

The McLean News

ELEVENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1915

NO 3

1915 The New Year 1915

Probably you are already a patron of this bank, if not, we would be glad to have you start in with the new year of 1915. A trial may prove mutually profitable.

With a view of getting better acquainted, we invite you to call.

Citizens State Bank

(Guaranty Fund Bank)

J. S. Morse, President. Clay E. Thompson, Cashier.
W. E. Ballard, Vice Pres. J. M. Noel, Vice Pres.

DIRECTORS

J. M. Noel. L. H. Webb. J. T. Close.

From Over The Panhandle

S. Freeman, of Simpson, and who owns a farm in Miami is selling his wheat \$1.30 per bushel. He tried to sell this same crop in the fall for 85 cents per bushel and was compelled to hold it on account of the lack of ready market at that price.

The Panhandle Medical Society met in Memphis on the 19th. They had a splendid program and some of the best speakers in both the state and panhandle were there.

George Wiesborn of Lubbock invented a silo which was on the market last year and with limited success. The gentleman is now pushing his invention and expects to get the best results.

The progressive citizenship Hedley is making an effort to have their little city incorporated. A petition is being circulated for that purpose.

Briscoe county reports an enormous crop of Kafir, maize and sorghum, most of which is being threshed and held for better prices.

J. E. Roden and Miss Mary Ellen Bass of Shamrock were

quietly married there on the 12th inst., Rev. H. A. Goodwin performing the ceremony.

Actual work has been begun on the Normal building at Canyon and will be pushed with all possible speed. The building is contracted to be completed for the 1915-16 term.

The Lockney School District will hold an election on the 23rd for the purpose of issuing \$8,000.00 bonds to rebuild the school building that was recently destroyed by fire.

Farmers in and around Hereford are making preparations to raise hogs on a big scale another year, having already shipped in more than a hundred fine Duroc breed sows.

More than 20 bales of cotton from twenty acres and 60 bushels of corn to the acre is the crop record made by M. Green, a south Plains farmer living near Lubbock.

Have you ever seen "The Podunk Limited" It will be here in a couple of weeks.

McLean To Have A "First Monday"

It now seems assured that McLean is to have a real "First Monday" and preliminary arrangements are now under headway, with C. C. Cooper as the principle compelling force. Just what is a "First Monday" many of us are at a loss to know, but that they are of more than passing benefit to the town and the citizenship in general has been often proven and in view of that fact we are "for it."

The first Monday in next month, which comes on Monday, February 1st, it is to be, and everybody in the Panhandle is invited to be with us and partake in the festivities, the principal feature of which will be the introduction of the area of that famous mythological character known as the "horse swapper." There will be an auction sale conducted by Col. Allen of Hydro, Okla., in which anyone having anything of value to sell to the highest bidder, by mak-

ing previous arrangements to the effect, can enter. There will also be a world of livestock and other goods and chattles on hand for sale or barter and in general it will be an occasion on which much goods will change hands and much good cheer will be dispensed.

To those unfortunate citizens in remote and inaccessible sections of the Panhandle who do not know C. C. Cooper we wish to say that he is a live wire, freshly insulated and directly connected with a high motor. He is behind the movement and there are many other equally enthusiastic citizens siding him who will see that all visitors are finally relieved of their worldly goods.

This "First Monday" will be worth while and we impose it upon every citizen of the Panhandle as a sacred duty to be present. You will be heartily welcome and fairly well treated.

(All Panhandle papers please copy, but do not send bill)

A Skeleton In The Hills.

Some boys playing in the hills west of town last Monday came upon the skull of a human and upon investigation found the other portion of a skeleton. There had been a fire which burned and charred the bones and only small bits of charred clothing were found.

Yesterday morning a party composed of under sheriff Gentry, W. A. Donaldson, member of the grand jury, Tom Hawks, John Caylor and F. R. Jamison went to the spot where the discovery was made. Some buttons, brass, were found as was also a knife that was very much rusted.

The bones were brought back to town and the findings related to the Grand jury, who, of course could arrive at no solution of the affair. On a cedar tree at the point where the skull was found the letters E. P. L. W. 11-09 were cut.

No one has been missed from these parts within the memory of the place and we can give no solution what ever.—Canadian Record.

P. M. Election Probable

It seems to be the general impression of the public that sometime in the near future an election will be held for the purpose of selecting a postmaster of the democratic faith for our little city and to say that numerous applicants are willing to sacrifice their time and energy in this public service is putting it but mildly. Their name is legion. The place pays a good salary and does not require any special endowment other than good common sense, hence the numerous applicants.

So far no election has been called and the appointment may come through other sources, but we understand that the congressman from this district has announced his intention of having the democratic voters select who they will have to serve them and it is more than likely that the election will be called.

Music.

A ripple of music,
Like waters at play;
Like little birds waking,
To sing of the day;
Like pearls of the Orient,
Paler than dew;
Like silver bells ringing,
Or violets blue;
Like revels of fairies,
On pansy beds sweet;
Like tales of vague beauty,
The soft winds repeat;
Like blooms of wisteria,
Blown on the air,
Like hyacinth perfume,
Or columbine fair;
Like gold on the sunshine,
Or green of the grass;
Like tiny winds laughing,
That dance as they pass;
So ripples that music,
So winsomely wild—
That sweetest of music,
The laugh of a child!
—Robert Francis Allen

Watch out for the "The Podunk Limited" It is liable to run over you if you don't watch out for it.

If you know any news phone us.

NOTICE

If you know that you are behind with your subscription kindly call at the News office and see about it. We do not like to send out statements for such small amounts so please

TIE A STRING

around your finger so you won't forget us when you come to town. We realize that it is a small matter and easily overlooked but it means a lot to us.

THE McLEAN NEWS

Missionary Society Notes.

The Woman's Missionary Society met Tuesday afternoon with thirteen members present. Opening of the meeting being conducted by the pastor with a lesson from Phil. 1:1-16.

It was decided to take as a study course "The Child In The Midst," to be led by Mrs. Boyett. Quite a discussion on the remodeling of the parsonage resulted in the 4th vice president appointing a soliciting committee which will begin work immediately.

The first and third Tuesdays will be used for the study. Second Tuesday will be for the Missionary Voice program and the fourth Tuesday will be a business meeting.

We were glad to note two visitors and one new member. Every lady is heartily invited to come and take part in each meeting.

Supt. Publicity.

Phone us the news.

Bids.

Notice is hereby given, that in accordance with Title 4X and Chapter 2 thereof, of the Revised Civil Statutes of the State of Texas, (1911 Edition) notice is hereby given, that the commissioners' Court of Gray County, Texas, will convene at the Court house thereof, in the town of LeFors, on Tuesday, the 9th, day of February, 1915, to receive sealed bids, filed on or before the first day of said term, from any Banking Corporation, Association or individual Banker in Said County, desiring to act as Depository of the funds of said County, for a term of two years, beginning April 9th, 1915.

All bids should be accompanied with certified check in the sum of \$75.00.

Said Court reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

Given under my hand, at office in LeFors, Texas, this January 1st, 1915.

SILER FAULKNER,
County Judge, Gray County,
Texas.

Service and Solidity

The Banking Requisites

The satisfactory bank—the only bank which can be of real benefit to the business public—is that which, while assuring absolute security, is prepared to give expert and courteous service not only to depositors but to the public generally.

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

CAPITAL \$25,000.00

SURPLUS \$10,000.00

American State Bank

(GUARANTY FUND BANK)

McLean, Texas

D. B. VEATCH, PRESIDENT W. H. HOLT, CASHIER
GEO. W. SITTER, VICE PRES. A. G. RICHARDSON, ASST. CASHIER

A. P. CLARK, JR., J. T. FOSTER,

DIRECTORS.

INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

GROCERIES

QUALITY

is the most essential of all in groceries. It means purity and good health. We give you Quality.

QUANTITY

is second only to quality. Quantity and quality mean economy in every purchase.

We give you QUALITY and QUANTITY

WISE & BEALL

WELL PLACED AND ARRANGED

Four-room Bungalow Embodying Most Popular Constructive Features.

IS ARTISTIC IN ITS EFFECT

Architecturally, This is of the Type That Probably Has More Admirers Than Any Other—Veranda Designed Especially for Summer Comfort.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1327 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The prettiest bungalow with the best possible arrangement of rooms is the demand that architects are called upon to fill.

This design illustrates a four-room bungalow which embodies the most popular features of bungalow construction. In the first place, the appearance either from the front or from the chimney end is artistic in effect and correct according to the most approved architectural construction.

The large chimney is built of rough-finished brick, the dark color of which is relieved by the fillings of white mortar. At the top of the fireplace, where the chimney is drawn in, terra-cotta shoulder blocks are inserted. The top of the chimney also is finished with a terra-cotta cap, which projects all around for effect as well as for protection against storm.

The veranda is 36 by 10 feet in size, designed especially for summer comfort. Bungalow verandas like this are furnished with artistic reed, rattan or willow lounging or reading chairs.

room, of course, is the large living room, 12 by 20 feet in size. Such splendid rooms a few years ago were considered impossible in a house of this size. But large, airy, comfortable living rooms have now become so popular that houses of any standing in the community positively must possess at least one room that offers ease, comfort and luxury by wholesale measurement.

