him."

The child's face flushed. "But yes, my seigneur," Francois spoke quickly. "But yes, I have seen the emperor."

"You have seen Napoleon?" The general was surprised. "How is that?"

In a boyish fashion, in homely language of his class, yet with that dramatic instinct which is characteristic of French, Francois told his tale as his grandmother had told it to him and to his brothers and sisters—the tale which the children called "Napoleon Comes." The general listened with a sincere interest.

"My boy," he addressed the lad. "I do not know the law—I am a soldier."

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"Sapristi!" he growled. "The arm of the little corporal reaches a long way. The child has not even seen him, and volia, he loves him."

The child's face flushed. "But yes, my seigneur," Francois spoke quickly. "But yes, I have seen the emperor."

"You have seen Napoleon?" The general was surprised. "How is that?"

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sometimes—I have dreamed—are not dreams—in broad day are things—I hear voices—not of our village. Three times a long road up a mountain, the mountain was a large star, it three times, and once a village is the star of the Bonapartes, your star, Francois. Follow your general, Francois. Follow your star for all his cult of Napoleon-vision-seeing appeared to his sense. He pooh-poohed at the idea of a star divided between the house of Bonaparte and a man. "Your mother had been wet cloth in your cap," he said. "Parbleu—seeing stars in a Some one-legged old fighter gabbling before you about the Bonapartes, and that and a of sunstroke in this heat, it have turned you silly. Let me more of stars, but keep at you and learn to be—"

With that he was aware of boy did not "ar him. The light was on tiptoes—the large eyes on the wall, and the child spoke uninflected voice as if something had spoken through him.

"I see the star," he said, "through a window where the iron bars. . . Ah! The light was in the boy's nature, and he shivered violently. "Tooth chattered and he looked vaguely. "It is like an icicle, not like those dreams; they are so cold. Seigneur, it is late, stop at the garden and pick the tables for supper—carrots and must hurry to get the peas and rats."

Little Alixe, clutching her thumb, watched as the boy appeared. Then, to the general'sishment, she began to sob. "I know," she answered his question. "But I—I think it is because I am sorry the little boy was born."

## CHAPTER V.

### A Game of Cards.

Francois Beaupre—Le Francois—Vieques—sober, laborious, had a certain pig-headedness, and a vein of the gambler which had not with use; yet because it had brought him only good luck he had bought this good judgment, and was a dealer in working and bought and raised and sold that only his wife knew what chance often took in buying young beef was a simple solid form of speculation yet it was that.

On a day in September he took the market in Delesmontes, a distant, two pairs of oxen which had bought as calves for almost nothing from poor stock out of leagues away. He had fed and cared for them till now they were all well set-up and powerful smooth-working—ready to sell at good price. At the market he had that there were few oxen to be posed of, none which compared to his ideas of value went to would get nine hundred francs them, which delayed the sale.

So it came to be, by the time the bargain was closed, three o'clock the afternoon, and he had had dinner. With the cattle off his sense of leisure and of wealth as gray as a wolf he felt alone, returned into the inn of Delesmontes where the sign of a huge bear, set of tin and painted black, swung on the door.

A waitress approached him—melliere—trim in her short calico and white apron, her hair done in picturesque fashion of the place. The girl took his order; as she turned go a man just coming in turned against her, and apologizing in many words, caught sight of Francois.

"Good day!" he saluted him. "Good day, Monsieur Beaupre, Francois, friendly always, and 'Good day,' but with a reserve, did not recall the man. "You remember me? That is nature we met but once. Yet I have forgotten you. It was at the home of my cousin, Paul Noirjean of Dev."

Now Paul Noirjean was an acquaintance and a solid man, though Beaupre did not see him living six leagues away, he recalled him highly. A cousin of his was considered, and Francois was raised that his memory could focus on the meeting. He tried to cover this with cordiality, and to the stranger to share his meal.

"Not at all, not at all," the answered. "Yet we must have a of wine together, but it shall be a bottle."

Francois objected; the man in at length: "See, we will play for that bottle," the unknown suggested, and the cards were brought and a game of La Rams—suchre in progress in two minutes.

Meanwhile the wine had come. Francois, a touch more generous when he won and the stranger pay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# EDUCATION ON FARMERS

Spent for Pork Than for Education.

## OF GREAT NEED

Essential to Manufacture Leguminous Crops That We Grow to Increase Productiveness of Our Soils.

(By G. H. ALFORD.)

We spend more money for pork than we do for education and religion. We spend millions of dollars to the west for pork and pork products. We are paying 15 cents a pound for pork, and the records of the department stations and the actual experience of hundreds of farmers show that pork can easily be produced in this territory for three cents a pound.

We urge capitalists to build factories and encourage the building of factories by exempting them from taxation for a period of years. We export our factories from taxation, and at the same time send money out to pay for pork manufactured elsewhere. We certainly need factories of all kinds in all towns and cities, and especially do we need hogs to manufacture the cheap leguminous crops that we must grow to increase the productiveness of our soils, the grasses, peanuts, peas, and the like into pork and other products. The hogs to manufacture grasses and grains into pork will double by far the larger dividend. It is not necessary for the farmer to take stock in cotton factories in order to be a manufacturer. Let him keep plenty of good hogs on his farm and he will be one of the most prosperous manufacturers of useful products.

On a farm where good pastures can be had and corn produced in abundance, the hog will be found to be a sure profit producer one year with another. Good pastures, peanuts, peas in corn, potatoes, chufas, rape, sorghum and peas and corn means plenty of cheap pork.

The first investment is small and he is the quickest money maker of all. He will live and grow fat on the waste products of the farm that other stock will not eat. He is ready for market almost any time and will bring the top price if he fat. He multiplies rapidly, and if we only give him good pastures, pure water and a little corn. He will do the rest.

Bermuda grass alone will keep a hog in good growing condition all the summer. Excellent winter and early spring pastures can be obtained by sowing hairy vetch, white, red, or burr clover seed broadcast on the Bermuda or carpet grass sod early in the fall. Oats, rye, rape or orchard grass planted early in October furnish good winter pasture for hogs. Peanuts and sweet potatoes, chufas and artichokes planted in April make excellent feed for hogs in the fall and winter. Two plantings of peas can be made, one of an early variety and one of a late variety, in April. Two varieties can be planted at the same time again in June or July. Very little corn is necessary.

We can no longer raise cotton to buy pork. We must raise cheap crops of peanuts, cow peas, sorghum, artichokes, red clover, rape and so on for hogs to graze. No man has ever been able to give a sensible reason for growing cotton to pay for bacon and instead of growing cheap leguminous crops to raise hogs. No man has ever been able to give a sensible reason for feeding corn from weaning time to killing time instead of raising hogs on pasture grasses and cheap

gives a value for the peas of \$10.00 per acre. And this is net, as the hogs did their own harvesting. Also the manure and humus from the stalks, vines and seeds were left on the land. By tests made at the station for two years to determine the value of the peas grown in the corn as a fertilizer, it has been found that they increase the succeeding cotton crop by 110 pounds of lint per acre."

The following succession of crops is recommended by the Louisiana experiment station: "Sow oats the latter part of September for fall and winter grazing, counting about 15 or 20 head of hogs per acre. Sow red clover or crimson clover in October to be pastured after the oats, late in January, and through February and March and April. Sow sorghum early in March to which transfer hogs from clover. After harvesting oats, plant Mexican June corn and cow peas in a portion of the land, and peanuts and sweet potatoes on the remainder. Use corn and a portion in peanuts for finishing off the hogs for the market, or slaughter at home."

Professor Lloyd, one of the best-published agriculturists in the south, suggests the following plan for a hog

### Forage Crops Make Cheap Pork

One Acre	Value of Crop	Lbs. of Pork	Returns Per Bushel
Alfalfa	\$36	600	95
lover	34	575	.98
Corn Hogged Off	24	400	—
Rape, Oats, low	24	400	89
Sorghum	22	375	64
Blue Grass	18	600	66
Rye	15	250	—
Cowpeas	13	225	74
Soybeans	11	175	75

Fork at 4 cents

pasture: "Oats and vetch planted in September will furnish grazing December, January, February, March and part of April. Cow peas and peanuts planted in April and May will furnish grazing for July, August and September, October and November. Artichokes planted in April and May will furnish grazing December and January. Dwarf Essex rape planted in February and March will furnish grazing in May and June. Dwarf Essex rape planted in August and September will furnish grazing in December and January. Bermuda grass, with white or burr clover, will serve as a permanent pasture and furnish grazing a greater part of the spring, winter and summer."

Cow peas without grain have so far given better results at our experiment stations than any other crop tested. One season the peas were grown on very poor hill land and produced 350 pounds of pork per acre. The next season the crop was grown on bottom land and produced 483 pounds of pork per acre. The hogs were turned in when the first pods began to ripen.

Professor Duggar, at the Alabama station, found an acre of Spanish peanuts on poor, gravelly land produced 600 pounds of live weight of hogs, and an acre of cow peas about 400 pounds. No country on earth has such advantages for raising cheap pork, and yet no country raises so little of it.

We are told by a bulletin issued by the Louisiana station that one acre of Spanish peanuts grown on poor land at Calhoun contained 192 pounds of nitrogen, worth at commercial fertilizers' value at least \$23. An acre of velvet beans contained 191 pounds, and an acre of cow peas 108 pounds. These crops made from two to three tons of feed stuffs richer in food elements than wheat bran. When such feed stuffs can be harvested by hogs without serious loss of fertilizing value, is there any excuse for poor land and the shipping of pork and lard into the south?

### CARING FOR MOLTING FOWLS

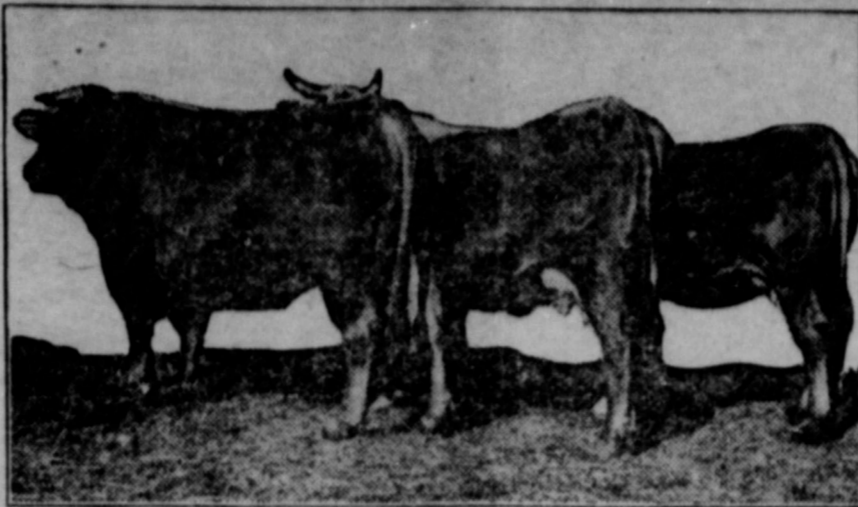
Process is No More Critical Than Laying Stunt, Provided Hens Are Given Sufficient Feed.

Some people make a dreadful fuss about the poor molting hen, while this molting process is just as natural as it is for a hen to live and breathe, and no more critical than the laying stunt, provided the hens are laid enough to keep up the waste of the body and at the same time manufacture the new feathers, says the Field and Farm. The sooner the eggs will come and to hurry them along as fast as possible the fowls should be fed liberally. Give them all the mash they will eat, and a good feeding of grain at night.

To many folks it looks like throwing away money to practice heavy feeding while no eggs are coming in, but this is one of the secrets of getting winter eggs. The molting season is the most critical period in the life of a hen. Growth of new feathers is a heavy strain on vitality. As the hen is fed on the average ranch it requires from two to four months to recover from the effects of it.

By giving the necessary materials with which to make the feathers so that a hen will not have to make them from the tissues of her body, she will be ready to work as soon as she has her new plumage and often before. Pulletts should be handled in the same way.

