

The McLean News

TENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1914

NO 12



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What Can be Done With Peanuts Crop

For several years Spanish peanuts have been successfully grown on the sandy land in the vicinity of Ramsdell, Lela and McLean in the Panhandle of Texas. In 1913, with less than average rainfall, the average yield per acre was from twelve to sixteen bushels an acre. There is a large colony of Bohemians near Ramsdell. These settlers count on peanuts as a regular crop annually. In 1911 their average yield was forty bushels an acre. Individual fields of fifty to sixty bushels an acre that year were frequent. For a few years the Bohemians had difficulty in finding a market, but all this has changed. Instead of having to ship to Norfolk, Va., as was the case years ago, the crop now goes to Oklahoma City where it is made into peanut butter and

oil. This year the crop was cut short by the general drouth and only one car load was shipped to Oklahoma City. The nuts brought ninety-two cents a bushel loaded at Ramsdell. The quality of the Ramsdell nuts is excellent. Two-thirds of the crop is being held as seed. The largest peanut raiser near Ramsdell is Stephen Kovac, who annually plants forty to eighty acres. His yield this year was fifteen bushels an acre and the nuts brought ninety-two cents a bushel. The land in this section of the Panhandle is rolling and sandy. It holds water well and with generous fall rains and winter snows a good crop is assured the following season. Mr. Kovac was instrumental in inducing so many of his countrymen to engage in peanut raising. For years the

colony struggled, having to ship their crop east at unsatisfactory prices, but with the erection of a big peanut butter factory at Oklahoma City conditions have changed vastly for the better. The result is that the acreage annually is increasing. For 1914 the acreage will be the largest in the history of the colony. There has been much rain and the ground was never in better condition. Seed is scarce and prices are advancing daily.

The Bohemians of Ramsdell and Lela are good farmers. They usually plow their peanut land early in the spring and often list in the fall to catch the winter snows. One of their favorite methods of planting peanuts is to alternate six rows of peanuts and six rows of Kafir. After the peanuts are harvested and the Kafir has been cut there remains the Kafir stalks which prevent the land from drifting during the heavy winds of winter. The method has proved satisfactory and is generally followed. The peanuts are usually planted with a regular peanut planter in rows three feet wide and ten to twelve inches in the row, at a depth of two inches or more. Two shallow cultivations are sufficient to mature the crop in an ordinary year. The plants are either pulled by hand or plowed up, raked into windrows and then cocked to cure. This usually takes several days. The crop is then stacked preparatory to threshing. In a climate where rainfall is deficient there is no danger of rotting the nuts in the cocks or stacks. Two forks full constitute a cock. The hay yield ranges from one-half to one ton an acre. J. L. Exum planted five acres of peanuts May 15, dropping them by hand and covering them four inches deep with a cultivator. The seed was imported from Hastings, Neb., ten years ago and has been acclimated through successive plantings in the Panhandle. Mr. Exum's yield in 1913 was about twelve bushels an acre, though in past years he has made as high as fifty bushels an acre. He usually lists the ground to 4 to 6 inches deep in May and immediately follows with the peanut planter. J. T. Swinney, who paid \$11 an acre for his farm near Ramsdell two years ago, says peanuts are one of the surest crops for

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that part of the Panhandle. Five acres of Spanish peanuts, planted May 15 on corn ground which had been listed in April, made fifteen bushels an acre. The rows were three and one-half feet apart and the plants twelve inches in the row. The field was cultivated twice and the nuts harvested October 30. The field was plowed close to the plants and the plants raked with a horse rake and later made into cocks and allowed to cure for several days. The nuts were sold for eighty to ninety cents a bushel. When the fall rains started the matured nuts started to produce a new crop and many "pops" or empty nuts resulted. The average quality of the Ramsdell peanuts, however, for 1913 was good.

Nine acres of Spanish peanuts on the farm of C. C. Stoll made fifteen bushels an acre. It was his first experiment with the crop and he is well satisfied. He says that an average year will make a crop of at least thirty bushels an acre with ordinary cultivation.

John Grogan of near Ramsdell, Tex., has successfully fattened from fifty to eighty hogs a year on peanuts grown on ten to twenty acres. He says there is no cheaper and surer way of adding two pounds a day to a hog's weight than feeding peanuts. In 1913 he raised ten acres of peanuts and this winter he is fattening sixty hogs on the crop, feeding just enough corn to harden the fat.

H. Longan of Ramsdell annually raises about twenty-five acres of peanuts. His yield for 1913 was fifteen bushels. He intends to plant a much larger acreage this year.

John Plesa, a member of the Bohemian colony, raises about twenty acres of peanuts annually. His yield some years has been as high as fifty bushels an acre, but in 1913 it was eighteen bushels an acre. John Valencek is a successful peanut grower who annually raises twenty-five to forty acres. His yield for 1913 was an average of sixteen bushels an acre on twenty-five acres. John Pottucek raised an average of twenty bushels an acre on twelve acres in 1913. All of the Bohemians have hogs which they fatten on peanuts. They also feed the peanut hay to their cattle and horses. The price for peanut hay in the Ramsdell district is \$15 to \$20 a ton, according to season.

Clean-Up March 28th

The following clean-up appeal from Mayor J. T. Foster, setting a day for cleaning away all trash and rubbish should be read and heeded by every loyal citizen:

"One year ago I asked everybody to pile up all trash and old cans and clean up around their premises. Practically all did so and I am glad to say that we have not had a case of typhoid or slow fever in our town since."

"Now I ask that everybody again get busy with the trash and rubbish and get it piled up where it can be gotten to with a wagon and on Saturday, March 28th, we will have wagons visit all houses in town and haul it away."

"Now, men, lets remove all manure from our barns, clean out our stables and not leave a place in town where flies can hatch. I want twenty small boys to meet me at the northeast corner of the town section at four o'clock Saturday after-

noon, March 28th, where we will pile up all the old cans and junk, pour five gallons of oil on it and have the biggest bonfire you ever saw."

"Men, women and children commence cleaning up today. Get ready. It will cost you nothing to have all trash hauled away, except manure, which you will have to haul away or have it done yourself. Let's all get busy."

J. T. FOSTER.

Mr. Foster also desires us to call the attention of the public to the the practice of dumping rubbish of all kinds at different places on the town section. This is a positive violation of the law and the authorities issue warning to the effect that anyone found guilty of this infraction will be vigorously prosecuted. There is a regular dumping ground about three miles south of town and you are asked to take all trash of this kind there to dump it.

We have a choice stock of genuine Mexican June corn seed, Texas red rust proof oats, and all other field seeds, and can ship on a moments notice. We can also sell you corn, corn chops and feed in straight or mixed cars.—AMARILLO MILL & ELEVATOR CO.

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SYNOPSIS.

Francis Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francis visits General Baron Gaspard Gouraud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America. The Marquis asks Francis to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francis goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alixe, Pietro and Francis meet a strange boy who professes to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francis saves his life. The general discovers Francis loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francis goes to Italy as a secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francis takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis' brother Francis lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francis is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years, in the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his plight. The general, Alixe and Pietro plan Francis' escape. Francis receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from his prison. Alixe awaits him on her beach and leads him to his friends on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lovely Lucy." Francis, as a guest of Harry Hampton, on the "Lovely Lucy," goes to America to manage Pietro's estate in Virginia. Lucy Hampton falls in love with Francis.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

The female mind paid no attention to the digression. Lucy had long ago, finally if unconsciously, put her father's personality into its right place.

"Father, is the prince really poor and alone in this country?"

"Poor—yes, I fancy—I am quite certain, in fact. Alone—that depends. The authorities of Norfolk received him with some distinction, the Herald states, but he is putting up at the Inn—no one would conclude that he was an invited guest at many of our great houses."

Lucy flew like a bird across to the fireplace. Her hands went up to either side of the colonel's face. "Father, quick! Have Thunder saddled, and ride in—quick, father—and bring the prince out here to stay with us. Give the order to Sambo, or I shall."

Colonel Hampton's eyes widened with surprise. "Why, but Lucy," he stammered. "Why—but why should I? What claim have we—"

"Oh, nonsense," and Lucy shook her head impatiently. "Who has more claim? Aren't we Virginians of the James river princes in our own country, too? Isn't our family reigned in Roanoke longer than ever his reigned in Europe? Haven't we enough house room and servants to make him as comfortable as in a palace? But that isn't the most important. It is a shame to us all, father, that no one has invited him before, that a strange gentleman of high station should have to lodge at an inn. Why hasn't Cousin George Harrison asked him to Brandon? And the Carters at Shirley, and the people at Berkeley—what do they mean by not asking him? But we won't let Virginian hospitality be stained. We will ask him. You will ride to Norfolk at once, will you not, father dear?"

The touch on his cheek was pleasant to the vain and affectionate man, but the spirit of the girl's speech, the suggestion of the courtesy due from him as a reigning prince, to this other prince forlorn and exiled, this was pleasanter. He pursued his lips and smiled down.

"Out of the mouth of babes," he remarked, and drew his brows together as if under stress of large machinery behind them. "My little girl, you have rather a sensible idea. I had overlooked before, that—he cleared his throat and black Aaron standing tray in hand across the room, jumped and rolled his eyes—"that," he continued, "a man of my importance has duties of hospitality, even to a foreigner who comes without introduction into the country."

"Aaron, tell Sambo to saddle Thunder," he ordered.

Prince Louis, in his dining parlor at the inn, looked at his visitor from between half-shut eyelids, and measured him, soul and body. He considered the invitation for a silent moment. This was one of the great men of the country. The prince had already heard his name and the name of his historic home. It was well to have influential friends, more particularly as no letter awaited him as he had hoped from his uncle, Joseph Bonaparte, with the American introductions for which he had asked. A visit of a few days at this place of Roanoke could do no harm and might lead to good.

"I thank you very much, Monsieur le Colonel," he said gravely, yet graciously. "You are most good to desire that I visit you. I will do so with pleasure."

Out they rode through the sunlit, wind-whipped country, dosing restfully through its last winter's nap,

stirring already at the step of liveliest April on the threshold. The air was sharp, and nipped at the prince's fingers and toes, but it was exhilaration to be across a horse again, and the exile's spirit—the case-hardened heart of steel which failure and misfortune never broke till it broke forever at Sedan—grew buoyant. That "something about the outside of a horse which is good for the inside of a man" worked its subtle charm on this finished horseman and horse lover, and he was gently responsive as the colonel talked fluently on.

"Does it so happen, Monsieur le Colonel, that there is in these parts a Frenchman of—of instruction—a man whom I might use as a secretary? I shall have need tomorrow to write letters. Would you know of such a man, Monsieur le Colonel?"

Nothing pleased Monsieur le Colonel more than to be master of the situation. "Most certainly," he answered blandly and felt that the prince must notice how no demand could find Colonel Hampton at a loss. "Most certainly. My daughter's French master would be the very fellow. He is intelligent and well educated, and what is more, he is a most ardent adherent of your family, prince. He has talked to Miss Hampton with such a vehement enthusiasm that, by the Lord Harry, I believe she expects to see you fly in with wings, sir—I believe she does," and the colonel laughed loudly and heartily. It was as good a joke as he had ever made.

And before them, at that moment, rose a stately picture. A large old house, built of dark red brick brought from England, towered suddenly from out of the bare trees of its park like a monument of calm hospitality. Its steep roof was set with dormer windows; its copings and its casements were white stone; a white stone terrace stretched before it. At one front, as they came, was the carriage entrance, and the squares of a formal English garden, walled with box hedges, lay sleeping before the springtime; at the opposite side a wide lawn fell to a massive brick wall, spaced with stone pillars, guarding the grounds from the flowing of the James river. Colonel Hampton gazed at the home of his people and then at his guest, and he cast the harness of his smallness and stood out in the simple and large cordiality which is the heritage above others of southern people.

"You are welcome to Roanoke, prince," he said.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Brothers.

Colonel Hampton's study was dark from floor to ceiling with brown oak wainscoting and was lightened by a dull brightness of portraits. An ancestor in a scarlet coat, the red turned yellow and brown with time; an ancestress in dimmed glory of blue satin and lace and pearls; a judge in his wig and gown, gave the small room importance. A broad window looked through bare branches, lacy-black against sky, across a rolling country and groups of woodland.

On the morning of the first day of April, 1837, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte stood at this window, star-



He Considered the Invitation for a Silent Moment.

ing at brown fields and trying to trace a likeness between this new world and the ancient country which he called his; France, where, since he was seven years old, he had been allowed to spend but a few weeks; France, which had freshly exiled him; France, the thought of which ruled him, as he meant one day to rule her; France, for whom he was eating his heart out today, as always, thousands of miles from her shores.