Large modern furniture has had a great influence in shaping sentiment in favor of large living rooms. The immense tufted davenport, large upholstered chairs, baby grand pianos, cabinet music boxes and other cabinets for holding records, together with handsome book shelves, all appeal to the housewife and daughters when the house is being furnished. Such furniture in turn demands place enough to tax the limitations of the largest modern living rooms.

The arrangement of the dining-room, kitchen and back porch introduces a combination which produces a domestic workshop that renders housekeeping a pleasure. The rear porch is intended as a sort of annex to the kitchen—a screened outdoor workshop.

The kitchen is fitted with built-in cupboards along one side to take the place of the stereotyped pantry. The bathroom is properly placed to be easy of access from any part of the house. This little bathroom is finished in white enamel with white hexagon tile floor blocks set in cement. The wainscoting is made of white tile, and the walls and ceiling are coated with white enamel paint. No other finish is quite as suitable for a bathroom as pure white. The bathtub and washstand also are of white enamel finish.

Another truly bungalow feature is

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Fish Doctor Wanted for Government Hatcheries

WASHINGTON.—Congress has been asked by the bureau of fisheries of the department of commerce for an appropriation of \$2,500 annually to cover the salary of a family physician for all the domesticated fishes of the United States. It has been estimated by fish experts in the employ of the government that epidemics among infant fish at government hatcheries cost more than \$1,000,000 a year. These epidemics usually occur among fish less than six months of age, and the damage worked by disease is greatly increased when the adult value of the fish is taken into consideration.

For \$2,500 a year, officials of the bureau say they can obtain the services of a fish pathologist, whose training has made him an expert in diseases of the finny youngsters.

Once the \$2,500 is secured, it is proposed to retain a male fish pathologist who has made a life work of one of the strangest paths of scientific endeavor known. There are barely a score of recognized fish pathologists in the United States at the present time, it is said, and one of the possible sources of difficulty the government may experience is the employment of such an expert at a salary of only \$2,500 a year. He will be required to make his headquarters at Washington and receive here the reports of threatened outbreaks of epidemics at government hatcheries in any part of the country.

It is not particularly well known to the general public that trout and salmon are greatly troubled with a disease which in the human being would be considered somewhat close to a goitre. This is a swelling of the thyroid gland in the throat of a salmon or a trout, which soon becomes apparent by a swelling of the throat, and eventually results in the death of the afflicted fish. At the present there is no known remedy for the disease, and it is to begin a study of this and similar ailments that the bureau of fisheries is asking for a fish doctor.

Bugs, Deprived of Food, Desert the Patent Office

BUGS of varied shapes and hues no longer lap up milk with great gusto in the patent office as of yore. The good old days of Bugdom's free dairy lunch in that building have passed forever, if Judge James I. Parker, chief clerk of the interior department, has anything to say in the matter—and he has everything to say, as a matter of fact.

The judge has just issued an edict that milk bottles—either full, half full or empty—are to disappear at once from the precincts of the patent office. It is not so much that the bugs scramble in gangs and troops from all corners and crevices of the patent office and invade the galleries where the employees of the office are wont to congregate at lunch hours and regale themselves with foods and milk. It is not so much that the bugs clamber down the sides of empty milk bottles and eagerly lap up the succulent drops of the white fluid. The judge hasn't the slightest desire to deprive poor hungry bugs of their sustenance.

But the judge has a decided feeling against the bugs eating up the thousands of drawings and descriptions of patents stored in the galleries. It appears that the bugs, after feeding on milk left by kind-hearted employees of the department, are still hungry, and go foraging around in the files for choice documents upon which to finish their repasts. Perhaps it is wrong to drink first and eat afterward, but these are bugs, remember, and there is no accounting for what bugs will do.

Finger-Print System Proves Useful to the Army

BIG GEN. GEORGE ANDREWS, as adjutant general of the army, has made a report to the war department in regard to the successful operation of the finger-print system of identification in the detection of military offenders. At present, he says, the adjutant general's office has on file the finger-print records of 202,244 individuals who are now or had been previously enlisted in the army.

During the past fiscal year 467 cases of fraudulent enlistment of former deserters, general prisoners and others were discovered through the finger-print system. During the preceding year the number of cases of fraudulent enlistment discovered through that system was 256, and during the fiscal year 1912 the number was 337.

"This office," says General Andrews, "has identified by means of this system dead men who were former soldiers and whose identity could not be satisfactorily established in any other way, as well as civil offenders who sought to evade arrest for their crimes by enlisting in the army under assumed names, and soldiers who left impressions of their fingers while in the act of committing some serious offense."

"It is undoubtedly true that the use of finger-print records and photographs has deterred criminals from attempting to enter the army for the purpose of escaping detection and arrest by the civil authorities."

Many Eligible Bachelors in the National Capital

WASHINGTON has a long list of eligible bachelors. Among them is the new associate justice of the Supreme court, Judge McReynolds. However, he is by no means a misogynist. He is fond of the society of girls and likes to do nice things for them and pay them little attentions. The third assistant postmaster-general, Alexander Dockery, is another bachelor. At his home in Missouri he is a political force. He was at one time governor of the state.

There is also John Barrett, director of the Pan-American union. He is a man of some means, with a taste for society.

The presence of the diplomatic corps in Washington naturally means the presence of a host of young attaches, not all eligible, perhaps, but dear to the heart of the debutante and the hostess. And there are six foreign ministers here who are bachelors—namely, Don Roberto Brenes Messen from Costa Rica, Mehdi Khan from Persia, Dr. Alberto Membreno from Honduras, Dr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes from Cuba, Viscount d'Alte from Portugal and Constantin Bruun from Denmark.

The senate has a full allowance of bachelors, and the house bristles with them. Moreover, an unusual number of army and navy bachelors now occupy positions of trust and importance in the national capital.

And the widowers must not be overlooked. Foremost among them is John R. McLean, one of the richest men in the city, owner of one of the handsomest homes in Washington, to say nothing of Friendship, his country place near by. He entertains constantly and elaborately and is a notably charming host. Then there is William H. Lamar, attorney-general for the post office department, a fine-looking man with brains.

Dancing Frock of Taffeta and Lace



NET-TOP laces over foundation skirts of taffeta silk are so excellent for making dancing frocks that the girl who is devoted to dancing cannot make a better choice of materials. The taffeta is just crisp enough and the lace has just body enough to keep a dancing gown from becoming crushed and "sleazy-looking," and taffeta seems somehow especially well suited to youthful wearers. It is an unpretentious material with a shining surface which looks particularly well under laces.

The Quaker, or shadow laces, if selected in the right patterns, look just as well as the net laces and are a little less in price. All of them are reasonable enough.

A very fine model for a party gown is shown in the picture. The under-skirt of taffeta is cut full enough for dancing, with a slight flare. There is a full ruche of the taffeta box-plaited about the bottom. Three founces of lace are set on the skirt with only moderate fullness. There is a narrow box-plaiting of taffeta at the head of each one of the two lower founces. The upper founce terminates in the waist line.

The model is better adapted to slender young girls than to others, and to the tall figure it is most becoming.

Waved and Unwaved Coiffures



NOT all of the new coiffures are waved and curled, but those that are not are rare enough to prove the rule that the new modes favor waves and curls about ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Both types are shown in the illustration, and both are beautiful, but the waved coiffure is far more becoming to the average woman.

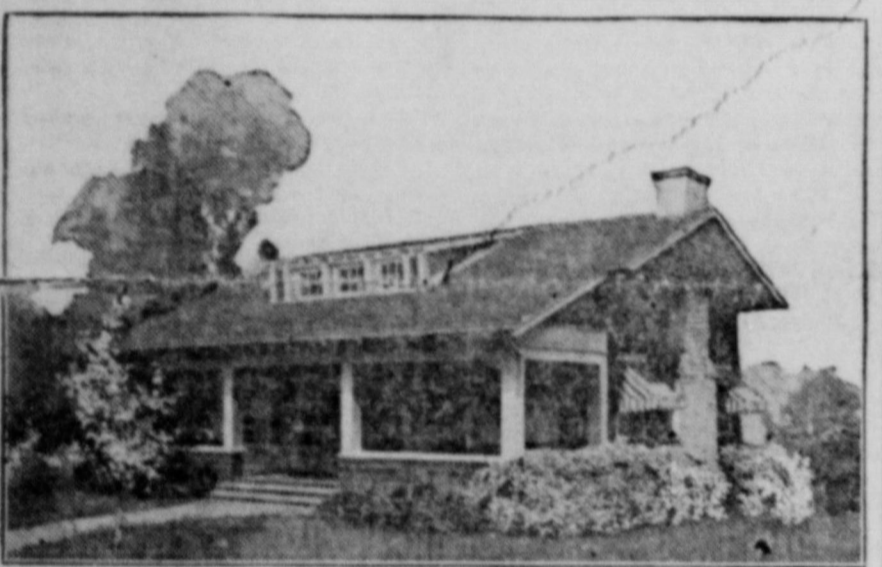
A very smart and elegant arrangement of waved and curled hair is shown in the figure at the right. For she who is not the possessor of much hair it is an ideal coiffure. To dress it, the hair is waved all around the head and combed forward while the back hair is combed up to the crown, twisted in a light coil and drawn through an opening in a light support or pad that is pinned to place. The back hair is then spread and pinned over the support.

