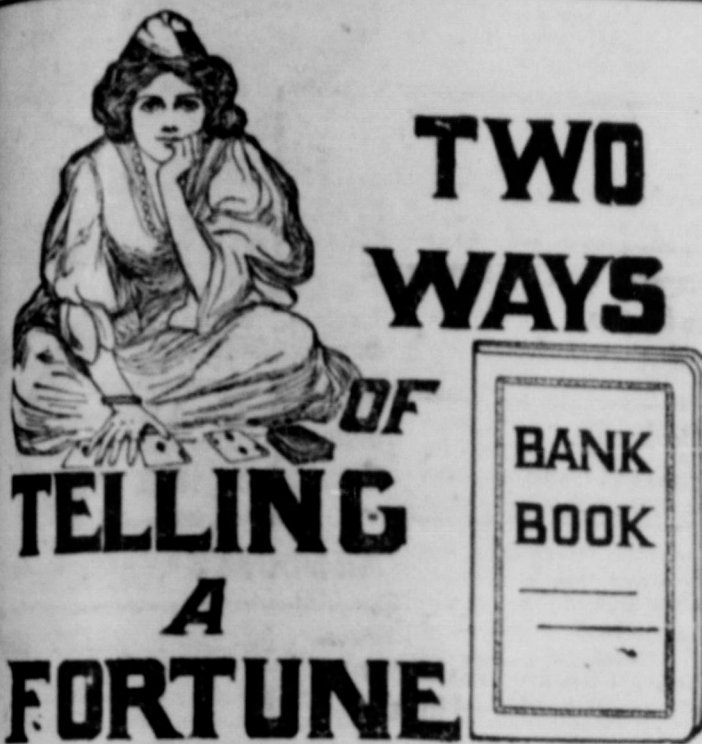


The McLean News

TENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1914

NO 36



TWO WAYS OF TELLING A FORTUNE

Astrology, Palmistry or resorting to the occult as to what the future will bring are merely guesswork, but there is a sure way to fortune, combining frugality, industry and a bank account

BANK WITH US, A CONSERVATIVE INSTITUTION.

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Public School Opened Monday

The formal opening of the 1914-15 term of the McLean Public schools occurred at the auditorium on Monday morning and not only was there a splendid first day attendance of pupils but many patrons gathered to participate in the initial ceremonies which brought to a close the summer vacation and ushered in the season of study.

After a song and prayer led by S. R. Jones, Prof. Potts delivered a short address in which he expressed the desire that pupils, patrons, faculty and board of trustees all join him in a united effort to put the local schools on a footing of excellence second to none in its class. Prof. Potts is an enthusiastic school worker with years of valuable experience on which to base his actions and with the assistance of the splendid corps of teachers under him there is a general feeling of assurance that the term just opened will be in every way satisfactory and successful.

Other short talks were made by members of the board and faculty and in every one the undercurrent of optimism that prevailed the entire assemblage was manifest.

The work of establishing the different classes and assigning the duties of the teachers was soon gone into and by noon every preliminary was finished and the school settled down to steady work.

From the talks of patrons and others at the opening exercises there appears to be a general

desire for the accomplishment of a nine months term and for the adding of equipment and other things necessary to make of this a first class school subject to affiliation with the University and other institutions of a similar character. S. R. Jones in his talk offered to head the list of a hundred men with a five dollar donation in order to augment the funds sufficiently to make a nine months term possible and while there was little response to the suggestion there is no doubt but what several hundred dollars could be raised in this manner. It is necessary to have a nine months term and to add equipment costing in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars before the school can take its place among those of the first class and be affiliated with the higher institutions. This additional expenditure will have to be raised by private subscription as the funds available from tax atains are insufficient.

Just what action will be taken, if any, we are not prepared to say, but the hope is expressed that the suggestion of Mr. Jones will not be allowed to go unheeded and that someone will take the matter actively in hand. Pupils graduated from an affiliated school are permitted to enter the other institutions of the state without examination and that fact alone is proof of the claim that we should have a nine months term in order to bring our school up to the highest standard of excellence.

were the very image of the Creator. The hope of my family, the joy of my domestic life, is thus entirely dependent upon the continued good-will of a few germs.

Under these circumstances I need not be blamed for bringing before you and before Sunday Post-Dispatch readers the question: What is the proper and Christian attitude toward a germ? That is, am I a Christian or my wife? Inasmuch as my wife and my wife's doctor and the germ stand together there is nothing left for me to


do but to appeal to the public. I make my special appeal to that lowly, but not uncommon class to which I belong—the husband class. Here is my doctrine:

I like to agree with the universe I'm in, and to feel that it is a fairly well made one; that it has some sense of proportion in it, and probably—well, I might as well admit it—if a universe fails to realize my own importance in it up to a certain point, and the importance of my wife, it might as well, so far as I am concerned, not be a universe at all. There are other responsible men who feel the same way. And when it has come to pass in the course of time that a universe—according to the testimony of our wives' doctors at least—is playing fast and loose with things, putting big things in as subheads under little ones, one of three facts is certain: Either the universe is lying to the doctors, or the doctors are lying about the universe, or the universe is one that can hardly be said to be worthy of the plain sensible people who are living in it.

Of course I believe in germs but what I contend for is this: If God has so made the world that I must be swallowed by germs in it or germs must be swallowed by me, I feel responsible, if swallowing is to be done, for doing the swallowing myself. This is what I call a Christian attitude. The God that created the germ to kill me is the same God that created me to kill the germ.

I don't propose to live a small, meek, anxious, scared life, narrowed down to keeping germs

POULTRY



Yes I am still buying poultry. The market is not very good on poultry just now, but I expect it to get better a little later then I will load a car of chickens and will pay the very top price. In the mean time, if you have anything in this line that you must get rid of bring it along and I will pay you every cent that I can, and live. Hoping that we shall have a nice business along this line the coming season,

I am yours for business,
M. D. BENTLEY

off. Let the germs come on! I say. Thrash 'em within a billionth of an inch of their lives and live them down! If a man came up to me at night with a shillelah or a pistol and said "Your money or your life!" I would have the presence of mind, I hope, to let him have the money, but when it comes to doing the same thing with a germ—to being bullied into boiling and wriggled into worryin' by a germ—by an invisible, indivisible, shimmering, twiddling, subaqueous atom, a pusillanimous, supercilious, infusoria, my back is up.

If I am to be put down in the final inventory of things, if my entire career in this mortal life is really to be summed up at last as an item in the autobiography of an atom, I propose to know why, and the only why that suits me is a struggle. When God made me and made that atom He expected a fight.

My wife does not want me to fight. She wants me to spend all my life in dodging and in running away from germs. Her motto is "Avoid living and soil."

The moment a germ appears I do everything I can to look careless, of course, but she receives him as an ambassador from heaven. When once her imagination wakes up to his presence, there is nothing I can do with her or with the germ. The germ settles it. A germ

has more influence with her than twenty husbands.

"Germs do not cause disease, my dear," I tell her. "They convey it. Every healthy man, woman and child in the world is carrying around with him this very minute a large, happy population of germs. It is when he has done something to make his germs unhappy that there is trouble."

Then she will look at me from out of her big pillow and smile distantly and sadly.

"I have as many germs as you," I go on. "The only difference is, I go out doors—I exercise. I walk away from them."

Then from out of her big pillow she will look at me again distantly and sadly, as one who would say: "But my germs are not your germs, my dear; neither are my ways your ways."

Of course, a man can only speak for his own germs, or microbes, or bacilli, or whatever they are, but I wish to record my solemn conviction. When I am sick I know two things. One is that I am suffering from my own sick bacilla and the other is that I must have conducted myself in such a way as to make my bacilla sick. The proper course is to do something to make my good bacilla better, and then I can trust them to wallop the bad ones.—Gerald Stanley Lee in St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Worrying and Boiling

We have four small boys and little girl in our family, all about as near the same age as they could manage it. We have spent most of our lives in the last 10 years, day and night, in boiling things and sterilizing and pasteurizing them.

The question I want to settle this: What good are a thousand sterilized milk bottles when you come into the nursery and see your youngest with that heavenly look upon his face—sucking his shoe?

It all came over me an inspiration the other day when I saw him doing it, that after all—baring his technique—the little fellow was right in the general idea he was trying to express—that is, the idea of not being suspicious of the Creator. I did not pull down his feet nor take his shoe out of his mouth. I stood still and envied him as he sat there in all his little night and bliss—a little clammy—a whole Christendom of germs around him, letting him have, before his mother

came in, just one little off-moment of living.

I have tried since— 3 a. m. sometimes, February—when I have got up to boil, to impress this truth upon his mother. But it has done little good. She still boils and worries.

The doctor every time he calls encourages her to worry and boil harder. And now, lately, she has begun a process of distilling and pasteurizing ME. She is living in hourly terror before her own bacilli and before my bacilli and the childrens—seven entire sets she has to attend in all—and it is getting hard to tell how to relieve her. The germ theory does not really seem practicable except for infinite and omnipresent people. It is worse than the morphine habit.

The moment a germ appears before her or makes a feint or rumor of beginning to appear within worrying distance of us—300 miles—she throws up her arms, utters a cry of despair and falls flat before it as if it

Service and Solidity The Banking Requisites

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The success of the AMERICAN STATE BANK has been built upon this winning combination of Service and Solidity. Your account is solicited.

CAPITAL \$25,000.00
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Coal!

Coal!! Coal!!! Coal!!!!

We have several cars of GENUINE Niggerhead and Dawson Fancy Nut, which will arrive the latter part of August and first part of September. By taking this coal from the car we are not only able to give you better coal free from slack, but we can save you what we usually pay for unloading. The wise man will lay in his winter supply of coal now. This is the last summer storage month and prices will advance soon.

To the man who wants Niggerhead we have this message. BUY IT NOW. We will be unable to get any more after our present orders are filled on account of the strike. Let us book your order and we will phone or drop you a card on arrival of car. You can't go wrong by buying your coal now.

Western Lumber



Children. Also especially take ordinary cases nervousness. If the next time you need a dose, ask for a dose of same FERRILLIN is the

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story
of the Mexican
Revolution

By DAN E COOLIDGE
Author of
"The Fighting Fool"
"Hidden Waters"
"The Taxican," Etc.
Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Oaxaca Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican had spent a large sum in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then had allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey start for the mine.

CHAPTER V.

The journey to Fortuna is a scant fifty miles by maulera, but within these eight kilometers there is a lapse of centuries in standards. As Bud and De Lancey rode out of battle-scarred Agua Negra they traveled a good road, well worn by the Mexican wood-wagons that hauled in mesquit from the hills. Then, as they left the town and the wood roads scattered, the highway changed by degrees to a broad trail, dug deep by the feet of pack-animals and marked but lightly with wheels. It followed along the railroad, cutting over hills and down through gulches, and by evening they were in the heart of Old Mexico.

Here were men in sandals and woman barefoot; chickens tied up by the legs outside of brush cañales; long-nosed hogs, grunting fiercely as they skirmished for food; and half-naked children, staring like startled rabbits at the strangers.

The smell of garlic and fresh-roasting coffee was in the air as they drew into town for the night, and their room was an adobe chamber with tile floor and iron bars across the windows. Hiding south the next day they met vaqueros, mounted on wiry mustangs, who saluted them gravely, taking no shame for their primitive wooden saddles and pommel as broad as soap-plates.

As they left the broad plain and clambered up over the back of a mountain they passed Indian houses, brush-built and thatched with long, coarse grasses, and by the first the women ground corn on stone metates as their ancestors had done before the fall. For in Mexico there are two peoples, the Spaniards and the natives, and the Indians still remember the days when they were free.

It was through such a land that Phil and Hooker rode on their gallant ponies, leading a pack-animal well loaded with supplies from the north, and as the people gazed from their miserable hovels and saw their outfit they wondered at their wealth.

But if they were moved to envy, the bulk of a heavy pistol, showing through the swell of each coat, discouraged them from going farther; and the cold, searching look of the tall cowboy as he ambled past stayed in their memory long after the pleasant "Adios!" of De Lancey had been forgotten.

Americans were scarce in those days, and what few came by were riding to the north. How bold, then, must this big man be who rode in front—and certainly he had some great reward before him to risk such a horse among the revoltees! So reasoned the simple-minded natives of the mountains, gazing in admiration at Copper Bottom, and for that look in their eyes Bud returned his forbidding stare.