He recalled the happy life at Arenenberg, in Switzerland, and the work and play and soldierly training which all pointed, in the boy's mind, to one end—to serve France—a service which did not at that time mean sovereignty, for the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, was alive and the head of the house of Bonaparte. He thought of his short career, his and his well-beloved brother's together, with the Italian insurgents against the Austrians, and the lonely man's heart

longed for his own people as he went over again that time of excitement and sorrow, ending with the older boy's death at Forli and his own illness and narrow escape from capture.

"What a mother!" he cried aloud, tossing up his hands with French demonstrativeness, as the memory came to him of the days in Ancona when he lay at death's door, hidden in the very room next that of the Austrian general, saved only at last by the marvelous mother's wit and courage. The journey through Italy to France, that was drama enough for one life. Recognized at every turn, betrayed never, and ending with—Prince Louis smiled his slow dim smile—a fitting end indeed—to days whose every minute was adventure. He thought of the landlord of the inn, the old cavalryman; the young Frenchman—Beaupre—that was the name; it was set in his memory; had been in that tenacious memory since an afternoon of 1824, when a runaway schoolboy prince had slipped over the Jura, and played with three other children, about a ruined castle; he saw Francis Beaupre take reverently in his hand the sword which Napoleon had held—and then the alarm! That was a fine sight—the dash of the youngster through the startled mob of Austrians; the flying leap to the horse; the skirmish to free, and, at last, the rush of the chase. He had seen it all, watching quietly while his mother and the landlord implored him to hide himself. That young Frenchman—if he should be alive—if ever he should meet him again Prince Louis would not forget. It was psychological that he should have been thinking this when a knock sounded deferentially on the door of the room. But picturesque coincidences happen in lives as well as on the stage; in Louis Napoleon's there was more than one. "Entrez!" he called sharply, and then, "Come in!"

The door swung slowly and Aaron, white-eyed and white-eyeballed, stood in it.

"Marse Prince," he stated with a dignity of service which crowned heads could not daunt, "ole Marse sen' me bring you dis hyer Marse Bopray."

A light figure stepped before the black and white of Aaron, and halted, and bowed profoundly. The light from the window shone on his face and the dark immense eyes that lifted toward Prince Louis, and for a moment he stared, puzzled. Was he in the present? Surely this man was part of the past which he had been reviewing. Surely he had played a role in the prince's history—where? With a flashing thought into the years he knew.

"Mon ami!" cried Louis Bonaparte, and sprang forward and stretched out his hands, his royalty forgotten in the delight of seeing a face which recalled his youth and his mother.

Francis, two minutes later, found himself standing, bursting with loyalty and pride, with the prince's hands clasping his, and the prince's transformed face beaming on him.

"You rode like the devil," said the prince. "But the Austrians had the horses. That poor Bleu-bleu! How did you get away? Where have you been? Mon Dieu, but we looked for you, Zappi and I!"

"But no, your highness, I did not get away," smiled Francis Beaupre as if imparting a joyful bit of news. "They caught me."

And he told briefly his story of the five years in prison, of the desperate escape, of the rescue and voyage to America, of his wrecked health, not yet re-established. Through the account shone the unconquerable French gaiety. Another thing there was which a Frenchman and a Bonaparte could not fail to see—that the thought of his service to the house of Bonaparte had been a sustaining pride, and the hope of future service an inspiring hope.

Superstition and gratitude laid hold together on the prince's troubled mind. He threw himself back into Colonel Hampton's leather arm-chair, throne-like in impressiveness and size; the mask of impassivity closed on his colorless features.

"Sit there, Monsieur," he ordered, "and tell me your life."

Simply, yet dramatically as was his gift, the young man went over the tale which he had told to Lucy Hampton, that and more. And the prince listened to every word. He, too, had the French sensitiveness to theatrical effect, and his over-wrought imagination seemed to see the hand of destiny visibly joining this story to his. Here was a legacy from Napoleon; an instrument created by his uncle, which he, the heir, should use. There was a long silence when Francis had finished, and Louis' deep-pitched voice broke it.

"One day perhaps a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he repeated thoughtfully. "It was the accolade, the old right of royalty," and gazed, if reflecting, at the other man's face.

Heightened color told how much it meant to Francis Beaupre to hear those words spoken by the prince.

"My prince, I will tell you—though it may be of little moment to know—that it is not for my own advancement that I care. It is the truth that I would throw away a hundred lives if I had them, to see the house of Bonaparte rule France. It is only so, I believe, that France can become great once more. We need heroes to lead us, we Frenchmen, not shopkeeper kings such as Louis Philippe; if it has not a hero the nation loses courage, and its interest in national life. But the very name of Napoleon is inspiration—it pricks the blood; a monarch of that name on France's throne, and our country will wake, will live. You, my prince, are the hope of the house of Napoleon."

With a quick step forward he threw himself on his knees before the quiet figure in the throne-like chair; he seized the prince's hand and, head bent, kissed it with passion. There was a line of color in each cheek as his face lifted, and his brilliant look was shot with a tear.

"If I may die believing that I have helped to win your throne, I shall die in happiness."

Prince Louis had his mother's warm heart, and this went to it. He put his hand on the other's shoulder, familiarly as if the two were equals, kinsmen.

The brotherly touch on Francis' shoulder was withdrawn, and with gentle dignity, with a glance, the prince lifted him to his feet, and Francis stood happy, dared, before him. He found himself telling his plans, his methods, his efforts to fit himself for the usefulness that might be on the way.

"I have studied enormously, my prince. All known books on warlike subjects, all I could borrow or steal I have studied. Ah, yes! I know much of these things."

Louis Bonaparte, with an exhaustive military education, a power of appli-



"Mon Ami," cried Louis Bonaparte, "and absorption beyond most men in Europe, let the gleam of a smile escape. He listened with close attention while Francis told of his organization of the youth of the neighborhood into a cavalry company, and of their drill twice a week.

"And you are the captain, Monsieur?"

Francis smiled a crafty, worldly-wise smile—or perhaps it was as if a child would seem crafty and worldly-wise. "No, my prince," he answered, shaking his head sagely. "That would not be best. I am little known, a foreigner. They think much of their old families, the people of these parts. So that it is better for the success of the company that the captain should be of the nobility of the country. One sees that. So the captain of the company is Monsieur Henry Hampton, the younger, the kinsman of Monsieur le Colonel, and a young man of great goodness, and the best of friends to me. Everything that I can do for his pleasure is my own pleasure."

The prince turned his expressionless gaze on the animated face. "Mademoiselle Lucy likes the young monsieur?"

"But yes, my prince—she likes every one, Mademoiselle Lucy. It is sunshine, her kindness; it falls everywhere and blesses where it falls. She loves Henry—as a brother."

"As a brother!" the prince repeated considerably. "Yes, a brother. You find Mademoiselle Lucy of—a of a kind disposition."

"Beyond words, and most charming," Francis answered steadily, and flushed a little. He felt himself being probed. With that the facile, mysterious, keen mind of the prince leaped, it seemed, a world-wide chasm. "That most winning little girl of the ruined chateau of Viqueux—our playmate Alixe—you remember how she stated, 'I am Alixe, and was at once shipwrecked with embarrassment?'"

"I remember," Francis said shortly, and was conscious that he breathed quickly and that his throat was dry, and that the prince knew of both troubles.

"Is she still 'Alixe'—the same Alixe?" inquired the prince, turning tentatively to the window. "Has she grown up as sweet and fresh and brilliant a flower as the rosebud promised?"

Francis, hearing his own heart beat, attempted to answer in a particularly casual manner, which is a difficult and sophisticated trick. He faltered at it. "They say—I think—she has—oh, but yes, and—I think—she stammered and the prince cut short his sufferings. "Ah, yes! I see that it is with you, as with Monsieur Henry, a case of devoted brotherhood. You love her as a brother—you will not boast of her."

"You have done well, Chevalier Beaupre. You have done so well that when the time is ripe again—it will not be long—for Strasburg must be wiped out in success—that I shall send for you to help me, and I shall know that you will be ready. I see that the star which leads us both is the only light which shines for you. It holds your undivided soul, Chevalier—I am right!"

Francis turned his swiftly changing face toward the speaker, drawn by a feeling which swept over him; for a moment he did not answer. Then he spoke in a low tone.

"When a knight of the old time went to battle," he said, "he wore on his helmet the badge of his lady and carried the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so."

And the silent prince understood.

CHAPTER XXV.

How Lucy Told.

The prince was gone. There had been festivities and formalities, great dinners, gatherings of the Virginia nobility to do honor to his highness at Roanoke house and elsewhere; everywhere the Chevalier Beaupre had been distinguished by his highness' most marked favor. And Lucy Hampton's eyes had shone with quiet delight to see it and to see the effect on her father. For the colonel, confused in his mind as to how it might be true, reluctantly acknowledged that there must be something of importance about this Chevalier Beaupre, that a prince should treat him as a brother.

He believed that it would be best to treat him—he also—at least as a gentleman. So the French lessons were continued and the Jefferson troop was encouraged, and Francis was asked often to Roanoke house. And as the months rolled on he tried with every thoughtful and considerate effort to express to the little lady of the manor his gratitude for the goodness of her family. It troubled him more than a little that the early friendliness and intimacy of Harry Hampton seemed to be wearing off. The boy did not come so often to Carnifax, and when he came he did not stay for hours, for days sometimes, as was his way at first. He was uneasy with his friend, and his friend wondered and did not understand, but hesitated to push a way into the lad's heart. "He will tell me in time," thought Francis, and, sure of his own innocence, waited for the time.

Meantime he was going home. Going, much against the advice of the Norfolk doctor, who warned him that he was not yet well or strong, that the out-of-door life in the mild Virginia climate should be continued perhaps for two years more, before he went back to the agitation and effort of a Bonapartist agent in France. But he could not wait; he must see his old home, his mother, his father, and all the unforgetting faces. He longed to watch the black lashes curl upward from the blue of Alixe's eyes. He longed to hear her clear voice with its boyish note of courage. It would put new life into him, that voice. It was seven years now and more since he had left them all at a day's notice to go to Pietro in Italy—to a living death of five years, to many unremembered of happenings. The fever was on him and he must go home.

There was to be a celebration for the new and very fashionable cavalry troop of which Francis was the unofficial backbone and author. In the great grassy paddock at Bayly's Polly the proud mother of eighteen-year-old Caperton Bayly—first lieutenant, and the most finished horseman in the Virginia country—had invited the gentry from miles about to feast with her and to watch her son and his friends show how the Chevalier Beaupre had made them into soldiers. They came in shoals, driving from far off over bad roads in gay lurching chariots, or riding in gay companies, mostly of older men and girls and young boys, because all of the gilded youth were in the ranks that day.

When the drill was over there was to be rough riding and jumping. Hurdles were swiftly dragged out and placed in a manner of ring.

"This one is very close to the bank," said Lucy Hampton, standing by Bluebird and watching as the negroes placed the bars. "If a horse refused and turned sharp and was foolish, he might go over. And the bank is steep."

"Lucy, you are a grandmotherly person," Clifford Stewart—who was another girl—threw at her. "You would like them all to ride in wadded wool dressing gowns, and to have a well padded with cotton batting to guard them." And Lucy smiled and believed herself overcautions.

The excited horses came dancing up to the barriers and lifted and were over with or without rapping, but not one, for the first round, refusing. Then the bars were raised six inches; six inches in mid-air is a large space when one must jump it. Caperton Bayly went at it first; his mother watched breathless as he flew forward, sitting erect, intense, his young eyes gleaming. Over went his great horse Traveler, and over the next and the next—all of them; but the white heels had struck the top bar twice—the beautiful, spirited performance was not perfect. Harry Hampton came next; all of the kindly multitude gazed eagerly, hoping that the boy to whom life had given less than the others might win this honor he wanted. The first bars without rapping; the second; and a suppressed sound of satisfaction, which might soon be a great roar of pleasure, hummed over the field. Black Hawk came rushing, snorting, pulling up to the third jump, the jump where Lucy stood. And as he came a little girl, high in a carriage, a chariot as one said then, flourished her scarlet parasol in the air, and lost hold of it, and it flew like a huge red bird into the course, close to the hurdle. And Black Hawk, strung to the highest point of his thoroughbred nerves, saw, and a horror of the flaming living thing, as it seemed, caught him, and he swerved at the bar and bolted—bolted straight for the steep slope.

A gasp went up from the three hundred, four hundred people; the boy was dashed to death; no one stirred; every muscle was rigid—the spectators were paralyzed. Not all Francis from his babyhood had known how to think quickly, and these boys were his pride and his care; he had Lucy had foreseen; when the jumping began, mounted on his mare Aquarelle, he was posted near the head of the slope, not twenty yards from the hurdle, to be at hand in any contingency.

When Harry's horse bolted, one put Aquarelle into motion. The line of brown light she dashed to intercept the line of Black Hawk flight. There was silence over the field—one second—two seconds—lines shot to the angle—then it was—the shock they awaited.