The waved hair is parted at one side and brought back to the coil, where the ends are either curled or pinned under. If the hair will not curl successfully or is very short, the small, soft curls may be bought ready to pin in. They are very light and naturally curly, and are used in many ways in the new styles. They are pinned down, with invisible wire pins, making a fascinating finish along one side of the coil.

At the left a coiffure is pictured suited to the woman who has plenty

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

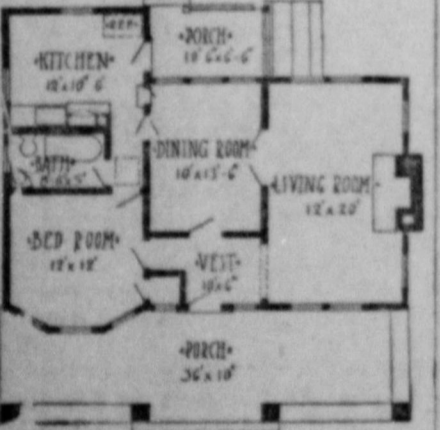
Smart Handkerchiefs. Colored handkerchiefs are being used. Made in fine linen to match the costume, if the color is light, to go with dark gowns the handkerchiefs must be vivid, such as red, orange, green or purple. They are made of an exquisite quality of linen and have hemstitched the hems being about a quarter of an inch wide. The monogram is embroidered in a darker shade than the handkerchief.



Usually the floor is partially covered with a mat to correspond with the furniture in color if not in material. Some of these outdoor mats are very artistic, because of the peculiar manner in which they are woven. Some are reasonable in cost, while others are, of course, quite expensive, depending on the material. The effect of some of the cheaper ones may be as interesting as the more expensive weaves, so much depends on the selection and matching up of rugs and furniture.

On this particular veranda the swinging seat should be placed down in the shady end in front of the bay window, leaving the wider end of the veranda free for the artistic arrangement of movable summer parlor furniture.

The roof over this splendid veranda is an extension of the main roof. Such a wide expanse of roof requires the



Floor Plan.

recess of a good-sized dormer window. This dormer is not entirely useless, because it admits light into the attic, which is required for storage purposes. It will be noticed that the cornice projection is wider than in ordinary house construction. There is something about the construction of a bungalow that requires a wide projection of roof. In fact, the little house is principally roof, as you see it from a distance, indicating a sort of overhanging protection against the weather that is both inviting and suggestive of pleasant associations. In fact, you feel the approaching welcome in a bungalow of this kind even before you enter the front door. It offers a sort of invitation to stuggle down into one of the big upholstered chairs and make yourself at home.

The plan of this little house is as interesting as the exterior.

the wide front steps. Some parts of a bungalow may be contracted into small space, but not the front steps. They must have liberal dimensions in length of step and width of tread. The risers are low and the treads are made for No. 12 shoes.

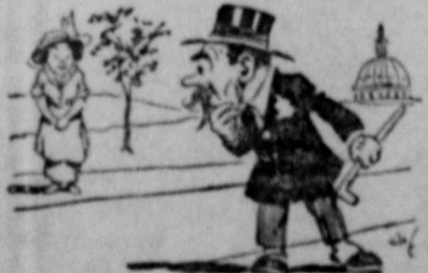
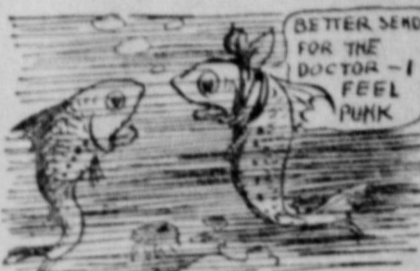
The Dried Apple.

An eastern paper the other day remarked that "dried apples of the kind that used to hang from the rafters in the freight are about to swell the volume of export trade," buyers from Norway and Sweden being in the United States market for large supplies of the product. Well—don't you believe it. The dried apple that hung from the rafter in the freight glow when you were a boy sitting beside the blazing log in the cabin fireplace went out long years ago as a commercial product. The "evaporated apple" of the trade is a whiter, cleaner, different product. Only here and there in isolated places where the tradition of doing and making things for oneself survives is the old-fashioned dried apple to be found—and it isn't dried in the freight's glow. For the glow and the crackle are but memories of a vanished yesterday, since the coal stove came to the farmhouse. And yesterday's are all bygone, to return no more, taking everything with them, their thoughts and customs and deeds, and leaving only a few whitening heads to remember them.—Detroit Free Press.

The Last Shot.

There was probably no incident in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 more dramatic than that which marked its close. Herr Forekenbeck, president of the Prussian chamber of deputies, was sent with a colleague to Versailles to congratulate King William upon his election as emperor. Bismarck, who had just concluded the terms of peace with France, invited them to supper, and in the course of the meal said: "This night, at twelve o'clock, the last shots will be exchanged between our troops and the French, and I have conceded to the French the honor of the last shot."

Froekenbeck and his colleague left their host before midnight, drew out their watches, stood underneath a lantern of the Hotel du Reservoir, and waited. First there was a cannon shot from the German lines; then a solemn stillness. Then followed the last cry from Mont Valerien. The tower clock at Versailles struck 12; the French war had ended.



SMILES



PLAYED BOTH WAYS.

Down at a southern racecourse, which I shall designate no more than say that it's a place where you lose your money in the winter. I took a young lady out to the track and she insisted on placing a bet on a horse. She wouldn't even let me help her do it. The horse did worse than to come last. He turned around and ran the other way. I said: "Well, you lose your bet. The horse you had your money on is running the wrong way!" She gurgled with satisfied glee. "Shows that a woman's instinct isn't so wrong," she answered triphantly. "I played him both ways!" Cincinnati Plain Dealer.

Exceptional.

Mr. Bore—I don't see why people keep diaries, do you?
Miss Lenore—Why, to write down their thoughts, keep a record of their moods and—
Mr. Bore (interrupting her)—But that's all foolishness. I can keep a record in my head.
Miss Lenore—That's a very good idea; but, then, not everybody has the same kind of head.
—Judge.

None Needed.

"What do you mean," said an irate customer at a Kansas hotel, "by sending me to a room with no curtains on the windows facing the streets?"
"Dot was all right," replied the landlord, "der glass was so dirty dat curtains vare needed."

Suffering Certain.

The heroes of the European conflict are as nothing now to what they will be when the cold European winter sets in.
"Do you mean to tell me those Highlanders dress that way in the winter?"

LEAVES HIM SOMETHING.



Mrs. A—Do you go through your husband's pockets every night?
Mrs. B—No; about one night a week I fool him.

Political Uncertainty.

The statesman takes exceeding care to keep his fences in repair; for though he has a great renown, he can't tell when they'll tumble down.

Anxious Solicitude.

"My uncle you met the other day at our house is an anthropologist."
"You don't say! Is he taking treatment for it?"

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is an open question?
Paw—"Who has a corkscrew?" my son.

Blow to a Landlubber.

"He asked me to go for a trip in his yacht."
"Yes?"
"I had visions of champagne to drink, the best of food and sumptuous surroundings."
"Yes?"
"And I discovered that the darned tub didn't even have a roof on it."

Newly Discovered Talents.

"Of course, I shrieked when I thought there was a burglar in the house," said young Mrs. Torkins. "What did your husband do?"
"Charley looked at me with deep respect and asked why I couldn't tell that way once in a while when a home team needed a boost."

What Jarred Him.

Mrs. Clayton (at the opera)—The opera seems to be boring you terribly, don't you?
"Why, you look absolutely disgusted!"
Mr. Clayton (an efficiency expert)—The opera's all right, Emma, but that conductor is making hundreds of unnecessary motions!—Puck.

Skeptical.

"Now, as to this terrible gas gun the army is using—"
"I fear it is a hot air gun."
"Operated by hot air, you mean?"
"No, a product for the most part of imagination."

Appropriate Name.

"The bicycle is playing quite a part in the present war. Bodies of soldiers are being made."
"What do they call themselves, the bicycle guards?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

TIME WILL TELL.



First Farmer—I tell you, Hiram Skinnem had a lot of summer boarders down here his place this year. Were they rich?
Second Farmer—Well, they was afore they came to board with Hiram.

A Happy Crew.

The gods upon Olympus were always feeling prime and never knew the sadness of working overtime.

A Muffled Disappointment.

"Darling," whispered the ardent suitor, "I lay my fortune at your feet."
"Your fortune?" she replied in surprise, "I didn't know you had one."
"Well, it isn't much of a fortune, but it will look large beside those tiny feet."

Average Small Town.

City Man—What makes rents so high here?
Villager—This is an incorporated town.
"Things don't look very metropolitan."
"No-o, but the taxes are."

That Would Interest Them.

"I hardly know what sort of a speech to make before an audience of woman voters," declared the portly statesman.
"Better arrange to illustrate a few new tango steps," suggested his adviser.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Wife—I can read you like I can this book, Adolphus.
Husband—Why don't you, then? You skip what you don't like in a book and linger over it in me.—Puck.

Sad Memories.

Guest in Northern Hotel—Here, waiter, take away that mint sauce!
Another at Adjoining Table—What's the matter with that fellow?
Third—I guess he's from Virginia.

Prepared.

"My dear boy, I think the rate at which you drive your motor car is shocking!"
"That's all right, auntie; I always use a shock absorber."

Progress.

Hicks—Did you get that raise of salary you asked for?
Wicks—No, but I have got something now to refer back to the next time I ask.