There is something about a good horse that fascinates the average Mexican—perhaps because they breed the finest themselves and are in a position to judge—but Hooker had developed a romantic attachment for his trim little chestnut mount and he resented their wide-eyed gazings as a lover resents glances at his lady. This, and a frontier education, rendered him short-spoken and gruff with the paisanos and it was left to the cavalier De Lancey to do the courtesies of the road.

As the second day wore on they flipped down into a rocky canyon, with huge cliffs of red and yellow sandstone glowing in the slanting sun, and soon they broke out into a narrow valley, well wooded with sycamores and mesquite and giant hackberry trees.

The shrill toots of a dummy engine came suddenly from down below and a mantle of black smoke rose majestically against the sky—then, at a turn of the trail, they topped the last hill and Fortuna lay before them.

In that one moment they were set back again fifty miles—clear back across the line—for Fortuna was American, from the power-house on the creek bank to the mammoth concentrator on the hill.

All the buildings were of stone, square and uniform. First a central plaza, flanked with offices and warehouses; then behind them barracks and lodging houses and trim cottages in orderly rows; and over across the canyon loomed the huge bulk of the mill and the concentrator with its aerial tramway and endless row of gliding buckets.

Only on the lower hills, where the rough country rock cropped up and nature was at its worst, only there did the real Mexico creep in and assert itself in a crude huddle of half-timbered huts; the dwellings of the poorest.

"Well, by Jove," Bud said, surveying the winding streets and praising eye, "I

much like Mexico—or a revolution, either!"

"No, it don't," admitted Bud; "everything running full blast, too. Look at that ore train coming around the hill!"

"Gee, what a burg!" raved Phil; "say, there's some class to this—what? If I mistake not, we'll be able to find a few congenial spirits here to help us spend our money. Talk about a company town! I'll bet you their barroom is full of Americans. There's the corral down below—let's ride by and leave our horses and see what's the price of drinks. They can't see me, whatever it is—we doubled our money at the line."

Financially considered, they had done just that—for, for every American dollar in their pockets they could get two that were just as good, except for the picture on the side. This in itself was a great inducement for a ready spender and, finding good company at the Fortuna hotel bar, Phil bought five dollars' worth of drinks, threw down a five-dollar bill, and got back five dollars—Mex.

The proprietor, a large and jovial boniface, pulled off his fiscal miracle with the greatest good humor and then, having invited them to partake of a very exquisite mixture of his own invention, propped himself upon his elbows across the bar and inquired with an ingenuous smile: "Well, which way are you boys traveling, if I may ask?"

"Oh, down below a ways," answered De Lancey, who always constituted himself the board of strategy. "Just rambling around a little—how's the country around here now?"

"Oh, quiet, quiet!" assured their host. "These Mexicans don't like the cold weather much—they would freeze you know, if it was not for that sarape which they wind about them so!"

He made a motion as if of a native



"Which Way Are You Boys Traveling?"

wrapping his entire wardrobe about his neck and smiled, and De Lancey knew that he was no Mexican. And yet that soft "which way" of his betrayed a Spanish tongue.

"Ah, excuse me," he said, taking quick advantage of his gaffe, "but from the way you pronounce that word 'sarape' I take it that you speak Spanish."

"No one better," replied the host, smiling pleasantly at being taken at his true worth, "since I was born in the city of Burgos, where they speak the true Castilian. It is a different language, believe me, from this bastard Mexican tongue. And do you speak Spanish also?" he inquired, falling back into the staccato of Castile.

"No indeed!" protested De Lancey in a very creditable imitation; "nothing but a little Mexican, to get along with the natives. My friend and I are mining men, passing through the country, and we speak the best we can. How is this district here for work along our line?"

"None better!" cried the Spaniard, shaking his finger emphatically. "It is of the best, and, believe me, my friend, we should be glad to have you stop with us. The country down below is a little dangerous—not now, perhaps, but later, when the warm weather comes on."

"But in Fortuna—no! Here we are on the railroad; the camp is controlled by Americans; and because so many have left the country the Mexicans will sell their prospects cheap."

"Then again, if you develop a mine near by, it will be very easy to sell it—and if you wish to work it, that is easy, too. I am only the proprietor of the hotel, but if you can use my poor services in any way I shall be very happy to see you. Stay a week of the month, and you'll stay a week of the month—the lowest wages."

As they were winding stairs to the hotel, at the end of the corridor, at the end of the proprietor showed them

into a room, throwing open the outer doors and shutters to let them see the view from the window.

"Here is a little balcony," he said, stepping outside, "where you can sit and look down on the plaza. We have the band and music when the weather is fine, and you can watch the pretty girls from here. But you have been in Mexico—you know all that!" And he gave Phil a roguish dig.

"Hien, my friend, I am glad to meet you—" He held out his hand in welcome and De Lancey gave his in return. "My name," he continued, "is Juan de Dios Brachamonte y Escalon; but with these Americans that does not go, so you say, so in general they call me Don Juan."

"There is something about that name—I do not know—that makes the college boys laugh. Perhaps it is that poet, Byron, who wrote so scandalously about us Spaniards, but certainly he knew nothing of our language, for he rhymes Don Juan with 'new one' and 'true one!' Still, I read part of that poem and it is, in places, very interesting—yes, very interesting—but 'Don Juan!' 'Hah!'"

He threw up his hand in despair and De Lancey broke into a jolting laugh. "Well, Don Juan," he cried, "I'm glad to meet you. My name is Philip De Lancey and my partner here is Mr. Hooker. Shake hands with him, Don Juan de Dios! But certainly a man so devoutly named could never descend to reading much of Don Juan!"

"Ah, no," protested Don Juan, rolling his dark eyes and smiling rakishly, "not much—only the most interesting passages!"

He saluted and disappeared in a roar of laughter, and De Lancey turned triumphantly on his companion, a self-satisfied smile upon his lips.

"Aha!" he said; "you see? That's what five dollars' worth of booze will do in opening up the way. Here's our old friend Don Juan willing, nay, anxious, to help us all he can—he sees I'm a live wire and wants to keep me around. Pretty soon we'll get him feeling good and he'll tell us all he knows. Don't you never try to make me sign the pledge again, brother—a few shots just gets my intellect to working right and I'm crafty as a fox."

"Did you notice that coup I made—asking him if he was a Spaniard? There's nothing in the world makes a Spaniard so mad as to take him for a Mexican—on the other hand, nothing makes him your friend for life like recognizing him for a blue-blooded Castilian. Now maybe our old friend Don Juan has got a few drops of Moorish blood in his veins—to put it politely, but—" he raised his tenor voice and improvised—

"Just because my hair is curly
Dat's no reason to call me 'shine!
"No," agreed Bud, feeling cautiously of the walls, "and just because you're happy is no reason for singing so loud, neither. These here partitions are made of inch boards, covered with paper—do you get that? Well, then, considering who's probably listening, it strikes me that Mr. Brachamonte is the real thing in Spanish gentlemen; and I've heard that all genuine Spaniards have their hair curly, jest like a—hub?"

But De Lancey, made suddenly aware of his indiscretion, was making all kinds of exaggerated signs for silence, and Bud stopped with a slow, good-natured smile.

"S-at!" hissed De Lancey, touching his finger to his lips; "don't say it—somebody might hear you!"

"All right," agreed Bud; "and don't you say it, either. I hate to knock, Phil," he added, "but sometimes I think the old man was right when he said you talk too much."

"Past!" chided De Lancey, shaking his finger like a Mexican. Tiptoing softly over to Bud, he whispered in his ear: "S-at, I can hear the feller in the next room—shaving himself!"

Laughing heartily at this joke, they went down stairs for supper.

CHAPTER VI.

If the Eagle Tail mine had been located in Arizona—or even farther down in Old Mexico—the method of jumping the claim would have been delightfully simple.

The title had lapsed, and the land had reverted to the government—all it needed in Arizona was a new set of monuments, a location notice at the discovery shaft, a pick and shovel thrown into the hole, and a few legal formalities.

But in Mexico it is different. Not that the legal formalities are lacking—far from it—but the whole theory of mines and mining is different. In Mexico a mining title is, in a way, a lease, a concession from the general government giving the concessionaire the right to work a certain piece of ground and to hold it as long as he pays a mining tax of three dollars an acre per year.

But no final papers or patents are ever issued, the possession of the surface of the ground does not go with the right to mine beneath it, and in certain parts of Mexico no foreigner can hold title to either mines or land.

A prohibited or frontier zone, eighty kilometers in width, lies along the international boundary line, and in that neutral zone no foreigner can denounce a mining claim and no foreign corporation can acquire a title to one. The Eagle Tail was just inside the zone.

obtains express permission from the chief executive of the republic."

Not having any drag with the chief executive, and not caring to risk their title to the whims of succeeding administrations, Hooker and De Lancey, upon the advice of a mining lawyer in Gadsden, had organized themselves into the Eagle Tail Mining company, under the laws of the republic of Mexico, with headquarters at Agua Negra, with the intention to get some Mexican to locate the mine for them and then, for a consideration, transfer it to the company.

"The one weak spot in this scheme was the Mexican. By trusting Aragon, Henry Kruger had not only lost title to his mine, but he had been outlawed from the republic. And now he had



Feeling Cautiously of the Walls.

bestowed upon Hooker and De Lancey the task of finding an honest Mexican, and keeping him honest until he made the transfer.

While the papers were being made out there might be a great many temptations placed before that Mexican—either to keep the property for himself or to hold out for a bigger reward than had been specified. After his experience with the aristocratic Don Cipriano y Tres Palacios, Kruger was in favor of taking a chance on the lower classes. He had therefore recommended to them one Cruz Mendez, a wood vender whom he had known and befriended, as the man to play the part.

Cruz Mendez, according to Kruger, was hard-working, sober and honest—for a Mexican. He was also simple-minded and easy to handle, and was the particular man who had sent word that the Eagle Tail had at last been abandoned. And also he was easy to pick out, being a little, "one-eyed man and going by the name of 'El Tuerto.'"

So, in pursuance of their policy of playing a waiting game, Hooker and De Lancey hung around the hotel for several days, listening to the gossip of Don Juan de Dios and watching for one-eyed men with prospects to sell.

In Sonora he is a poor and unimaginative man indeed who has not at least one lost mine or "prospect" to sell; and prosperous-looking strangers, riding through the country, are often beckoned aside by half-naked paisanos eager to show them the gold mines of the Spanish padre for a hundred dollars Mex.

It was only a matter of time, they thought, until Cruz Mendez would hunt them up and try to sell them the Eagle Tail; and it was their intention reluctantly to close the bargain with him, for a specified sum, and then stake him to the denouncement fees and gain possession of the mine.

As this was a commonplace in the district—no Mexican having capital enough to work a claim and no American having the right to locate one—it was a very natural and inconspicuous way of jumping Senor Aragon y Tres Palacios' abandoned claim. If they discovered the lead immediately afterward it would pass for a case of fool's luck, or at least so they hoped, and, riding out a little each day and sitting on the hotel porch with Don Juan the rest of the time, they waited until patience seemed no longer a virtue.

"Don Juan," said De Lancey, taking up the probe at last, "I had a Mexican working for me when we were over in the Sierras—one of your real, old-time workers that had never been spoiled by an education—and he was always talking about 'La Fortuna.' I guess this was the place he meant, but it doesn't look like it—according to him it was a Mexican town. Maybe he's around here now—his name was Mendez."

"Jose Maria Mendez?" inquired Don Juan, who was a living directory of the place. "Ricardo? Pancho? Cruz?" "Cruz!" cried De Lancey; "that was it!"

"He lives down the river a couple of miles," said Don Juan; "down at Old Fortuna."

"Old Fortuna!" repeated Phil. "I didn't know there was such a place."

"Why, my gracious!" exclaimed Don Juan de Dios, scandalized by such ignorance. "Do you mean to say you have been here three days and never heard about Fortuna Vieja? Why, this isn't Fortuna! This is an American mining camp—the old town is down below."

"That's where this man Aragon, the big Mexican of the country, has his ranch and store. Spanish? Him? No, indeed—mud! He is half Spanish and half Yaqui Indian, but his wife is a pure Spaniard—one of the few in the country. Her father was from Madrid and she is a Villanueva—a very strict

tiful woman in her day, with golden hair and the presence of a queen!"