Black Hawk, rushing, saw the coming and swerved at the moment—too late. The animals did not with full force, yet for a moment it looked like nothing but a dash of riders and mounts. Harry Hampton was thrown backward to the field; Black Hawk galloped off and unhurt, across it; Aquarelle saw, lay on the very edge of the field and was scrambling to her feet; liveliness enough to assure her safety; of Francis there was no sign half a minute the breathless crowd was in an uproar, and a hundred men were jostling one another to reach the scene of the accident.

It was two minutes, perhaps, before Caperton Bayly, with a negro by his heels, with Jack Littlejohn, Harry Wise and a dozen other racing folk of him, had plunged the drop of land where Francis disappeared. Two minutes were sometimes for a large event. In two minutes Lucy Hampton, who was simple and imperative as a bird's instinct to shield her young, had stepped bank till she found herself looking Francis' dark head in her eyes and heard her own voice saying what she had never said even to herself.

"I love you, I love you," she said, and if all the world heard she did not know or care. There was no room for her at that minute but she lay with his head against her breast—dead it might be, but dead or alive. "I love you—love you—love you," she repeated, as if the soul were rushing out of her in the words.

With that the luminous great eyes opened, and Francis was looking at her, and she knew that he had been there, and then the training of a lifetime, centuries, flooded back into her, a womanly reticence and maidenly shame and the feelings and attitudes which are not primeval, as she had been primeval for that one mad moment. She drew back as she felt trying to lift himself, and left him and was on her feet, and then with shock she was aware of another presence; turning she looked up into the angry glow of her cousin's eyes. He was not looking at her, but at the man who, dazed, hurt, was trying painfully to pull himself up. Harry Hampton glared at him.

"We will settle this later," brought out through his teeth. "I can kill you." And Lucy cried out, "Shame!" she cried. "He has saved your life!"

"Damn him!" said Harry Hampton. "I do not want my life at his hands. I hate him more for saving me. Damn him!"

And Francis, clutching at a bar, things reeling about him unsteadily, looked up, friendly, wistful, at the man cursing him.

With that there was an infant population; the whole world, apparently, tumbled down the steep bank.



She Found Herself Holding Francis' Dark Head in Her Arms.

every one far too preoccupied with help for the hero to remark Harry Hampton's grim humor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bobbie Burns' Granddaughter. An action has been entered in District Court by Miss Annie Beck, et al. Burns of Cheltenham, the only surviving granddaughter of the Scottish poet, claiming "to have herself, as the nearest of kin, declared executrix of certain hitherto unconfirmed personal estate of the said Robert Burns." This is a sequel to the recent announcement that the Liverpool Athenaeum had sold for £5,000 the two volumes of Burns' poems and better known as the Glenriddell manuscripts, and that they were likely to go to America. An announcement which brought strong protests from Lord Roseberry, Dr. William Wallace and others.—Western Star Gazette.

Old American Coins. The Confederation, the financier of the Confederation, early in 1783, arranged with Benjamin Dudley to strike of some "pattern pieces" that could be placed before congress. On April 1 Dudley delivered to Morris some pieces, which were in reality the first coin struck having the name "United States coin." The particular specimens are known to numismatists as the "Nova Constellatio" pattern. They were of silver and denominated the "mark" and "quint." The pattern pieces struck by the United States mint were some half dimes, some

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BOYS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's... "Danderine hair cleanse." Just moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil in just a few moments you have beautified the beauty of your hair.

NOTHING TO BOTHER WITH

Probably Uncle Cal Clay's Rebuke to Pastor May Have Had Something Behind It.

Reverend T. Washington told at Tusculum a Christmas story. "I'm going to eat Christmas dinner with him. The parson accepted, and the spread was magnificent—potatoes and celery, cranberries, mince pie, plum pudding, and turkey so big and yet so tender that the parson had never seen the like before."

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

California Syrup of Figs can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without gripping.

The Haunted Man. Again that ringing in his ears! It was the warning he had dreamed. He knew his time had come. Yet although he had started at the sound, he seemed half-dazed and wholly careless of the consequences.

The Wrong Lesson. Father (grasping his son's ear)—You young scoundrel, I'll teach you how to treat your mother. Son—Ouch! Hold on now; pa. You know you don't want me to treat mother that way.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Its Kind. "How do they propose to entertain the convention after business hours?" "I supposed with canned music."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy. Adv.

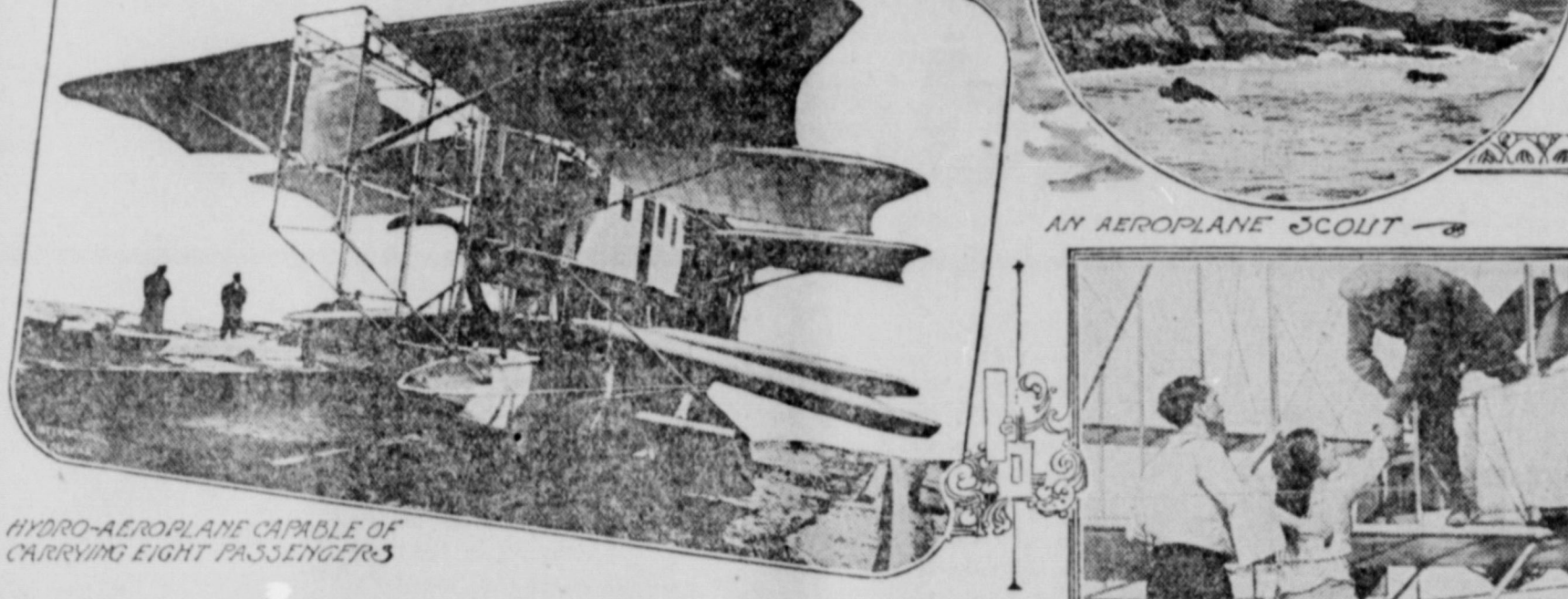
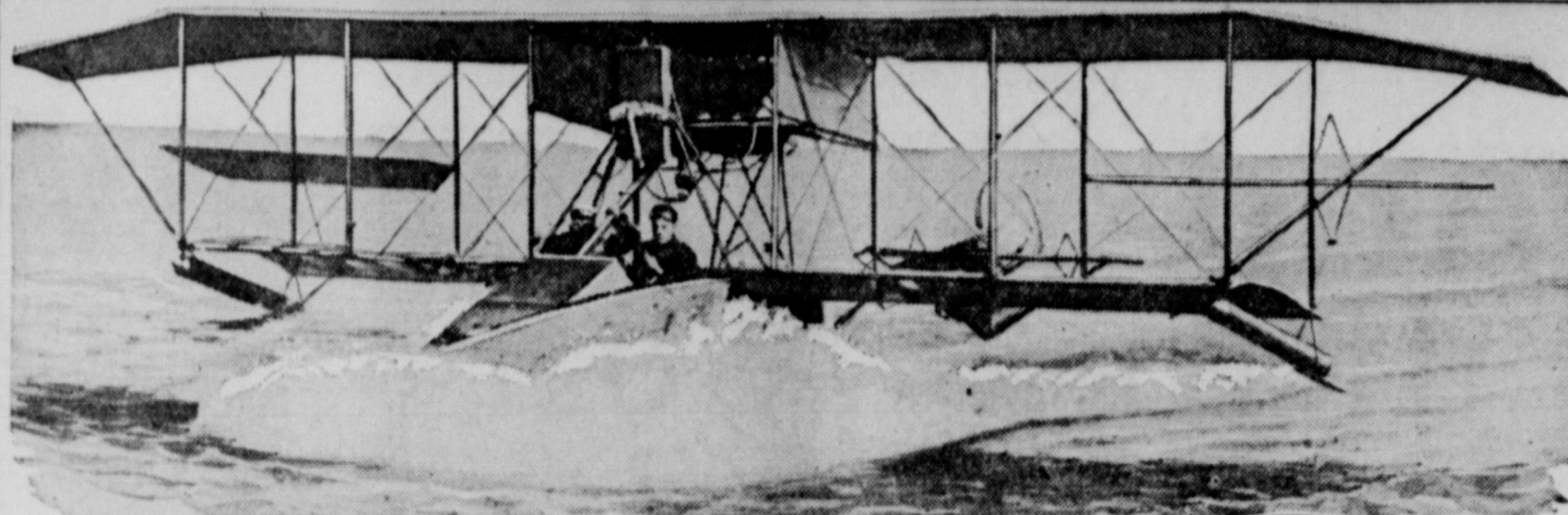
The more things a man learns from experience the more things he would like to forget, but can't.

If we sing our own praise we must provide our own encore.

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing in the world, makes the laundress's life easy. Adv.

A conscientious man should back up his opinion by his own work.

SAVING LIFE BY AEROPLANE



HYDRO-AEROPLANE CAPABLE OF CARRYING EIGHT PASSENGERS

THE aeroplane's career as a savior of lives in large number began as early as 1911, in the very war in which it first demonstrated its potentiality as an instrument of war, and the result shows that its potentiality was greater as an instrument of peace—a life saver.

Those who followed the development of the Italian-Turkish war will remember how at the very start of the campaign, before the first engagement took place, the newly landed Italians were saved from an unpleasant surprise by the aerial scouts, who observed three advancing columns of Turks and Arabs of about 6,000 men.

On the following day, October 24, the battle of Sclara-Sciat took place, resulting in the loss to the Turkish army of 3,000 men. During the battle two aeroplanes were circling the air. The flights took place above the line of fire, so as to be able to direct the firing of the big guns from the battleship Carlo Alberto and also of the mountain artillery. The aeroplanes were often shot at by the guns of the enemy, but with no results.

Later in the campaign the aeroplane became a veritable advance agent of peace, being used by the Italian officers to drop manifestoes over the encampment telling the natives of the Italians' intentions. This is a very important matter, because, as shown by France's long campaign in Algeria and Morocco, most of the trouble in colonies is due to the natives misunderstanding the purposes of the invaders, who never have a chance to explain their intentions.

Again in the Balkan war the aeroplane was a messenger of peace.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of the Balkan war was that Adrianople, the Gibraltar of the Balkans, which the Turks were supposed to defend to the last breath of life, was captured with little loss of life by a comparatively small force. The aeroplane—even the old type clumsy machines, manned by untrained pilots, used by the Bulgarians—deserves the greatest credit for the saving of life and money.

The Bulgarian air scouts, though untrained in military matters and poorly equipped mechanically, went out over the besieged city and brought to their commanders information which enabled them to attack the weakest spots. Then others—messengers of peace, whom humanity should recognize now that they have saved thousands of lives in both the Tripolitanian and Balkan wars—soared over the city and dropped messages to the besieged, which if not of peace, made for peace.

An admirable feat in saving the lives of 500 French soldiers is credited to a single aeroplane of the French Morocco squadron. In December, 1912, a column of 500 French troops had been surrounded by rebels to the south of Mogador and for five days some anxiety was felt for their safety.

Then Lieutenant De-Hu, in his Bleriot monoplane, was able to convey information to the commander that reinforcements were close at hand, and, encouraged, they renewed their defence, while the rebels, seeing ominous signs in the arrival of the aeroplane, retreated.

Life saving in time of peace, while it has not attained more than a fraction of the number of lives saved in war, is, perhaps, more interesting to most people than the latter, being closer to daily needs and experiences of the general public.