### VARIETY OF FEED FOR THE FARM CATTLE



The Improved Animal That Has Inherited Fixed Characteristics is the Best Machine for Converting Farm Crops into Beef. Good Beef Type of Cattle.

(By M. ROBERTS CONOVER.)  
To lay in a supply of winter food for the family and neglect to cater to the family cow is an oversight which retards upon the owner straightway, with unerring accuracy, for the milk cow measures to her owner in proportion as he meets out to her materials from which she is to maintain her own strength and vitality and produce a good flow of milk.

The demand of her body for greater warmth during the winter months make it necessary that she be in first-class condition—fat and sleek.

An abundance of food which not only aids in maintaining her bodily warmth, but is of a nature to wet the appetite to its keenest, is essential to keep the milk flow at its best.

Like other domestic animals, cattle enjoy variety. The available food-material on a well conducted farm affords this. Clover and timothy hay, oat-hay, cornstalks, cowpeas, bran, a quantity of undersized, unmarketable apples, potatoes, squashes, beets and carrots are a delight to the healthy cow.

Where one has not the facilities for supplying ensilage, the vegetables and fruits mentioned above are a most excellent substitute.

Turnips, cabbage and strong-flavored vegetables are also relished by this family cow, and are very wholesome, but as they give an unpleasant flavor to the milk they cannot be admitted to her diet.

Decayed or moldy fruit or vegetables should, needless to state, be rejected. The seeds should be removed from squashes and pumpkins, as they tend to diminish the flow of milk.

In order that the food be wholesome and nutritious, it must be stored under approved conditions.

Hay, well-cured, keeps in a mow or a loft with plenty of bottom ventilation. Stalks are usually ricked out-of-doors. This is satisfactory if they are thoroughly dry when ricked, and so tightly packed that those underneath are thoroughly protected by the sloping outside layers.

Apples should be kept just above the freezing point in the cellar, if possible, potatoes at a temperature of 40 degrees, and squash in a dry place where they will not freeze.

The squashes should be fed early in the winter, as under ordinary storage conditions they cannot be depended upon for long keeping.

Of the apples, the culls of the early winter varieties are, of course, first used. Those of the Salisbury and the longer-keeping varieties may be reserved for later feeding.

A bran mash, with chopped beets or carrots stirred into it, is a great treat, and is a beneficial form of feeding which should be offered occasionally. Be sure that the bran or meal offered to the cow is sweet and good, or trouble may result.

The cornstalks may be fed once a day, and clover or oat-hay at another meal; the meal of the day being the bran-and-vegetable mixture.

Squashes and large beets should always be partly cut up, as they are difficult for a cow to manage when whole.

### KILL WEED SEEDS BY USING A SILO

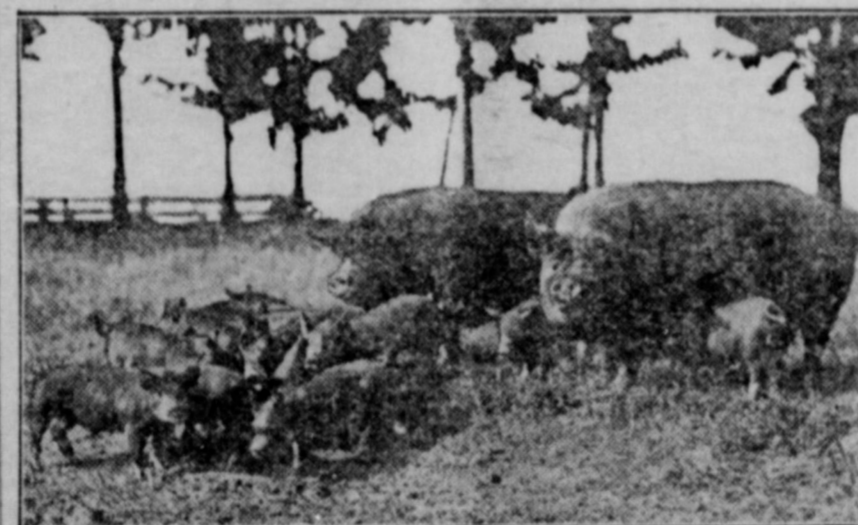
Do Not Retain Sufficient Vitality to Germinate in Spring, Says Missouri Expert.

That the seeds of the common field weeds when ensiled with corn, peas or any forage used as silage will not retain sufficient vitality to germinate in the spring when returned to the land mixed with manure, is the belief of E. B. Hart, chief agricultural chemist of the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin, and A. L. Stone, state seed inspector.

While there are no experiments on record with regard to the combined chemical action of silage and manure on the germination of seeds, it is quite likely that there is little danger of seeding valuable fields with noxious weeds in this manner. As an added precaution the storing of manure under a shed is, because of the fermentation taking place in the compost heap, to be advocated as a sure means of destroying any weed seeds contained therein.

**Trichinosis Danger.**  
Danish researchers show that the death of cats and dogs because of trichinosis is very common. Dead bodies, therefore, should be disposed of in a way that will effectually prevent other animals from being contaminated.

### COMMON SENSE IN THE FEEDING OF PIGS



A Fine Duroc-Jersey Litter.

(By W. R. GILBERT.)  
A mistake that we often make is that we wear our pigs too young. I believe in getting the little pigs started off to eat at three or four weeks old, and there is nothing better than a little milk and sloops to get them started. Then feed them liberally, and by the time you wean them at eight or ten weeks old you have a big, strong, lusty pig.

I am satisfied that a great many of our people lose all the profit in the business by the way they handle the pigs at weaning-time. I am a strong believer in raising little pigs out in the open. Of course you must have shelter for them in storms, and for feeding purposes, but let them have access to the earth; keep them on the ground, and give them green food, and you will get them to develop bone and muscle, and a strong stomach.

They are always on their feed and always at their feed. I like to have them out on a clover pasture, or on peas and rape. For later pasture rape gives satisfactory results. Of course you must feed the pigs reasonably at the same time.

We all know that for economic production a mixture of several grains fed together, will give better results than any one grain fed alone. I cannot lay down a hard and fast

rule. Some seasons oats might be very satisfactory, but if you get such a combination as high-priced oats it would be foolish to advocate them, especially when we have to purchase our feed.

During the winter months, in a root-growing country, I believe roots are a good food and should compose a large portion of the ration, and I believe in boiling the roots and feeding some grain.

Do not load them up with a great lot of water, feed the roots in rather a thick batter, and mix in your sloops and middlings, and whatever grain you might happen to have. For the larger pigs pulp the roots and feed the meal sprinkled on. I like to take the chill off the food, and always see that the pigs clean their trough up, leaving no material in them.

A great many people make the mistake of having food left in the troughs. Pay particular attention to cleanliness, have dry beds, and give them dry straw to lie on.

In the winter months give them wood ashes and charcoal, and sod or earth of some kind. Earth seems to be absolutely necessary to keep the digestive organs in good condition. Milk is one of the best things for a pig. Nothing lengthens them out like milk, if properly handled.

### KEEP SHEEP ON DRY FARMS

Almost Entire Product of Small Flock May Be Looked Upon as Profit on Semi-Arid Lands.

(By E. A. BURNETT, University of Nebraska.)

Over much of the dry-farming area a few sheep can be kept at a profit, and where a small flock of sheep is kept on a half section of land almost the entire product of the flock may be looked upon as profit, since it is possible with a small flock of sheep to sell practically the same amount of grain products as could be sold if they were not kept upon the farm.

Farming in the great plains area should be adjusted to the conditions which obtain in years of average or sub-normal rainfall. In these years live stock will always be more profitable than exclusive grain farming. In years where rainfall is largely in excess of the normal, grain farming is likely to be more profitable, but since the investment in labor is necessarily from \$4.00 to \$8.00 per acre upon each acre of the land under grain farming, a failure of grain causes a serious loss from which the farmer cannot easily recover. Live stock farming, while producing somewhat less revenue than grain in the most favorable years, will produce more net profit than grain farming over any fifteen-year period with which the writer has had experience.

Even in eastern Nebraska, where the corn crop is looked upon as safe in at least eight years out of ten, live stock should be kept upon farms to consume the residue products and convert them into merchantable form.

The freight upon coarse products is so high that they cannot be shipped long distances to market. Upon live stock and upon other concentrated products, freight is relatively cheap, so that they may be shipped farther to market with profit. In this country hay can hardly be shipped more than two or three hundred miles at a profit, while butter may easily be produced in Nebraska and shipped with profit to Atlantic coast cities. The time must come throughout all the great plains area and the corn belt lying to the east of it when live stock will be considered a necessity in good farm management.

The business of growing our beef on great open ranges and fattening it in the corn belt is rapidly passing, and the time when we must grow beef on the farming lands of the corn belt is already here. To do this we must maintain breeding herds on the farm and keep them under the best methods practicable.

Under dry-farm conditions a diversity of crops should be used, striving to grow those which will mature under normal conditions and furnish some grain to supplement the forage raised. In addition to that needed for live stock, some grain may be raised as a money crop.

### LOSSES IN SOIL FERTILITY

Land That Has Been Manured Will Produce Considerable More Than That Not So Treated.

(By W. C. PALMER, North Dakota Agricultural College.)

The plant food removed from the soil by farm products is represented in the following table:

Value of Product	Crop	Plant Food Removed
\$100	Hay	\$55.00
100	Wheat	30.00
100	Corn	30.00
100	Beef	5.00
100	Cream	1.00
100	Butter	.10

In other words, in selling \$100 worth of wheat \$30 worth of plant food are sold, so the net return is \$70, while selling \$100 worth of cream the net return is \$99. In selling grain and hay the fertility that makes the farm productive is sold, too. In selling dairy products the fertility is returned to the land in the manure. Land that has been manured will produce considerably more than unmanured land. Growing crops, such as corn, grass, or alfalfa to feed the dairy cow, reduce weeds and in other ways prepare the land for producing a good crop of grain.

Dairying or stock of some kind are an important part in profitable farming.

### Caponizing Fowls.

The large breeds are best for caponizing. A few months old capon is no better than a cockerel. A capon will more readily put on fat and get large and prime after maturity. The object in caponizing is to secure quality and size, but quality is the most important. Age does not impair a capon as it does a cockerel, provided the bird is not kept longer than a year and a half.

Capon will have to mature before they can get much flesh, and for that reason they cannot be sold while young. No poultry meat excels, if any equals, a half-grown guinea, split down the back, broiled and buttered. It is meaty, tender and of splendid flavor.

### Plow Garden Deep.

Deep fall plowing will do more toward giving the garden a start for next season than anything except a good coat of well-rotted manure. The two go well together.

### Clean Up Rubbish.

Clear up the rubbish around the garden and truck patches. Weeds and debris of any kind harbor insects which should not have protection during the winter season.

**Forgiven.**  
The priest had warned Pat a number of times of the probable consequence of his intemperate habits and as many times had secured the Irishman's promise to reform. Finding Pat drunk one day, the reverend gentleman began his customary rebuke by expressing his sorrow at finding Pat once more in the condition. "Are you really sorry?" asked Pat. "To be sure I am," responded the priest. "Well, then," replied Pat, "if you're sure you're sorry, then I'll forgive you."

### THE RIGHT SOAP FOR BABY'S SKIN

In the care of baby's skin and hair, Cuticura Soap is the mother's favorite. Not only is it unrivaled in purity and refreshing fragrance, but its gentle emollient properties are usually sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness, roughness and chafing, soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and hair health generally. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, it is most valuable in the treatment of eczemas, rashes and itching, burning infantile eruptions. Cuticura Soap wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of ordinary soap and making its use most economical.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample each free, with 22-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Many a man is a good husband simply because he hasn't the nerve to be anything else.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

Many a man has killed himself from overwork inventing labor-saving machinery.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. in a bottle.

On the level, did you ever see a woman who was speechless with rage?