"No, not Irish! My goodness, you Americans think that everybody with red hair is Irish! Why, the most beautiful women in Madrid have chestnut hair as soft as the fur of a dormouse. It is the old Castilian hair, and they are proud of it. The Senora Aragon is married beneath her station—it was in the City of Mexico, and she did not know that he was an Indian—but she is a very nice lady for all that and never omits to bow to me when she comes up to take the train. I remember one time—"

"Does Cruz Mendez work for him?" interjected De Lancey desperately.

"No, indeed!" answered Don Juan patiently; "he packs in wood from the hills—but as I was saying—" and from that he went on to tell of the unfalling courtesy of the Senora Aragon to a gentleman whom, whatever his present station might be, she recognized as a member of one of the oldest families in Castile.

De Lancey did not press his inquiries any further, but the next morning, instead of riding back into the hills, he and Bud turned their faces down the canyon to seek out the elusive Mendez. They had, of course, been acting a part for Don Juan, since Kruger had described Old Fortuna and the Senora Aragon with great minuteness.

And now, in the guise of innocent strangers, they rode down the river, past the concentrator with its multiple tanks, its gliding tramway and mountains of tailings, through the village of Indian houses stuck like dugouts against the barren hill—then along a river bed that oozed with slickings until they came in sight of the town.

La Fortuna was an old town, yet not as old as its name, since two Fortunas before it had been washed away by cloudbursts and replaced by newer dwellings. The settlement itself was some four hundred years old, dating back to the days of the Spanish conquistadores, when it yielded up many melochades of gold.

The present town was built a little up from the river in the lee of a great ridge of rocks thrust down from the hill and well calculated to turn aside a glut of waters. It was a comfortable huddle of whitewashed adobe buildings set on both sides of a narrow and irregular road—the great trail that led down to the hot country and was worn deep by the pack-trains of centuries.

On the lower side was the ample store and cantina of Don Cipriano, where the thirsty arrieros could get a drink and buy a panocha of sugar without getting down from their mounts. Behind the store were the pole corrals and adobe warehouses and the quarters of the peons, and across the road was the mesal still, where, in huge copper retort and worm, the fery liquor was distilled from the sugar-laden heads of Yucca.

This was the town, but the most important building—set back in the shade of mighty cottonwoods and pleasantly aloof from the road—was the residence of Senor Aragon. It was this, in fact, which held the undivided attention of De Lancey as they rode quietly through the village, for he had become accustomed from a long experience in the tropics to look for something elusive, graceful and feminine in houses set back in a garden. Nothing stirred, however, and having good reason to avoid Don Cipriano, they jogged steadily on their way.

"Some house!" observed Phil, with a last hopeful look over his shoulder.

"Lh," assented Bud, as he came to a fork in the road. "Say," he continued, "let's turn off on this trail. Lot of burro tracks going out—expect it's our friend, Mr. Mendez."

"All right," said De Lancey absently; "wonder where old Aragon keeps that bee-utiful daughter of his—the one Don Joo-an was telling about. Have to stop on the way back and sample the old man's mescal."

"Nothing doing!" countered Hooker instantly. "Now you heard what I told you—there's two things you leave alone for sixty days—booze and women. After we clinch our title you can get as gay as you please."

"Oo-eel!" piped Phil, "hear the boy talk! But he said no more of wine and women, for he knew how they do complicate life."

They rode to the east now, following the long, flat footprints of the burros, and by all the landmarks Bud saw that they were heading straight for the old Eagle Tail mine. At Old Fortuna the river turns west and at the same time four canyons came in from the east and south. Of these they had taken the first to the north and it was leading them past all the old workings that Kruger had spoken about. In fact, they were almost at the mine when Hooker swung down suddenly from his horse and motioned Phil to follow.

"There's some burros coming," he said, glancing back significantly; and when the pack-train came by, each animal piled high with broken wood, the two Americans were busily tapping away at a section of country rock. A man and a boy followed behind the animals, gazing with wonder at the strangers, and as Phil bade them a pleasant "Buenos dias!" they came to a halt and stared at their industry in silence. In the interval Phil was pleased to note that the old man had only one eye.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cariyle and Ceremony. Thomas Cariyle and his wife were so wedding-frightened that it is said to think of it. Repeating to a letter of his describing his fantastic terrors, she wrote: "For heaven's sake get into a more benignant humor, or the incident will not only wear a very original aspect, but likewise a very heart-breaking one. I see not how I am to go through with it."

Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Marine Eye Remedy. No Stinging, No Smarting, No Itching, No Burning, Just Eye Comfort. Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Marine Eye Remedy, 25c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye Remedy, Write Druggists or Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Mother Knows What To Use

To Give Quick Relief

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chillsains, Lambe Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1848. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. OR WRITE G. C. Hanford, Inc., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

ROCK COULDN'T FEAZE HIM

Big Stone Bounded Off Irishman, But Killed Polander, Who "Couldn't Stand Much."

Representative Michael E. Conry of New York used to be employed in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. One morning as he was going to work he met another Irishman all fixed up in his Sunday clothes.

"What's wrong?" asked Conry.

"Nothin' wrong," answered the other laborer.

"But what's happened?"

"Nothin' happened. A man's got to show some respect for the dead."

"What dead?"

"Oh, that Polander I worked with died yesterday."

"What did he die of?"

"A rock fell and hit him."

"You don't say! How big a rock was it?"

"Oh, three or four tons, maybe. Them Polanders can't stand much. I purty near got hurt myself yesterday."

"How was that?"

"The rock that killed the Polander hit me first, but luckily it bounced off."

—St. Joseph News-Press.

Woman Deserved Sharp Retort

A white Pomeranian escaped from the arms of its mistress in Surf avenue, Coney Island, the other night and ran in front of an automobile. A newsboy darted after the dog, caught it, and then fell in a mud puddle. He lost a dozen or so of papers but held on to the dog, which he returned to its owner slightly soiled.

"You impudent little scamp!" said the woman. "What made you get the dear little dog so dirty. You ought to be whipped."

"I'm mighty glad I didn't save your life," replied the boy, and a score of onlookers applauded him.

A Good Dressmaker Can Give a Woman as much pleasure as a good bartender can give a man.

We never quite realize the sting of hard words until we have to take them back.

A young man may have to fight for the first kiss and thereafter wear a catcher's mask for self-protection.

Even the baby in the cradle finds this a rocky world.

We Do the Cooking

You avoid fussing over a hot stove—

Save time and energy—

Have a dish that will please the home folks!

A package of

Post Toasties

and some cream or good milk—sometimes with berries or fruit—

A breakfast, lunch or supper

Fit for a King!

Toasties are sweet, crisp bits of Indian corn perfectly cooked and toasted—

Ready to eat from the package—

Sold by Grocers

NAT AF Plan

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NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Plan Home Classes in Practical Agriculture

WASHINGTON.—A plan whereby ten or more farmers or farm women can turn home classes in agriculture or domestic science and receive the textbooks, lectures, lantern slides, laboratory and cooking equipment necessary to conduct them has been devised by the United States department of agriculture in co-operation with agricultural colleges of certain states.

The object of the plan is to make accessible at home, to men and women who have not the time or means to attend the regular courses at the colleges, practical short courses in agriculture and home management specially adapted to their districts. These courses, which will consist of 15 to 20 lectures, and will consume five or more weeks, can be arranged to suit the spare time and convenience of each group of people.

The courses to be offered at first are poultry raising, fruit growing, soils, cheese manufacturing, dairying, butter making, and farm bookkeeping; and for the women especially, courses in the preparation, cooking and use of vegetable and cereal foods. The department will supply lectures and lantern slides covering these subjects, and the states which have agreed to co-operate in the plan will lead to each group laboratory and cooking apparatus valued at \$100 and a reference library. The textbooks and lectures will be made so complete that each group can safely appoint one of its members as study leader to direct the work of the course.

When a group has decided to take up the work, the state which co-operates sends an agent with the department's representative to organize a sample class and assist the leader whom they elect in laying out the work and in showing him the best methods of procedure. The classes commonly are held from eight to twelve in the morning and from one to four in the afternoon, two or three days each week. The sessions are not held every day, so that the members will have time to attend to their farm duties between the sessions, as well as before and after the instruction period. The classes meet commonly at the most convenient farmhouse. During the morning hours, textbook work is done. In the afternoon laboratory work is conducted, and the women who have elected to take the domestic science courses have practical lessons in cooking.

Trapped While at Work Under a Banquet Table

THE story is just getting around about a dinner given in exclusive Washington society, at which the most tactful person was undoubtedly a plumber in overall. It was an elaborate dinner. The central feature of the table decoration was a playing fountain.

But just before the dinner was to be served the fountain refused to play. A plumber was hastily called. He crawled under the table and soon had the fountain sending a delicate spray into the air. He was busy tightening the couplings of the temporary pipes under the table when the head butler, his mind relieved of a load of care when he saw the fountain playing, announced in the drawing room:

"Dinner is served."

Before the plumber knew what was happening the guests had entered the dining room, chairs were drawn up, and he suddenly found himself hemmed in by a wall in which trousers alternated with skirts.

It was a big round table, so he was safe from discovery from any shifting foot. He scratched his head and wondered what he should do. He looked carefully around. Neither to the right nor to the left nor between any pair of feet was there sufficient space for him to wiggle through. The only way to get out would be to tap on some knee and—"Pardon me, please."

He didn't know much about the etiquette of formal dinner parties, but he had a hunch that that wouldn't make a bit. He decided that there was just one thing to do—stay where he was until the trouser-and-skirt wall departed. So there he sat.

When the dinner was at last over and the guests had returned to the drawing room the plumber crawled forth.

The hostess had tarried for a moment to give a few directions to the head butler. She gasped with astonishment.

The plumber explained. "Sir," said she, "you are a gentleman." Then to the head butler: "James, give this man \$10 for himself." Then to the plumber: "And please say nothing."

No National Holidays in the United States

YOU might suppose that July 4 is a national holiday, but it isn't. Worse than that, there isn't such a thing as a national holiday in the whole United States. A patriotic young woman in Brookland spent a quarter in phone calls just to find out. She is a young woman who likes to know things, and when some iconoclast cast a doubt as to the nationality of the day we celebrate, she called up a Washington newspaper and got this answer:

"There is no national holiday in the United States."

On the principle that you can't believe everything a paper says, she phoned to the head of an educational institution, and was told by an authority, who asked not to be quoted, that to the best of his impression there were no holidays, etc.

In this conflict of opinions, and not being able to get the state department or the attorney general's office—both closed July 4—the young woman rang up President Wilson.

She was told that the White House did not know, but that as soon as the information could be obtained she would be called up, which was done within the hour. And that settled it.

"We have no national holidays in the United States."

"Prophet Without Honor in His Own Country"

THAT "a prophet is without honor in his own country" was very clearly shown the other day at Marshall hall. The day was an ideal one, and a Washington woman, taking advantage of that fact, put some lunch in a basket, took her daughter, annexed two other children and went down the river to let the tots enjoy the fun of pink lemonade and peanuts.

Presently the children got tired wandering around, peeping at the tomb of the ancient Marshalls, and went to the pony track, where a dozen barefoot colored boys were in charge of the pets. The oldest of them, Virgil, was a round-headed boy with a face as brown as a seal and a mouth that looked like a slit in a watermelon. His main interest in life was the ponies, and such impediments as clothing and learning were regarded contemptuously as useless incumbrances. To enjoy the present moment was his only motto.

The Washington woman stood looking over the waves to where the high hill on the opposite shore showed the white porches of Mount Vernon.