It is, therefore, gratifying to find that the water aeroplane, the hydro-aeroplane and the flying boat seem destined to save life.

The hydro-aeroplane began its career as a life-saver in 1911, while still in the experimental period. It was during the famous Chicago meet an aviator lost control while flying over Lake Michigan and fell into the water. Three-quarters of a mile away there was a hydro-aeroplane, the early Curtis model—the prototype of the flying boat—circling around and occasionally settling on the surface of the water like a big seagull. The pilot of this craft, seeing the aviator's fall, went to the rescue. Flying at a mile a minute speed, he reached the spot, landed on the water by the submerged aeroplane and offered to take the aviator to land—all in less than one minute!

Some months later, on March 6, 1912, two aviators fell in San Diego bay while flying and their machine capsized. An aviator on the shore saw the accident, jumped on his hydro with his mechanic and flew to the rescue, landing a minute later by the "shipwrecked" two.

The first demonstration of actually rescuing a person not connected with aviation was given on October 10, 1912, by Charles Wald, instructor in the Wright school of water flying, at the Glenwood Country club. A man named Walter Strohbach fell into the harbor from a rowboat in which he was seeking diversion with a friend. The rowboat was half a mile off the shore at Sea Cliff and fully a mile from the Glenwood Country club, when, miscalculating his position, Mr. Strohbach attempted to sit further on the stern of the boat, with the result that he fell overboard. Although his friend tried to reach his companion, a strong current carried them apart. Shouts along the shore told of the plight of the young man, who was exhausted in the chilly water. Mr. Charles Wald, learning of the occurrence while at the hangar preparing to make a flight, jumped into his machine and flew to the man in the water, who could be seen from the club station.

Alighting in the hydro-aeroplane on the water near Strohbach, the aviator first threw a life preserver to the young man, who was scarcely able to keep afloat, then, bringing the machine alongside, managed to get him aboard one of the floats of the biplane and brought him safely to the Wright station.

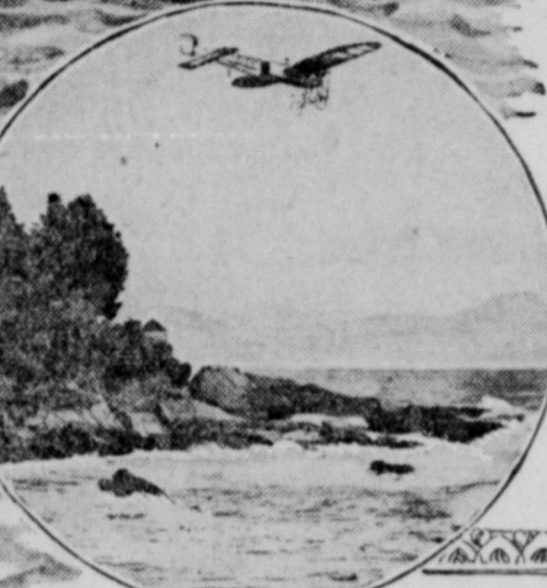
Boats leaving the shore did not reach the scene of the accident until the hydro-aeroplane was well on its way to shore with the rescued.

Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss, the dean of water flyers and creator of both the hydro-aeroplane and flying boat, was the hero of a life-saving act last June, rescuing two occupants of a broken down motor boat with the big four-passenger flying boat of Mr. Harold F. McCormick. Mr. Curtiss and Mr. C. C. Witmer were flying over Lake Keuka in the boat to test it and were running for home ahead of a coming thunder shower when, a mile from shore, they noticed a motor boat in which two men were waving wildly.

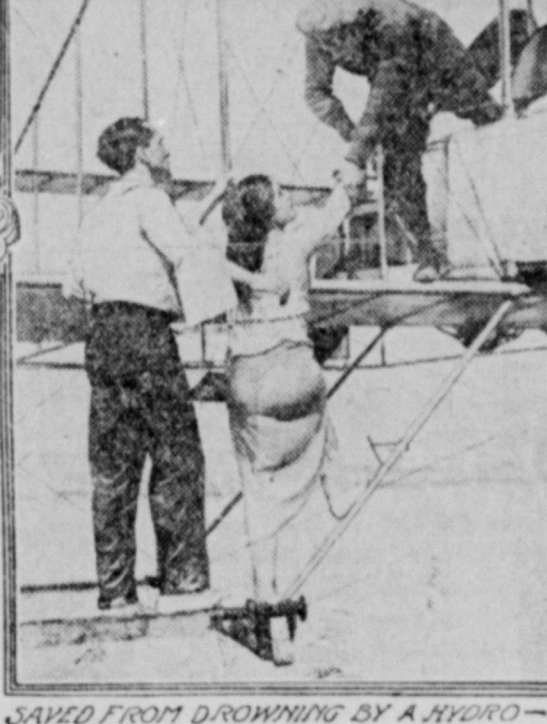
Curtiss brought the flying boat to the water and stopped near the motor boat. The men said their motor was broken and they wanted some one sent out to row them ashore. Mr. Witmer crawled out on the tail of the flying boat and took a rope from the motor boat, which he held while Curtiss drove the flying boat a mile to the shore.

The motor boat was left there and, taking the men aboard, Mr. Curtiss flew back to Hammondsport.

The airboat and hydro-aeroplane may be said to be the logical adjunct of life-saving stations and, therefore, absolutely necessary. As an essential purpose of a life-saving station is to relieve wrecks and save people from drowning, speed in doing it is the essence of efficiency. The aeroplane—the water kind—is revolutionary in this respect. It can fly to the spot where relief is needed at the rate of a mile a minute, and the aviator who sees every detail of what goes on below can either land by the object or rescue or just



AN AEROPLANE SCOUT



SAVED FROM DROWNING BY A HYDRO-AEROPLANE

drop life belts, ropes, food, medicine or stimulants—according to the urgency of the needs.

With all the navies working to develop means for launching aeroplanes from battleships and receiving them back, it is safe to say that the problems connected therewith will be solved very soon. Then liners will carry aeroplanes to use for carrying dispatches and for general pilot duties.

Just as the water aeroplane is a wonderful auxiliary of the navy, it is a wonderful auxiliary for ocean liners, promising to afford to passenger-carrying ships services of the highest kind.

The water aeroplane is wonderfully adapted for preventing disasters of the kind which overcame the steamship Titanic, and, in case such disasters take place, minimize the loss of life. A flying boat on a steamer can rise to investigate unseen dangers ahead. It can do so at night as well as by using the ship's searchlights as the aeroplane's searchlights. In case of the vessel becoming disabled the aeroplane can fly to notify other vessels, utilizing the wireless apparatus, with which every flying boat is being equipped in the foreign navies, to notify the other steamships of the need or of its approach.

The most appalling thing in the Titanic disaster was that there were a number of steamships within call distance—some not as much as 40 miles away—which the wireless telegraph did not reach in some cases because it became disabled as the ship sank. A flying boat could have covered the 40 miles in less than an hour, while its wireless plant would have notified the other vessels as it proceeded onward.

A flying boat on the vessels that came to the rescue after the Titanic had sunk could have searched the surface of the sea for survivors, its altitude giving it a range of vision of miles, and could have found the survivors where the vessels did not see them. It would thus practically have superintended the work of life saving.

Each year there is a long list of people who are drowned from falling overboard from large vessels and who cannot be rescued in time to save their lives, the boat sent to save them reaching them too late to be of avail. A flying boat can be launched and can search for the person that has fallen overboard and can drop a safety belt or land by and pick him up much faster than the fastest life saving boat.

The sea is an unknown quantity in many respects, and the biggest of steamships is very much at its mercy, and assistance of the kind which the flying boat affords is a necessity. A vessel at sea often meets signs of wrecks or it is signalled by craft in distress. At the present time there is no way to investigate such things without involving a great delay or putting the craft itself in danger through taking it out of its marked route, which is the safety zone. A flying boat can do all these things for the vessel. It can be launched with two men, one of whom searches the surface of the sea with powerful glasses. The vessel can proceed on its course; the flying boat will overtake it after having discharged its mission.

As even a special machine and the equipment cannot cost more than \$10,000, it is evident that it is an absurdly cheap factor of efficiency which every craft can afford and should have.

COLDS

An up-to-date remedy for colds. That is what Peruna is. In successful use over 30 years.

Colds are caught in many ways: Illy ventilated rooms; rooms that have direct draughts; crowded rooms; damp houses; stuffy school rooms; offices illy heated.

A dose of Peruna at the right time, at the first symptom of cold, before the bones begin to ache, before the sore throat manifests itself, or the cough, or the discharge from the nose, just a dose or two of Peruna before these symptoms begin is generally sufficient. But after the cold is once established with the above symptoms prominent, a bottle of Peruna, or maybe two, will be necessary.

Hot Springs Liver Buttons Make You Feel Fine

If you want to tone up your liver, put your stomach in first-class shape, drive all impurities from the bowels, and feel like a real fighter in less than a week get a 25-cent box of HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS today.

You can eat and digest a hearty meal; you will be free from headache, that lazy feeling will go, the ambition that you once possessed will return, if you will use little chocolate coated HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS as directed.

For constipation there is nothing so safe, so efficient and so joyfully satisfying. They drive away pimples, blotches and sallowness by purifying the blood. You must surely get a box. For free sample write Hot Springs Chemical Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

SEAT LITTLE GOOD TO HIM

Smart Youth Had It But He Did Not Proceed Far Toward His Destination.

An important-looking and haughtily acting young man was wandering up and down on the platform of the railroad station of a small western city. He was intent on finding an empty seat in the express, which was almost due to start. Vainly did he search each car. Suddenly he assumed an official air and, walking up to the last car, he cried out: "All change here. This car will be left here."

The occupants of the crowded car uttered exclamations which proved their dissatisfaction, but hurried out and packed themselves in other coaches. The face of the young man assumed a bland and childlike expression as he settled himself very comfortably in an empty seat.

Shortly after, the station agent put his head in at the door and said: "I suppose you're the smart boob who told the folks this car wasn't going, arn't you?"

"Yes," replied the bright youth, with a grin. "Well," responded the station agent, "you were right. It isn't. The brakeman heard you calling out about it, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were an official."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Dangerous Pastime. Wilkins—Did Jones break anything when he threw a kiss to the tall blond? Bilkins—No; but she cracked a smile.

Speaking Of Lunch

The wife said, "Bring home a package of Post Toasties"

Post Toasties

—Sure! Toasties are wonderfully good at any meal, and somehow seem to match the appetite of both home folks and guests.

Bits of selected Indian Corn, delicately seasoned, cooked, rolled thin and toasted to a rich golden brown—that's Post Toasties.

Fresh, tender and crisp, ready-to-eat direct from the package. With cream and a sprinkle of sugar—"The Creamery Lingers"

Toasties are by grocers everywhere.

GREAT FEATS ACCOMPLISHED AND Grand PRIZES Won

Stamp the **UNDERWOOD** the **LEADER**

In the Typewriter field and in a class by itself. Here are a few of its victories:

Holder—

Of
Every Grand Prize
Of importance Awarded in the Last Twelve Years

Holder—

of the
Elliott Cresson Medal
Awarded by the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania

Holder—

Of every International
Record for
Speed, Accuracy, Stability

1809 Main Street
Dallas, Texas

Underwood

"The Machine You
Will Eventually Buy"

THE McLEAN NEWS
PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year\$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter May 4, 1905, at the postoffice at McLean, Texas, under the Act of Congress.

Willard For Pub. Weigher

To the voters of this precinct. I beg to announce to you that I have entered the race for public weigher of this, McLean, precinct.

I heartily solicit your support and if elected I shall try to my very utmost to give each and every one a fair and impartial service. I expect to devote my entire time to the work if elected and will try to be "Johnny on the spot" and at my post ready to serve you without causing you delay.

Asking that you give me your consideration in this matter, I am
Yours truly,
A. W. WILLARD.

Business Change.

C. P. and A. L. Overton last week completed negotiations whereby they take over the stock and general hardware business of S. O. Cook. The store was closed the latter part of the week for the purpose of invoicing, but opened up Tuesday morning with the new proprietors in charge.

Both young men are capable and Carl, the senior member of the firm, has had considerable experience in the hardware business. We wish them success, which we have no doubt they will enjoy.

Mr. Cook has not indicated his plans as to the future but it is hoped he will continue to make his home here.

Heavy Fire Loss.

Fire which started about three o'clock Sunday morning completely destroyed the barn on the J. W. Mayfield place in the southeast part of town, owned by Mrs. T. J. Brooks of Olustee, Okla. The loss besides the barn included a span of fine mules, a cow and other farm

implements and a quantity of feed, the total amounting to several hundred dollars.