## BE MERRY

This is the season for good cheer and happiness, but **You** know how hard it is to "be merry" when **Your** liver has developed a "lazy spell." To overcome this trouble just try a short course of **Hostetter's Stomach Bitters**. It will prove very helpful. It is for Poor Appetite, Nausea, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness and Grippe.

## GO TO WESTERN CANADA NOW

The opportunity of securing free homesteads of 160 acres each, and the low priced lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will soon have passed.

Canada offers a hearty welcome to the Settler, to the man with a family looking for a home; to the farmer's son, to the renter, to all who wish to live under better conditions.

Canada's grain yield in 1913 is the talk of the world. Luxuriant Grasses give cheap fodder for large herds; cost of raising and fattening for market is a trifle.

The sum realized for Beef, Butter, Milk and Cheese will pay fifty per cent on the investment.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

G. A. COOK  
125 W. 9th Street  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Canadian Government Agent.

## Why Scratch?

"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded WITHOUT QUESTION if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other Skin Disease. 50c at your druggist's, or by mail direct if he hasn't it. Manufactured by A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO.

## Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels. A remedy for sick headache. Unquestioned as an ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE. Beware of cheaply coated. Small Dose. Price, 25c.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.



**THE McLEAN NEWS**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

**SUBSCRIPTION.**

One Year ..... \$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter May 8, 1905, at the postoffice at McLean, Texas, under the Act of Congress.

**P. O. Bubble Punctured**

Much of the enthusiasm that has been accumulating in the energetic breasts of numerous patriotic citizens who would forego all personal claims upon their time to serve their country and their fellow citizens in the capacity of postmaster, has suddenly subsided into a dull apathy and the aforesaid numerous patriotic citizens have begun to turn their attention to more worldly things.

Just what started all the clamor and insistent campaigning for the appointment to the local postmastership, no one can exactly figure, but sure it is that from a small beginning in the way of inquiry resulted precinct-wide effort among rival candidates to land the job and petitions, political strings and various other instruments of approved and modern efficiency were being concocted, pulled and employed in an endeavor to reach the desired end.

Congressman Stephens was besieged with various letters concerning the matter and his advices were to the effect that a primary election would be the logical thing to decide who make the sacrifice. He wrote to the county chairman instructing him to call an election for the purpose in case there should be a vacancy, and—

Thereby hangs the tale. There is no vacancy. Mr. Stephens was again importuned as to setting a date for the election. He examined the records. He found that the present incumbent of the office was in possession of a commission that would not expire until some time in April, 1915. That in view of these facts there was no need to call a primary at all for some time to come.

And there we are, right where we started.

It is possibly true that Mr. Dorsey's resignation was expected in view of his failing health, which to a certain degree has handicapped him in the discharge of his duties, but it is also true that he has not resigned and so far there is no public intimation that he will, which leaves the matter for the present in statu quo.

**Red Rust Proof Oats.**

Buy your seed oats from us—they took first prize at the Panhandle State Fair at Amarillo October 6th to 11th, 1913. Only ones raised in this vicinity. W. M. Kennedy, one mile east of Alanreed.

**To My Friends.**

I want to notify my friends who have been trading with me for the past eighteen months that I have made a change from C. C. Cook's to C. A. Cash & Sons, where I will work for the present year. I am no popular salesman, but have made this business a study for seven years, so want to invite my friends over to trade with me for the coming year, where we have a more complete line of dry goods and groceries and prices that will make you wonder why.

GEO. BELLENGER

**Senior League Program.**

- Subject—Africa.
- Ethiopia stretching out her hands—Isa. 45:14-22.
- Song.
- Prayer.
- Leader talk on Pioneering in Congo.
- Song.
- Prayer.
- Eight missionaries raised up—Cora Wadley.
- Helping at Wembo Niama—Bethel Christian.
- Prayer for missionaries.
- Three reasons for missionary activity:
- First: Christ said go—Frank Stockton.
- Second: The need—Fred Landers.

**OFFICIAL STATEMENT**

Of the financial condition of the Citizens State Bank at McLean, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 13th day of January, 1914, published in the McLean News, a newspaper printed and published at McLean, State of Texas, on the 23rd day of January, 1914.

**RESOURCES:**

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$51,594 14
Loans, real estate	10,415 32
Overdrafts	581 91
Bonds and Stocks	3,065 00
Real Estate (banking house)	1,748 00
Furniture and fixtures	2,586 00
Due from approved reserve agents, net	11,611 74
Due from other banks and bankers subject to check, net	17 50
Cash Items	412 81
Currency	5,139 00
Specie	1,504 67
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	18,685 72
Other resources as follows: Assessment for Guaranty Fund	1,714 96
Total	\$90,482 14

**LIABILITIES:**

Capital Stock paid in	\$15,000 00
Surplus fund	2,400 00
Undivided profits, net	1,881 19
Individual deposits subject to check	48,127 06
Time certificates of deposit	11,492 04
Cashiers checks	3,581 85
Bills payable and rediscounts	8,000 00
Total	\$90,482 14

STATE OF TEXAS }  
County of Gray } We, D. N. Massay as president, and Earl S. Hurst as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

D. N. MASSAY, President.  
EARL S. HURST, Cashier.  
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 19th day of January, A. D. nineteen hundred and fourteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.

[SEAL] W. R. PATTERSON, Notary Public.  
L. H. WEBB }  
Earl S. Hurst } Directors  
J. M. NOEL }

Third: The reflex influence and effect—Ethel Stockton.  
Leader—Mrs. Noel.

**Post Office.**

No vacancy. No election. To the voters and those who get their mail here will say that I decided to submit my claim for the postoffice and last Saturday got out and talked to some of you, explaining my claim. Since the election will not be called until a vacancy occurs in the office, I wish to announce that I will be a candidate for the post-office when the election is called, and ask one and all to investigate my claim for the office. I want your vote when the time comes.

Thanking you for a consideration of my candidacy,  
Respectfully,  
C. C. Cook.

**Cash talks—with Cal & Bill.**

**Directons Elected.**

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Citizens State Bank of McLean was held on January 10, last, and the following directors were elected for the coming year:

- D. N. Massay, J. L. Crabtree, W. E. Ballard, J. M. Noel, L. H. Webb, J. T. Close and Earl S. Hurst.

The stockholders express themselves as being highly elated over the progress made the previous year by the officers in charge, hence their re-election.

The semi-annual dividend of the bank was ordered paid out to the stockholders and the legal amount carried to the surplus fund.

**Grade the Seed You Plant.**

Like produces like—if you plant good, healthy, strong seed you will get a large thrifty stalk producing large heads or ears. Why not be particular with the seed you plant for your crop as well as the stock you breed. We have a machine for grading seeds of all kinds and there should be one or two in every neighborhood. A few farmers could club together and buy one of these and the cost would be but little, while the investment would be the kind that brings returns. Why not consider this important matter and get a NEWTON SEED GRADER. We have one on exhibition in our store. Call and examine it.

Respectfully,  
McLEAN HARDWARE Co.

**OFFICIAL STATEMENT**

Of the financial condition of the American State Bank at McLean, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 13th day of January, 1914, published in the McLean News, a newspaper printed and published at McLean, State of Texas, on the 23rd day of January, 1914.

**RESOURCES**

Loans and discounts, personal or collateral	\$112,000 00
Loans, real estate	5,000 00
Overdrafts	1,000 00
Bonds and Stocks	1,000 00
Real Estate (banking house)	1,000 00
Furniture and fixtures	1,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents, net	\$12,098 14
Cash Items	304 35
Currency	8,731 00
Specie	1,321 17
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	1,000 00
Other resources as follows: Transit account	4,000 00
Total	\$154,000 00

**LIABILITIES**

Capital Stock paid in	\$25,000 00
Surplus Fund	10,000 00
Undivided profits, net	1,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	80,000 00
Time certificates of deposit	21,000 00
Cashier's checks	1,000 00
Bills payable and rediscounts	10,000 00
Total	\$154,000 00

STATE OF TEXAS, }  
County of Gray. } We, D. B. Veatch as president, and H. Holt as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

D. B. VEATCH, President.  
W. H. HOLT, Cashier.  
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 16th day of January, nineteen hundred and fourteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.

J. T. FOSTER, Notary Public.  
CORRECT—ATTEST: { W. H. HOLT }  
J. T. FOSTER } Directors  
{ GEO. W. SITTER }

**Report From Prof. Durrett**

The last report shows an enrollment of 373 pupils, 19 of these are in Peterson Creek School. This leaves 354 pupils for 7 teachers in the McLean School. Every available seat is occupied in the High School department. Some of the single seats are shared by two pupils. Conditions are similar in the primary and intermediate grades.

Since the first six grades are necessarily divided into two grades each—high and low—there are practically twelve grades for four teachers. The school would be much more effective with two more teachers, and we shall have them as soon as the tax payers come to appreciate the real difference in value between a good school in their midst and a few paltry dollars for taxes.

We have the largest public school enrollment of any town our size in the Panhandle. We also have the finest school building of any town our size in the Panhandle. The grade of work actually being done in our school will compare favorably with

that done in any town under twice our size. The teachers invite you to visit the school with a note book and verify the last statement. But let us all give the school our hearty support, moral and financial, and thus make it a still better school.

Please observe carefully your child's monthly report card. If the grades are not satisfactory just tighten up on your end of the line. The teachers are instructed to use their report cards to convey facts—not degrading flatteries—to the parents. If you are dissatisfied with anything or any body pertaining to the school, help your school-board to do better for next year. Remember that they are even more interested than you are, and have done the very best they could under the circumstances.

We have 13 in our Senior class this year—6 girls and 7 boys. Few people know that less than 5 per cent of the pupils who enter the public schools ever graduate.

The teachers are pleased with the interest shown by the pupils in athletics. The leaders on the basket-ball courts are almost without exception, the class rooms. Not a single cigarette smoker has been able to make the 1st basket ball team,

**Announcement**

We are authorized to make the following announcement in this county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary:

- FOR SHERIFF: J. S. DENSON, W. S. COPELAND, G. E. CASTLEBERRY
- FOR CLERK: C. L. UPHAM, T. J. D'SPAIN.
- FOR ASSESSOR: A. H. DOUCETTE, J. B. (Joe) FOX, J. B. PASCHALL.
- FOR COUNTY JUDGE: SILER FAULKNER
- FOR TREASURER: HENRY THUT.

or to do even average work in his classes. In forbidden use of tobacco on the ground, it is not believed any one will be cured of habit, but that the temptation will be removed the 95 per cent who have yet acquired the injurious habit.

J. R. Durrett,  
Extra pants free with suit \$11.50 up to \$32.00.—Luke.

**OFFICIAL STATEMENT**

Of the financial condition of the Bank of Alanreed at Alanreed, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 13th day of January, 1914, published in the McLean News, a newspaper printed and published at McLean, State of Texas, on the 23rd day of January, 1914.

**RESOURCES**

Loans and discounts, personal or collateral	\$20,995 12
Loans, real estate	2,211 10
Overdrafts	162 07
Real estate (banking house)	4,000 00
Furniture and fixtures	1,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents, net	3,047 76
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check, net	576 90
Cash Items	5 39
Currency	731 00
Specie	1,399 51
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	233 10
Total	\$34,359 95

**LIABILITIES**

Capital Stock paid in	\$10,000 00
Surplus fund	2,500 00
Undivided profits, net	2,660 19
Individual deposits subject to check	17,199 76
Bills payable and rediscounts	2,000 00
Total	\$34,359 95

STATE OF TEXAS }  
County of Gray } We, F. R. McCracken as president, and D. B. London as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

F. R. MCCRACKEN, President.  
D. B. LONDON, Cashier.  
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 19th day of January, A. D. nineteen hundred and fourteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.

J. A. COPPEDGE, Notary Public.  
CORRECT—ATTEST: F. R. MCCRACKEN }  
S. R. KENNEDY } Directors  
D. B. LONDON }

**DO YOU WANT A BARGAIN?**

SURE. You have a chance. We have on a sale on Heaters. Are now offering per cent discount on all heating stoves—one-fifth off the regular price.