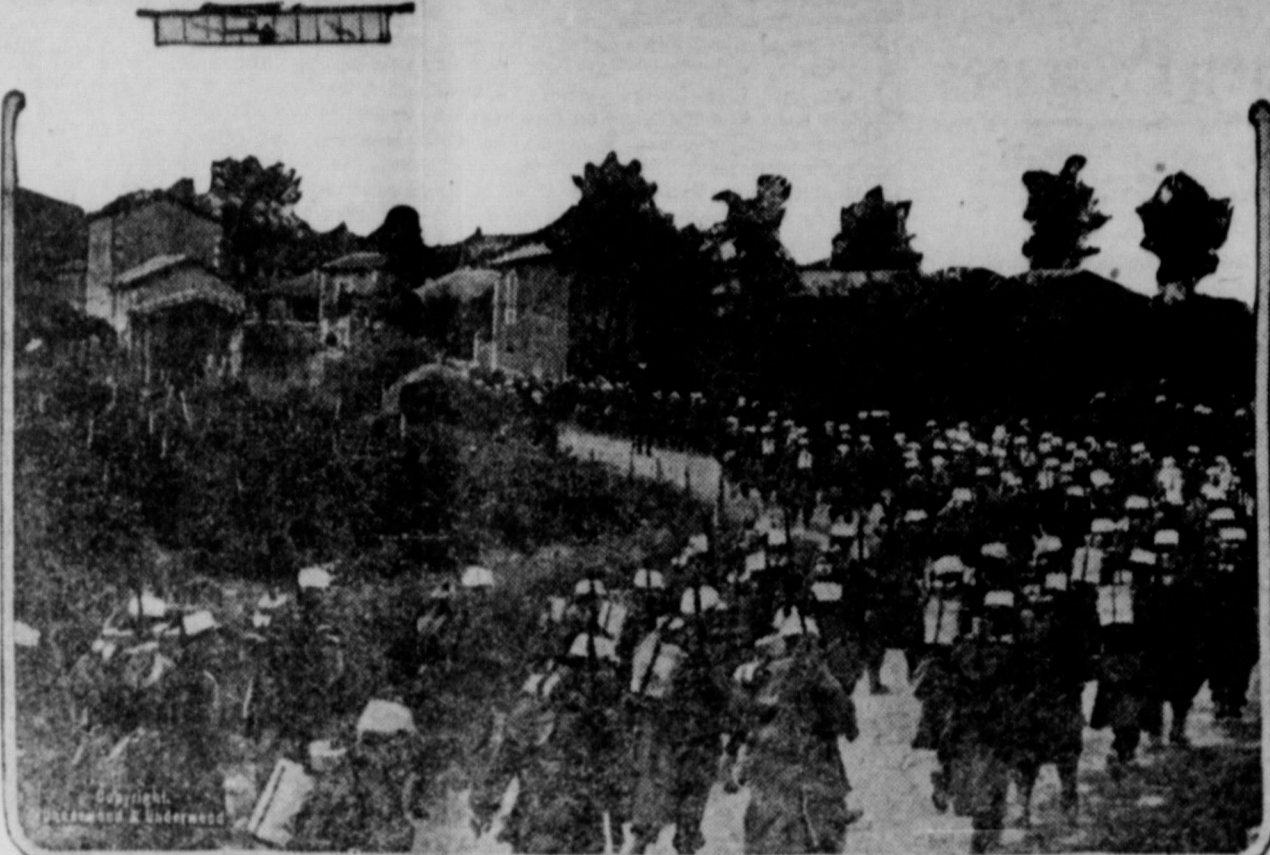
"Did you ever hear of George Washington, Virgil?" asked the lady as she watched a whole banana disappear down that personage's throat.

Virgil dug his toe in the dirt, looked around appealingly at the rest of the children, then blurted out:

"No'm, I ain't ever heard of no George Washington, 'cept'n unless you means my uncle, George Washington, what lies down de road a piece."

Such is fame—and in the very shadow of the vine and fig tree of the Father of His Country.

FRENCH REGIMENT HURRYING TO THE GERMAN BORDER

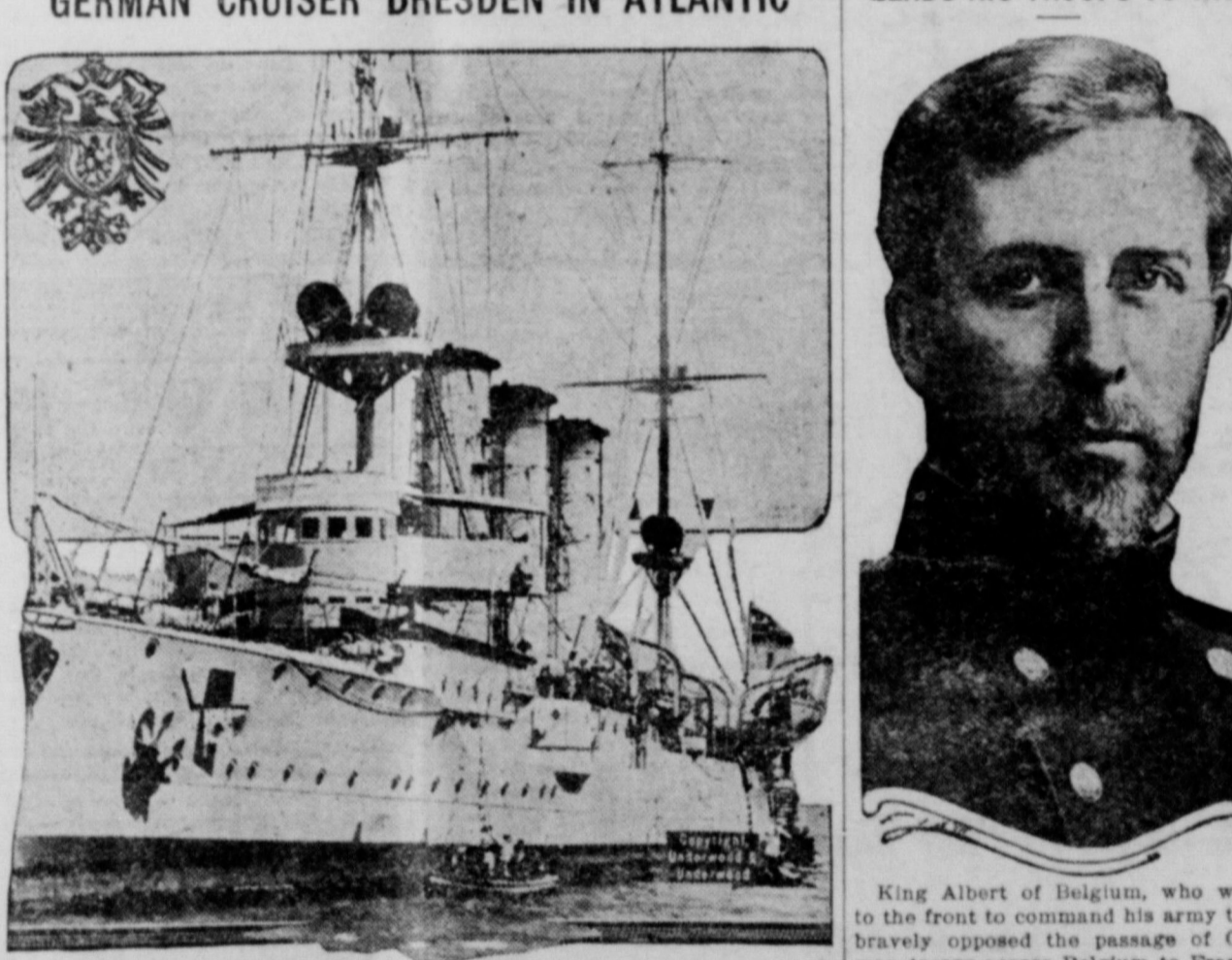


France is hurrying her troops by the hundred thousand toward the German frontier and Belgium. One of the regiments is here pictured marching through a village, with an aeroplane in advance as scout.

LIBAU, RUSSIAN NAVAL STATION SHELLED BY GERMAN CRUISER

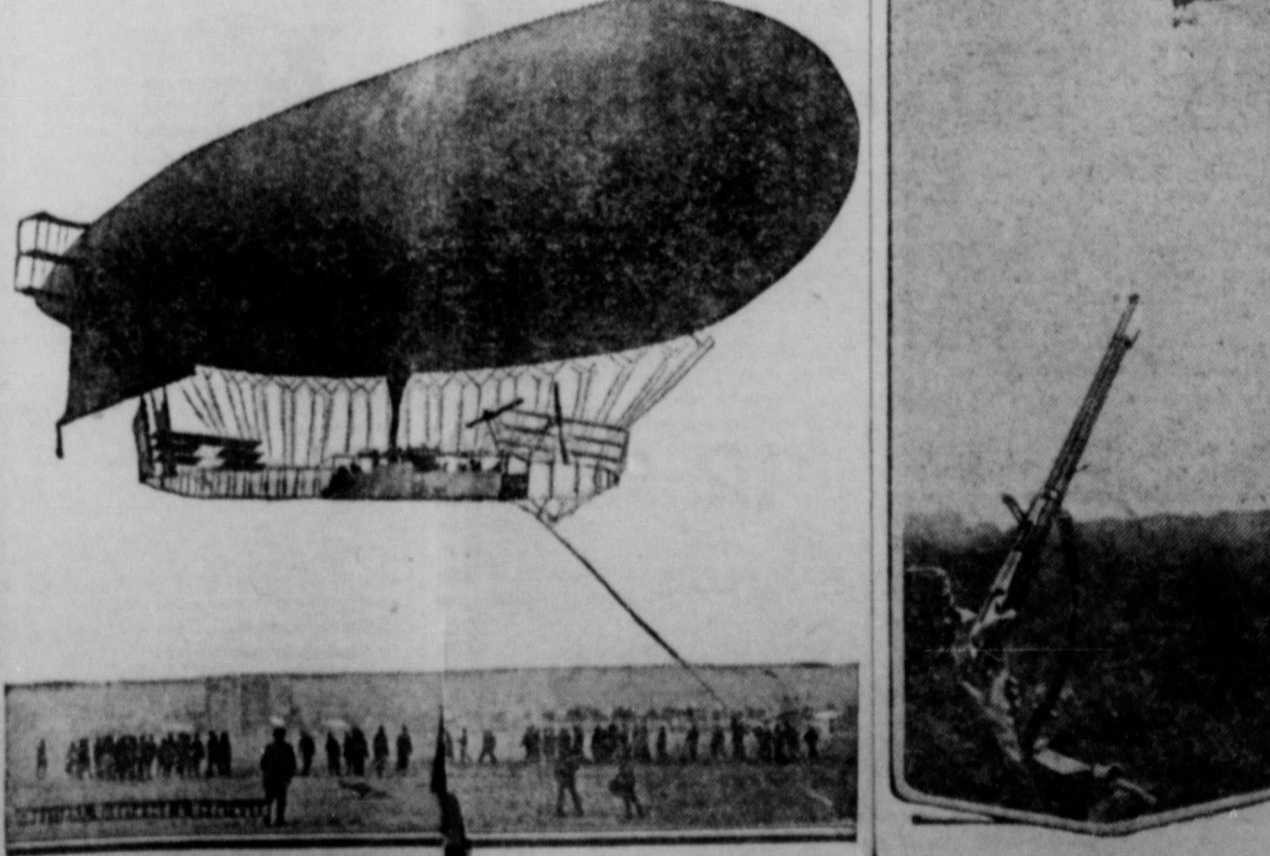


GERMAN CRUISER DRESDEN IN ATLANTIC LEADS HIS TROOPS TO WAR



The German cruiser Dresden has been reported off Sandy Hook, presumably lying in wait to intercept the merchant ships of France and England.

ONE OF FRANCE'S GIANT DIRIGIBLES



WOMAN WEAK AND NERVOUS

Finds Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa.—"I suffered with female troubles from the time I came into womanhood until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would have pains if I overworked or lifted anything heavy, and I would be so weak and nervous and in so much misery that I would be prostrated. A friend told me what your medicine had done for her and I tried it. It made me strong and healthy and our home is now happy with a baby boy. I am very glad that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and do all I can to recommend it."—Mrs. A. B. BOSCAM, 504 E. Howard Street, Creston, Iowa.

Tons of Roots and Herbs are used annually in the manufacture of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is known from ocean to ocean as the standard remedy for female ills.

For forty years this famous root and herb medicine has been pre-eminently successful in controlling the diseases of women. Merit alone could have stood this test of time.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Why Suffer From Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism

Hunt's Lightning Oil quickly relieves the pain. The Hurting and Aching stop almost instantly. A truly wonderful remedy for those who suffer. It is astonishing how the pain fades away the moment Hunt's Lightning Oil comes in contact with it. So many people are praising it, that you can no longer doubt. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises and Sprains it is simply fine. All dealers sell Hunt's Lightning Oil in 25 and 50 cent bottles or by mail from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

Many a man has taken a hand in politics and then put his foot in it.

Makes the laundress happy—that's Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful, clean white clothes. All good grocers. Adv.

It's a case of love's labor lost when a woman has to take in washing in order to support a worthless husband.