It is supposed that the fire originated from a pile of burning trash on the premises. Mr. Mayfield had been cleaning up and burning trash the evening before, but poured water on the fire before going to bed, thinking that he had put it entirely out. About three o'clock, or a little after, he was awakened by the light shining through the window and rushed out to find the barn afire. He managed to get out one span of mules, the hogs and the cow and calf, but the other mules, which were tied in their stalls on account of being bad about fighting, perished in the flames.

A subscription list was passed by generous friends the first of the week and portion of the gentleman's loss was shared by his neighbors.

To Plant Trees.

At the regular meeting of the Town Council on Friday afternoon of last week, the members voted to purchase at the expense of the town treasury \$20 worth of shade and ornamental trees to be set out in the city park. A committee composed of D. B. Veatch and T. A. Cooke was appointed to buy the trees.

Thus it is that little by little this civic beauty spot is being developed and before many years it will be a public attraction of which we will all be proud.

Aid Meeting.

The Presbyterians Ladies Aid met with Mrs. D. N. Massay on Wednesday afternoon March 18th. There were twelve ladies present.

The bible study was opened by Mrs. S. B. Fast in which characters from the old testament were discussed. In the pursuance of the study the ladies showed themselves to be well posted in this portion of

sacred history.

Being able to kill two birds with one stone, needle and thread were applied during the bible discussion, putting together a quilt which will soon be ready for the frame.

Divining keen appetites, our hostess, assisted by Mrs. Emma Lefors, served the ladies with delicious cake and punch. We have too often enjoyed our hostess' cooking to remark here that we are always glad to accept an invitation to her home.

The ladies will meet again on next Wednesday afternoon at the Presbyterian church at 2 o'clock, this being our regular business meeting day, at which Mrs. Luther McCombs will favor us with a word picture of

Miles Standish's Courtship.
REPORTER.

We—Reg.

To call your attention to the fact that since a change has been made in the McLean Hardware Co. it is necessary that all outstanding notes and accounts owing to said firm be at once arranged satisfactorily, and the most satisfactory way that we can think of is the CASH WAY. This means notes and accounts made prior to February 16th, at which time change took place—when C. S. Rice and W. B. Upham became the owners of the McLean Hardware Co. business.

Those accounts and notes brought over from last year, and

past due, must be paid. We need the money and must have it. Please give this matter your immediate attention—don't wait to be "jogged" again, we need the money.

Respectfully,
McLean Hardware Co.

Card of Thanks.

To the good people of McLean and vicinity who have so nobly and generously come to our aid and assistance in donating money and help of every kind in our recent misfortune of getting our barn, feed and stock burned, we wish to express our heartfelt thanks. We assure each and everyone that we appreciate their kindness more than we are able to express.
MR. AND MRS. J. W. MAYFIELD.

Revival.

We are requested to announce that there will be a revival meeting commence at the tabernacle on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in June by the congregation of the Church of Christ. Elder W. P. Skaggs of Vernon will do the preaching. The public requested to bear in mind the opening date.

Senior League Program.

A prisoner of hope.
The story of Yum Chi Ho.
Song.
Prayer.
Lesson—Eph. 6: 18-20.
Song.
Pleading for his life—Lula Faulkner.
Coming to America—Miss Duncan.
Witnessing in prison—Sam Hodges.
Korea—Anna Lou Bodine.
A decision in regard to mission work.
Leader—Mrs. Noel.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE—One Canton cultivator, parallel beam; One Canton go-devil, one set rubber tug harness with collars. All this stuff practically new. Will sell cheap for cash or on time with good security. See me if you need something good at the right price. A. J. Mayfield or J. W. Mayfield, McLean, Texas.

For Sale—Pure bred Seabright bantam. Phone 54 Roy Richardson.

For Sale—The Electro-Chemical ring for rheumatism, asthma, neuralgia and diseases caused by acid in the blood. Sold on a guarantee. No benefit—money refunded. R. L. Parcel, agent.

For Sale—Year old Rhode Island red rooster. Phone 54.

For Sale—Cotton seed from the J. D. Beck stock, 45 cents per bushel. E. T. Turner, Northfork.

Gone Out Of Business

But I have the following goods left, which I reserved from the stock, and must sell:

- One Johnson Corn Binder **\$125.00**
To sell at.....
- One 2 1-2 h. p. Gasoline engine **80.00**
With walking beam, to sell at.....
- One 4-shovel Canton Cultivator **25.00**
To sell at.....
- Two 4-shovel Canton Weather Beater **20.00**
To sell at.....
- Two Canton Sod Plows **5.00**
To sell at.....
- One 14-inch Success Sulky **32.50**
To sell at.....
- One wheeled Lister Cultivator **25.00**
To sell at.....
- One 60-tooth Drag Harrow **8.00**
To sell at.....
- Two Canton Go-Devils **12.00**
To sell at.....
- One Bain Wagon Bed **15.00**
To sell at.....
- One second-hand Buggy **20.00**
To sell at.....

Terms CASH on everything but the Corn Binder and Gasoline Engine, on which will give fall time.

S. O. COOK



KRESO DIP No. 1

GOING AFTER THE
LICE.

You need something to clean up, disinfect and kill parasites.

KRESO DIP No. 1

will do the work.

**DEPENDABLE
SURE
INEXPENSIVE
EASY TO USE**

We have a special booklet on diseases of Poultry. Call or write for one.

ERWIN DRUG CO.
Retail Store

(17)

Colonist Ticket

TO

California

AND

Northwest

Tickets on sale daily from 15th to April 15th. Open routes and liberal stop-over.

Best of accommodations.



Take advantage of this low rate and see the long beauty of Northwest country. For rates and particulars inquire of

D. H. NUNN
Local Agent.

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About Town and County

When you use White Lilac flour you take no chance.

J. T. Glass visited with his children at canyon the first of the week.

A car load of fish and a barrel of oysters at the Delmonte Cafe.

Frank Gardenhire made a flying trip to Amarillo Sunday.

White Lilac once used always used.

J. B. Paschall visited at LeFors the latter part of last week.

White Lilac is milled from choice Missouri soft wheat.

D. N. Massay returned Saturday night from a visit to Central Texas.

A car load of oysters and a barrel of fish at the Delmonte Cafe.

T. W. Herry has our thanks for a subscription favor this week.

Do not use White Lilac unless you always want good results.

The Rock Island is having another well put down on their right-of-way just east of the old well.

You won't get bit if you use White Lilac flour.

Mrs. R. E. Dorsey spent the first of the week at Amarillo having some work done on her teeth.

A fresh supply of tankage just arrived at the McLean Hardware Co.

Charles Nunn of Erick, Okla., was here this week the guest of his brother, D. H. Nunn.

Fence your yards and gardens with red picket fence. For Sale by the Western Lumber Company.

Mrs. B. F. Gardenhire went over to Clarendon the first of the week for visit with her parents.

We are never too busy to give you prompt and careful attention. Everything in season. Eagle Cafe.

Mrs. A. G. Richards visited relatives and friends in Amarillo the first of the week.

We do all kinds of tin work on short notice. Leave us your order. McLean Hardware Co.

S. L. Hall of Abilene was here Saturday looking after sheriff and tax collector votes.

C. A. Cash & Son are distributors for White Lilac flour and guarantee every sack.

E. F. Barnes was over from Abilene the first of the week making some improvements on his property here.

Get ready to take care of your crop and stock. Buy a silo from the Western Lumber Company.

Arthur Hunt has had his name added to our subscription list for which he has our thanks.

Ever eat anything? We are in the feeding business and we shall appreciate your patronage. Eagle Cafe.

W. R. Veale and family visited at Pampa Sunday, going overland in their Ford.

Use Peacemaker Flour, which has made Texas famous in America, Europe and the civilized world. Sold by the Union Trading Co., McLean, Texas. Manufactured by the Alliance Milling Co., Denton, Texas.

The largest and most complete assortment of spring and summer samples on display at Luke's.

Mrs. J. C. Paschall has been called to Marshall on account of the serious illness of her mother.

A Shipment of Thistleware due to arrive in a few days. Call and see it. McLean Hardware Co.

Earl S. Hurst went up to Amarillo one day last week and returned with a big Buick 37 automobile.

Did you say you wanted some hose? We sure have it and want to sell it. Western Lumber Company.

Tuesday was the "17th of Ireland" and there was much wearing of the green by those who did not know why they were doing it.

The restaurant on the wrong side of the street but, we always have what you want to eat. Eagle Cafe.

J. A. Grundy of Canyon was here the latter part of last week showing his big Moon automobile and visiting with friends.

Have your rugs and carpets cleaned, color guaranteed. Luke's Tailor Shop.

Dr. C. E. Donnell, J. W. Kibler and W. C. Cheney spent the first of the week at Silverton visiting friends and looking after business interests.

Drop in when in town and give us a trial. We are a little out of the way but it pays to walk. Eagle Cafe.

F. Barnes of Abilene has had his subscription to the News pushed forward another year for which we are our thanks.

If we haven't got it we will get it. It belongs to the hardware line. McLean Hardware Co.

It is pleasing to note that very few owners in the Panhandle of anything like our size have as large bank deposits as McLean.

1500 all wool samples to select from. Fit or no sale. See them before buying a new suit. Luke's Tailor Shop.

McLean has more money on deposit, according to the recently published statement, than the balance of the county combined.

For Sale—Clean alfalfa seed at \$3.00 per bushel. A. O. Willoughby, Texola, Okla.

J. H. Hulging this week received a shipment of ten thousand shade trees which he will put on his place north-east of town.

Raise Chickens. We have one Old rusty incubator left. Better get it before it is gone. McLean Hardware Co.

Mrs. D. W. Bourland and children are moving to Abilene, Okla., where they will make their home for the present.

If you need need of bois d'arc posts, cedar posts, oak posts barbed wire or hog fence be sure to go to the Western Lumber Company.

B. H. Minter of Wichita Falls, formerly a citizen of McLean, was passing through here with his many friends here the latter part of last week.

Have your rugs and carpets cleaned—guaranteed not to fade. Prices: Ingrain 10c per yard; Brussels 12 1/2c to 15c, according to weight; plush 15c to 17 1/2c and 20c, according to weight. See Luke.

For Sale—Good milk cows. See Bon Fog.

My samples are complete and fit right on made-to-measure all wool suits. Before buying see samples at Luke's Tailor Shop.

Kiah Hodges and wife of Clinton, Okla., were here the latter part of last week guests of relatives and friends.

We have a good supply of 5x5 32 feet long for windmill towers, Dandy stuff. See us about it. Western Lumber Company.

W. C. Cheney has purchased a tract of land in the east part of town and it is understood he contemplates a big storage warehouse in the near future.

The public is hereby warned that anyone crossing my land will be prosecuted according to law. Keep to the section lines. C. H. Rowe.

Examine those gasoline lights of A. G. Richardson's and let us fit you up with a good lighting system. McLean Hardware Co.

D. N. Massay and wife, Earl S. Hurst and wife and Mrs. Minnie Massay attended the singing convention at Gracey Sunday, going in the new four-4 auto.

We have corrugated iron roofing, with galvanized and painted. We want to sell it. Western Lumber Company.

Use Peacemaker the flower of flours. Sold by the Union Trading Co., McLean, Texas. Manufactured by the Alliance Milling Co., Denton, Texas.

W. C. Phillips and wife and J. N. Phillips left Sunday afternoon for Bevere and Poodville, Texas, where they will visit with relatives and friends for several weeks.

Plenty of the genuine oumokin yam potato seed to arrive next week. Be sure to see me before buying your seed potatoes. D. Bassel.

J. Lee Turner and Jas. Burrows left Sunday for Fort Worth to attend the G and Lodge I. O. O. F. the former as representative from the local lodge.

Fly time will soon be here—fix for them now. We have a good stock of screen doors. Western Lumber Company.

Indications are that actual work on the test oil well will be commenced within the next few weeks. An outfit has been purchased by the promoting company and it is to be delivered no later than the first of next month.

Use Peacemaker, the world's greatest prize winner. Sold by the Union Trading Co., McLean, Texas. Manufactured by the Alliance Milling Co., Denton, Texas.

Practice for the 1914 baseball activities have commenced in earnest and the indications are that McLean will have a fast team. The old reliable battery, Marvin and Dick Cooke, will be on the job.

Don't let your stock go without water, build good concrete tanks. Buy your cement from the Western Lumber Company.

The Mothers Club program at the school auditorium on Friday night of last week was fairly attended and an excellent program rendered. It is understood the receipts amounted to about fifteen dollars.

Now is the time to have that photograph of your baby, or that family group. Orders taken for enlarged pictures and satisfaction guaranteed. Tracy Willis.

R. H. Collier, formerly president of the American State Bank here and now vice president of the First National at Amarillo, has mailed the News a copy of their recent statement which shows deposits of over \$1 million dollars, loans over \$800,000 and nearly a half million in cash on hand.