- No. 12 Vortex Hot Blast, regular price - \$11.00 NOW \$ 8 80
- No. 1200 Vortex Hot Blast, regular price 13.50 NOW 10 80
- No. 14 Round Oak, regular price - - - 22.00 NOW 17 00
- No. 6 High Hot Blast, regular price - - 15.00 NOW 12 00
- No. 15 Crow Oak, regular price - - - 11.00 NOW 8 80
- No. 18 Cadette, Cast Heater, regular price 7.00 NOW 5 60
- No. 24 Cadette, Cast Heater, regular price 9.00 NOW 7 20
- No. 24 Cadette, Cast Heater, regular price 11.00 NOW 8 80
- No. 14 Aurora, Cast Heater, regular price 7.50 NOW 6 00

These prices mean cash. Will make regular price if charged. It will pay you to buy of these, even if you don't need it till next summer, when you can save 20 per cent.

**McLean Hardware Company**



# Local Happenings

## Items of Interest About Town and County

Canton and John Deere Lister shares at the McLean Hardware Co.

J. H. Bodine has our thanks for subscription favors this week.

Don't buy a new suit until you see Luke and get his prices.

Besides being lasting improvements, paying activities produce pay rolls.

Buy your collars, collar pads, harness and plow gear from Cal and Bill.

W. P. Rogers has our thanks for subscription favors this week.

Good prices on team bridges at the McLean Hardware Co.

S. H. Dalrymple has been visiting at Fort Worth and Dallas this week.

See Cal & Bill for all kinds of Hardware.

C. C. Cooper shipped out a car of fat hogs to Fort Worth Tuesday night.

Let us figure on your well supplies. "We pay the freight". Cal & Bill.

J. A. Haynes returned from his trip to Granite and San Angelo.

Time to get a Quicker Yet washer for your wife. Cal & Bill have them.

W. L. Haynes of Heald has recently purchased a new Ford automobile.

\$6.00 will buy that \$7.50 Aurora Heater at Cal & Bill's.

Originality is a vital factor in city development. Do something different.

\$5.60 will buy that \$7.00 cast heater at Cal & Bill's.

W. A. Stubbs has had his name enrolled on the News subscription list, for which he has our thanks.

Take \$8.00 and get a \$11.00 Vortex Hot Blast from Cal & Bill.

Dolphus Burrows was down from Rockledge Sunday for a visit with home folks.

Dr. J. A. Hall will be in McLean Monday to Saturday, February 2nd to 7th to do dental work.

Miss Cam Henry was here from the White Fish community Saturday and Sunday to visit with home folks.

You should never pass up the Vortex Hot Blast at the price Cal & Bill are making for the next few days, adv.

J. G. Noel of Memphis is here for a visit with the family of his son, J. M. Noel.

New spring and summer samples just arrived. Come and let Luke show you.

J. R. Phillips has renewed his subscription for another year, for which he has our thanks.

Have you paid the McLean Hardware Co. what you owe them? Might be to your interest to do it. adv

Mrs. J. J. Mullins of Italy, Texas, was here last week the guest of the R. C. Chance family.

Parties who have engaged fetters need from me will please call at once and get them. Joe Clark.

A. W. Haynes and R. C. Chance made a business trip to Miami and Canadian the latter part of last week.

Now is the time to buy a heater. 20 per cent discount at the McLean Hardware Co.

Mr. Coffee, a prominent business man of Erick, Okla., was in the city the first of the week prospecting.

See J. R. Hindman for meal tickets. These meals for a dollar at the Hotel Hindman.

Joe Fox and Mr. Duncan of Pampa were among the visitors in the city the first of the week.

When you put up a windmill get best—Eclipse or Sampson—only sold by the McLean Hardware Co.

Vill McHan of Montrose, Colorado, was in the city for a few days the first of the A. H. Newton family.

Can save you money on your laundry making your clothes last long—electric process—Amarillo Steam Laundry. Luke is agent.

\$50.00 REWARD. We will give a reward of Fifty Dollars for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons found crossing any of the fences or in any manner trespassing upon our land in Gray and Wheeler counties. The public is cautioned to take warning that we will vigorously prosecute any violation of the law covering the crossing of fences so far as it affects our properties.

Boatman Bank, By A. B. Gardenhire.

Yester Endbank returned Sunday evening from End, Okla., where he has been spending a few days, and last night took into himself a wife. A happy young couple will make their home. The News extends hearty congratulations.

The Thistleware is the cheapest of HIGH GRADE enamelware on the market. You will find it with the McLean Hardware Co.

C. L. Upham was here the latter part of last week enroute for a visit with relatives at different points in Oklahoma.

We are prepared to supply you with the proper dope for starting your team to plowing. McLean Hardware Co.

Do you encourage your citizens to refrain from throwing trash in the streets by providing convenient places of deposit?

W. J. B. Richards was here the latter part of last week and bought several head of mules, which he shipped to Fort Worth.

Don't ever get it in your head that we won't make the price. Our motto is just the same as yours—get all we can. Cal & Bill.

Roy Rice went to Oklahoma City the latter part of last week where he will remain for several weeks looking after business matters.

Have you found the place where you can render the most efficient service in the general development of your community, and are you on the job?

Terry Hudgins, formerly a citizen of McLean but now engaged in jewelry business at Erick, was visiting friends and relatives here the first of the week.

Do you permit your city to be branded as a country town by allowing unsightly cloth signs to wave over the sidewalks in your business section?

Flower boxes displayed from the second story windows in your business section, create a most favorable impression on the part of the visitor.

Dr. Donnell and family and Mrs. J. T. Bryant have been at Clarendon this week visiting with friends and attending the meeting of the Medical Association.

Work building the road from this place to the Back community has been continuing this week and a first class thoroughfare is the result, so we are informed.

Rev. J. T. Bryant will preach at the Gracy school house on the first Sunday in February at the morning hour and at the Heald school house at the evening hour. The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

I have fairly good stock of elevators, double shares, single trees, double trees, four-horse eveners, and goods of this kind. I can also furnish you on short notice plow or lister shares for most any kind of plow. See me. S. O. Cook.

We are requested to announce that S. R. Jones will preach at the Presbyterian church the first Sunday in February, morning and evening, at the request of the pastor. All are cordially invited to hear Bro. Jones and the singers are hereby asked to join in the song service and make the day delightful.

Remember that I guarantee all photographs to be satisfactory—if they don't suit you you don't have to take them. I have pleased others and can please you. Orders taken for enlarged pictures and don't forget to have stereoscopic views made from your kodak negatives. Tracy Willis.

A most delightful social dance was enjoyed at the Will Hedrick ranch Friday night of last week. Dancing continued until the early hours of morning and at midnight a splendid luncheon was served. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Huntsman and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hudgins.

I have left a few Canton Lister at \$37.50, a few go-devils at \$12.50, a few Cultivators at \$25.00, one Success Sulkey Plow at \$33.50, one 60-tooth Harrow at \$10.00 and wagon bed at \$15.00. Also a few rolls of 26-inch Hog Wire at 24¢ per rod, and numerous other articles that you need now. See me before I quit. S. O. Cook.

LOOK Mr. Farmer—Have for sale one 14-inch four horse lister for \$30.00, one 14-inch Success sulkey for \$20.00, one 12-inch John Deere lister for \$10.00; one John Deere disc cultivator for \$15.00; one stalk cutter for \$5.00; two sled go-devils for \$5.00 each; one 60-tooth harrow for \$5.00; one 12-inch walking plow for \$5.00. If going to farm, come out. I can fit you for a little money. W. W. Overton, one mile east of city, phone 74.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrow and little daughter, who have been visiting with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Overstreet, since Christmas, returned Sunday to Oklahoma.

J. J. Crutchfield made a flying trip to Panhandle Sunday in his automobile.

Automobiles are more plentiful as is thinking of

# McLean Auto Company

## Supplies and Accessories Vulcanizing

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF REPAIRING

Two Blocks North of Depot  
Haynes Building

Residence Phone 149  
Shop Phone 83

### Missionary Meeting.

The ladies met at the church Tuesday afternoon and those who could not attend may well regret it.

First, Mrs. Boyett opened the Missionary Voice program with a few questions on "the world's greatest missionary" and his preparation. Three other subjects were briefly discussed. Then followed the bible lesson. Mrs. Fast taught the class and all were deeply interested. Many splendid thoughts were brought out.

There were several absent on account of sickness, but eighteen is a pretty good class.

We will meet again at 2.30 P. M. next Tuesday for our regular business meeting and we hope to have every member of the society present. We will have no bible lesson at our next meeting, but hope to have each member of the class meet with us Tuesday, week, the lesson for that time being the seventh week's study, and found in the 9th chapter of St. John's Gospel.

We are also glad to tell you that Sister Hext has kindly consented to take charge of an intermediate league for our boys and girls. This is a work that has been sorely neglected, and we wish her unbounded success. The intermediates have felt too large for the juniors and too small for the seniors, but now are to have a league all their own. Mrs. Hext insists that all the intermediates meet her at the church next Sunday evening at 6:00 o'clock that they may organize.

A Member.

### White Deer Note.

O. W. Harrah, our popular barber, visited at Pampa Sunday.

Mr. Epstein of San Francisco is visiting friends and relatives and expects to locate here.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Bobbitt and children are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. J. A. Hughes and children are visiting relatives at Groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Calaghan of Panhandle visited the J. C. Jackson family Sunday.

The following parties were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Holloway Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Haynes and children of Heald, Mrs. Sam Kunkel and son, Sidney, and niece, Vallie Sanford, of McLean. They made the trip in W. L. Haynes new automobile. The little Fords are hard to catch.

We are having the very best of weather and it seems like farming time.

We received two very able sermons from Rev. Hoffman of Panhandle Sunday.

Everybody's Literary Society was well attended Friday night and the program was well rendered. The debate, "Resolved: The cow is more useful to mankind than the horse", was a success. The decision was given for the affirmative.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrow and little daughter, who have been visiting with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Overstreet, since Christmas, returned Sunday to Oklahoma.

J. J. Crutchfield made a flying trip to Panhandle Sunday in his automobile.

Automobiles are more plentiful as is thinking of

machine soon.

White Deer needs a good horse seer as there has been a big demand for that kind of work here of late.

JONATHAN.

### Modern Methods.

Thirty years ago the business was satisfied to do business by the ox-cart method, so to speak. Today, the wheels of progress are moving faster and faster.

The Bowie Commercial College has kept abreast of the in teaching systems of Bookkeeping and Shorthand that can be learned in half the time as the systems taught by other colleges. Its students are in great demand because they are taught to "do it now", and to do it in a way that they accomplish twice as much as the "other fellow."

After spending about three and one-half months in both Bookkeeping and Shorthand departments; Miss Cathrine Anderson left the first inst. to accept a position with Hon. J. C. Graham, Marietta, Oklahoma, who knows from experience that when he phones the B. C. C. for well trained help, he gets what he calls for. Such incidents are happening every week.

Students of the Bowie Commercial College are better trained in three months than the students of other colleges are in double that time, which is made possible by its specially copyrighted system.

No better ventilated school-rooms than ours. Best of private board and room at from \$11 to \$12.50 per calendar month. No negroes or saloons in Bowie.

"THERE IS NO CALAMITY LIKE IGNORANCE."

BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, BOWIE, TEXAS.

### Elect Officers.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the American State Bank a change in the personnel of the officers was made as follows: D. B. Veatch was elected president of the concern vice R. H. Collier, resigned, and G. W. Sitter was elected vice president in the place of Mr. Veatch.

### Aid Meeting.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid held their regular social meeting with Mrs. J. H. Horton on Wednesday afternoon of this week, commencing at two o'clock. This meeting was opened with scripture reading and prayer by Mrs. Geo. Sitter, after which a historical lesson was enjoyed. Chapters one, two and three were ably discussed, by Mesdames Richardson, Cook and Holt. Following this Mrs. Horton read an interesting paper on the geographical magnitude of Texas.