His Mistake. "He's a self-made man." "I know. He surely made a mistake in not consulting an expert."

Not Large. Maude—Fred seems to be wandering in his mind. Betty—Then he can't stray far.

Right Name for Them. "How much did your motor car cost?" "Fifteen hundred dollars, exclusive of the exosporics."

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure. The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Fortune Hunter. "So Jack's married. Did he marry for beauty?" "No, booty."

How To Give Quinine To Children. FERRILIN is the trade-mark name given to an Improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate or cause nervousness or ringing in the head. It is the best time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for genuine original package. The name FERRILIN is blown in bottle. 45 cents.

Keeping Eggs in Summer

A campaign in parts of the country is now on for a better method of keeping eggs in summer. We see the subject mentioned in the agricultural papers, hear it spoken upon in the farmers' meetings, and even some of the railroads have sent out lecture cars for this purpose. Well, this is a move in the right direction, for there is every summer too large a number of eggs permitted to become "bad."

One thing that we all can do to help keep up the keeping quality of the egg during the summer months is to separate the rooster from the flock. This will give us infertile eggs, and it has been proven time after time that the infertile egg will keep almost indefinitely if properly handled; while the fertile egg will remain good but a short time under the ordinary method of caring for them on the farm. And we find that we do not need the rooster during the summer anyway. The hens will be more contented without him, and the eggs will keep better, and his presence always means expense of upkeep. Of course, where the male bird is desired for parentage next season he can be kept in a small yard to himself after the breeding season is over, and then turned back with the flock ten days or two weeks before the breeding season. I find this is much better, even if we were not doing it to help in keeping the eggs through the summer. Another point of suggestion I wish to make, which I have learned through experience is to keep the eggs gathered up from the nest promptly. The majority of the hens, I find, lay their eggs before noon, and it is best to gather the eggs at that period of the day. If gathered then they can be stored in a cool place, away from the heat of the afternoon and from the molestation of broody hens. Then at night the eggs, if there any laid in the afternoon, can be gathered again. This manner of gathering is one of the small things that pay in the work on an egg farm.

Cleanliness comes in for its part. A dirty egg not only knocks down the price, but I have found by experiment, actually interferes with the keeping qualities. Dirt is a sign of decay the world over and it holds good with the egg. We often see the advice given to keep the eggs packed in salt.

This is a help, inasmuch as it keeps the egg cool and free from the drying atmosphere. However, the suggestions I have here given will do more to insure the keeping qualities of the egg than any solution of minerals, etc. We have tried these out and know they will do to adhere to without running any risk, and without any expense.—Farm and Ranch.

Will You Join The Rest?

Many of our town and country folks have already signified their intention to attend the Panhandle State Fair at Amarillo Sept. 25th to October 1st. Gray county will be represented by a creditable exhibition of farm and other products? Considering the general situation throughout other sections of Texas, and of most of the States, the Panhandle stands forth as a country particularly blessed with abundance this season. We are entitled to a short vacation and a few days amusement and entertainment. No better opportunity could be offered us for this purpose than the Panhandle State Fair. Make arrangements to join the rest and meet all your friends at the Fair.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Devotional meeting—Three mistakes about rest. Leader—Andrew Floyd. Opening exercises. Song. Prayer. Psalm 55:6—A. J. Mayfield. Introduction—Leader. "Rest of soul not dependent on a place"—Grace Francis. "Rest of soul may be had in the midst of difficulty"—Grace Hamilton. Song, "O Land of Rest". "Rest of the Soul not to be found in our own power"—J. L. Upham. "Rest is God's gift when we trust him"—Orma Kibler. Heb. 4:9—Minnie Foster. Song, "Sweet By and By".

Forty Two Party.

On Friday evening of last week Miss Olive Haynes was hostess to the older social set. Forty-two was the principal feature of the evening's entertainment, interspersed with music and conversation. Ten couples were present and an enjoyable time spent. During the evening candy and watermelons were served.

Lawn Party.

The beautiful J. L. Collier home south of town was the scene on Saturday night of last week of a most enjoyable gathering of young people who were the guests of Miss Edith and Frank Stockton. Lights were hung in the pretty shade trees about the yard and many interesting games and contests were staged on the grassy lawn. Besides an unlimited amount of watermelon, there were refreshments of punch and cake.

Mrs. Thompson Showered.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kibler were hosts to a large party of friends who gathered at their home on Friday afternoon of last week for the purpose of extending congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Clay E. Thompson who had just returned from their wedding journey. The assembled friends participated in a miscellaneous shower for the bridal couple and many useful and beautiful gifts were presented them.

During the afternoon a veritable feast of watermelon was served by the hostess and a most pleasant affair it proved to be.

Senior League Program.

A song of lofty expectations. Song. Psalms 121—Leader. Paragraph 1—Ethel Cash. Paragraph 2—Roger Hearne. Song. Paragraph 3—Ellen Anderson. Election of officers. Leader—Mrs. Noel.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Fred Stockton to Preach.

We are requested to announce that Rev. Fred Stockton will hold services at the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening, September 13th. This will take the place of the regular Holiness service conducted by Mr. Jones. The public is cordially invited to attend.

A FULL CAR OF FURNITURE JUST IN

We take pleasure in announcing to you that we have just unloaded a full car of furniture and are better prepared than we have ever been to fit your house for you.

We say with pride that we know we have the most complete furniture department than any store our size in the Panhandle.

All we ask of you is to come in and let us figure your bill of furniture before ordering--- if you do you will keep this money at home for we can sell JUST AS CHEAP.

Ever available foot of space is packed with furniture of every conceivable kind. No matter what it may be, if it is an article of need in the community it is here in this store waiting for you, and at a bargain price too.

Come and see.

Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the good people of Alanreed for their kind assistance and sympathy during the final sickness and death of my dear father.

J. T. DAVIS.

Notice.

We charge our regular rate (5 cents per line) for Cards of thanks, but we make no charge for Obituaries.

The McLean News.

The McLean Shoe Store

has just received a line of new

SHOES

For Men, Women, Boys and Girls

Call and see them. My prices are reasonable. I am prepared to do fine shoe repairing.

JOHN MERTEL

Alanreed Letter.

Dr. Coppege, wife and daughter, Mrs. Kate Templeton, have returned from a visit with relatives in New Mexico. They went by rail to Roswell, then about 90 miles in a wagon to Jenkins. After a short visit there they went to Elida and while they spent a night with Rev. Jackson, former pastor of the Methodist church at Alanreed. They report Rev. Jackson doing good at Elida and surrounding country. The doctor reports a pleasant time and while the fruit crops in some places have been injured by hale, the field crops are better than usual.

O. H. Rector has returned from his boyhood home at Heaton, Okla., where he attended a family reunion. He says he had an enjoyable time with relatives and old friends and the people are doing fairly well. He was not well when he got back, but his friends say that O. H. had

a good appetite and as long as chicken pie and cantaloupe lasted he did the subject justice.

I. D. Shaw is having an addition built to his house and is having it weather boarded, painted and otherwise improved.

W. M. Greenwood of Oklahoma has moved back to this place and is now engineering the hotel.

The young folks of Alanreed, comprising the Bow Knott Club, certainly deserve a great deal of credit for the good work they are doing. They have paid for the school bell and have made a nice payment on a piano for the school auditorium. They will give a play Friday night, the 4th, entitled "A Southern Cinderella," the proceeds of which will be applied on the piano. Everybody should come out and encourage them in this laudable undertaking. REUBEN.

THE OPERA SEASON

WILL OPEN

Monday Night September 7th

AT THE

ELECTRIC THEATRE

With the Mason Comedy in a splendid repertoire of plays, good clean plays that you have longed to see. It will be different and better. This attraction is absolutely guaranteed by us to be first class in every respect. Popular prices—25c, 35c and 50c.

Singing, acrobatic and musical specialties between acts. Special vaudeville features.

12 PEOPLE 12

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Secure your seats early for the first performance.

ELECTRIC THEATRE

Round Trip

Summer Tourist Fares

VIA



TO United States, Canada and Mexico

Effective May 15th. Tickets on sale daily to September 30th, with final return limit October 31st. Optional routes.

ALSO—Very low summer excursion fares to various destinations in California and the Northwest effective June 1st to September 30th; final return limit October 31st. Stop-overs and all up-to-date accommodations. For particulars call on

D. H. NUNN
Local Agent.

Read The News

90 YEARS OLD

with an eye and mind as bright as in the days of youth!

Keep in touch with your druggist and the same may be said of you. Do not neglect slight ailments. They lead to greater ones, and often to the grave.

Pure drugs quick results.

Get them here.

Toilet articles for the ladies

Erwin Drug Co.

The Rexall Store

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About
Town and County

Fresh bread at the Eagle Cafe.

Good roads economize time.

Everything is new and clean at the Eagle Cafe.

Good roads save wear, tear, worry and waste.

We are making a specialty of chili and Irish stew. Eagle Cafe.

There's a reason for everything—except bad roads.

For first class photos see Willis Bros.

Improved highways prevent intellectual stagnation.

To make mankind better and happier, build good roads.

Misses Pearl and Ruby Newton spent Sunday in Amarillo.

J. C. Sutton of Alanreed is among our new subscribers.

Let us have more split log drags and fewer mud holes in Texas.

We are especially prepared to finish your kodak pictures. Willis Bros.

Grandma Rogers left Tuesday for Wheeler where she will spend some time.

Andrew Jordon is among the McLean boys who is attending the Clarendon College this winter.

Vester Cooke and Connie Miles returned Tuesday from a n overland trip to New Mexico.

Miss Mable Watkins has had as her guest the past week Miss Ava Lee Mars of Fort Worth.

Matinee tomorrow (Saturday) from 2 to 4. Admission five, and ten cents. Electric Theatre.

W. A. Hedrick has been spending a few days with relatives at Amarillo.

W. H. Holt made a trip to Clarendon in his auto Sunday. He was accompanied by Ray Veale.

W. P. Rogers was in Oklahoma City the first of the week with a car of cattle.

C. M. Carpenter had a car of cattle on the Oklahoma City market the first of the week.

We want your trade—we serve the best "eating" in town. Eagle Cafe.

Edgar Newton who has been attending the Bowie Business College returned home the first of the week.

N. T. Hodges and wife of Naylor visited friends here this week.

The younger social set enjoyed a party at the Patterson home Saturday night of last week.

J. H. Crabtree shipped a car of cattle to the Wichita market the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Ira Chambers of Shamrock was visiting friends and relatives here the first of the week.

There are 2532 students in all departments of the University of Texas in 1914.

If your summer suit gets all mused up take it to Twister for repairs.

Mrs. L. L. Laswell and baby left Sunday for a visit with relatives in Amarillo.

The News has just finished printing the 1914-15 catalog for the Public School.

Mrs. May Watson of Apache Okla. is here for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cook.

County Attorney, Charlie Cook of Pampa was transacting business here the latter part of last week.

Miss Mabel Upham of LeFors will spend the winter at the W. B. Upham home and attend the public school.

W. H. Conway of Quanah, a former resident of this vicinity, has ordered the News sent to his address.

Eight hundred and eighty students in the University of Texas in 1914, were wholly or in part self-supporting.

During last season 406 students in the University of Texas '12-'13 were the sons and daughters of farmers.

It is high time that some steps were taken to promote an exhibit at the Panhandle fair if McLean is to be represented at this big show.

Monday will be labor day and Amarillo is advertising a big celebration with excursion rates on all railroads.

The watermelon market is a bit more active than usual this week and quite a few cars are being loaded.

J. M. Roan of Houston, who has bought watermelons here for the past several seasons, is in the city this week.

Geo. Loyd and L. H. Webb went to Oklahoma City with stock shipments the latter part of last week.

Miss Alma Evans and Walter entertained a large party of friends on Friday evening of last week at their home west of town.

Miss Olive Haynes will leave tomorrow (Saturday) for Pampa where she will resume her duties in the public school.

The State of Georgia works 5,000 convicts on her public roads and leads all States in the nation in this respect.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Vannoy have returned from an extended fishing trip to the Palo Duro Canyon near Amarillo.

For sale—Full blood three-year old Hereford bull. Price \$100. This is a bargain. See or write D. M. Graham, McLean, Texas.

Fred Stockton returned the first of the week from New Mexico where he and Dolphus Wadley have been holding a meeting.