For Sale—Good milk cows. See Bon Fog.

Stunt Social.

That "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" was unanimously voted by all whose good fortune it was to attend the Stunt St. Patrick Social at W. H. Holt's, the entire home being a scene of light and cheer with the fresh trailing garlands of green and white, cut flowers from the Amarillo green house and potted plants, treasures of the careful housewife, who, with her lady attendants, did the numerous courtesies of the evening to the ease and pleasure of the occasion.

Picturesque colonial caps of white with an artistic touch of "Old Ireland's Green" designated the planners and executrices of this function, but a dainty silken Shamrock was given to each one as a souvenir of this date, which we are sure will tend to be a tiny link of freshness in the chain of memory.

A short humorous sketch was read to "set the ball to rolling", after which Mrs. T. J. Bryant responded with a most splendid descriptive reading that was enjoyed by all and thoroughly convinced everyone of Mrs. Bryant's refined taste, deep thought and application.

A classical piano duet rendered by Mesdames Massay and Hurst demonstrated beyond a doubt the time and attention devoted by these ladies to preparation of this master selection and the talent being improved under the direct tutorage of one of our local musicians.

Mrs. E. D. Langley with her usual grace and ease played with great exactness and sang in her usual staid manner a number that was a favorite of "her day", much to the enjoyment of our music-loving hearers who instead on her return to the piano.

S. B. Fast, awakened from his winter's rest and from the labors of the "later patch", hied to the fishing nook under the cool shelter of the willows, where after many and various reminiscences of indolence and its fruits he fought, finally hailing his friend, "Deacon Jones" and I presume angled the hot sultr hours away.

Prof. W. D. Biggers, never to be beaten in a stunt, nor to have his efforts on any occasion stunted, gave a descriptive reading of the hot sandy plains and its wild haunts and inhabitants with which it is haunted, with a most expressive musical accompaniment, which success brought the gentleman back to another selection.

Steam from hot chocolate brought the dainty perfume that heralded thoughts of dainties for the palate, so the tables were surrounded by groups of happy diners while music proceeded in the drawing room with a choir of voices attending Miss McCurdy at the piano, after which Mrs. C. H. Rowe favored us with a number of instrumental renditions.

Special mention is made by all who feel deeply indebted to C. H. Rowe who piloted the piano to this home. No hostess fears for the safety of her instrument if it is entrusted to his care in moving for here, as in other places, he proves an adept.

ONE PRESENT.

Use Peacemaker Flour, which has won more premiums and medals than any other flour in the world. Sold by the Union Trading Co., McLean, Texas. Manufactured by the Alliance Milling Co., Denton, Texas.

C. S. Rice and wife left Saturday afternoon for Fort Worth, where they go to attend the sessions of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows and Rebekahs. Mrs. Rice was representative from the local Rebekah and Mr. Rice holds important committee appointments in the Odd Fellows.

For sale—cane bundles at 2 and one-half cents per bundle. Phone 95 or 3 rings on 88. E. N. or J. W. Dougherty.

THE WOMAN IN THE FIELD

The Farm Woman Needs Relief More Than Her City Sister.

By Peter Radford.

Much has been said and more written about the woman in the factory and behind the counter, but how about the woman who works in the field? I want to say a few words in her behalf. I regret a necessity that compels woman to work for a livelihood and I favor not only shortening her hours, but freeing her from manual labor entirely. I crave for society that high standard of excellence where the home is woman's throne and her life is devoted to molding the character and elevating the thought of the rising generation. But so long as want, greed and misfortune prevail in this world, women, through choice or necessity, will work, and perhaps they will work at one task or another as many hours per day as they please.

We may pity the weak and admire the strong in their struggle, but the farm woman is entitled to her share of sympathy and reward.

All Must Toil.

The labor problem, as relates to men, is a most vexatious one and when we apply it to women it becomes more seriously complicated. We will always have to work unless some political genius can put a law on the statute book that will enable us to live without labor. So long as every person must meet toil face to face, the best we can do is to equitably distribute the burdens and reward of labor, and if there is to be a revision of wages and a shortening of hours, I want the farm woman to get her share. She has more reason to complain than any other class of toilers. She has, as a rule, fewer comforts, fewer pleasures, less recreation and less opportunity for enjoyment than her sister in the city. She has not so many conveniences and fewer luxuries and less to be thankful for than women who live in the town, but she toils on, a model of consistency, patience and womanly devotion. Certainly she should be the first to be rewarded.

The Real Labor Problem is on the Farm.

The great dailies with flaming headlines deplore the lot of women who toil in the cities, the city pulpit thunders with sympathy for her and the legislators orate in her behalf, but not a line is written, a word said or a speech delivered in the interest of the million women who labor on the farm. Where one woman works in the cities in Texas, there are a hundred mothers toiling in the field, and no mention is made of it. Is the woman in the city entitled to any more consideration than the woman on the farm? I contend that she is not. The city woman may be more easily restrained by legislation and

she may have a more attentive audience when she cries aloud, but the real labor problem, insofar as it relates to women and children, is on the farm. It is there we find the mother, drenched in perspiration, and the child, its lips wet with mother's milk, wielding the hoe and gathering the harvest, toiling day in and day out without hope of reward.

The City Life Puny.

The farm women work from sun until sun. They do their housework and lull a half million babes to sleep after the chickens go to roost and they get breakfast and milk the cows before the lark sings. The city woman frequently chafes under hardships that the farm woman would consider a blessing. The city people are great talkers and oftentimes greatly magnify their troubles and enlarge their accomplishments. This characteristic permeates organized society as well as enters into the individual life of cities. There are orphan asylums which are doing commendable work and should be encouraged, that boast of their accomplishments, but I have seen widows in the country make a crop, drink branch water and eat corn-bread and molasses and raise more children and better children than many of these city orphan asylums. The cities need to get back to the soil with their ideals. They are hysterical, puny and feeble in their conception of life, its requirements and its opportunities.

To The Public.

Having sold my hardware business to the Overton Brothers, I take this method of extending to my friends and the general public my sincere thanks for their patronage and the many favors shown me while in business in McLean, and to assure you that my successors will be pleased to enjoy a share of your future business.

Also wish to call attention to the fact that there are numerous accounts owing to me and would like to have settlement on same as soon as possible. If you owe me, kindly call at once and make arrangements with the cash to settle same. Don't put this off as it is important.

S. O. Cook.

Posted.

All parties are hereby warned that hunting, trapping or otherwise trespassing on my land is absolutely forbidden, and any violations whatever will be strenuously prosecuted according to law. Take warning.

U. S. Hawk.

John Mertel

Dealer in New Shoes

Expert Shoe Repairing

McLean, Texas

Painting and

Paper Hanging

S. J. Hodges

Phone 77-112

WE GREET YOU

Having purchased the stock and good will of S. O. Cook we come to you with a plea for a share of your hardware business. We are stocking up with a complete line of everything pertaining to the hardware trade and will put forth our best efforts to have what you want at all times and to show that courtesy and extend to you that service that will make of you our friend and customer. Let us serve you.

Overton Hardware Company

SUCCESSORS TO S. O. COOK

Fine Commercial Printing

PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN YOUR ORDER AT THE NEWS OFFICE

known hills and vigor to petiser. it. 80c.

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

His Firm.

The drummer was boasting about the immensity of the firm he was traveling for.

"I suppose your house is a pretty big establishment?" said the customer.

"Big? You can't have any idea of its dimensions. Last week we took an inventory of the employes and found out for the first time that three cashiers and four bookkeepers were missing. That will give you some idea of the magnitude of our business."

Contrary to Attitude.

"Who is running this thing?" "I am, and I propose to make a stand."

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Some fellows are so clumsy that they can't even talk without making a break.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes guarantee satisfaction. Adv.

Give a woman plenty of rope and she'll use it for a clothesline.

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.



New Wood
Oklahoma City
Automobile School
15 and 17 NORTH DEWEY STREET
Write for Testimonials.
Practical Teaching with Real Automobiles

MUCH HAPPIER THAN 10 YEARS AGO

Bradyville Lady Tells Why She Is So Much Happier Now Than Ten Years Ago.

Bradyville, Tenn.—Mrs. Mattie Spry, of this place, makes the following statement: "Ten years ago, I was a great sufferer from womanly troubles, and was in bed nearly all the time, for about two years. I tried many treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good."

I read in the Ladies' Birthday Almanac about Cardul, the woman's tonic, and I quit all other treatments, and began taking it. I took 8 bottles, and was cured.

That has been ten years ago, and since then I have been in better health and spirits, than for 20 years.

My oldest daughter was very puny at the age of 16. I gave her Cardul, and she was soon all right, and now enjoys the best of health.

I am so thankful that I know of a true medicine that I can give my girls, or take myself, and that I know what medicine to send for, when I need a tonic.

I am very much alive now, and certainly enjoy telling my friends, when they ask me what I found at last to help me so much, about Cardul. I can never praise it enough."

You, too, can surely depend on Cardul helping you.

Begin taking it today.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request. Adv.

Poor Fellow.

Lydia found her father in the library.

"Father," she asked, "did Robert call on you this morning?"

"Yes, he did," replied the father; "but I couldn't make out much of what he said."

"What do you mean?" asked Lydia.

"Well," explained the old gentleman, "I understood him to say that you had wanted to marry me, and that you had enough to support him, so I told him to go home and write it out."—Lippincott's Magazine.

ECZEMA DISFIGURED FACE

Hampton Springs, Fla.—"I had had eczema on my face and hands for about three years. My face was badly disfigured. The eczema broke out in pimples and itched so very badly I would scratch it all the time. It was the most irritating disease I ever had. It started on my face and hands and it spread all over my body. I had great large sores all over me, caused from the eczema. It bothered me day and night so that I could not rest at all.

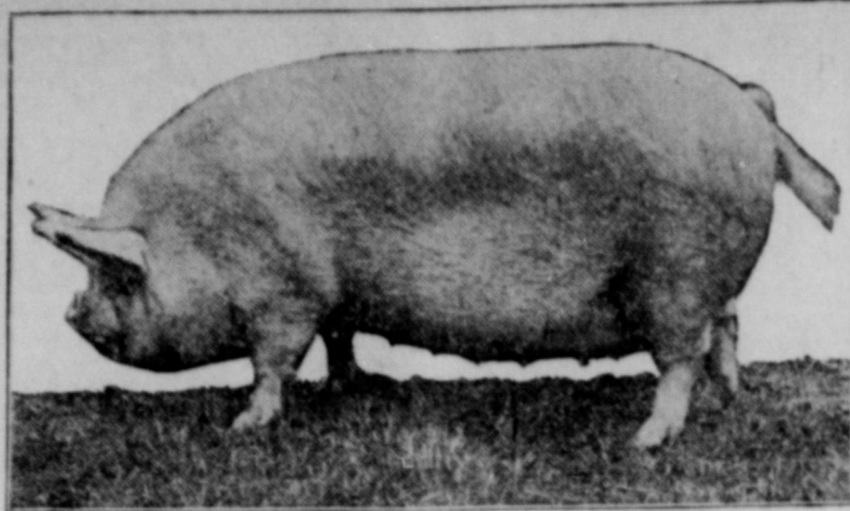
"I used three remedies for skin disease and they didn't give relief at all. I was almost terrified until a friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment to me. They helped me from the time I started to use them. I only used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and was cured." (Signed) Mrs. E. C. Parker, Dec. 7, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Three. Professor at Agricultural School—What kinds of farming are there? New Student—Extensive, intensive, and pretensive.—Indianapolis Star.

It isn't necessary for a man to have money to burn in order to keep the pot boiling.

ENDEAVORING FOR THE BEST BACON TYPE



Excellent Bacon Type.

The style of animal which best meets the bacon cure's ideal has often been spoken about, but the desired standard is not always reached, and this in many cases is due to faulty breeding.

To consider briefly one or two of the indications as to what is really a good bacon pig, we might start first from the head.

Here, length of snout, which partly includes length of jaw and the absence of loose flabbiness so frequently seen there, indicates as a rule a lengthy animal. The idea has been to reduce the cheap parts of the animal and to increase those which are dearer. On that account a light forehead is necessary, but it must not be at the expense of width of back or depth in the pig.

As a rule a pig narrow at the poll (between the ears) is not the widest on his top, nor is he the thriftiest of feeders. There may be exceptions to this rule, but it can be applied generally. The advantages of a prominent eye and a smooth unwrinkled jaw or cheek, as well as width between the eyes, are that they invariably indicate a smooth, lean-fleshed animal.

A short heavy head is invariably associated with a very round body and a wide and very fat back, altogether a very wasteful carcass. The neck should not be too long, otherwise it indicates weakness and a short neck generally goes with a short side, which from the bacon point of view of course is not desirable. It is important to note the character of the middle piece.