"On With the Dance."

"I hear you have taken up the dancing craze."
"Yes. I got so worried I kept walking the floor anyhow and I thought I might as well do it to music."

VERY MUCH SO.



Visitor—So this town is strongly opposed to corporal punishment?
Walter—Yes, sir. Why, mister, dey don't even let us serve whipped cream.

A Hint.

While you are firing with success and making prizes to nab it. Some other chap who fuses less. May rush right up and grab it.

Melancholy More Appropriate.

Photographer—Look pleasant, please!
Sitter—Great Scott, man, I don't want to look pleasant! I am going to send this picture to my wife who has been for a year out in California.

Of Course She Would.

"Why is Jimson bored all the time?"
"He says he doesn't know what to do with himself."
"Umph! He ought to get a wife. She'd tell him."

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

We wish you "many happy returns"—but happiness is really only a reflection of health. It depends largely on the digestion. If you are poorly as a result of a weak stomach, inactive liver or clogged bowels we urge a trial of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It brings back appetite, aids digestion and is beneficial to the entire system. Start today.

MODERN LIVING COMES HIGH

Observer Thinks There Are Too Many "Necessities" in Demand at the Present Time.

"One of the reasons for the cost of living," observes a wise chubman, "lies in the fact that people buy wholly unnecessary things. I had a conversation with the proprietor of a novelty shop in Fifth avenue a few days ago. A shiny object had attracted my attention, and I required about its use.

"Those," said the proprietor, "are gilded pincers to pick up letters one has placed on the letter-scales."

"And that ivory stick, carved and forked at the end?"

"People use that to fish out things they have dropped into carafes."

"That square of morocco, about the size of a nut—what is that for?"

"That's a tampon—used to press down stamps after sticking them on envelopes."

"That ornamental box with a whole battery of little brushes?"

"Those are to clean other brushes; brushes to clean hair-brushes, brushes to clean tooth-brushes."—New York Evening Post.

Starting the Day Wrong.

There was gloom on the face of the farmer.

"What's the matter, Elijah?" asked his nearest neighbor. "Flapjacks given out over to your house?"

"Worse'n that," said Elijah. "You know, 'twasn't apple year, and wife says we can't have any more apple pie for breakfast."

"Can't you make out if you have apple pie noon and night?"

"I can, because I've got to," said Elijah, "but, I tell you, it upsets me, starting the day wrong like that."

At the First Signs

Of falling hair get Cuticura. It works wonders. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. For free sample each with 22-p. Skin Book, address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Drummer's Work.

"Are these moving pictures of the war authentic?"

"Of course. All but the rumble of artillery. That's imitated by the drummer."

War Styles.

"Have you heard anything about the fall fashions as yet?"

"Not as to how the gowns will be made. I suppose the girls are bound to wear cartridge belts, of course."

The Best Liniment.

For falls on icy walks, sprains and bruises, rub on and rub in Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Apply this liniment thoroughly and relief should quickly follow. Adv.

The Test.

"Is he a good lawyer?"

"I should say he is. He's acquitted some of our most notorious criminals."

A Woman's Way.

"Your doom is sealed," cried the villain.

"Ha!" laughed the heroine defiantly. "I guess I can steam it open."

The View.

"There is a story in that face!"

"You must be seeing it out of the tale of your eye."

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

Experience is a good investment only when you don't pay more for it than it is worth.

For any cut use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Good wine needs no bush, and a gold brick needs no hodcarrier.

PROBABLY COULD DO WORK

Soldier's Occupation in Civil Life Certainly Should Have Fitted Him for the Job.

Real war conditions sometimes give rude shocks to the professional soldier trained to arms in the well-ordered days of peace. Here is a case in point. A Prussian Landwehr company was being mustered into service and there were many things to be done. Uniforms, equipment, rifles, were to be distributed, rolls prepared, reports made out, and quartermaster's lists checked up. The captain had his hands full. He ordered his first sergeant to find a noncom. who could write neatly and figure a little. The first sergeant was equal to the emergency. Corporal Kammermeyer was promptly summoned the crisply detailed for duty as company clerk. The corporal reported to the captain, who looked him over with a mixture of wonder and distrust.

"So you can figure, corporal," he said.

"A little, sir, at your service." The captain still looked dubious.

"What is your trade in civil life, anyway?" he said.

"I am professor of mathematics, captain," was the reply.

Wouldn't Stand for It.

She wore a determined look: as she entered the drug store.

"Look here, young man, if a tall man with a red mustache comes and asks you for a prescription you're not to let him have it."

"Really, madam, I—"

"No, you mustn't let him have it on any account. He's come here for a month, and says he wants something to improve his appetite. He's boarding at my establishment, young man."

And with a muttered threat the landlady passed from the shop leaving the druggist's assistant pale and trembling.

Suited Either Way.

Miss Lucy Price, Cleveland's leading antisuffrage speaker, tells of a funny incident which happened in New England while she was campaigning there. She was walking down the street after having made what she thought was a particularly effective talk against suffrage when a woman stopped her.

"Miss Price," she said, "I want to tell you how much I liked your speech. It was one of the best I ever heard."

"I am so glad you are with us," responded Miss Price, "and I hope you will come to our other antisuffrage meetings."

"Oh," exclaimed the astonished woman, "I thought that was a suffrage meeting you spoke at."

Failures as Stepping Stones.

John Wanamaker, in a recent address in Philadelphia, urged his audience to persevere.

"Every successful man," he said, "has probably had more failures, far more failures, than the nonentity has had."

"Success, after all, is nothing more than failure with a new coat of paint."

Seeking Worthy Objects.

"Dodsworth tells me that he is a practical philanthropist."

"That's just what he is. Before offering a dime to a beggar Dodsworth asks him so many disagreeable questions that the poor devil is glad to escape without the dime."

Inconsistent.

"The English are queer people."
"You think so?"
"Yes. In time of peace they treated Tommy Atkins with contempt and made him sore, and now in time of war they treat him with so much good liquor that they make him drunk."

Quite Safe.

"What did that man want with you, Henry?"

"He was after my scalp."
"Goodness gracious!"
"Don't be frightened. He's only a hair specialist."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Fletcherson* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Conscientious.

"He's one of the most conscientious men I know."
"So?"
"Yes. He always says 'Give me a match, please,' instead of 'Lend me a match.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Had Debts of His Own.

Nodd—Here's a list of European war debts. Don't they stagger you?
Todd—Well, they might, old man; but I've just been looking over my monthly accounts.—Life.

Start the year by getting Hanford's Balsam. You will find frequent use for it. Adv.

A girl refuses to let a man kiss her because she knows that he will do it anyway.

WAITING FOR YOU

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Yes, waiting for every farmer or farmer's son—any industrious American who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is higher but her farm land is just as cheap and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land at From \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre—get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service in the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to

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

COSTLY METHOD OF REVENGE

Procedure in Europe Reminded Andrew Carnegie of a Somewhat Humorous Incident.

Andrew Carnegie, in a recent interview on peace, said to a New York reporter:

"A lad of twenty killed a man and woman in Sarajevo. All Europe is now fighting to avenge this wrong. England alone is spending \$35,000 a minute, according to Sidney Webb, on gunpowder.

"Well, this is such an expensive way to avenge a wrong that it reminds me of the man at the banquet.

"A man entered the cloakroom, at the end of a banquet, and began to smash in silk hat after silk hat.

"Hold on, boss! What fo' yo' smashin' all dem high hats?" demanded the attendant.

"I'm looking for my own," the gentleman answered. "It's an opera hat—collapsible, you know. None of these seem to be it."

Travesty on Real Falstaff.

Yarmouth has a claim upon all Englishmen quite independently of its associations with the breakfast bloater, remarks a writer in St. Nicholas. For it was the home of Shakespeare's Falstaff, who appears to have been a man of exemplary piety. The Falstaffs were an old Yarmouth family.

"A Falstolfe or Falstaff," writes John Richard Green, "was balliff of Yarmouth in 1281. Another is among the first of its representatives in parliament, and from that the members of that family filled the highest municipal offices. John Falstolfe, a man of considerable account in the town, purchased lands at the close of the fourteenth century in Calster, and became the father of Sir John Falstolfe, who, after a distinguished military career, was luckless enough to give his name to Shakespeare's famous character. In Yarmouth, however, he was better known as a benefactor to the great church of St. Nicholas.

Walking Graveyards.

Some of the Indian princes have given over two million dollars apiece to Britain for the war. Beside such gifts, the gifts of London business millionaires seem small.

"In fact," said James Douglas, in an interview, "in fact, the gifts of the nizam of Hyderabad and the maharajah of Mysore and the gawkwar of Badoa give our English merchant princes, who owe England so much more, a look of avarice; and you know the definition of avarice.

"Avarice, like a graveyard, takes in all it can get, and never gives anything back."

Poor Burglar.

"A burglar got into my house about three o'clock this morning when I was on my way home from the club," said Jones.

"Did he get anything?" asked Brown.

"I should say he did get something," replied Jones. "The poor devil is in the hospital. My wife thought it was me."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Favorite Role.

"Dubson entertained some friends at dinner last evening."

"Entertained," you say? Why, Dubson invariably makes an ass of himself."

"That's how he entertained them."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU try Morine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery, Itchy, and Irritated Eyes. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Morine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Marble to Retain.