Mrs. Willie Sims of Dallas, who has been spending a month here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Stephens, returned home Tuesday.

Found—At the school building Monday, an Eastern Star pin. Owner can have same by calling at the News office and paying 25 cents for this ad.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay E. Thompson have moved into the O'Dell house, recently occupied by the W. H. Holt family, and will make it their home in the future.

Miss Nellie Smith will make her home this winter with Rev. and Mrs. Howell and will attend the public school. The young lady is one of the graduating class.

Miss Annis Lorange left the first of the week for her home at Clinton after an extended visit with her Cousin, Miss Hattie Thompson.

Roy Richardson left Monday for Clarendon where he will enter the Clarendon College for the winter. He visited relatives in Amarillo enroute.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Thompson and family went to Clarendon Tuesday in their car. Miss Maud and Fred will be students in the Clarendon College this winter.

C. M. Carpenter of McLean, Tex., sold a mixed load of cattle, which included stock cows and heifers, at \$5.40 act. 640.—Drovers Telegram.

Just received a washtub full of pocket knives, from 50 cents up. Every one guaranteed—all you have to do is to bring it back if not satisfied. Overton Hdw. Co.

I. W. Hawks was here last week from Tennessee for a visit with the G. F. Geren family. He returned Monday by way of Amarillo where he visited relatives.

The split log has, contributed more to the economical maintenance of our public highways than any other implement of modern usage.

It does not require a special act of the legislature, a bond issue or an expensive educational campaign to improve highways with a split log drag.

One hundred and seventy-two young women received lessons in domestic economy in the University of Texas during the session of 1914.

We are running the very best commercial pictures. You see the same pictures with us as you would see in the large cities. Electric Theatre.

Temple Piper who has been staying at the Edgar Thompson ranch for some time, will spend the winter with his aunt, Mrs. Easterwood and attend school.

18 size, seventeen jewel Elgin or Waltham watch in a twenty-year gold filled case for \$12.50. All others are of equal bargain. Terry W. Hudgins, Erick, Okla.

For sale—A good second hand car for sale or trade. Will sell cheap for cash or will take mares or mules. Call at McLean Auto Co. or phone 83.

Dr. J. A. Hall of Shamrock announces that he will be in McLean from Monday, September 7th to Saturday, September 12th, to do dental work. Office in the Wolf Drug Store.

WHY US?

Because we stand for service—quick efficient service. Our grocery business is our only avocation and we work at it dilligently to put it on a footing that will command your respect and attract your trade. When you want groceries you want them NOW and you want that kind of groceries that will have no fear of the pure food law. Therefore US. If you want what you want when you want it ask central for 67.

W. R. VEALE'S FOODSTUFFERY

S. R. Kennedy of Alanreed transacted business here Wednesday.

Miss Fannie Boyle arrived Sunday from Shamrock to take up her work in the localschools.

W. R. Veale of Granite has had his name added to our subscription list.

F. R. McCracken, president of the Bank of Alanreed was a business visitor here the first of the week.

We are requested to announce that there will be services at the Methodist Church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. W. W. Mars of Fort Worth arrived the first of the week and is spending a few days on their ranch north of town. Mrs. Mars has been enjoying a trip in the east and Canada this summer.

Mrs. C. E. A. Pollard returned Thursday of last week from Ochiltree and Groom, where she had been visiting relatives. She was accompanied home by her grand daughter, Miss Grace Whatley, who will spend the winter here and attend school.

Mrs. R. W. Crisp was over from Alanreed shopping Wednesday.

In addition to the regular program of pictures at the Electric Theatre Wednesday evening manager Wall had on exhibit the smallest horse in the world. The little animal is 26 inches high and weighs sixty pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Aldus of Shamrock spent Thursday here the guest of the latters parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cook. They have been spending the summer in Colorado and Canada and stopped over here enroute home.

Miss Alma Harlan and Mr. E. R. Turman were united in marriage at the home of the bride on Sunday, August 23rd. Both young people are well known and have a host of friends to wish them success and happiness.

Friends will be glad to know that Mrs. J. H. Horton and family have moved into their new home at Denton, Texas and will make that place their permanent home. Orman holds a responsible position with an abstract firm at that place. Miss Lucile will teach this year at Wheeler.

Read The McLean News.

Mrs. Minnis Massay left recently for her old home at Whitesboro, Texas, for an extended visit with relatives.

We are very sorry that (through an error of the printer) the name of Scott Johnston was left off the board of trustees in the school catalog recently printed. Mr. Johnston's term does not expire until 1916.

Heald Revival Closes.

A ten days revival meeting at the Heald school house came to a close last Monday night. There were about twenty professions of religion and sixteen accessions to the Methodist church. Several will unite with other churches.

The whole community, regardless of denomination or creed, with few exceptions, took part in the meeting. Old differences were settled and a more Christian spirit seems to prevail.

This is one of the best communities in the vicinity, and the meeting will tend to make it even better than it was.

To The People of Northwest Texas

We take pleasure in announcing the Second Annual Exhibition of the
Panhandle State Fair
at Amarillo, Texas
Friday, September 25th, to Thursday, October 1st.

The exhibition facilities of the Fair have been greatly enlarged this year, owing to to the increased demand for space from ever section of the Panhandle.

With the marvelous agricultural showing throughout our country this season, visitors may rest assured that the exhibition of products of the farm at the Fair will compare most favorably with that of any similar exhibition in the entire country.

In the Live Stock Divisions there will be nothing wanting, the entries promising a showing which would do credit to a live stock exhibition of national pretensions.

In the Poultry, Milling, Manufacturing, Garden, Kitchen, and other departments the exhibits promise a revelation to all.

THE RACING PROGRAM

Will include several fast events each day, many of the famed harness horses of the country having secured entry in the varous races.

Allman Brothers Carnival Co.

The classiest carnival attraction in the United States, carrying 18 carloads of equipment and a Band of thirty pieces, has been engaged for the entire Fair, thus assuring to Fair visitors the best of entertainment.

All Panhandle people, all Texas people, all the people of all the States, are invited to the Fair. Come and enjoy a week's holiday. We promise you an enjoyable and profitable time at the Fair. Special Fair rates on all railroads. For any information address

PANHANDLE STATE FAIR ASSOCIATION
J. F. MCGREGOR, Secretary
AMARILLO, TEXAS

MR. FARMER

Don't forget that we have the best twine made, the celebrated

Fittler

Also the Johnson binder, we sell castor machine oil 35c per gallon. Just received a shipment of harness. Let us figure with you

On Your Bills

OVERTON HARDWARE CO.

ON FOOT THROUGH SWITZERLAND

By CARL SCHURZ VROOMAN
PUBLISHED BY COURTESY OF SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY



SCENIC TYPE OF TOWN IN CANTON VALAIS



HOSPICE IN THE ENGADINE

IN SWITZERLAND the way to get about the country, if one has the time and energy, is not by means of its railways, nor of its splendid system of diligences, nor yet by automobile, but simply and joyfully on foot, for, in order to see Switzerland aright, one must use his feet as well as his eyes. One summer which we devoted to doing Switzerland, or rather a part of it, in this primitive fashion, I still recall with a keen sense of exhilaration and delight.

Early one morning about the middle of June, with heavy hob-nailed boots on our feet, stout walking sticks in our hands and knapsacks on our backs, we set forth to walk from Thusis over the Julier pass into the Engadine. Toward noon we snatched an hour's nap at a wayside inn, after lunching on brook trout fresh from the water and vegetables fresh from the earth. We stopped for the night in a little mountain village where the charge at the hotel for breakfast and a large corner room with polished hard-wood floor, hand-woven and hand-embroidered linen sheets and three daintily curtained windows framing magnificent panoramas of snow mountains and cascades, amounted to 48 cents each! The picturesque little proprietress apologetically explained that the extras which we had so recklessly incurred in the way of eggs and jam for breakfast were responsible for the swollen proportions of the bill.

It seemed like flying in the face of Providence to hurry away at once, so, yielding to the protest of our tired feet and the combined charms of the place, the proprietress and the prices, we stopped another day in this little patch of paradise and started off next morning refreshed in body and soul, for our three days' trip by easy stages down into the valley of the Engadine.

Making our headquarters in St. Moritz, we walked all over this enchanting region, seeing it in its most glorious season, the month of flowers, when the fields are shot with every color of the rainbow and Alpine roses run riot over all the hills, while stately gentians make their part of the earth as blue as the sky and pansies and buttercups in the valley spread a cloth of pure gold for one's feet.

From St. Moritz we set out for a week's walking trip to Andermatt through one of the least tourist-spoiled regions of Switzerland, stopping en route at little chalet hotels, where we ate, drank and slept with all the joy and some of the power of the virile, voracious races of primitive man. At the top of the Oberalp pass the proprietor of the hotel welcomed us as Noah might have welcomed the dove that returned to the ark with the first sign of dry land. Thus far, the poor man told us, his season had been so superlatively bad that his family had been obliged to eat meat!

As we were somewhat puzzled by this paradoxical utterance, he hastened to explain that in the absence of guests (and I might add, cold storage facilities) there was nothing to do with the meat on hand but to allow the family to eat it. Judging from his attitude we could imagine the sort of chastened pleasure with which his household must have partaken of this feast which, while undoubtedly ministering to their carnal satisfaction, betokened their financial undoing.

From the pass we made a side excursion to little lake Toma—the source of the Rhone—on our way down to Andermatt, where we inspected, as much as is allowable to foreigners, the splendid fortifications which the Swiss promptly erected on the St. Gotthard pass when Italian imperialism threatened to rob them of their Italian-speaking cantons.

The Swiss army is one of the most remarkable of her institutions. It is the ideal toward which the common people of every European country, weighed down with taxes for huge standing armies, turn with longing and hope. The Swiss have a wonderful system of militia which saves millions of money to the taxpayers and years of freedom from military service to the soldiers. Practically all Swiss serve in the militia and reserves. The training thus received would be insufficient were it not preceded and supplemented by military training for boys in school, and rifle practice every year by virtually the entire male population.

In this highly original and economical way little Switzerland, with a population of less than three millions of people, actually has at her beck and call an army of 337,000 of the most martial soldiers in Europe, armed, equipped and ready to take the field at an hour's notice.

Leaving Andermatt we crossed the Furka pass the Rhone valley and in the course of the day we walked over a number of passes, the cow, a Brunz, Gemli, Meiden, Augsburg and



CAMPFER - ENGADINE



Lifeless, endless winter

Tete Noir, each with its own special variety of Alpine scenery. None of these, however, opened up a view that could compare in grandeur of form and mass and mysterious beauty of color and shade with that which stretched out before us as we reached the summit of the Furka and looked westward over miles of glaciers, interlined with green valleys and surrounded on all sides by chains of snow-covered, cloud-capped mountains in an ocean of sunset glory.

On our walking trips it was interesting to watch the faces of people who passed us in diligences, carriages or automobiles; some as they whirled by looked down upon us with placid scorn, others with indifference or surprise, but those who realized what they were missing must have envied us as we strode along, inhaling great draughts of pure ozone, stopping to rest or read, or eat or sleep, whenever we wished, and always carrying with us the exultant sense of personal, physical triumph over this proud old Alpine world.

But we were by no means total abstainers from the pleasures of occasional drives, which lent added zest to our tramps. One drive which we took over the Grimsel pass is indelibly impressed on my memory. Having blistered our feet on the trip to the Grimsel Hospice we limped ignominiously into the hostelry and requested the proprietor to send us some liniment.

Quick to take advantage of the situation, he inquired whether we would not like a carriage for the rest of the journey to Meiringen.

"It is not much more expensive than the diligence," he explained, "and of course there are many advantages in having one's own private equipage."

The picture he drew of us rolling along in luxury proved so attractive that we at once fell in with his suggestion.

When our turnout was announced we descended in state, preceded by the porter, the concierge, the proprietor and the head waiter, all of whom had lent their distinguished services in the matter of the carriage transaction and had been rewarded accordingly.

So great was our consternation on being told that a rickety victoria drawn by a braying mule was our much vaunted "equipage" and so ludicrous was the whole situation that we were too nonplussed to protest. Moreover, the mule was braying so vigorously that any remarks we might have made would have been hopelessly swallowed up in the noisy confusion of our exit.

plated from a safe distance, but our mule had no idea of safe distance. His one thought seemed to be to leap the precipice, while the driver's frantic efforts to frustrate these suicidal and homicidal attempts were badly seconded by a pair of feeble and worn looking reins and a brake, which, at critical moments, refused to work, thus precipitating the carriage upon the already overwrought and almost hysterical mule.