There were about eighteen ladies present, two visitors, and one new member was added to the rolls. A specially pleasant feature of the meeting was several musical numbers rendered by Mrs. Boyett.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Holt on next Wednesday afternoon, commencing at two o'clock.

### Notice.

I wish to announce to the public that in the event an election is called to select the people's choice for the postmaster, I will be a candidate for the place, and ask that you kindly consider my candidacy.

Respectfully,

### How They Stand.

Following is the standing of contestants in the Wise & Beall piano contest up to the 31st instant.

1	1,300,299
2	25,634
5	1,239,675
8	1,266,222
13	46,970
16	1,730,758
18	1,041,165
26	19,866
27	1,513,261
28	812,821
29	3,133,967
33	1,224,710
34	1,744,529
40	5,000
41	2,258,482
45	1,992,279
46	6,000
47	2,380
48	2,431,200
49	1,607,154
50	1,120,514
52	2,862,957

Attention of all contestants is called to the fact that, beginning with Oct. 8th, we will give a set of six pieces of silverware to the contestant making the greatest gain each week. This silverware is handsome and durable and some one will get a set (six pieces) every week during the remainder of the contest. No matter how you stand in the grand total, if you make the greatest gain in one week you get the silverware.

No. 29 wins this week.

## VOTES

One year's subscription from one person, 5,000 votes.

Two year's subscription from one person, 15,000 votes.

Three year's subscription from one person, 30,000 votes.

Four year's subscription from one person 50,000 votes.

Five year's subscription from one person, 100,000 votes.

For each additional year's subscription from each person, handed in with the first five, 50,000 votes.

10,000 votes to the dollar on Job Work.

## Wise & Beall

Are offering this week on all book accounts

5000 Votes

to the dollar

## READ THIS

McLean Texas August 14-12, We the undersigned Druggist of McLean are selling Hall's Texas Wonder and recommend it to be the best Kidney Bladder and Rheumatic remedy we have ever sold,

ARTHUR ERWIN  
T. M. WOLFE.

## A TEXAS WONDER

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and irregularities in both men and women; regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist it will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2925 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by Druggists.

## PAY YOUR POLL TAX.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the poll tax payments from this place have been coming in very slow at the office of Tax Collector Denson and in view of the fact that this will be campaign year and every possible voter well want to express a choice for the various officers, we would suggest that you get busy, if you have not already done so, and put yourself in the citizens class with the proper voting credentials.

Don't delay the matter until it is too late and then bemoan the fact that you are not allowed a vote. One vote counts as much as another and yours will be

## Church Directory

### Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services.

Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 3rd, 4th and 5th Sundays morning and night; Groom 1st Sunday, morning and night; Alanred 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Heald 4th Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Elderedge 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m. Junior and Senior Epworth Leagues at 2:30 and 3:30 p. m., respectively, ever Sunday. Woman's Missionary Society 2:30 p. m. every Tuesday. Prayer meeting ever Wednesday night.

J. T. HOWELL, Pastor.

### Holiness Services.

Conducted by S. R. Jones, at McLean Presbyterian Church 2nd and 4th Sunday nights of each month. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night of each week. The 1st Sunday of each month at the Heald school house at 3 p. m. Third Sunday at the Back school house at 11 a. m. Public invited to attend all services.

### Baptist Church.

Preaching second and fourth Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. C. S. Rice, superintendent. B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m. every Sunday. Reep Landers, president. Ladies Aid meets on Tuesdays at 2 p. m. Mrs. Myrtle Hamilton, president. Church conference on Saturday before the second Sunday in each month at 11 a. m.

R. F. Hamilton, Pastor.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE—Buff Orpington roosters, also take orders n. w. for settings of eggs. Phone Mrs. W. T. Wilson.

WANTED—I want agents in every community to sell the wonderful Electro-Galvanic Ring for rheumatism and other ailments. Send for terms. L. A. Nash, General Agent, Shamrock, Texas.

Bulls—Have a number of pure bred registered Hereford Bulls, coming three year olds. Call and see them.—Faulkner Bros., McLean, Texas.

FOR SALE—1000 bushels of fine threshed maize, \$1.35 per cwt. CASH. Will crush it for 10 cents per cwt. J. T. Hicks, McLean, Texas. Phone 89.1-1-2.

Found—Pocket book—Owner can have same by identifying it.

# TEXAS RESORTS

Very low fares to various Texas Resorts also very low

All Year Tourist Faers to most any part of the country. Do not fail to make your trip via the



Union Stations

Perfect Service

Through Trains

Dining Cars

Have all up-to-date accommodations, through pullman and dining cars. Tickets on sale daily all the year. Call on agent for any information desired for fares and accommodations.

D. H. Nunn  
Local Agent.

JOHN B. VANNOY

Optician & Jeweler

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

Does Engraving and all kinds of repair work pertaining to the jewelry trade.

Junior League free Subject—World with God. John

Song.  
Prayer.  
Song.  
Lesson.  
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### School Children Need Much Fresh Air

By WALTER W. ROACH, A. M. M. D. Philadelphia

What more practical activity for anti-tubercular societies than a campaign for open window schoolrooms? These forty children against disease and teach parents through the children the value of fresh air in living rooms and sleeping rooms. Is it not better to prevent disease than to treat it after it has been acquired?

As parents realize more and more the value of fresh air there is a growing demand for the teaching of their children in open window schoolrooms. It is a logical process of reasoning, easily understood, that since fresh air has been found a boon to invalids and sickly children it is quite as important to supply an abundance of it to well children in order that they may retain their health and develop normally.

Almost any one on reflection will be impressed with the utility of expecting a maximum progression when children are housed in overheated rooms, with little or no moisture, compelled to sit in uncomfortable positions and perform great tasks. Such children, passing on dismissal into the cool, moist atmosphere outside the building, have the respiratory mucous membrane suddenly chilled. Not so with children taught in rooms with open windows, breathing a mixture of air and moisture at the temperature and quality of the outside atmosphere.

The influence of cold air creates a desire for exercise—a natural physiological demand to excite circulation. In accord with this requirement exercises of short duration should be given at frequent intervals between lesson periods, but never violent enough to cause perspiration. Such exercises require ample floor space, and this is secured without obstruction by the use of movable desks, which the children themselves can easily slide to the sides of the classroom and back again after the drill without noise or confusion.

It was found in Philadelphia at the Bach school last year that children taught all through the winter in rooms with windows wide open did better work and were more regular in attendance, because free from sickness, than other children of the regularly warmed-air rooms, and they gained in weight in the average more than two pounds for one each three months. Careful records were kept.

### Fire Drills are of Great Value

By JONATHAN GERRY, Chicago

One of the calls to which the human mind responds most promptly is that of self-preservation. In answering this call, however, it sometimes happens that persons take the action least likely to save themselves. Thus, an alarm of fire often breeds a panic, resulting in scores of deaths. A factory or theater or other crowd goes compositely and temporarily insane under such conditions.

This curious working of the human mind serves to emphasize the value of well-conducted fire drills and similar precautions against panic. An illustration of it was given the other day when a twelve-story building in downtown Chicago, devoted to the manufacture of clothing, was emptied of its 1,800 workers in less than fifteen minutes.

A false alarm of fire had been sounded. There was nothing resembling a panic in the orderly way in which they left the building. This is the more remarkable because so large a number of them were foreigners, prone to yield to excitement under such circumstances. That none was injured is due to the fact that their careful training in what to do and what not to do when the fire gong sounds overcame any inclination toward stampeding.

Somewhat similar training is being extended to that part of the public, at least, which frequents theaters. In New York, by warnings on programmes and otherwise, people are being taught to prepare their minds against panic by locating the nearest exit and by remembering not to bolt if an alarm sounded.

The New York fire commissioner is also requiring fire drills of theater employes to avert possible panics and it is even suggested that audiences be subjected to similar drills.

All reasonable precautions that train the human mind to restraint and coolness in emergencies ought to be encouraged everywhere.

### Strong Protest Against Many Modern Things

By H. W. LEONARD, Milwaukee, Wis.

I have watched the passing show for fifty years, and I see strange, unaccountable things, reversions to savagery and self-torture, and I wonder what it all means. The normal foot requires a straight last shoe and the shoe of today doesn't fit anyone. The clothes don't fit. The shoulders are boxed in so that if you raise the arms the collar lifts up to the top of your head; the top button has dropped to the belt line, and the average coat looks like a man's vest on a ten-year-old boy; neckties of a thousand colors; peg-top pants with cuffs on—to take them off you have to unscrew your feet; heels three inches high, with rubber lifts on and a prehensile toe to fit a monkey.

Another thing is the universal use of the tremolo or shake of the voice in singing, that vulgar defiance of the laws of harmony.

These things are significant and all go together. You hear this billy-goat, nanny-goat affectation everywhere, from the vaudeville theaters to the choir of a church.

When people stand up in front of me and make a noise like a cross between a billy goat's bleat, a yowl and a yodel, I feel like throwing a book at them. I feel lonesome, though.

About the only protest I find against this freak is in a dictionary of music. The language is almost as strong as mine would be if I dared to write it.

### Objection to Doctors With Beards

By HORATIO S. BREWER, Chicago

An eminent physician objects to doctors wearing beards, as he holds that they are refuges for all sorts of germs, microbes and so forth. He says, nothing about woolen clothes. Now, is it not a fact that all men who die suddenly of apoplexy and so-called heart failure are close shaven, and is it not a matter of history that the oldest men, those who passed the "span of life" and lived to great age, were hirsutely adorned?

And a physician of nearly fifty years' experience I will agree to eat all thy G. Lobes and germs that those princes of surgeons, Drs. Murphy and Swear their, and to call for more.

Not enough scares and frights to endure? Shall we finally be glad, and in this climate, for fear some frisky microbe will

Sworn and rid of some of this nightmare about germs and microbes? A. D. nineteen from give us a lot of trouble.

od knew what he was doing when he created man with old fogey.

CORRECT—ATTEST

## NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

### Tells About Recent Wedding at the White House

WASHINGTON.—A story of how the "Cousins club," as the many relatives of the President and Mrs. Wilson are beginning to call themselves, organized into a little reception committee and did their best to make the diplomats "feel at home" at the wedding at the White House the other day, was told by Mrs. George Howe of New York, one of the cousins.

Mrs. Howe is the wife of George Howe, who lived for a long while with the president before he went into the White House, and whose education was superintended by the president.

"I was principally impressed at the wedding by the ease at which every one seemed to feel, notwithstanding the 'grandness' of the occasion. There was nothing solemn about it, except the wedding procession and the forming of the line for the reception in the blue room.

"We kept the fun up until 9 o'clock at night. It was just like a great, big family party in the south. I was somewhat surprised that the dignified Marine band should play turkey trotting music for us to dance with in the east room, but they did, and Lieutenant Santelmann and his musicians seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. They laughed and played on and on.

"You know, 'Nell,' as we call Eleanor Wilson, is just crazy about dancing, and she is a very fine dancer, too, one of the best I ever saw. When the music had been stopped for good she waved her hand appealingly to Lieutenant Santelmann, and he laughed and led the band again for us.

"We all danced, including the bridesmaids, who were showing every one the 'dull gold-chased bracelets they had been given by the bride. A great many of the diplomats danced with Margaret Wilson, several of them ambassadors, and she was greatly teased by all of us when she was lucky enough to catch the bride's bouquet. You know, it is a superstition that the girl who catches the bride's bouquet at a wedding will be the next one to be married among those present.

"There was a lot of simple fun like that and mischief, in which all the young folks joined, the older people sitting around and chatting, just as would be done at a party at home. The president didn't dance, but he stood in one of the doorways of the east room for a long while, watching the fun and laughing and joking with every one.