Knicker—Jones has a remarkable memory.

Bocker—Wonderful; he remembers a winter that wasn't just like this.

Few of the men who are willing to give you a recommendation would give you a job.

For sore feet rub on Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Many a man who boasts of his blue blood has a streak of yellow.

Why Thomas Concluded. Whack, whack, whack! Tommy was undergoing a painful punishment at the hands of his loving mother for eating the jam.

"Tommy," she said seriously, when she was forced to pause, "this hurts me far more than it does you."

And when Tommy was alone with his brother he produced a square board he had concealed, and thoughtfully murmured:

"I thought all along that bit of wood wouldn't do her any good!"

Distorted Vegetarianism.

"So long as you find the cost of living high," said the friendly advisor, "why don't you and your husband become vegetarians?"

"What do you mean?" asked the worried-looking woman.

"Why, eat only vegetable products."

"Couldn't think of it. What I'm trying to do now is to persuade John to take to beefsteak and quit tryin' to live on liquor and tobacco."

His Only Possession.

Al Rogers was traveling through a lonely section in the suburbs of Boston one night, a short while ago, when he was startled by hearing this piteous appeal:

"Will the kind gentleman please help a poor unfortunate man? I—"

At this point Al felt to locate his watch. The other continued:

"I have nothin' in the world but this loaded revolver."

Signs of War.

So many of our busy burghers are standing in front of the war maps, arguing and declaiming, that dozens of safes and pianos are being hoisted into high buildings with almost nobody to observe the phenomenon.

And on Broadway a man repaired a tire to a gallery of four boys.—New York Tribune.

The Peeling Kind.

"Mamma," said a little boy, "the place where I got stung last Sunday down at Uncle Jim's is all peeling off."

Brother Bruce took a look at the injury.

"That's so," he grinned, "I guess you must have been stung by a husking bee."

Upsetting His Theory.

"The heavy explosions of a battle always cause rain. It rained after Waterloo; it rained after Fontenoy; it rained after Marathon."

"But Marathon was fought with spears and arrows, my dear."

"There you go. Always throwing cold water on anything I have to say."

Cause Removed.

"Did you notice how few Sunday school picnics there were this season?"

"I did in a way."

"How in a way?"

"I did remark how little rain we had."

Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Many a man is so constituted that he makes friends with every one except himself.

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year\$1.00

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

Street Working.

The city government seems to have awakened from a long period of dormant existence and is busily engaged in some much needed street improvement, and it is understood that their plans contemplate a general overhauling of all our principal highways, or such of them as are in need of the treatment. Contrary to the expressed wish of many who are subject to such duty, they propose to utilize the winter season for the prosecution of such work and will warn out the road hands from time to time as their services are needed.

Those eligible to street duty have the preference of paying three dollars cash (in advance) or working five days on the streets.

Musical Tea.

The Ladies of the Guild of the Episcopal church announce that they will entertain with a Musical Tea at the home of Mrs. D. B. Veatch on next Thursday afternoon. A splendid musical program is being prepared. The small sum of 10 will be charged and every lady in town is invited to attend and enjoy a social time.

Local Livestock.

The local livestock market has shown considerable activity recently and quite a few deals of more or less importance have been consummated, including the purchase by J. M. Noel of the entire herd of stock cattle from R. B. Hearne, about five hundred in number.

Other smaller deals have been made and price tendency is decidedly upward, as much as \$70 per head being offered for good stock cows.

Hogs continue to be a drag on the market, but this is attributed to the fact that an unusually heavy movement has been going marketward for the past sixty days.

Senior League Program.

Subject—League Study Classes.

- Song.
- Prayer.
- Deut. 11:18—Irine Hearn.
- Talk—Leader.
- Prov. 15:28—Doyle Foster.
- Description of the study course—Earnest Jordan.
- 1st Peter 3:15—Bessie Christian.
- Leader—Mrs. Bethel Christian.

Grain Prices Advancing

Grain prices continue to show a steady advance and the local market has been especially active this week, the bids reaching as high as fifteen dollars per ton for hand headed maize and kafir and a dollar sixteen for threshed maize and kafir. Corn has sold as high as seventy-five cents per bushel.

At the beginning of the marketing season with the price for headed stuff ranging from nine to ten dollars per ton there was little credence placed in the prediction that a few weeks would show a material gain and a great deal of the 1914 crop was rushed to market. As the price began to show signs of advancement the grower became more cautious until at the present time there seems to be a marked tendency to hold back for still more phenomenal price levels.

Just how long the market can stand the strain of this steady advancement cannot be predicted but it is more than likely that unprecedented figures will be reached before the reaction sets in.

Our advice, based upon a careful consideration of the conditions that have brought about the unusual demand for grain of all kinds, is to hold yet a little while for there are going to be some very attractive prices before the season is over.

Watch out for the "The Podunk Limited" It is liable to run over you if you don't watch out for it.

Study Club With Mrs. Holt.

The Study Club held its regular meeting Friday afternoon with Mrs. W. H. Holt as hostess. An especially interesting program on Home Economics was in charge of Mrs. W. M. Massay who proved an able leader. Many splendid papers were read followed by round table discussion.

Three new names were submitted for membership to be voted on at the next regular meeting.

The Club meets next Friday with Mrs. LeFors as hostess. Following is the program:

- Subject—Texas.
- Leader—Mrs. Richardson.
- Roll call—answer with a Texas incident or product.
- Outline—Leader.
- Class questions:
 1. By what right did Spain claim Texas?
 2. When and where was the first French colony?
 3. From what is its name derived?
 4. When was the first church built?
 5. How many missions were built and what beautiful city grew up in their midst?
 6. In what year did the first Americans invade Texas?
 7. Tell something of the American colonists.
 8. Who was called the "Father of Texas" and what town is named in his honor?
 9. When and what was the Texas Revolution?
 10. Briefly mention Texas as a Republic. (Mrs. Boyett.)
 11. Who was the first Governor?
 12. In what year did Texas join the Union?
 13. Why was Governor Houston deposed in 1861?
 14. When and where was the first railroad built?
 15. When was the first public school established?
 16. How does the public school fund rank and how much is it?
 17. Name and locate our state schools. A few church schools and colleges.
 18. What and where is the Rice Institute and what is the endowment?
 19. In what product does Texas lead all states and what per cent of the world's supply does she furnish?
 20. Name the the four largest cities in their order.
 21. What was the population in 1910?

(These questions were taken from the Texas History, where the answers can be easily found. For the last three questions see Texas Almanac.)

The capital building—Mrs. Massay.

Galveston—Mrs. Dorsey.

Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker—Mrs. Veatch.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Subject—The safety of believers.

Sentence prayers by several members.

Rom. 8:11—Leader.

Responsive reading, Rom. 8:31-39—J. L. Upham and Doyle Foster.

Song.

What the doctrine does not mean, talk—Wayland Floyd.

What the doctrine does mean, talk—Winnie Newton.

Song.

John 15:1-10, recited—Ethel Cash.

Heb. 6:4-9, recited—Frankie Upham.

Talk on Scripture—Members.

What the apostle Paul says, Rom. 8:35, 37-39. 1st Cor. 1:8, talk—Mrs. Hamilton.

Why the believer is safe—Rev. Hamilton.

Leader—Herman Glass.

EVERY FARMER Wants More Profits

Some get them—others ought to. But there is only one way. Buy new and up-to-date implements and machinery. The money is in THEM, for they do the work at greatly reduced cost. Every successful farmer knows this.

You know what you need. Come in and talk it over with us, and see what we have that will produce Greater Profits for you.

McLean Hardware Company

Farm Loans.

I am prepared to make loans at all times and will also buy vendors lien notes. Write me at Shamrock, Texas. Charles Darlington, Shamrock, Texas.

AT COST

We are going to sell every winter thing we have left in the house at ACTUAL COST, and a few of them are marked below cost.

Here are just a few prices to give you some idea of the reduction we are making.

SWEATERS

- \$3.00 Ladies and Misses Sweaters, now.....\$2.20
- 2.00 Ladies and Misses Sweaters, now..... 1.35
- 1.50 Ladies and Misses Sweaters, now..... 1.10
- 1.25 Ladies and Misses Sweaters, now..... .95
- 0.75 Childrens Sweaters, now..... .50
- 0.65 Childrens Sweaters, now..... .45

Mens and boys Sweaters absolutely at cost.

CAPS

- \$1.00 caps and hoods, now.....\$0.50
- 0.50 caps and hoods, now..... 0.45

DRESS GOODS

- 65c Woolen Serge, now.....50c
- 50c Woolen Goods (all), now.....45c
- 35c Poplins, fancy colors, now.....25c
- 35c Suitings, now.....25c

WINTER UNDERWEAR

- \$1.00 Ladies union suits, now......85c
- 0.50 Ladies union suits, now......45c
- 2 piece suits at each......45c

Every piece of underwear in our house will go at cost.

Remember that everything in the winter goods line has been marked down to cost and that we give you

PREMIUMS

for every cent you spend with us. A car of flour has just been received—"a word to the wise is sufficient."

C. A. Cash & Son

Texas Factory Makes Over Two Thousand Cans Per Hour



Over eight hundred miles of cans were manufactured last year in Texas by The Texas Company to supply the requirements of its business in other countries.

In that huge factory at Port Arthur, Texas, supplied with the most modern machinery and equipment, covering a large area of ground, built of concrete and arranged to give the most favorable working conditions, the busy workmen are making over 2000 cans per hour.