The ribs should spring from the back, but they should not be entirely round. They should rather spring well and allow the animal to be turned out slightly flat from the sides. There will then be less wasteful fat on the top without decreasing the depth of the pig.

What is wanted is a pig that contains a maximum of lean meat and an undercut with as much streaky as possible. The loin should of course be covered and muscular, because so much depends on good development there? The rump should not be too straight, otherwise the hams will invariably be short. There should be no flabbiness about the hams and a well-carried tail puts finish to a pig, which helps it greatly at the time of sale to the butcher.

The quantity of bone should also be accompanied by strength of bone, because it is not possible to carry a heavy weight of meat of very fine quality without substance. Round bone should be avoided as it indicates lack of breeding and is invariably associated with a fat carcass.

The pasterns should not be weak and the pig should be straight on its legs. This is likewise of great importance for exercise is necessary in the production of the best class of carcasses.

These may seem small points yet they all indicate particular functions which the bacon pig is supposed to fulfill.

PROPER FEED FOR LAMBS PAYS WELL

Sudden Change in Ration Creates Dietetic Disorders and Consequent Loss of Life.

(By GEORGE H. GLOVER, Colorado Agricultural College.)

A small percentage of loss in lambs in the feed lot is to be expected, but this loss in some instances is far greater than it should be. When range lambs are placed on a fattening ration the change of feed is so sudden that dietetic disturbances cause a general disorder and several dead sheep are found in the pens each morning. This invariably leads to the suspicion that they are dying of some infectious disease.

In some cases the ration is not well balanced to secure the best gains and the conditions of care and handling might be better, but these things will account for only a nominal loss.

The change from grass to alfalfa, corn, barley, molasses and straw, ensilage, etc., must be made gradually and herein lies the secret of the heavy losses of lambs in the feed lots in the early fall. The desire to get the lambs on a fattening ration as early as possible and failing to appreciate the danger of too heavy feeding and change of ration has helped to make lamb feeding an unprofitable business in some instances. A sudden change of feed or overfeeding must be guarded against in the domestic animals, especially in this true with the horse and sheep.

FATTENING PIGS ON SHELLED CORN

Experiment Conducted at South Dakota Station Shows Advantages in Using Milk.

Ordinarily, with all ages of swine, a bushel of shelled corn will produce an average of ten pounds of pork. In an experiment at the South Dakota station, on an average for the two years of feeding period of sixty-two days each, a bushel of shelled corn yielded 11.9 pounds of pork. But when an average of 163 pounds of milk was fed with a bushel of shelled corn, an average yield of 17.7 pounds of pork was produced.

This was a difference of 5.8 pounds in favor of the milk lot; or, in other words, the milk was equal to 5.8 pounds of pork. However, it must not be understood that this quantity of milk fed to a pig without the corn would yield this amount of gain, but when fed in combination, as above stated, similar results are to be expected.

Healthy Poultry. Clean quarters and wholesome food are worth more to keep poultry healthy than all the fancy condition powders you can give them.

Lazy Hens. Lazy hens cannot now offer the moulting period as an excuse for not laying.

PRACTICAL HINTS AROUND THE FARM

Ration for Idle Horses Should Be Reduced—Get Cows into Good Condition.

A Pennsylvania man had a fine young horse die from nothing in the world but overfeeding when not in work. If he had cut the ration down to one-half while the animal was standing in the stable idle, it would not have had azoturia, a disease that is almost always fatal.

When your horses take cold, a few drops of oil of tar dropped into the feed will do a lot of good.

When you put the horse in the stable, wet from hard work or driving on the road, rub down first with dry straw, then put on a light blanket, later following with a heavier one. A horse cared for that way will rarely take cold.

Scrape the snow and litter off your shoes before going into the house. Your wife is an awfully good woman, of course, but she often feels tired when you come in bringing a load of perfume on your shoes and sit down at the kitchen fire and perhaps in the nice clean sitting room. Be thoughtful of these things.

If your cows come through skimp, it will take you several weeks after they go to grass to get them up in condition to do good work. That will cost you a good deal more than it will now to give them plenty of good feed to bring them up into good condition.

A good sled is a nice thing to draw manure out on if you do not own a manure spreader. Have it about ten feet long, made of good strong stuff and furnished with a good bottom and sideboards. By putting the manure on day by day as made, you can keep your yard clean all winter through, and in the bargain have your manure all drawn out when spring comes.

Water runs down hill. Think of this if you draw manure in winter. If you spread it on the side of a hill when the snow comes, it will carry off a good share of the goodness of your fertilizer in the spring. You can't afford that. If you can, few of us can.

Hardy Alfalfa. We do not think that the value of the acclimated Montana or Dakota seed is as well known as it should be. Scientists in the past have not always agreed as to the influence of environment upon plants, says a writer in an exchange. Some have thought that both plants and their offspring were affected by soil and climatic conditions, other that they were not so affected and that hardy strains would retain their hardiness, no matter where planted, north or south. Of late they seem to be reaching neutral ground on this question.

Quit Meat if Kidneys Bother and Use Salts. Take a Glass of Salts Before Breakfast if Your Back is Hurting or Bladder is Irritated.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Bacilli and Relations. Mrs. Baye—"She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house." Visitor—"How does she get along with her family?" Mrs. Baye—"Oh, even her relations are strained."

We can readily believe that many people are sadder when they sing.

Watch Carefully the Child's Diet

Start Them Off Right With a Good Laxative and Then Watch Their Food.

Mothers are often unconsciously very careless about the diet of their children, forcing all to eat the same foods. The fact is that all foods do not agree alike with different persons. Hence, avoid what seems to constipate the child or to give it indigestion, and urge it to take more of what is quickly digested.

If the child shows a tendency to constipation it should immediately be given a mild laxative to help the bowels. By this is not meant a physic or purgative, for these should never be given to children, nor anything like salts, pills, etc. What the child requires is simply a small dose of the gentlest of medicines, such as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which, in the opinion of thousands of watchful mothers, is the ideal remedy for any child showing a tendency to constipation. So many things can happen to a constipated child that care is necessary. Colds, piles, headaches, sleeplessness, and many other annoyances that children should not have can usually be traced to constipation.

Many of America's foremost families are never without Syrup Pepsin, because one can never tell when some member of the family may need it, and all can use it. Thousands endorse it, among them Mrs. M. E. Patten, Valley Junction, Iowa, who is never without it in the house. Mrs. Patten says that Syrup Pepsin has done wonders for her boy Ralph, who was constipated from birth but is now doing fine. Naturally, she is enthusiastic about it and wants other mothers to use it. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists at fifty cents per one dollar a bottle, the latter also being bought by those who already know its value, and it contains proportionately more.

Everyone likes Syrup Pepsin, as it is very pleasant to the taste. It is mild and non-gripping and free from injurious ingredients.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 West Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.



RALPH M. PATTEN

Everyone likes Syrup Pepsin, as it is very pleasant to the taste. It is mild and non-gripping and free from injurious ingredients.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 West Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position."

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to:

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



Why Suffer From Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism

Hunt's Lightning Oil quickly relieves the pain. The Harting and Aching 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 we can no longer doubt. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises and Sprains it is simply fine. All druggists sell Hunt's Lightning Oil in 25 and 50 cent bottles or by mail from:

A. B. Richards Medicine Co.
Sherman

Pettit's Eye Salve

MY OKLAHOMA FARM FOR SALE... W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 9-1914

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
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
Beware of cheap imitations.
Pumpkin Seed -
Aloe -
Sulphur -
Cinnamon -
Licorice -
Sassafras -
Syrup of Marshmallows -
Syrup of Gum Arabic -
Syrup of Gum Tragacanth -
Syrup of Gum Benzoin -
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Jet-Trimmed Hats for Early Wear



THE great variety in hats made of jet combined with other materials, gives reason to think that the jet-trimmed hat is destined to usher in the spring and remain throughout the summer. Already hats made of jet and maline, or jet and lace, with a touch of velvet in their composition, have appeared, and, while appropriate for present wear, they are airy enough for summer. The jet hat does not belong to one season but to all of them. It is a good investment in millinery.

Many of the new hats are quite high. The shapes themselves are moderate in height, but the trimming gives the effect of very high crowns. This phase of the new styles is liked for the combination of jet with maline or lace. Two hats of this kind are shown here, both of the prettiest of the latest models.

In one of them a turban shape is developed with a band of jet covering the brim and a soft puffed crown of maline. Over and around this crown there is a standing ruffle of maline (doubled) supported by fine wires. No other trimming is used. Such a hat is useful at any season. Thanks to the recent discoveries of manufacturers, the maline is not as fragile as it looks. It has been made waterproof. The jet is one of the few millinery materials that have lasting qualities.

The model of jet and lace is also a turban shape. It is somewhat elongated and has a soft crown of silk and

maline. Handsome black Chantilly lace is wired to stand up about the crown. It is slashed at each side and outlined near the edge with a line of jet spangles. A beautiful coronet of jet extends about the brim, rising to a point at the front. Small bows of black velvet ribbon are poised at each side. Little bouquets are often placed in this position, instead of bows. They are made of little, fine flowers or little fruits.

Quite the reverse of high, one of the small close-fitting caps of straw braid is shown with a band of jet about the edge. Nothing could be simpler in shape. It is trimmed with jet ornaments, one at each side, consisting of a flat cabochon into which a spike of jet is apparently thrust. In spite of its simple shape and construction, this model is smart and almost startlingly novel.

There is no doubting the favor with which these hats of jet have been received by those who are the first to buy spring millinery. They will be worn during the whole season, but, as no one is content to own but one hat, after holding the center of the stage for a while, they will be relegated to second place, with flower and ribbon-trimmed millinery taking precedence.

A black hat should always be among the belongings of the well-dressed woman, for there are times when it is needed and nothing else will do quite as well.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

VESTS AND GIRDLES FOR ELABORATING THE COAT SUIT

IN ORDER to change the appearance of your dressy coat suit, or for the sake of elaborating your toilette upon occasions that demand it, the separate vest is a thing of beauty and a source of comfort. It is made of the handsomest and most brilliant of fabrics; bits of rich, highly colored brocades, gold embroidered satins, and ribbons which cost more than their weight in gold. But the little vest is small and takes only a short

fact, for functions to which one wears a hat, the little brilliant vest and the smart girdle make the suit impressive.

It is a happy idea to have a bit of the same coloring in the hat worn with these chic accessories. The small black velvet hat has made opportunities for the addition of trimming to harmonize with colors worn in the costume. Crowns covered smoothly with the same rich and showy fabrics that are used for making vests, will be found effective.

The small waistcoats are embellished with handsome cut steel, jet or rhinestone buttons. Jet and rhinestone combined are in great favor just now. They are the last word in the matter of brilliance and look well on any color or mixture of colors.

Besides the little vest there is the girdle of brilliant silk ribbon or piece goods, and the specially good wide velvet ribbon. Plaids and Roman stripes in such fascinating color combinations that one instantly falls in love with them, furnish many of the girdles. Brocades are liked, but to be worn at the same time as a brilliant vest, the girdle of plain velvet ribbon furnishes about the best choice.

These girdles appear to be adjusted loosely about the figure and extend somewhat below the waist line. But think not that this is easily or carelessly done. They are carefully placed, the wearer adjusting them in front of her mirror and pinning them with the smallest of tiny safety pins on the under side. The pins do not show, of course. The girdles, if of ribbon, are nearly always "crushed" a bit. The effort these days is not to make the waist look "trim" and small, but to suggest ease and freedom.

The effect of a handsome, harmonious girdle in toning up a gown can hardly be overestimated. "That girdle makes the gown" is a comment one is apt to hear when a successful girdle lifts an ordinary gown to its own elegant level.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Flower Powder Puffs.

Small wonder that the heart of the silk velvet rose or whatever fabric flower Madame Modish elects to adopt as a corsage ornament is of generous proportions. It needs must be capacious, for it holds a tiny ribbon-tied silken bag and within the bag is a powder puff—infinitesimal, to be sure,



Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For pure Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at any price. Ask your grocer.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-size baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to any other soft and soda.

Enjoyment! "Do you get much enjoyment out of the new dances?" they asked the stout man of mellow years. "Enjoyment!" he echoed. "Watch me."

Seizing his partner in a grip of iron, he ambled to the right, kicked to the left, doubled his knees, kicked all around, lunged ahead, dipped to the rear, kicked some more, took a short run, beat a retreat, kicked a passing couple and sank down heavily.

"Doesn't that H-look like enjoyment?" he stammered.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Even the high cost of living doesn't seem to have any effect on the wages of sin.

WESTERN CANADA CAME INTO EVIDENCE

AT THE CRUCIAL PERIOD FOR SUPPLY OF WORLD'S FOOD-STUFFS.