"Most of us had supper and dinner and lunch combined at the wedding breakfast. That kept up a long time. There wasn't wine, but we had fruit punch instead.

### Visitors Are Attracted by Squirrels in Parks

"SOME day," said a visitor in the capitol grounds the other day, "the famous pigeons of Venice which flock in so great numbers around the Cathedral of St. Mark will have to look to their laurels. These widely known birds may divide the honors of the admiration of tourists with the little gray squirrels which are fast becoming an interesting and picturesque feature of Washington's many fine green spaces."

As far as tourists are concerned, here in Washington, many of them are beginning to take photographs of the little animals. Just as nearly every man and woman who visits Venice brings away snapshots showing some member of the party tossing bread crumbs or something else to the great flocks of birds, so are the tourists who stroll through the capitol grounds, the Smithsonian grounds and other parks taking photographs of some one stooping over and holding out a peanut to the snappy little gray animals which are fast losing their extreme timidity.

In his native lair the gray squirrel is about as wild as any animal alive. Hunters who depend upon a gray squirrel or two for breakfast know very well that they will run to cover at the slight sound of a snapping twig; and for that reason a wet day is much better for hunting them than a dry day, as the crackling leaves scare a squirrel into his hole in the tree. However, Washington's squirrels are becoming as friendly as house pets, and the sight of one of them eating from the hand of a tourist is a revelation to the Virginia or Maryland mountaineer, who has to stay as quiet as a stone statue in order to get within shooting distance of one.

The gray squirrels are looked upon by the park authorities here as wards of the nation, and a comfortable sum of money is spent every winter in order to obtain food to keep the little pets from dying in the snows. Old weather sharps look upon the squirrels as indicating the coming of a hard winter the way they hide out. Just at this time the squirrels are showing unusual activity in making caches of peanuts, which is looked upon by the woodwise as a sure sign that there will be long-continued snows.

### Club Formed for the Interior Department Employees

FOR some months Secretary of the Interior Lane has been working on the organization of a club for the interior department employes. He believes that a closer association one with another of the workers of the great interior department would redound to the benefit of all concerned.

Secretary Lane met with a good deal of opposition at first, because there are so many kinds of people drawing so many kinds of salaries in this big department, and the social lines are drawn very closely about certain salary grades in all departments in Washington. You could hardly expect a \$900 clerk to associate on terms of intimacy in social life with a \$1,200 clerk, and so on. Secretary Lane asked one little old lady, who belongs to the Cliff Dweller class of Washington—or, in other words, a "befo' the war" society woman who now works in government employ and takes in boarders for company—if she would assist in organizing this social club of the interior department. The aristocratic old lady very snappily informed him that she would not; that she was in the interior department for the purpose of earning money, and that she was socially superior to most of the employes. The secretary met up with a good many setbacks of this kind, but in his genial way has been able to smooth out the difference between those social sets and has rounded them into a homogeneous body, and the Home club is now an assured fact.

Nearly 1,000 men and women are already part of the membership, and it is thought that it will be fully 3,000 when the club is finally established.

### Felines Are Vain? Prize Winners Flee Publicity

PRIZE-WINNING cats on exhibition at the show of the Washington Cat club object to having their pictures taken. The appearance of a newspaper photographer with his little black camera was the signal the other day for a general exodus of the high-priced felines, who are now roaming the streets of the capital.

The next day nearly the entire police force was out searching for the animals, while physicians were busy treating bites and scratches on hands and arms as a result of the scramble that was made for the cats as they gained their freedom. Several persons were severely bitten.

Champion Lady Sonia, a high-priced Persian cat owned by Mrs. F. Y. Mathis of Greenwich, Conn., is one of the missing animals. She was valued at \$500 and around her bushy neck was a \$1,000 collar of turquoise, sapphire and gold. Four felines were lined up in front of the camera, and as the photographer said "Hold still, now," the cats jumped. The last seen of them was when they disappeared through the door.

Miss G. Taylor of Syracuse, N. Y., was the most seriously hurt in the attempt to hold the cats. She was bitten and scratched about the hands and arms and had to be treated at a hospital.

### Testimonial From High Authority

Mrs. Betty Lyler Wilson (of Nashville, Tenn.)

Famous For Her Cakes Recommends

Mrs. Wilson of Nashville, Tenn., is famed the world over for her wonderfully delicious cakes. They are shipped to all parts of the Globe for special affairs where the best of Cakes are demanded.

This year, as in former years, Mrs. Wilson enjoys the distinction of making the President's Christmas Cake, using Calumet Baking Powder.

Mrs. Wilson's Baking Motto is: "To have complete success with no failures, care should be used in selection of Baking Powder."

## CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Some little time ago I made a careful study and investigation of the baking powder subject and I feel fully repaid. I am firmly convinced from the results I have received that there is no baking powder to equal Calumet for wholesomeness and economy, and I also recommend Calumet Baking Powder for its never failing results.

December 9, 1913. Mrs. Betty Lyler Wilson.

Calumet also received the Highest Awards at the World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago and Paris, France, 1912.

Buy a can of Calumet Baking Powder at once, and use it in your Holiday Baking, making your Christmas Cakes as good as the President's.

### WOULD HAVE THEM HANDY

Married Man's Explanation of Large Order Will Be Understood by Many Similar Unfortunates.

A brisk individual with the accumulated look of 20 winters of married life entered a hardware shop and without waiting for preliminaries asked:

"Do you keep hammers here?"

"That is our specialty, sir."

"Put me down for a dozen. How about screwdrivers?"

"Our great feature. Patent reversible or plain edge?"

"Give me a dozen of each; if you have any other varieties I'll take 'em, too. How about gimlets?"

"You are now mentioning our pet product. All styles."

"Give me all styles—long, short, medium, thick, thin, from the size of a needle to a pickax. Saw?"

"Of every description."

"I'll take 'em—say half a dozen or so—cross-cut, plain, round and square."

"It's down, sir. Can I interest you in nails?"

"You can indeed. I'll take some of all that you have, put up in separate packages; also tacks, brads, screws, rivets, staples—everything. And I want hooks, every hook you have, big and little. Also—"

The clerk leaned forward.

"Pardon me, sir," he said. "You seem like a sensible person. Unless you are opening up a business, I am at a loss to understand your requirements."

"It is perfectly simple, sir," said the brisk person. "I have been married for 21 years, and not once since the ceremony have I been able to locate a single implement when I wanted to put up a calendar or do any other necessary thing about the house, and the next time there is need of anything done I am going, so far as human foresight can provide for it, to have the means instantly to put my impulse into play."—Life.

Of Contradictory Weight.

"What does your understand by 'circumstantial evidence?'" asked Miss Miami Brown.

"As near as I kin splain it, 'um de way it has been splaind to me," answered Erasmus Pinkley, "circumstantial evidence is de feathers dat you leaves lyin' round after you has done et de chicken."

Slow to Realize.

"My dear," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, "I saw in the papers today a decision of a Virginia court that the wife may, in some cases, be the head of the family."

"John Henry," replied Mrs. Bickers, "the courts are sometimes very slow in finding out things!"—Puck.

Plain Prophecy.

"What did the doctor tell you today about old Uncle Jake's condition?"

"He was telling us that his mean temperature was—"

"Telling you about his mean temperature, was he? That's no news. Everybody who knows Uncle Jake knows that he hasn't anything about him that isn't mean."

He Got It.

"The doctor told Hobbs that he must take longer rest, so he bought himself a racing automobile."

"Did that bring him rest?"

"Oh, yes. He's in a nice, quiet hospital for three months now."

Modifications.

"Your speeches indicate that your views have changed."

"Not exactly. My constituents' views have changed, and I am keeping in touch with the wisdom of the plain people."

A Marvelous Lingui.

"Dobbs will never let down by anything."

"For instance?"

"He was reading a news loud the other day and when to a pied line he translated a moment's hesitation."

Uncomplimentary.

"Hicks—Your wife has no humor."

"Wicks—You never saw her do you know?"

"Hicks—She married you."

### Bad Form to Be Amazing.

There are no posers on the grand scale now. Our musicians have shed hair and play golf. Authors cannot be distinguished from ordinary men. Art students are abandoning the amazing clothes. Even poets have given up poetical locks, and instead of writing pretty fancies worry us with poems of the outspoken natural school.

Music is in tweeds, literature is in navy blue, and poetry is in a brief hat. Apparently there is no chance any return of affectation. The way becomes more natural every day, and every hour some neglected posee dies a natural death. There are no staid and picturesque figures. The glancing Whistler was the last of the artistic masters to pose, the last man willing to spend an hour before a looking glass, the last man—to use his own word—who could be called "amazing."

For now it is bad form to be amazing, and every one is expected to be as significant as possible. The only affectation left is the affectation of being natural. And there could not be duller one.

Posts, Up or Down?

The agricultural experiment station of Ohio has been making some tests as to which end of a post should be set in the ground. Farmers generally believe in planting it with the top or root end upward, on the principle that, as it is easier for the sap to go up the tree than down it, getting the post upside down tends to prevent the rise of water and helps to keep the wood dry.

The Ohio officials planted 154 locust posts 29 years ago. One-third of those set top down have rotted, and only a little more than one-third of those set up have met a similar fate. They reach the conclusion that there is no difference which end is put into the ground, except that the sounder or longer end should be the preference.

Sensible Realization.

Quinn—Where is the year of these days?

DeFonte—Doing well. Always a dollar and wears a new suit.

Quinn—Sold some of his post-eh?

DeFonte—No, realized that he not a poet and got a job as a keeper.

Recreant Auditor.

"You went to sleep during my wife's speech."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "My wife has been rehearsing this for a week. I told her I had not come here. I knew some of this would happen if she could 'Are you listening, Leonard, now and then."

Cranky Speeders.

"Tark—Ever notice these winding up their machines. Every auto must carry a crank."

Bjorks—Yes, from the motorists yell at pedestrians autos must carry two cranks.

A Remarkable Linguist.

"Dobbs will never let down by anything."

"For instance?"

"He was reading a news loud the other day and when to a pied line he translated a moment's hesitation."

Uncomplimentary.

"Hicks—Your wife has no humor."

"Wicks—You never saw her do you know?"

"Hicks—She married you."



Luxurious Wrap for Cold Weather



ONE of the full, short coats trimmed with fur which are unlike those of any previous season and immensely successful now, is shown in the picture. A muff of the fur used for a border about the bottom of the coat and appearing in the collar is worn with coats of this kind.

Costly broadtail fur is used in the body of this luxurious wrap, and Fitch fur trims it. Few wraps of broadtail are worn, in deference to a sentiment which has grown up against it. The handsomest plushes make up into wraps quite as beautiful, and are furnished with the same expensive furs in borders and muffs.

The heavier furs will not answer for wraps of this kind. Natural and dyed squirrel and ermine are used, and seal skin is ideal for ample garments which must not be too heavy. Instead of furs, hat isome plushes are used for garments which are to be within a reasonable cost. These plushes in the best grades are high priced fabrics, but at that, much less costly than fur. There are cheaper grades that will look well and outlast the season. For wraps and outside garments nothing is more fashionable and more satisfactory than the plush imitations of fur, which are often so close in appearance to the original as to deceive the average eye.

The furs most favored for trimming are the martin, skunk, civet cat, fitch and fox. These are the moderately long haired furs. Mink and sable and ermine (all growing higher in price constantly) are also employed. All these are used in wide and narrow bands,

and in trimmings for costumes and millinery.

Sleeves in the new wraps are very roomy—the kimono and bat-wing styles prevailing. There is no trouble about crushing the bodice under fur wraps, because of the light weight of furs used in the body of the wraps, and there are ample sleeves and arm-cases.

The hat worn with this pretty coat is of black velvet, one of few having a blocked crown. The trimming is a generous, fan-shaped spray of soft white feathers. There is an attractive and novel bag carried for the accommodation of the various belongings which vanity fair must needs have near at all times. The coin purse, handkerchief, powder puff, etc., placed in small compartments on the inside, do not distort the shape of this plain and elegant accessory. It is of knitted silk finished with silver rings and silver flagstone monogram, and is carried by a silk cord.