This is merely a small part of the requirements in labor and output necessary for the conduct of a business like The Texas Company, shipping the oil products manufactured in this State to countries all over the world.

Besides these, there are thousands upon thousands of wooden barrels to be made, wagons to be secured, tanks to be built and innumerable carloads of supplies, tools, machinery and equipment.

Even the printing of stationery and supplies is sufficient to keep a number of print shops moving.

Wherever possible all these incidental requirements are filled from Texas factories. The making of cans and wooden cases, the manufacture of wooden barrels and a number of the other items give labor to a large number of Texas citizens, and bring money from all over the world to Texas.

Quality and service are as much a part of the equipment of The Texas Company as they are of its goods, and the Star and Green T emblem of The Texas Company is the sign of this quality. Buy the goods marked with the Red Star and Green T.

The Texas Company
General Offices: Houston, Texas



Have you ever seen "The Podunk Limited" It will be here in a couple of weeks.

call for and deliver your
H. F. Lankford.

Collier spent several days
own this week.

serve the best chili in town
ours. Buck & Toad.

Rector of Alanreed was
city Wednesday.

bread every day at the
lafe.

Reeves of Alanreed was a
ere yesterday.

Matting 25c per yard, bet-
e at 30c. Bundy-Hodges.

Mothers Club meets this
on at the school building.

Kenedy of Alanreed was a
s visitor here Wednesday.

st class cleaning and pres-
e H. F. Lankford at the
Barbershop.

Piersall has had his name
to our subscription list for

er Cooke returned from Fort
where he has been since
the holidays.

need of a good rug better
w. We have them. Price
ncing. Bundy-Hodges.

Darnell of Jericho was a
s visitor in the city this

so buy
Kinard left Wednesday for
do where he will make his
in the future.

class repairing. Save mon-
having "old shoes made
McLean Shoe Store.

Francis is treating all of
dings, on his farm east of
o a fresh coat of paint.

Carl Ray is this week en-
a visit from her mother,
C. Martin, of Shamrock.

have bought the Eagle Cafe
ready to feed you. Give
ill. Buck & Toad.

and Mrs. S. E. Boyett spent
le of days this week in
ock visiting friends.

ance Collier and family of
lo are here this week visit-
the J. L. Collier home.

have just received a new
ent of shoes. McLean Shoe

ou know any news phone us.

E. M. Allen left for Amarillo
yesterday where he will visit with
friends and relatives.

A little girl arrived at the F. M.
Faulkner home this week to take
up her permanent abode.

Mrs. Coffey of Erick is visiting
at the homes of her sons, T. J. and
Luther Coffey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Huntsman
of Alanreed were among the vis-
itors in the city Wednesday.

Lon Stanfield was on the Kan-
sas City market with a string of
cattle last week.

J. S. Denson made a flying trip
to Pampa and LeFors the first of
the week.

Sheriff Copeland was over from
the capital the latter part of last
week collecting taxes.

W. R. Wise is reported some-
what improved from a recent se-
vere attack of grip.

The Texas legislature is again
in session and Texas has a new
governor. What is next?

Chas Darlington of Shamrock
was among the business visitors
here the latter part of last week.

J. E. Williams of LeFors was
here the first of the week looking
after business matters.

J. S. Stephens was a business
visitor to Amarillo the first of the
week.

Ira H. Chambers of Shamrock
was here the first of the week vis-
iting with his parents, Mr. and
Mrs. J. H. Chambers.

The war in Europe continues to
drag its weary length from day to
day and the reports continue to be
no reports at all.

Dressers, Chiffoniers, Buffets,
Cabinets, Library tables and Dia-
ing chairs at close prices. Bundy-
Hodges.

Mrs. D. N. Massay left Wednes-
day for Greenville, Texas, to assist
in caring for the elder Mrs. Mas-
say.

Mrs. T. A. Cook has our thanks
for subscription renewal for her
daughter, Mrs. E. G. Doran, of
Shreveport, La.

C. C. Cooper left Monday for
Brown county in response to a
telegram announcing the serious
illness of his father. As yet no
further word has been received
from him.

J. S. Morse, A. W. Willard, Wil-
son Gray and Dr. Donnell are
among our subscription renewals
this week.

New line of Kitchen Cabinets
and mattresses coming. Reduced
prices. See them. Bundy-Hod-
ges.

Mr. Lance and family of Jericho
have moved to McLean and will
make this their home for the pre-
sent.

Dr. J. A. Hall, dentist, will be in
McLean from Wednesday until
Saturday, February 3rd to 6th in-
clusive.

We are requested to announce
that that there will be preaching
at the Presbyterian church Sunday
evening at 7:30, Rev. Rollins fill-
ing the pulpit.

A message received yesterday
from C. C. Cooper states that his
father is some better and hopes
are now entertained for his recov-
ery.

Mrs. O. R. Denton and son, Or-
ville, of San Jon, N. M. arrived
yesterday and will spend some
time visiting at the C. A. Cash
home and with other friends.

Rev. Wicks of the Episcopal
church will be here Sunday, Jan-
uary 31, and hold services at the
Methodist church Sunday evening
at 7:30.

Wanted—Cooking or general
house work, or both, by settled
woman without incumbences.
Would prefer ranch. Mrs. Anna
Prouty, McLean, Texas. 2p

The Woman's Auxiliary of the
Methodist church have decided to
take the lead in the movement of
remodeling the parsonage. Each
member will be called upon for a
small donation for this purpose.

Mrs. C. E. Francis and Miss
Grace sold M. D. Bentley six dozen
Plymouth Rock hens for which
they received a check for \$37.10,
averaging a little more than six
pounds in weight.

We are in receipt of a letter
from D. N. Massay from Green-
ville, Texas, announcing the ser-
ious illness of his mother. The
lady has been practically an in-
valid for the past several years.

J. A. Haynes has recently bought
the Fred Haynes place in the
Heald community and is now
building a nice addition to the
house and making other improve-
ments.

Mrs. Jewell Gilbert returned to
her home at Erick Saturday after
spending a pleasant visit here with
her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J.
P. Burrow, and with other relatives
and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Noel, Mr.
and Mrs. Scot Johnston and Miss
Nellie Smith were among those
who attended the services held by
Rev. J. T. Howell at Heald last
Sunday afternoon. They went in
the Noel car.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Clark left
Saturday of last week for Ector,
Texas, where they will spend some
time. Mr. Clark expects to go to
Dallas while there and have an
abscess removed from his side,
having suffered for several months
with it.

We are going to have a real treat.

"The Podunk Limited"
is coming to McLean. Watch for
announcement.

Geo. P. Wilson and family of
Midlothian, Texas, have moved to
McLean and will make this their
future home. Mr. Wilson has con-
siderable real estate in and around
McLean and is now remodeling
one of his places in the south part
of town preparatory to moving in-
to it.

Changes Hands.

I wish to announce to the pub-
lic that I have purchased the
meat market business from A.
R. Guill and will in the future
have charge of same. Will at
all times endeavor to keep a
good supply of fresh wholesome
meat, properly cut and handled
in a sanitary manner. Would
appreciate your patronage.

Will also be in the market for
hides.

Fred Russel.

ARE YOU A "Swopper"

Then you will want to know about
the trades day or "FIRST MONDAY"
which we are going to hold at
McLEAN, TEXAS
Monday, February 1st, 1915

There will be hundreds of visitors here who
are also "swoppers" and they will want to meet
you. There are hundreds of citizens of our lit-
tle town who want to meet you and who want
you to form a habit of coming to a good town
occasionally. For that reason this occasion has
been framed and you are invited.

There will be an auction sale conducted by
the well known auctioneer, Col. Allen of Hyd-
ro, Okla., and the various things offered for sale
will doubtless include something you are need-
ing but cannot secure by reason of having lost
"Monkey Ward's" street address. Be with us
—we want you,

TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS ABOUT OUR
FIRST MONDAY

Reports Success.

Mrs. R. E. Dorsey, who was
appointed by the Mothers Club
to solicit aid in the form of mon-
ey or labor for the construction
of a row of sheds at the school
building, announces that so far
she has met with splendid suc-
cess in the undertaking. Those
patrons of the school who live
at a distance and who will be
more directly interested in the
furnishing of shelter for the
horses that are ridden or driven
to school by the pupils, have
been especially liberal in their
proffers of assistance and the in-
dications are that the proposi-
tion will take definite form in
the very near future.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars
Reward for any case of Catarrh
that cannot be cured by Hall's
Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe
him perfectly honorable in all business
transactions and financially able to carry
out any obligations made by his firm.
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,
Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
acting directly upon the blood and mu-
cous surfaces of the system. Testimonials
sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold
by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Hearn Reception.

One of the many social events
of the past week was the splen-
did reception tendered by Mr.
and Mrs. R. B. Hearn in honor of
their son Neville and his bride,
who was Miss Enod Grundy, at
the Hearn home on Saturday
evening. Mr. Hearn and Miss
Grundy were quietly married in
Amarillo on Sunday the tenth
instant but no one was apprised
of the fact until Friday when
the announcements and invitations
to the reception were mailed.

This happy marriage is the
culmination of a courtship that
has lasted over a period of sev-
eral years, having its beginning

during their school days here,
and the sincere wish of their
hosts of friends both here and
at Canyon City is that their
future may be as bright and joy-
ful as have been these past years
of their courtship.