Every time we rounded a corner we held our breath in terror, for turning corners in this vehicle was a painfully precarious performance. When the prancing mule had safely negotiated the turn the crisis was by no means past, since the carriage wheels were suffering from some internal disorder that made them slide and slip, wobble and pitch forward rather than roll, while the harness, being pieced with ends of rope and bits of string, was in imminent danger of collapse.

About an hour after we had started, hearing the diligence with its six sure-footed horses coming up at full speed, we modestly directed the driver to turn aside, hoping the passengers would be enjoying the scenery too much to have any eyes for us. But just as the diligence came abreast of our "equipage," the mule, having no taste for obscurity, lifted up his voice high above the noise of the waters and the startled tourists, turning with one accord to look back at us, passed speedily out of our sight in a gale of laughter.

By this time, suffering more from wounded pride than from blistered feet, we mechanically repeated the words of the hotel proprietor:

"A carriage is not much more expensive than the diligence and of course there are many advantages in having one's own private equipage."

The last days of summer were now gone, and, according to our original plan our pedestrian tour had come to an end. But when the time came to get into a steamy train at Meiringen and return to the smoke and bustle of civilization we decided that it was impossible to leave Switzerland without at least one snow mountain to our credit.

Accordingly, instead of securing railway tickets we engaged two guides and set off for the Ewig-schneehorn, a mountain which is only 11,000 high, but which commands one of the finest panoramas in the high Alps and, in good weather, according to Baedeker, "presents little difficulty to adepts."

Unfortunately, however, by thus starting from a point only 2,000 feet above sea level, we gave ourselves a climb of 9,000 feet, which is over 2,000 feet more than from the Eglishorn hotel to the top of the Jungfrau.

We slept that night on straw between huge woolen blankets in an Alpine hut built by the Swiss Alpine club for the free use of all passers-by. As we were drenched from walking all day in the rain and there was barely enough wood on hand to make tea and heat our canned soup, we were forced next morning at four o'clock to get into icy clothes.

There is nothing more dangerous on such trips as this than new-fallen snow, which conceals the crevasses yawning in the glacier beneath. We were all roped together and as the head guide sounded the snow with his ice axe at every step, our progress necessarily was slow and monotonous. But when the ice ax suddenly revealed that we were on the brink of a snow-covered crevasse which was a veritable death trap, we realized that our guide's precautions were neither perfunctory nor excessive. A few minutes later an avalanche, carrying tons of snow, ice and boulders, came tearing down about five yards to our right, but so stimulated were we by the altitude and the novelty of the situation that we felt no emotion save a sort of intoxication of ecstasy and awe.

In every direction, as far as the eye could reach, was a region of dazzling white—of lifeless, endless winter. We were tired and cold and hungry and wet, but our keenest and dominant sensation was one of exhilaration. A new aspect of nature had been opened to our view. Cold she was, and cruel, in this mood, but incomparably beautiful and pure. And when at last we turned our faces toward the familiar lower levels, it was with a feeling of exultation that this once, at least, it had been our privilege to tread these corridors of flowing ice, to hear the thunder of the avalanche, to gaze face to face upon the Jungfrau, the queen of the Bernese Alps, with her court of snowy giants, and to enter, as it were, the very holy of holies of this mighty temple of nature to which pilgrims flock from the ends of the earth—a temple not built with hands, whiter than marble, as enduring as the world itself and reaching to the very heavens.

SELLING VEGETABLES BY WEIGHT IS BEST



It is just as easy to sell vegetables by the pound as it is to sell grain.

(By W. MILTON KELLY.)
It has always been more or less of an unsettled point as to how much constituted a bushel, or how much we shall give or take for a bushel of vegetables. The consumer can seldom estimate how long a bushel or barrel of any kind of produce will last, even though he uses about the same quantity daily.

The size of the bushel is usually regulated by the price of the article bought, as with potatoes. If they are cheap, the producer and middleman give liberal measure, but when they are high and they know that they are masters of the situation, they give the consumer very small measure. They philosophically arrive at the conclusion that they should be well paid for their produce and the expense of handling it.

At such times the measure is not carefully filled or rounded up and the buyer has to take what is given him. On the other hand, if the potatoes are cheap, the grower and the middleman have lost the vantage ground they held and are willing to fill up the measures rounding.

The same by-play goes on between the dealer and the man who buys the article for his home use, only of course, it is more skillfully played than in the former case in order that the dealer may make an honest living.

Who has not bought vegetables for family use at different times and been surprised at the difference in the number of pecks that constituted a bushel or barrel of potatoes?

How much more simple it would be to place one or a dozen heads of cabbage on a scale and sell it for so much,

than it is to lump them off for so much a head, which is a tedious task to both the buyer and the seller.

As a general thing, cabbages are not all of one size or weight; very large heads are often very tight, and unless the buyer is an expert in the business he is frequently deceived by the appearance of the lot. The whole system of selling vegetables by measure instead of by weight, constitutes a cheating game and places honesty at a discount.

When beets, carrots and parsnips are sold by small measure, it is impossible to get down to accuracy and the exact amount paid for. By their peculiar shape, these vegetables form a temptation for dealers to cheat the customers.

Barrels of potatoes vary in size from one to three pecks and as there is no inducement to pack in large barrels, small ones are used and sell for the same price to the trade. Every dealer should buy by the hundred pounds and be willing to sell by the same weights; but as it is now, the dealers want big weight of the growers and to deal out the produce to the trade by the measure.

It is just as easy to sell vegetables by the pound as it is to sell grain or sugar and other commodities, and there is no reason why the dealer should not sell on the same basis of measure as he buys.

We have seen growers sell potatoes on the city markets when every bushel would make five pecks of the grocer's man's size well rounded up. It is a fact that these measures were further reduced before they got into the homes of the consumers.

EXCELLENT HINTS FOR SUCCESS IN DAIRY



The Cows Should Be Fed So They Will Produce a Full Flow of Milk and Practically Maintain the Same Flesh Condition.

Udder troubles are frequently the result of bad feeding.

The man who grows the foods which supply the country, needs no apology for his occupation.

Sunlight and pleasant surroundings are great factors in stimulating large milk yields.

The cow should be fed so that she will produce a full flow of milk, and maintain practically the same flesh condition.

The high producing dairy cow is an animal that follows in the wake of civilization. She never goes ahead.

The cow should have a capacity to produce more milk than she is called upon to produce in ordinary dairy work.

loss, rather than allow a milk flow to go by default.

Dairy work is no longer guess work, but science. Simple it is true, but all the same science.

People who are troubled with their cream and butter are generally those who have made no study of the principles that absolutely govern the souring of cream and the process of butter making.

There is no excuse for any farmer's wife being ignorant of the methods of good butter making in these days of scientific teachers in the experiment stations in every state in the Union.

Remember the cow has a hard time keeping up her usual milk flow and fighting flies, to say nothing of the effect the terrific heat has upon her.

Green fodder is relished by the cows at the tail end of the summer, as is cream relished by children.

Do not keep a cow simply because she gives a large quantity of milk. Know by the use of the Babcock test and scales whether she is putting profit into the milk pail.

There is no money in the dairy business as long as you keep feeding cows which produce at a loss.

Dress for the Nearly Grown Girl



ONE-PIECE dress, with a skirt having a long Russian tunic, is shown here as an unusually good model for the slender and immature figure of the nearly grown girl. This dress is designed for the corsetless figure and leaves nothing to be desired as a model for the miss who is finishing her school days. The skirt is set on to the bodice and has a high waist line. The bodice is supported by a light underwaist and thus the weight of the garment is hung from the shoulders as well as the hips. Firmly woven light-weight serges and other close weaves are appropriate for this dress. Supple materials that fall gracefully are the best choice. There is an under petticoat, of lining with a wide border of the material at the bottom. This straight-hanging skirt is cut to instep length and of ample width to insure perfect freedom in walking. The tunic is laid in box-pleats at the sides and back, with a straight panel at the front. The pleats are stitched down to the swell of the hips and fall free from there to the bottom. The panel is finished with a row of small covered buttons at each

side, and the skirt opens under it at the left side, where it fastens with snap fasteners. The loose and cleverly managed bodice is cut with sleeves and body in one piece. It insures perfect freedom to the arms. Fullness over the bust is provided by gathers at each side, let into the goods and laid in plaits which are attached down over the shoulder. This arrangement helps out the deficiency which is usual in the undeveloped figure of the miss. A large sailor collar finishes the bodice, which opens over a vestee, or fichu, as the case may be, of white organdie. The sleeves are long and close fitting about the wrist, where they are provided with a slit for the hand to go through. This is fastened down with snap fasteners and finished with two buttons like those on the skirt. Turned-back cuffs of organdie are used as a neat finish for them. A broad sash of heavy ribbon in the rich colors which one finds in the roman stripes is draped about the figure below the waist line. It drops at the front, terminating under the panel of the skirt.

Costumes for the Afternoon



ONE can find enough of the new things every week to write a fair-sized volume on late fashions. Sometimes the makers of fashions take just one idea and develop it to such an extent that it takes column after column of newspaper space to describe the variations that have been rung in upon that idea. Take the ruffled skirt, for instance. When the minaret tunic was first introduced it was a shock because women of fashion had grown so accustomed to the straight line from hip to ankle that the missing in half of the figure did not

accepted and even declared to be pretty. So much of the very inevitable is accepted with grace and change of heart. Taffeta is fulfilling amply the prophetic made concerning its popularity, and as an infinity of ways have been found of diversifying its appearance it is not becoming wearisome on account of repetition. The photograph shows two of the very latest styles in afternoon dresses. At the left is a model of white crepe with embroidered border. On the right the costume is of embroidered vola, with rose silk girdle. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Advertisement for Coca-Cola featuring a man drinking a glass of Coca-Cola. Text includes 'Drink Coca-Cola', 'The thirsty one's one best beverage', 'Delicious, Refreshing', and 'THE COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.'

Throw Away

your complexion troubles with your powder puff - no need of either when you use pure, harmless

Zona Face Pomade "The ALL DAY BEAUTY POWDER" At all dealers or by mail 50c. Zona Co., Wichita, Kansas.

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purpose it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA Thorough Education, Moral Training. Twenty-one courses leading to degrees in Classics, Modern Letters, Journalism, Political Economy, Commerce, Chemistry, Biology, Pharmacy, Engineering, Architecture, Law, Preparatory School, various courses. For Catalogue address BOX 11, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

FREE Life scholarship for nine of 8 each scholar-ship. Bachelor Business College, Baltimore, Md.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 33-1914.

REVELATION WAS TOO MUCH

Picture of "Hollering Jones" at Favorite Diversion Caused Him to Reform.

A well-known illustrator, who makes interesting western pictures, once made the acquaintance of a nosy but good-humored cowboy who rejoiced in the appellation of "Hollering Jones." In physical appearance this man was typical of his kind, and the artist made several studies of him, both in repose and in his favorite diversion of "hollering." Some of the studies were sold by the artist to an eastern magazine. They showed Jones in his most violent state.

A year later the artist again visited the region. He was soon approached by Mr. Jones himself, bearing one of the pictures, which he had torn from the magazine in which it was printed. Pointing to it, he asked: "Is that me?" "Well," replied the artist, evasively, "I got the general idea from you, of course, but—" "Oh, I ain't takin' no offense," Jones made haste to say. "It's all right; only it's me, say so." "If you put it to me that way," said the artist, "I can only reply that it is a fairly good portrait of you." "The men here on the ranch agree with you. So I look like that when I holler, do I?" "I think you do." "In that case," said Hollering Jones, "all I've got to say is that Hollering Jones has hollered his last holler. Hereafter, when I celebrates, I does so with a tin horn. In my own opinion, no man has a right to look like that—not round white folks, anyhow."—Youth's Companion.

Perfectly Natural. As Herbert Cory tells it, he went to a dinner once where Andrew Carnegie was a guest.

"After the eating was over and the speechmaking had started," said Corey, "Mr. Carnegie reached in his pocket for something and pulled out a handful of small change. A dime got away from him and fell on the floor, and at the first chance Mr. Carnegie got down under the table and looked for it."