Good furs, in garments or in trimmings, amount to a good investment, if well cared for. It is not likely that the cost will grow less; all the chances are that it will increase for several years. But furs must be cared for. The industrious moth will succeed in finding them when one thinks he is well shut out. Cold storage is therefore good for furs, but they may be protected by placing them in paper bags with moth balls, and in cedar chests. They should be examined occasionally, hung in the sun and beaten. The sunlight is death to moths.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

HIGH COIFFURE PROMISES TO BE LEADING STYLE

HEALTHLESS ladies at the horse show in New York appeared to be in the vanguard in a go-as-you-please style of dressing. But coiffures were well cared for. Waves and small curls were favored, and there was a plentiful showing of high coiffures. Among



A few extremely high and pretty new ideas are coming and, in fact, no definite style has as yet been established as a universal favorite. Nothing for covering the face remains. But hair which is resting upon the face, is no longer good.

The chances are that in the many new coiffures which have been designed for this season the ears will be wholly or partly covered. Light fringes over the forehead, middle and side parts, hair coiled high or low, but always waved, and little, short, full curls are in evidence everywhere. For popularity the high coiffure promises to be the winner in the race for favor. Much depends upon the styles in millinery which are favored for spring. For evening wear, and especially where hats are removed, or not worn at all, Miladi may wave and curl and coil and pile up her crowning glory to her heart's content. Also her coiffure ornament or evening head dress may be as elaborate as any of which we have a history. Some of those designed for wear in Paris are said to be twenty-eight inches in height, which is something over two feet, you know. But the Parisiennes have a certain grace in carrying off extremes which is peculiar to them, their stock-in-trade for setting styles before the rest of the world. They are to be followed at a conservative distance.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Fads and Fancies. Jet is increasingly used as the season advances. Last year's gown may be rejuvenated by a fadu. The gown of one color may have two or three girdles. There is a slash in almost every skirt worn by women. For little girls the Russian blouse dresses are in the lead. The smartest tailored costumes emphasize the belted coat.

"WHY I EMIGRATED"

THE NOTES OF A PROMINENT JOURNALIST WHO MADE A TRIP THROUGH WESTERN CANADA.

A prominent journalist from Chicago, some time ago, made a journey through Canada obtaining a thorough knowledge of the land and people and of the "boundless possibilities" that Canada, the virgin land, affords. In an American Sunday newspaper he published after his return the interesting account which we print as follows. He writes:

"Why did you emigrate from the United States?" I asked a farmer in Western Canada.

"I believe that for a poor man Western Canada is the most favorable land," was the reply, "and I have now found that it is the Paradise of the Poor."

The farmer, a pioneer of the west, had five years earlier left Iowa for Canada to secure a new home there. After traversing the country for some time, he started his home on the open prairie and with steady industry devoted himself to the working of the virgin soil. Now he is the well-to-do owner of that endless sea of waving wheat ears that goes on for miles before my eyes. His strong, sunburned figure finds the best background in his farm itself, which is the outcome of his ceaseless activity—a pretty two-story dwelling house, a large clean stable, in the midst of a hamlet of barns, sheds and outbuildings, a useful garden overflowing with products; horses, cattle, sheep and swine on the rich pastures, and around to the horizon wheat, golden wheat.

"In Iowa?" the farmer continued, "I farmed on rented land, for at the price of \$100 per acre I did not possess money enough to buy. I might farm, I might farm as I could, more than the living for myself and family, I could not attain. Sometimes the harvest turned out good, sometimes bad, but the grand total was a bitter combat to keep want from the door. It was impossible to lay by for bad times and in spite of all trouble and work an old age free of care was not to be thought of. My death would have brought bitter poverty to my wife and children.

"I decided to break-up and go to Canada, where at least I could fight out the struggle for existence on my own land. I started out with a mule team, all my earthly possessions were in the prairie-schooner with my wife and children. Then I took up a homestead of 160 acres to which I added by purchase gradually; now as a whole I count about 3,000 acres as my own. The whole property is free of debt. I do not owe a cent to anyone. I bought my land for \$2-10 per acre, now I would not give it up for \$50."

"Do you mean to say that you paid for the whole land in the five years?" I interrupted.

"In a much shorter time," replied the farmer. "The land paid for itself, some already by the first harvest, and at longest in 3 years each field had brought in its purchase price. If you doubt that land in Western Canada pays for itself within 3 years you can easily convince yourself of the truth of my assertion. Let us assume that a farmer buys a farm of 160 A. at \$15 per A. for \$2,400. Farm machines, seed, ploughs, mowing and threshing might bring up the outlay to about \$10 per acre. If the farmer sows the 160 A. for 3 years in succession with wheat and harvests 20 bus. per acre, then the product of an A. at the average price of 75c per bu. is exactly \$15 per acre. If you deduct the \$10 outlay, you will retain a clear return of \$5.00. For 160 A. the annual excess amounts to \$800, consequently the farm has after the third harvest brought in the purchase price of \$2,400.

"Sometimes—and not rarely—the land pays for itself by the first harvest of 35 bus. of wheat bring in more than the purchase price of \$15 per acre. As in some years I harvested more than 35 bus., you can reckon for yourself how quickly I paid for my farm."

"Would you not prefer your own farm in Iowa?" I asked.

"No," replied the farmer, "never will I go back, in general very few American settlers return to the old home. In Iowa a 160 A. farm costs \$100 per A., \$16,000; in Western Canada \$15, only \$2,400. For the same money that you require to buy a 160 A. farm in Iowa, you can buy here in Western Canada a farm of 1,000 acres. I have money enough to buy a farm in Iowa, if I wished. But there my yearly income would be a small one, whereas here I work for a great gain. Here I would only be a small farmer, here I am a large landed proprietor."

In a corner of the farmyard I had during our conversation noticed a mound of earth overgrown with grasses and wild flowers. To my inquiry as to what it was, I received the reply: "That is the ruin of the wooden shack covered with sods, which I called my home when I settled here five years ago."

I gathered a wild aster from the ruin and flung it into the air. In a purple-glittering line the wind drove the flower towards the fine, modern-equipped farmhouse. What a contrast between the lowly earthy hut of yesterday and charming palace of today! This contrast says enough to the unbounded possibilities, which this new

land offers to the willing worker. How the poor emigrant on the open prairie, through energy and activity, within 5 years worked his way up to being a well-to-do farmer and esteemed citizen! More, the farmer did not require to say. Why did he emigrate? WHY? Why I saw the answer with my own eyes.—Advertisement.

Tea From Coffee Leaves. Tea, as everybody knows, is made from leaves, while coffee is derived from berries or beans. Just here is where something has been overlooked. In the opinion of a scientific investigator, the leaves of the coffee plant are not only available for making a beverage, but they possess properties which make them more valuable than the coffee beans.

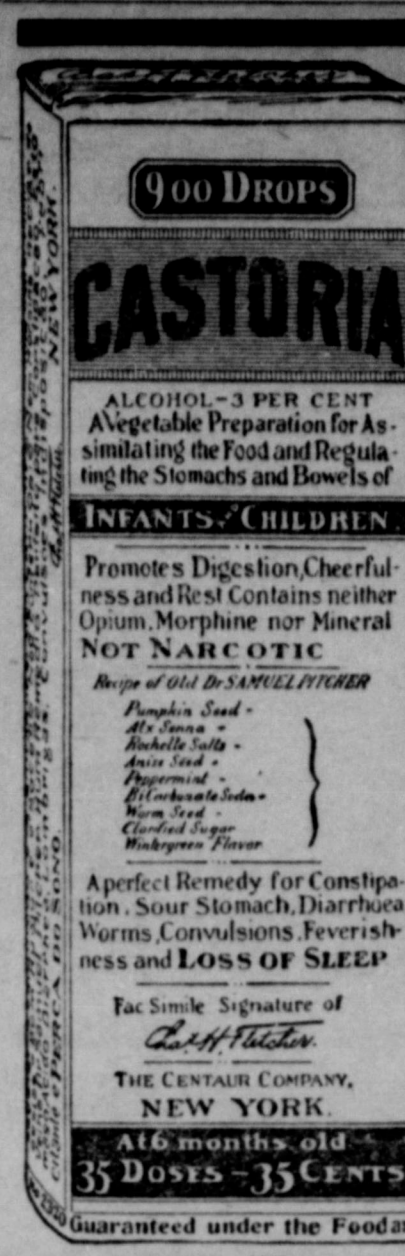
In appearance and fragrance the dried coffee leaves very much resemble those of the tea plant. An infusion of them being made, just as in the case of ordinary tea, an aromatic beverage is produced that is bitter to the taste, but not disagreeably so, and which contains almost as much theine as real tea, while there is a much smaller proportion of tannin.

It may yet be possible to grow tea and coffee on the same plant.

His Message. "That man has a lot of profound wisdom. I'm anxious to hear what he has to say." "Well?" "Good heavens! He's announcing that he has on exhibition the only three-legged chicken in existence."

Heard on the Train. "Does your boss ever find fault with you?" "Never." "He must be a fine sort of a man." "He is; I work for myself."

A teaspoonful of gossip will taint a kettleful of pure truth.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

*Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

"That's What I Want!"

"It always makes Mother happy when I take home this big family package. We all like them so much that she doesn't have to worry about baking when she doesn't feel like it."

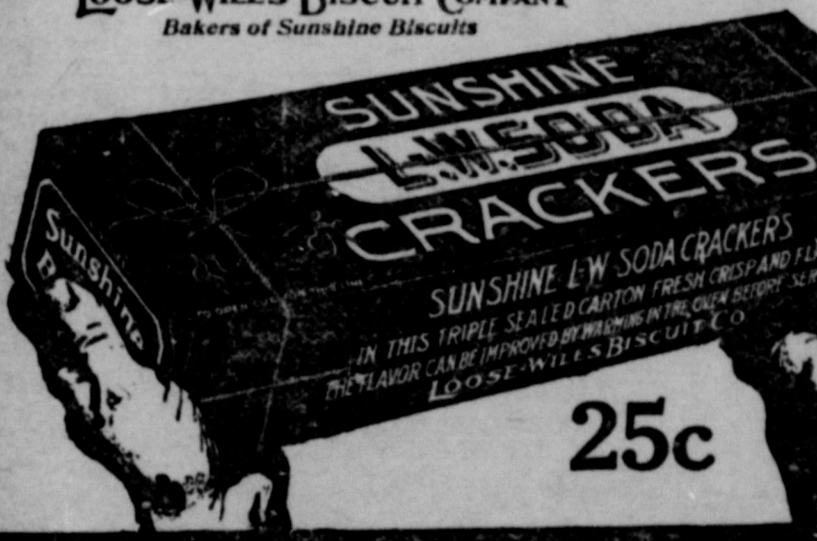
Sunshine L.W. SODA CRACKERS

L.W. Soda Crackers are lighter than even well-made bread, and their flaky crispness makes them most digestible.

Ask for the Big Package

L.W. Soda Crackers are very economical in the extra-large family package—triple-sealed to keep them fresh, crisp and flavorful—25c.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits



25c

Mean Swindle. Bishop Blougram, at a tea in Denver, said of the exploitation of "white slavery" by novelists and playwrights: "These weak writers can't even shock us. They have neither the pluck nor the power to shock us. And thus those who read their rapid stories or see their rapid plays are fooled as badly as the 75,000 German schoolgirls."

In Germany, the other day, a scoundrel inserted an advertisement in all the newspapers of the land—an advertisement of a book entitled "What Every Young Girl Should Know Before Marriage." This book would be sent securely sealed in a plain wrapper, on receipt of \$1.50. And so forth and so on.

"Well, 75,000 German girls each sent \$1.50 to the advertiser, and guess what they got for their money! They got a cook book."