Neville has resided here since
early childhood and was a mem-
ber of the high school graduat-
ing class of 1913. He is a splen-
did young man, known and ad-
mired by friends and acquaint-
ances for his many sterling
qualities. Miss Grundy is the
second daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. J. A. Grundy of Canyon
City and for several years resi-
ded with her parents here, her
father being engaged in the fur-
niture business. She is a gradu-
ate of the Canyon Normal and
is an accomplished and attrac-
tive young woman who enjoys
the friendship and esteem of all
who know her. She is engaged
as a teacher in the Alanreed

schools and it is announced that
she will continue there until the
completion of her contract.

The News is pleased to join
with other friends in the ex-
pression of sincere wishes for
their future happiness and pros-
perity.

Your Last Chance.

To all those who contemplate
making any changes in their tel-
ephone numbers in the near fu-
ture we are requested to an-
nounce that the new directories
will be printed right away and
you should see Mr. Kibler be-
fore the middle of next week or
it will be too late to get the
change on the directory.

You will want your name on
the new directory so don't put it
off, but call central now and
make your arrangements to that
effect.

Read The McLean News.

It cures the Scratches
50ct Can of Corona Wool Fat

S. F. BROWN
Horseshoer

HOTEL HINDMAN

Rates \$1.50 Per Day

Best Accommodations

Special Rates to
Weekly Boarders

All Meals 35c

J. R. Hindman, Proprietor

..... ANNOUNCEMENT

We wish to announce to the public that J. S.
Denson has purchased the half interest of A. L.
Overton in this firm and will in the future be per-
sonally identified with the business. Mr. Denson
has had years of experience in the hardware busi-
ness and brings to the firm an intimate knowledge
of its every phase.

We intend in the future, as in the past, to ex-
ert our very best effort in maintaining a service
that will be appreciated by our patrons and if we
fall in the least particular we would thank you to
call our attention to it that we may better ac-
quaint ourselves with the demands of the public.

Our stock will at all times be complete in ev-
erything pertaining to the hardware business and
we solicit a share of your trade on merit and ser-
vice as well as price.

Come in to see us and let us show you how
anxious we are to accommodate you in our line.

Overton Hardware Co.



ANNE IVES' MASCOT

H.M. EGBERT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS (COPYRIGHT 1913) W.G. CHAPMAN

SYNOPSIS.

Anne Ives, mascot by reputation, starts from Winnipeg for London to attend the coronation of King George. Her father was the Comte d'Yves of France. Following a quarrel with the comte, Anne's father went to America, where he married. At his death he left Anne a key to a strong box in the vaults of Magniff & Co., Paris bankers. The box is said to contain bonds of the defunct French Panama Canal company. On the steamer Anne meets the disolute son of Banker Magniff, who, not knowing her identity, tells Anne of a proposed scheme to get hold of the Panama bonds and extort money from his father. Anne attends an aviation meet in London, and volunteers to go as a passenger with a French aviator who wins the prize, but disappears before Anne can learn his identity. Anne is about to give up her attempts to gain admission to the coronation when the aviator and his grandfather appear. The young man invites Anne to accompany him and while entering the abbey she loses her purse.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

While my mind hurriedly ran through all the possibilities of my situation, the elder gentleman bowed Estelle to the seat which the usher offered them and ceremoniously departed, to take up his station at the side of the French ambassador, among a little group of foreign dignitaries near the high altar. He brushed past me in his high buff boots—and, for the present, at least, my purse was lost to me. I prayed fervently that his duties did not call for his kneeling; I would not trust my property even among the peers and their ladies, should it roll out of his boot-tops!

Well, for the present there was nothing to be done. My escort sat between myself and Estelle, who peered ecstatically toward the altar. We two had not a good sight of the proceedings, but we did not care. We were engrossed with the novelty and piquancy of our situation—at least I know I was, even though my hatred for this man was becoming insupportable.

Whether or not I actually saw the crowning of King George I have not the smallest idea. I know the organ pealed and tenor voices sang anthems, and that from time to time we rose upon our feet and then sat down again. In that kaleidoscopic series of changeful coloring, those swaying, moving, loyal crowds, we were as solitary as travelers in a desert of prismatic sands.

"Will you not tell me your name, sun-goddess?" besought my companion. "I sought you everywhere that afternoon; I was disconsolate—" "You sought me?" I answered, sharply. "Why, you had not the common courtesy to wait until I had recovered from my fright."

"Fright?" he repeated. "It was the change of temperature that made mademoiselle faint, not fright." "This was ingenious; in spite of my hate of him, I felt slightly mollified. "Why didn't you wait?" I asked, and then hated myself for having asked it. He hung his head, quite like a boy. "I'll tell you, sun-goddess," he answered. "The fact is—my grandfather is one of the French military embassy, you know."

charming countrywomen? My mother will be delighted with you. Permit me to offer you my card." He handed me an oblong piece of pasteboard, slightly larger than the cards that our men use, engraved with a long name which I could not at first discern, owing to the dimness of the abbey after the glare of the hot streets. "But I hardly glanced at it. I had not yet recovered from the sense of humiliation which he had inspired in me; and I thought he needed a further lesson. So I gave him one. "No doubt such personal interrogations are the custom in your own country, monsieur," I answered him. "Therefore, I will not only tolerate them, but will give you further information." In my agitation I had unconsciously stripped off my gloves, and, as I did so, there flashed upon my eyes Estelle's wedding ring, reposing calmly on my third finger. My companion saw it at the same instant that I did.

"I see," he said, in a voice curiously constrained, "that my use of the term 'mademoiselle' was a trifle premature." "Monsieur is entitled to draw his own inferences," I answered haughtily. My triumph was complete. Now for the denouement! What would it be? Should I enlighten him? Of a truth, so bewildered was I by the complexity of my feelings that I did not know what I was going to say or do. I fingered his card idly and waited.

As I did so, for the first time I read his name, and I grasped at the air seeking to save myself from falling. For the name upon the card was that of the Chevalier d'Yves, of Clichy, Normandy, my half-cousin, and his companion was our common grandfather—the man who had turned my father out of his home and sent him to Canada to suffer poverty and despair! The old hate rose up in my heart again, gripping me so tensely that I could utter no word. I crumpled the pasteboard in my hand and passed out of the pew. I have since come to the conclusion that the archbishop was just then placing the crown upon his majesty's head, for I remember that people looked at me scandalized, as I staggered down the aisle toward the door, and that some cried "Hush!" after me. I remember the blaze of sunlight that beat on me, the eager voices without, the calls for my carriage. Somehow—how I know not—I forced my passage clear of the crowd, seeing and hearing nothing distinctly, crossed Parliament square in the face of a hundred policemen, and at last found myself, at mid-day, in a deserted street close to the Thames embankment.

CHAPTER IV.

I Sell My Birthright. (Showing that it is sometimes possible to dispose of what you do not have.) "Well, Anne," I said to myself, "you certainly have managed your affairs splendidly. Here you are in London, without a penny, and, worse still, without the key to the box in the Paris vaults which contains your fortune." Angry tears came into my eyes. My scorn for the man who had disinherited my father, and for his grandson, the chevalier, had hitherto supported my spirits; but now, in this realization of my extremity, I felt crushed down by my misfortunes. Oh, why hadn't I taken the advice of my roommate, Mary Jenner, and waited until we could all make up a party to go to England at the close of the school year!

One thing was clear; I must make my way to Paris at once, key or no key, satisfy the banker Magniff as to my identity, and recover my bonds. Doubtless, at a pinch, he would offer me a fair price for them—enough, at any rate, to make the \$500 that I had lost look small. And—this thought buoyed my spirits wonderfully—I should thereby thwart his scoundrelly son Leopold's scheme and prosecute his own revenge against my relatives. I made my way back to the boarding house. Estelle had not yet returned. When at last she arrived, several hours later, desperately tired but radiant, she clasped me in her arms in a delirium of gratitude.

"Anne, you have saved my reputation," she exclaimed. "If we had not gotten into the abbey, through the kindness of your mysterious aviator, I should never, never have gathered courage to face the folks at Cedar Plank, Ia., again. Oh, Anne, do you know that old man is a real count, and a general in the army? But why did you run away?" "I had no wish to continue the acquaintance after I discovered who our friends were," I answered coldly. "The count, as you call him, and my father were not on speaking terms. He is my grandfather." "Your—your grandfather?" Estelle stammered, looking at me with mingled awe and amazement.

"And I have got to start for Paris by the night train," I continued, without leaving her time to recover her breath. "Do you happen to know of a good pawnbroker round this neighborhood?" "What do you want a pawnbroker for?" she inquired, staccato. "To raise the fare," I answered. "My purse was stolen today, and so I want to pawn my watch." "But you can't go to a pawnbroker," she cried, still more staccato than before, and eyeing me as though I were some new species of animal. "Where are you going to stay?" "Unless I pawn my watch, you may address my letters to the third bench inside the main entrance to the Bois de Boulogne," I answered, calmly. "But I'll lend you the money, dear," said Estelle, her mind at once diverted to this new problem. "I've got ten pounds I have no use for." Already she was unlocking a drawer of the secretaire. She took out two five-pound notes and thrust them into my hands. "You must take them, Anne," she insisted. "We don't go back on one another in Cedar Plank. And it's only fair payment for getting me into the abbey and saving my reputation at home."