The present demand for foodstuffs in all parts of the world, and the expense of producing it on high-priced lands, would make it seem that western Canada came into evidence at the crucial period. There is to be found the opportunity that will be a large factor in meeting this demand. With its millions of acres of land, easily cultivatable, highly productive, accessible to railways, and with unexcelled climatic conditions, the opportunities that are offered and afforded are too great to be overlooked.

There have been booms in almost every civilized country and they were looked upon as such, and in the course of time the bubble was pricked and was burst. But in no country has the development been as great nor as rapid, whether in city or in country, as in western Canada.

The provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have the largest area of desirable lands on the North American continent, and their cultivation has just begun.

Even with a two hundred million bushel wheat crop, less than eight per cent. of the land is under the ploughs, four per cent. being in wheat. Less than five years ago the wheat crop was only 71,000,000 bushels. It is a simple calculation to estimate that if four per cent. of the available cultivatable area produces something over 200,000,000 bushels, what will 44 per cent. produce? And then look at the immigration that is coming into the country. In 1901 it was 49,149, 17,000 being from the United States; in 1906 it was 189,064, of which 57,000 were Americans, and in 1913 it was about 400,000, of which about 140,000 were Americans. But why have they gone to Canada? The American farmer is a man of shrewd business instincts, just like his Canadian brother, and when he finds that he can sell his own farm at from \$100 to \$200 per acre and move into Canada and homestead and pre-empt half a section for himself, and similarly for all his sons who are adult and of age upon lands as rich and fertile as those he left, and producing indeed several bushels to the acre in excess of anything he has ever known, it will take more than an ordinary effort to prevent him from making the change.

And then, too, there is the American capital following the capital of brawn, muscle and sinew, following it so as to keep in touch with the industrial farmer with which it has had dealings for years back. This capital and the capital of farming experience is no small matter in the building up of a country.

Nothing is said of the great mineral and forest wealth, of which but little has been touched.

No country in the world's history has attracted to its borders a larger number of settlers in so short a time, or has attracted so much wealth in a period of equal length, as have the Canadian prairies. Never before has pioneering been accomplished under conditions so favorable as those that exist in western Canada today.—Advertisement.

No More "Black Broth" for Him.

Among the forgotten dishes of the past was the "black broth of Lacedaemon." "What the ingredients of this sabbie composition were," says a writer, "we cannot exactly ascertain. Doctor Lister (in 'Aplcius') supposed it to have been hog's blood. . . . It could not be a very alluring morsel, since a citizen of Sybaris, having tasted it, declared it was no longer a matter of astonishment with him why the Spartans were so fearless of death, since any one in his senses would much rather die than exist on such execrable food."

SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Common Garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger.—Adv.

If men were as perfect as their wives expect them to be the monotony of married life would be debilitating.

It keeps some men busy explaining foolish things to their wives.

Explained.

"Madame de Massage wrote a great book called 'How to Become Beautiful.'"

"Did it have a big sale?" "No, she made the fatal mistake of publishing her own picture on the title page."

What Displeased Her.

"So your servant girl left you again?" said the woman at the sales.

"Yes," replied her neighbor.

"What was the matter?"

"She didn't like the way I did the work."

Remarkable.

"Did you husband have any luck on his hunting trip?"

"Splendid! Didn't you hear?"

"No, what was it?"

"He got back alive."

Drive that cough from your system. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops will surely help you—5c at all Drug Stores.

The art of pretending is not confined to regular actors.

A vivid imagination is as dangerous as a little learning.

Make Eating a Joy

When the appetite is keen and the digestion normal you can enjoy your meals without fear of distress, — but how different when the stomach is weak and your food causes Heartburn, Bloating, Nausea, Headache, Indigestion and Costiveness. This suggests a trial of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

Sick Women Made Well

Reliable evidence is abundant that women are constantly being restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The many testimonial letters that we are continually publishing in the newspapers—hundreds of them—are all genuine, true and unsolicited expressions of heartfelt gratitude for the freedom from suffering that has come to these women solely through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Money could not buy nor any kind of influence obtain such recommendations; you may depend upon it that any testimonial we publish is honest and true—if you have any doubt of this write to the women whose true names and addresses are always given, and learn for yourself.

Read this one from Mrs. Waters:

CAMDEN, N.J.—"I was sick for two years with nervous spells, and my kidneys were affected. I had a doctor all the time and used a galvanic battery, but nothing did me any good. I was not able to go to bed, but spent my time on a couch or in a sleeping-chair, and soon became almost a skeleton. Finally my doctor went away for his health, and my husband heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got me some. In two months I got relief and now I am like a new woman and am at my usual weight. I recommend your medicine to every one and so does my husband."—Mrs. TILLIE WATERS, 1135 Knight St., Camden, N.J.

And this one from Mrs. Haddock:

UTICA, OKLA.—"I was weak and nervous, not able to do my work and scarcely able to be on my feet. I had backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, trouble with my bowels, and inflammation. Since taking the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am better than I have been for twenty years. I think it is a wonderful medicine and I have recommended it to others."—Mrs. MARY ANN HADDOCK, Utica, Oklahoma.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman continue to suffer without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

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.



Use for Old Umbrella Rods.

The steel rods from old umbrellas make fine plant supports. Disconnect them where they join the upper part and also where the ring slips the handle and you have a double rod to slip into your flower pots, and if they are painted gray they are unnoticeable.

The Insult.

Lady (ordering boots for her husband)—Do you keep men's boots? Shopman—No, madam, but we keep up to nines in women's.—London Opinion.

A man who makes a bluff at hooting succeeds in making others tired.

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should prefer to buy what they ask for, retaining all substitutes or imitations.

Oklahoma Directory

JASPER SIPES COMPANY SCHOOL FURNITURE CHURCH FURNITURE Opera Chairs and School Supplies OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

E. D. DAVIS Home Phone Walnut 3057 A. L. YOUNGER Home Phone Walnut 5280

DAVIS & YOUNGER Wholesale and Retail Dealers in HORSES AND MULES

Home Phone Maple 623 OKLAHOMA NATIONAL STOCK YARD

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

Is Equally Valuable as a General Strengthening Tonic, Because It Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds Up the Whole System.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic, as the formula is printed on every label, showing that it contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, General Debility and Loss of Appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. For grown people and children. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

THE PLATFORM BUILDER



Urged To Plant Cotton

Many of our local business men are urging the farmers of this vicinity to plant a small acreage to cotton this year and from all reports there is little room for doubt but that the crop is a paying one in this country if properly handled in a small way. Too much acreage in cotton, or cotton raised exclusive of other crops would be equally as disastrous as would any other product, but a few acres included in the diversification program would not handicap the farmer in his other crops and would bring a net money return per acre of more dollars and cents than any other one thing that can be grown.

We have quoted several local cotton raisers in the past relative to their success with this product and invariably their verdict has been in favor of a small acreage to cotton every year. A few days since we were talking with J. B. Hessie, who owns an eighty acre farm seven miles northwest of Alanreed, and he is authority for the statement that cotton does practically as well here as at any point in Central Texas, where it is the predominating crop. It is his judgment that a third of a bale per acre can be grown on the average, one year with another, and this with much less work than is necessary in the older cotton growing sections by reasons of the fact that grass and weed pests are not so numerous and the boll worm has not yet put in his appearance.

He says that one man can gather and market a hundred dollars worth of cotton in less time than it would take to gather and market the same amount of kafir or maize, and get it off much less ground. This in refutation of the popular theory that it would be impossible to get the crop gathered if a large one were raised.

We have quoted a similar statement from J. D. Back of the Northfork community and these men certainly have the authority to speak on the subject, having raised cotton in the black land belt of Texas and also in the McLean country.

Either of the local banks or any business man in town will be glad to offer any assistance

possible in getting your seed if you contemplate planting a small acreage to cotton this year.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Subject—Nehemiah.
Introduction—Leader.
Scripture reading—Nehemiah 1:1-6—Winnie Newton.
Scripture reading—Nehemiah 1:7-11—Luther Petty.
Song.

Conditions in Jerusalem before Nehemiah undertook his work. (Quarterly paragraph 1.)—Doyle Foster.

How Nehemiah got permission to go to Jerusalem. (Quarterly, paragraph 2—Pearl Newton. The great work which Nehemiah did—Roger Francis.

Rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. (Quarterly, paragraph 3 and 4.)—Wayland Floyd.

Relieving the poor. (Quarterly paragraph 5—J. W. Kibler.

Song.
Nehemiah a noble example for us—1. A devout man of prayer—Edith Stockton. 2. A daring man of action—Barto Landers.

Song.
Closing Prayer.
Leader—Mildred Holland.

Intermediate League Program.

Roll Call.
Subject—"Love".
Love of children for parents—Howard Hext.
Love of home—Julia Foster.
Song—Three girls and boys.
Love of man for God—Ernest Jordan.
Love of man for man—Robert Robinson.

Song—Six girls.
Recitation—"Teachers Diadem"—Alma Evans.
Solo—Roscoe Spencer.
Recitation—Zimrude Hext.
Reading—Charles Cousins.
Talk—Bro. Howell.
Song—Six girls.
Benediction.
Leader—Maude Wilson.

Junior League Program.

Lesson—Luke 10:25-37.
Subject—Our Neighbor.
Song.
Leader—Lillian Donnell.
Recitation—Irene Drake.
Song—Zimrude Hext and Opal Weaver.
Prayer.
Bible Drill.
Story—Donald Beall.
Collection.
Benediction.

Money To Loan

Quick loans made on farm lands. If you desire a loan write, phone or come to see me. Will be glad to serve you.

R. B. BONNER
Shamrock, Texas

Listen Attentively.

Almost any business college will give you pretty good ORDINARY business training, make you competent to do routine work as a stenographer or bookkeeping.

But this kind of training cannot carry you very far toward success.

The young man or woman who takes our courses has a gilt-edge insurance policy against poverty.

And much more than this.

Our graduates are fitted to advance rapidly because they have been taught to see beyond the regular work of their positions, to make themselves continually more useful, and to advantage of the larger opportunities as they come.

We can make you a specialist. We can show you how to get the most out of every ounce of ability you have, and accomplish the largest possible amount of useful work with the least amount of effort.

Properly equipped in this way, there is no limit to what you may achieve.

The Vice-President of the largest steel company in the world was formerly a stenographer. Nine-tenths of the men who are now making \$100,000.00 per year were once stenographers. Our President of the United States began as a stenographer.

More instances are needless. It is common knowledge that thousands of successful men and women in every line began as stenographers and bookkeepers.

The question for you to determine is, "Shall we fit you to win similar success?"

Write at once for literature—best of private board and room here at \$12.50 per calendar month—a little more than one-half what it would cost you elsewhere.

THE BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Bowie, Texas.

Announcements

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

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

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.

Church Directory

Methodist Church.
Cordially invites you to all its services.
Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 3rd, 4th and 5th Sundays morning and night. Groom 1st Sunday, morning and night; Alameda 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Heald 4th Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Elderside 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m. Junior and Senior Epworth Leagues at 2:30 and 3:30 p. m., respectively, ever Sunday. Woman's Missionary Society 2:30 p. m. every Tuesday. Prayer meeting ever Wednesday night.
J. T. HOWELL, Pastor.

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

Baptist Church.
Preaching second and fourth Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. C. S. Rice, superintendent. B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m. every Sunday. Reop 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.

Presbyterian Church.
You are cordially invited to attend preaching services at the First Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., first and third Sundays in each month. Sunday school at ten o'clock every Sunday morning. The teachers and superintendent will be glad to greet you each Sunday morning. The pastor will be delighted to welcome you to all the services, both morning and evening. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
J. T. BRYANT, Pastor.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS & COPYRIGHTS

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Consultation free. (Outside agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co., special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.)

A hand-drawn illustration weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$1 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 364 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 267 1/2 St., Washington, D. C.

\$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

Why dont you BATHE

Our Bath Tub is at your disposal
We are the real Tonsorial Artasts. Try us.
City Barber Shop
BEE EVERETT, Prop.

W. R. PATTERSON

ABTRACTER 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.

McLean Auto Company

Supplies and Accessories
Vulcanizing
WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF REPAIRING
Two Blocks North of Depot
Haynes Building
Residence Phone
Shop Phone 83

Are You A Booster

If you are we want you to join the neighborhood improvement forces you to know this is the time of year when we should all "Tidy up" and beautify the home and its surroundings.

You will probably need some paint to liven up the appearance of your house and out buildings. That yard fence will also need repairing and painting up. The boards that have been kicked off the barn during this past winter will need to be replaced with some new ones. Now we carry in stock the paint (Low Brothers.) which is most suitable for all painting it spreads farther, wears longer and lasts better. Its already mixed and ready for use.

We also have the material for the repair of your fences and barns. Please call and get our prices on paints and lumber and see our color card of our paints.

Yours for a successful year,
Cicero Smith Lumber Co.
McLean, Texas