It isn't a good plan to allow your regrets for yesterday to overshadow your hopes for tomorrow.

A simple remedy against coughs and all throat irritations are Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops—5c at all good Druggists.

Some men are almost as much afraid of microbes as some women are of mice.

Don't worry about what the world thinks of you. The world has billions of other people to think of.

All is Fish to the Net. "Catch anything while you were away on your vacation?"

"Sure, I did. It weighed 28 pounds. You catch anything?"

"Uh-huh. I told you I would. She weighs 130 and her dad's worth half of a street railway company, an electric lighting plant and two breweries."

Found a Flaw. Little Pierre had been taken to the seaside and expressed himself on his return as disappointed with the ocean. "What's the matter with the sea?" asked his surprised father. "Isn't it big enough, my boy?" "Yes—but it has only one shore."

Suits Him, All Right. Mrs. Enright—She says small checks will be in fashion for new fall suits. Mr. Enright—Thank heaven!—Pack.

Not the Kind. "Mr. Jones put down his foot on his daughter Mabel's engagement to Billy." "But not with the stamp of approval."

Don't buy water for blotting. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

Many a fellow who goes hunting for a wife bags nothing but his trousers at the knees.

Heading Him Off. "Heaven lies about us in our infamy." Now—"So does our father. Were you going to tell me something smart that your little boy had said?" "All I have to say to you, str, is good-day!"

It's when we turn over a new leaf that we realize one good turn deserves another.

Tone Up Your Weak Liver

The best, safest and most gentle remedy for constipation and sluggish liver is the celebrated HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS.

You'll be pleased and satisfied with the result of the first one you take. They drive the poisonous waste and gas from the bowels, and purify the blood. They are simply the best ever for indigestion, dizziness, biliousness, nervousness, lack of appetite, and that nervous feeling.

Women! take little children! rid the skin of pimples, blotches and lowness. All Druggists, 25c, and back, if not satisfied. Sample free Hot Springs Chem. Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City.

You Look Rematurely Young

Because of their... Use "LA CREOLE"... PRICE, \$1.00



Free To Someone



Value 400 Dollars

Would You Like This Beautiful Piano As A Present? We Shall Positively Give It To Some One Of Our Customers

Come to our store, see and try this splendid instrument. We will tell you all about our plan of giving this piano away. This is a present worth having. This piano is of the celebrated Upton make. It carries the manufacturer's Ten Year Gaurantee. We cordially invite your inspection.

**WISE & BEALL**

## Get It Straight

Please get it straight in your noodlums that some of you still owe me old bills, and that all humans need money, and that a doctor is just a human whether you think so or not. Some people seem to think he is one-half owl and the other half jackass; the owl proclivities making him prefer to be up at night instead of sleeping, and the jack stock he is supposed to possess enabling him to endure all kinds of hardships and live on half feed and hot air promises.

Some people prefer, it seems, to call a doctor at night, when, if they had to go after him, they would not walk a hundred yards for him. It's awfully easy to ooze up to the wall and call a doctor over the phone, then jump back in bed and wait for him to come through the darkness and cold, and then expect him to come in looking pleasant. I want to tell you it's about as easy to practice medicine and always be pleasant as it is to sit long in a Texas red ant bed and look unconcerned.

About 95 per cent of the night calls are useless, anyhow. If the patient is allowed to wait until morning, and a few home remedies are applied, nine out of ten will not need a physician by morning. People take too bloom-in' much medicine anyhow. What some need is to be shot full of hot soap suds with an automatic squirt gun.

Another thing—get it straight—I charge extra for night work, you bet your sox, and I charge extra for work in unusually bad weather in day time. Night means when the sun quits blinkin'.

The cost of living and prices in every line of business have advanced during recent years anywhere from one-fourth to double or more, all except the country doctor's fees. Beginning the first of 1914 I shall charge for day calls in town \$2.50 per call, and \$1.00 extra, or \$3.50, for night calls. If I make two, three or a dozen calls on the same day, I make no reduction on charges. It's as much trouble to make one call as another, and if you dont want to pay for extra trips don't belly-ache for me to make them. Grant knows that if you leave it to me I will make as few as possible. Another thing, please get straight, I charge for prescribing over phone. Calls to the country are \$1.00 per mile, one way, except at night, when an extra charge will be made, depending on the distance, weather, etc.

Now, be sure you get this straight: cut it out and paste it in your hat: when you ask me to "fix up" some medicine for yourself or folks, don't ask me what the medicine is worth and think, when you pay for the medicine, that you've paid all. I charge for my services and charge from one dollar up. I am not SELLING medicine, I am PRESCRIBING it, and I'm not dishing it out for nothing. I had very good health before I came here. Moreover, cheap doctors are, as a rule, like all other cheap commodities, not worth a darn.

Sworn and rid orning in which to dig up the dough. A. D. nineteen hundred and thirteen, I simply don't care enough about the practice of medicine to just for a job, I want pay for it, and you need not send for me. I think your account and trouble.

CORRECT—ATTEST

**BALLA**

## East Texas Press Meet

(Continued from first page)

same I found they would make about thirty-nine columns in the paper. That didn't seem to be enough space to devote to such important matter, so I tried to stretch them into forty columns. In the stretching process I accidentally broke the web, thereby ruining the whole fabric of the eloquence. It was a bitter loss to me and I decided to have each speaker make his speech over again in his room at the hotel. Taking my assistant, I called at the dormitory assigned to Hon. J. W. Lowry, prospective candidate for Congressman at large and applied for admission. Mr. Lowry was sleeping soundly and I knocked loudly and yet more loudly on his bolted door. Ever long he was roused and admitted me and my young man. Sleep was still clinging to Mr. Lowry's eyes when I told him of my misfortune and my plan for repairing it. He readily consented to repeat his speech, and mounting the washstand in his cotton pajamas, he began. But he had'n gone ten sentences until I discovered he was making an entirely different speech, a campaign speech, one cunningly designed to put the opposition in a hole and commit this newspaper to endless controversies. I am young in years, but too cute to permit a smooth article like Jim Lowry to get by with a spiel like that. I stopped him at once telling him candidly that I was not born yesterday, and referring him to our advertising department.

Recalling that there were other candidates, real and receptive, who were active in the table talk, I abandoned my plan for procuring a repetition of the speeches. If Mr. Lowry had succeeded in putting one over on me possibly Hon. Will H. Mayes, candidate for Governor; Prof. H. A. Ivy, candidate for the Legislature; Hon. Will A. Harris, candidate for Congressman at large; Prof. Morris of Terrell, candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Hon. H. L. Davis, County Judge, would each have strung me out. Then there is Mr. John

picture show, and who said that next to moving pictures the newspapers are the greatest educators on earth—probably he also would have grafted me. It is a gret comfort to me to feel that even in a strange town and at 2 o'clock in the morning I can see a hole in a bridge half a block away.

Having written down to the quitting place and then read my output, I discover that I have neglected to say anything about what the North Texas Press Association did at its convention. I am a dreadfully punk reporter. Always I miss the milk in cocoa nut and come back with both hands full of moss off its back. If I were sent out to write up a dog fight probably I should turn in an essay on fleas. Folks around the office often wonder how much longer my salary will continue to connect with me.

Fortunately, I believe we have a reporter at McKinney who will send in the convention news, telling how the next meeting was won by Bonham after a hard fight, etc. I hope he will. If he doesn't, then heaven help both of us!

### Sheriff Sale.

The State of Texas, county of Gray, In the District court of Gray county, Texas. W. P. Vermillion, plaintiff, vs. J. E. Everett, defendant.

Whereas, by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District court of Gray county, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 30th day of October, A. D. 1913, in favor of the said W. P. Vermillion and against the said J. E. Everett, No. 476 on the docket of said court, I did on the first day of December, A. D. 1913, at eleven o'clock a. m., levy upon the following described lot, tract or parcel of land and premises, situated in the county of Gray and state of Texas, and belonging to the said J. E. Everett, to-wit: All of the north half of the northwest quarter of Survey number 66, in Block 23, Abstract number 1235, Certificate number 11-2316, B. & G. N. Railroad Company original grantee, and containing eighty acres of land, located in the southeast part of Gray county, adjoins the townsite of McLean and is most generally known as the "Littleton Place", said order of sale being issued on a judgment foreclosing a contract and vendors' lien, reserved against the said land to secure the payment of certain purchase money notes. And on the 3rd day of February, A. D. 1914, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said J. E. Everett in and to said property.

Dated at LeFors, Texas, this first day of December, A. D. 1913. J. S. DENSON, Sheriff of Gray county, Texas.

## D'Spain For County Clerk

We are this week authorized to announce the candidacy of T. J. D'Spain for the office of county and district clerk of Gray county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary. Mr. D'Spain has been a resident of Texas all his life, having spent the past eight years at this place. He is a prosperous and energetic farmer who has the enviable reputation of putting into every task he undertakes that unflagging effort and painstaking care that insures its successful issue.

He is in every way capable of discharging the duties of the office to which he aspires with credit to himself and satisfaction to the people and promises if elected to give the same careful attention that he would devote to the pursuit of his own affairs. Any support that may be given him or any word that may be spoken in his behalf he will gratefully appreciate.

Patrons of the telephone are reminded that a new directory will be published as soon as possible after the first of the year and if you can change kindly make so that they can be in the new directory.

## \$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 this subject is as follows:

Penal code, Art. 784: If any person shall intentionally break out, pull or tear down, misplace, or in any other manner injure any telegraph or telephone wire, post, machinery or other necessary appurtenance to any telegraph or telephone line, or in any way willfully obstruct or interfere with the transmission of any messages along such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or by fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

## Elite Barber Shop

W. M. MASSAY, Prop.

EVERYTHING NEW  
But The Barbers

Agents for that GOOD Laundry—Panhandle Steam  
Next Door To The Postoffice

## HOTEL HINDMAN

Rates \$2.00 Per Day

Best Accommodations in the City  
Special Rates to Weekly Boarders  
All Meals 50c—Children 25c

J. R. Hindman, Proprietor

Why dont you

## BATHE

Our Bath Tub is at your disposal

We are the real Tonsorial Artasts. Try us.

## City Barber Shop

BEE EVERETT, Prop.

## W. R. PATTERSON

ABSTRACTER  
AND  
CONVEYANCER

Fire and Tornado Insurance

McLean, Texas

## WANT A DRAY

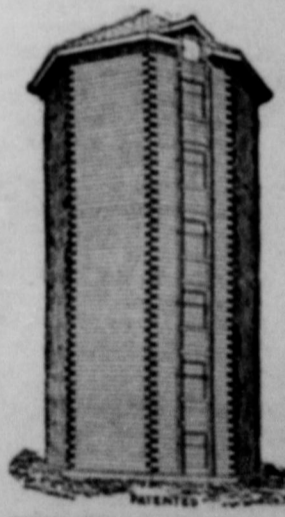
See W. D. Sims when you want anything moved. Careful handling of everything entrusted to our care.

PHONE 126

### Posted.

All parties are hereby warned not to hunt, fish or otherwise trespass on the property of the undersigned. Violation of this notice will be vigorously prosecuted.

Henry Thut,  
George Thut,  
Clem Davis,  
W. H. Bates & Son,  
J. E. Williams,  
C. A. Price,  
G. H. Saunders.



## THE TIME

The time for filling your Silo is now at hand. So is the time for filling up your coal bins for the cold snowy days for the coming winter.

Please bear in mind that we have our bins full of that Old Reliable Nigger-Head Coal. The best that money can buy. Call on us and get our prices.

We also have a full and complete stock of lumber, Post wire, nails cement and everything in the building line to make a home happy and comfortable.

Come and see us we always have warm fire and a warm heart for our customers.

**Cicero Smith Lumber Co.**

McLean, Texas

## PROFIT

There is profit in the business if you handle the bred Barred Rocks. Large eggs, thriffter chickens and market a few extra fine roosters. Phone, write or call on

Mrs. M. Faulkner

Phone 103