"Did he find it?" asked one of the audience to whom Corey was narrating the incident.

"Did he find it?" echoed Corey. "He found 15 cents!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Missed It. "So Jack is engaged, is he? And is Fanny the bride-to-be?" "No. She's the tried-to-be."

It is believed that the River Nile contains more kinds of fish than any other river in the world.

Only a woman can entertain unwelcome guests and make them feel welcome.

Pride makes some people ridiculous and prevents others from becoming so.

HUBBY GOT THE GOODS, BUT—

It Was in the First Flush of the Hon-symoon, and He Says "Never Again!"

"Never again," was the conclusion of a story told by a young bridegroom of the month, after he related his efforts to please his bride by fulfilling her every wish. Sitting in his office a few days after the wedding he received a telephone call which was something like this: "Dearie, I do so hate to trouble you, but I have run out of lace for that dress I was making, and I can't finish it until I have another yard. Can't you stop at the store and get some as you come home—Oh, I can tell you what it is like—just four leaves, then a sprig, then four leaves, then a sprig, and so on—it's just two threads over an inch wide."

He hung up the receiver and mopped his brow. He walked by the store twice, finally entered and approached the lace counter. She was pretty, but he had been married only a week and was busy repeating in his mind: "Four leaves, then a sprig."

"Well, after looking at 500 samples of lace, I got it, but—"—Indianapolis News.

No Airs About Her.

"Airs!" exclaimed the proud mother, and shook her head vigorously. "My Elsie, for all her learning, hasn't any more airs, so to speak, than her poor old dad."

"Then she won't turn up her nose at her old friends?" queried the visitor. "La, no!" "How refreshing! Most girls who go through college nowadays will hardly look at you after they're graduated." "Well, they ain't like my Elsie, that's all I can say," retorted Elsie's ma. "She's become a carnivorous reader, of course, and she frequently impertunes music. But stuck up—my Elsie? Not a bit. She's unanimous to everybody, has a most infantile vocabulary, and what's more, never keeps a caller waiting while she dresses up. No, she just runs down, nom de plume, as she is."

Heartless.

Absorbed in her own sweet thoughts Miranda mended through the meadow, coyly aware that in the distance her lover awaited her coming. The sun just popped off this earth as Miranda was clasped in her lover's Sandow embrace.

"It has been the longest day in the year," he whispered ardently as he held her still closer. How perfectly sweet of him, thought Miranda, as she closed her eyes in an ecstasy of happiness. "Sweetheart," she breathed, raising her face to his, "why has it been so long?" "Because—because," he answered lamely—"well, because, my dear girl, it's the twenty-first of June."

Both.

"Money talks," quoted the Sage. "Yes, and it stops talk," added the Fool.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At Newport.

"So your daughter is down and out?" "Yes; she took the count."—Chicago Journal.

Depends.

"Is a ton of coal very much, pa?" "It depends on whether you are shoveling it or burning it."

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Your druggist will refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

Any man who can hold a fussy baby for an hour without saying naughty words is in the same class with Job.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless child Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Pride makes some people ridiculous and prevents others from becoming so.

Very Effective. At an English provincial theater not long since the curtain rose on an empty stage in the second act of a play, and by and by a meek-looking young man with a dust-coat slung over his arm came on and loudly called, "Uncle—uncle!"

According to the book of the play he should have received no answer to his call, and after an appropriate pause should have gone on with a monologue. But a graceless "god" in the gallery took upon himself to answer the actor.

"All right, I'm coming in a moment. How much do you want on it?" he shouted.

The effect on the audience may be imagined.

Where It Counts.

"Aunt Dinah, are you going to have 'obey' eliminated from the ceremony?"

"No, chile; but I sho is gwinter hab it 'liminated from de matrimony.'"—Puck.

She Wouldn't Squeal.

He—If I squeeze you, will you squeal?

She—What do you think I am—a talking doll?

A lucky chap is always out when trouble calls.

You Cannot Arbitrate

the question of a Sick Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, or Constipation. It is a far better plan to help Nature restore these organs to a healthy condition with the aid of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

TRY A BOTTLE TODAY REFUSE SUBSTITUTES



Advertisement for CASTORIA 900 DROPS. Includes text: 'ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT', 'Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN', 'Promote Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC', 'Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP', 'THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK', '46 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS', 'Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Law', 'Exact Copy of Wrapper.'

Advertisement for CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Includes text: 'The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of', 'In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA', 'THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.'

Rather Effeminate.

Congressman Peter J. Dooling of New York smiled the other evening when reference at a dinner was made to effeminate ways. He said he was reminded of the explanation of Smith.

Some time ago the Smiths attended a reception where they met a man named Brown. On the way home, while exchanging opinions of the guests, Brown was mentioned.

"Speaking of that man Brown," vigorously remarked Smith, "he certainly has an effeminate way of talking."

"Why, John," was the wondering rejoinder of Mrs. Smith. "How can you say that? He certainly has a very loud and masculine voice!"

"Yes, I know he has," explained Smith. "but what I mean is that he talks all the time."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Following Precedent.

Pat was servant of a farmer, and in his charge was a donkey which was kept to amuse his employer's children.

The donkey was following the farmer's wife round the yard one day, and the farmer, turning to Pat, said: "I think that donkey is taking a liking to my wife."

"Oh," said Pat, "shure and it's not the first donkey that's took a liking to her, sir."

Worse.

"There's one good thing about living in these times. We don't have any highwaymen."

"That's true. But my foeman is just as bad or worse. He's a low-weight man."

Malaria begins with a chill and ends with a fever. Love begins with a fever and ends with a chill.

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers. Adv.

If the play is a frost the audience soon melts away.

Every new invention is expected to revolutionize things—but does it? DICKKEY'S OLD RELIABLE EYE WATER retakes a tired or sore eye. Adv.

The coming man is seldom noticed until he arrives.

PROMOTE A CLEAR SKIN

Advertisement for CUTICURA SOAP. Includes text: 'With CUTICURA SOAP', 'And Cuticura Ointment. They afford complete satisfaction to all who rely upon them for a clear skin, clean scalp, good hair, and soft, white hands.', 'Samples Free by Mail', 'Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal samples of each mailed free, with 25-cent book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 129, Boston.'

Death Lurks In A Weak Body

If Yours is Fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co.

The Truth About HARDWARE

IN the consideration of Hardware one fact stands out above all others. Either it is GOOD, or it is BAD--VERY BAD.

Good hardware has the temper, the keenness, the lasting and sustaining quality because of the purity of the metal which enters into its composition

The other kind is made to sell--to wear out and pave the way for another sale. One sale may be a few pennies cheaper; but the second one, which is always necessary, makes a very dear purchase--a waste and an aggravation.

The hardware we sell is GOOD--and we guarantee our words.

**McLean Hardware
Company**

University Aids War Strength Good Roads Of Europe

A laboratory for testing road making materials will soon be installed by the Bureau of Economic Geology and Technology at the University of Texas. Its purpose is to supply the demand for information concerning materials best suited for road building. This service will be performed for the public free of charge, and road commissioners, county engineers, contractors, quarries and all others interested in state roads will be pleased that this new laboratory construction may make use of the office in determining the best material for any particular job.

At the present time Texas is spending seven million dollars annually in road building. The establishment of this laboratory will make the first definite step in the campaign to place roads in Texas on a scientific and systematic basis.

Posted.

The public is hereby warned that hunting, fishing or any trespassing or depredation of any kind is absolutely prohibited on my place northwest of town. Anyone violating this notice will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

J. L. Crabtree.

Of the 495,473,000 persons in European countries 372,373,000 are at war. The armies they can muster reach the enormous total of 15,840,000. That is if the nations must call on all their resources they will have at war one of every five men they contain.

The statistics of seven warring nations are as follows: Russia, population, 160,100,000; army strength 5,400,000. Germany, population, 64,000,000; army strength 4,350,000. Austria Hungary, population 51,340,000; war strength 1,820,000.

England; United Kingdom, population 45,000,000; war strength 800,000. France, population 39,601,000; war strength 2,500,000.

Belgium, population 7,432,000; war strength 340,000. Serbia, population 4,000,000; war strength 270,000.

Totals, population 372,373,000; war strength 15,480,000.

Do you need a pair of spectacles? I can sell you either a pair of speck or nose glasses (gold alloy rims) for 50 cents per pair. If you can find a fit they are just as good as the high price lenses. Wolfe Drug Store.

Two People in a Store.

Have you ever observed the actions of a man and a woman in a store? If not, you still have something to learn.

We spent a few minutes in a local store yesterday and this is what we saw:

A man from the country strolled in, greeted the proprietor with a breezy "Hello," remarked about the weather, crop prospects, the latest dog fight and a few other important matters, and eventually remembered that he wanted a curry comb. He took the first one handed him, tossed a dollar on the counter, shoved the change into his pocket without counting, helped himself to an apple, and leisurely followed his nose to the street.

Ten minutes later a woman walked briskly in, handed the clerk a smiling "good morning," and promptly requested to be shown thus-and-so. She picked it up, felt of it, held it up to the light, twisted it turned it over, examined it from every vantage point, considered the price--and rejected it. It was not just what she was looking for.

Did the clerk have something else? He did. Three different somethings were shown her without any better result. Then the light of the world returning to her first love, tested it, fondled it, caressed it and told the clerk she "guessed it would do, though not just exactly what she wanted."

She paid for it counted her change carefully, let her eyes roam over the store, took note of numerous things she wanted later on, and departed with a fund of information stored up for her next visit.

Women are born shoppers.



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$1 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all news-dealers. MUNN & Co. 364 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 615 F St., Washington, D. C.

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, 2926 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by Druggists.

\$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 or 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.

I wish to announce that I have opened up a horse shoeing shop at the Watkins Livery and am prepared to do first class work. Give me a trial. Carl Heffner.

Announcements

We are authorized to make the following announcements for office in this county, subject to the action of the November election.

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE:

F. P. GREEVER.

FOR SHERIFF:

W. S. COPELAND

FOR CLERK:

C. L. UPHAM.

FOR ASSESSOR:

A. H. DOUCETTE.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE:

SILER FAULKNER.

FOR TREASURER:

HENRY THUT.

FOR COMMISSIONER:

J. R. HINDMAN

Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services.

Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 3rd, 1st and 5th Sundays morning and night; Groom 4th Sunday, morning and night; Alarced 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Heald 3rd Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Eldersedge 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 Bank 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.

Notice to the Public.

Miss Pearl Newton is an authorized agent for the McLean News. Any favors shown her will be appreciated by us.

THE MCLEAN NEWS.

A Fortune's Foundation.

A fortune's foundation is laid in the days of Business Training. Start right, keep at it, and the result is certain. A young man or young lady can do anything they desire to do.

We help lay the foundation for future fortunes--train you to work accurately, swiftly, understandingly in all business branches.

Then we help you put in the cornerstone of your success by placing you in the best position you are competent to fill, and we stand behind you while you work toward the top.

The call for really good stenographers and accountants is never supplied. Our students command the highest salaries--gain the highest eminence.

You can make the success in business that hundreds of young men and women are making every day.

Let us start you now.

Literature which will tell you how we help lay the foundation for you in our office waiting for you to call for it--it is free. Ask for it.

BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE
Bowie, Texas.

Notice.

Evangelist E. H. Rogers of Collinsville, Texas, will begin a series of meetings at the Church of Christ on Saturday night before the second Lord's Day in September.

Everybody is invited to attend the services. Remember the date.

\$25.00 REWARD

I will pay a twenty-five dollar reward for the arrest and conviction of any party guilty of tying down any telephone wire or in any other manner tampering with the lines. The state law on the subject is as follows:

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

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

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

W. R. PATTERSON

ABTRACTOR
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 men who purchase here have no clothes problems to solve. We have solved them for you. When you put on one of our Leeds Woolen Mills MADE TO MEASURE SUITS you can feel absolutely certain that it is correct in style and of the highest quality at right prices.

Tillman Sugg

News \$1.00 Per Year

GET THE HABIT

The painting habit is what we mean

Don't let your neighbor get ahead of you we are selling lots of paint now. And now is the best time to paint. No sand blowing to cover up the fresh painted house.

We sell the

LOWE BROTHERS PAINT

GUARANTEED to be as good as any paint sold.

We also have a good stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Wire, Nails and Bois'darc posts.

Don't forget us when you are in need of what we have, we are anxious to serve you.

Smith Lumber Co.

Phone 3