"You dear thing!" I said, pocketing the bills. "When I get my bonds from the Paris bank I shall return this promptly." "Where are you going to stay?" cried my companion, branching out along another trail of speculation. "Do you know what a dreadful city Paris is? No single woman should go there, nor any married one, either, until she's thirty-five, at any rate." "How old are you, Estelle?" I asked. "Thirty-five," she said, innocently. I went into hysterics quite suddenly; I suppose it was the reaction from the strain of the morning. "Now, dear, if you go to Paris, do go to the Pension Anglaises," she insisted, when she had shaken and slapped me into sanity, and bathed my face with eau de Cologne. "Promise me that and I know you'll be well looked after and come to no harm."

"I—I promise," I gasped weakly. "But one thing I won't do," I continued, pulling off her wedding ring. "I won't wear this." And then I realized that, instead of laughing, I was crying. And for my life I couldn't tell why, unless it was with anger against the man who had humiliated me. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to let me depart. Especially she insisted that the wearing of her wedding ring would be necessary to my safety in the French capital, of which, not having yet been there, she entertained exaggerated and, I secretly believe, delightful fears. But somehow I eluded her well-meant intentions of detaining me, and eight o'clock found me at Charing Cross station, waiting for the Dover train.

I had ten minutes leeway, and strolled idly up and down the platform, watching with interest the various traveling types. There was a party of Frenchmen on their way home after the coronation who interested me in particular. The faces of more than one seemed familiar to me, and especially I found myself regarding a tall Englishman, immaculately attired, who, evidently in the guise of interpreter, went busily from one to another, settling difficulties, labeling baggage, and generally smoothing away the little troubles of their journeying. Turning suddenly as I was passing, he almost ran into me, stopped dead, and lifted his hat. Then I knew who he was, and who those others were. They were aviators and their friends, and he was the chief steward, with whom I had exchanged words at the aviation meeting the week before when I volunteered to ascend with the Chevalier d'Yves (then unknown to me) in his monoplane. "My dear madame, why in the world don't your husband call for his prize?" he ejaculated, pulling out his pocket-



"My Husband?" I Answered, Feeling the Blood Run into My Face.

book. "I've carried it with me ever since, trusting to run across him. And do you know that to this day I haven't learned your name? Ah! that was a spectacular flight of yours. And clever—decidedly clever!" "My husband?" I answered, feeling the blood run into my face in the most embarrassing manner. "But didn't you know that he failed to claim the prize of five hundred pounds that he won by his remarkable flight?" he asked. With that he extracted an envelope from his pocket-book, which he handed to me with a formal bow. "With the compliments of the committee," he continued. "And now, if you would enlighten me as to the identity of your delightful husband—" "But he isn't my husband," I panted, terrified. "My name's Anne Ives, if

you want to know, and it's no business of mine who he is, because I never saw him before in my life." But he absolutely declined to believe me. "Oh, oh, madame," he said, smiling and shaking his finger at me. "It was a deucedly clever scheme to pretend to be strangers to one another. It made your flight look so much more spontaneous. Of course, I shall not press you—" "Won't you please take back this money?" I pleaded. "Indeed, you are under a misapprehension." "Will not madame keep it and hand it to monsieur, if she should happen to encounter him?" asked the secretary, blandly. Evidently he refused to believe that I was not the wife of the chevalier—the very man whom I hated more bitterly than I had ever dreamed I could hate anyone. The very mention of the hateful word indicating the relationship in which he thought we stood filled me with loathing. I should have flung the money into his face, but suddenly bells rang, and there was a concerted rush for the train. The guard was already signaling to the engine-driver. I dashed into a compartment just in time; the wheels began to revolve, and I sank down into my seat, still clutching the envelope. I looked inside; there were five bank notes, of the value of one hundred pounds apiece. I thrust them into my handbag.

Estelle had packed my suitcase for me, and, when I opened it, a little later, what do you suppose I found on top of everything? Nothing else than that horrid little Mr. Spratt's book on the Code Napoleon, which he had so eloquently presented to me at the moment of my departure from Winnipeg. Poor little Mr. Spratt! The sight of it recalled to my mind vividly Mary Jenner, my best friend, and the life which now seemed so infinitely far away. And it was only two weeks before that I had been teaching a class of overgrown boys and girls the principles of arithmetic! If they knew of my subsequent adventures! I smiled, and then I felt the moisture in my eyes. I thrust the envelope containing the money into the cover of Mr. Spratt's book and gave myself up to somewhat painful meditation until I reached Dover.

The night passage was calm and I slept well until awakened at Calais, where we re-trained for Paris, reaching there at an unearthly hour in the morning. Through the kindness of an old gentleman aboard the train—you know those old gentlemen who are bubbling over with altruism toward the stranger—I eventually found myself knocking wearily at the doors of the Pension Anglaises. I was assigned a room by the sleepy night clerk and tumbled into bed without even troubling to undress. When I awoke it was past twelve o'clock, and the noise and stir of the great city was in full swing beneath my windows.

I couldn't bring myself to the performance of my mission for a couple of days. I inspected the cathedral, the Louvre, the shops; I reveled in my surroundings. Indeed, the fascination of the French capital so overwhelmed me that I doubt whether I should ever have brought myself to carry out my purpose of visiting the banker but for a serious incident which suddenly recalled me to a sense of duty. I was in the Louvre for the third or fourth time, reveling in the beauty of the sculpture there. I had paused before a statue of Praxiteles, an exquisite piece of work depicting the ideal of beauty, the Greek Hermes. I fell into a train of speculation. Were the modern Greeks, I thought, of the same physical type? I mused; had I ever seen a Greek? There must be Greeks in Winnipeg, but . . . And suddenly I felt a pair of eyes regarding me from across the gallery. I looked up with a start, to see a man in a slouch hat, attired like a guide, and yet evidently not one, since he lacked the official badge, regarding me with intense penetration.

It was the Greek Zeusis, the hanger-on of villainous scoundrelly Leopold Magniff! But was it? Was not I, rather, the victim of an overweighted imagination? As I stared at him in consternation he moved with stealthy, gliding steps into another chamber. When I had recovered my self-possession and followed him, he was nowhere to be seen.

The shock of this incident recalled me to the duty that lay before me. If indeed I were under espionage, it was my task to obtain my bonds with the least possible delay. I should never feel satisfied until I had disposed of them and taken the train and boat back to England. For the first time I regretted Estelle's absence. My loneliness was appalling; I felt as though some dark, ominous cloud of danger hung over me. Early the next morning I sought admission to Leopold Magniff, senior, in his banking house upon the avenue. I had anticipated some difficulty in seeing him, but for some reason or other I was admitted almost immediately to the inner room in which he sat alone, surrounded by ledgers and account books. He was evidently toiling as industriously as any of his assistants, for he looked up, nodded the barest greeting, and went on writing. Five minutes later he put down his pen. "Now, mademoiselle, I am at your service," he said. And I told him my story, to which he listened with an impassive face. I had not thought before of the improbabilities in it. Yet, even as the words left my mouth, I found myself stumbling for explanations and halting like some conspirator concocting a clumsy fabric of falsehoods. In-

deed, when I desisted at last, confused and stammering, there was the ghost of a smile upon the old banker's face. "I congratulate mademoiselle upon her perfect knowledge of French," he answered, and took up his pen again. "Well, monsieur—I stammered. "Pardon me!" he responded, looking up as though I had just stated a new proposition to him. "You will let me have my bonds?" I asked. He smiled again; then frowned slightly. "I am very busy, mademoiselle," he answered. "Why do you not see my friend, Baron Rothschild?" I felt the color blazing upon my cheek. "You don't believe me?" I cried, angrily. "You think I am an impostor?" "My dear mademoiselle!" he protested. "Do you mean seriously to press this ridiculous claim on me—me, Leopold Magniff, with fifty years' experience of men and women?" "I certainly intend to obtain my property," I answered. He pressed the tips of his fingers together and looked at me thoughtfully.

"If mademoiselle insists upon my investigating this claim, the consequence may be serious to her," he said. "You Really Are an Extraordinary Young Woman," He Said.



"You Really Are an Extraordinary Young Woman," He Said.

answered. "Frankly, I have no money for you. It is too fine a day to spend indoors. Go see the wild geese in the Bois." I strode forward and stood at his side, quivering with anger. "Listen to me, monsieur," I cried. "You think me an impostor. Very well, investigate my claim. If I prove fraudulent, hand me over to the police. If I speak the truth, give me my bonds." "My dear mademoiselle," he protested, "let us assume, then, for the moment, that your story is true. Can you produce anyone who is able to identify you here?" I shook my head; I was too much enraged to speak. Yet he spoke fairly enough. "Good. You say that you have come from Canada to claim your bonds. From Canada, observe—a week's journey by a fast steamship. You have no references, no papers. And you have not even the key," he repeated. "And you say the key was stolen from you at the coronation?" He seemed about to burst into a fit of laughter, repressed himself with difficulty, and suddenly turned to me. "What is the number of the safe in which your bonds lie?" he asked. "No. 667," I answered promptly. He rose, took down a book from a shelf, and studied it for a moment, turning the pages swiftly. Then he returned and seated himself beside me again.

"But, mademoiselle, do you not see what difficulties lie before you in attempting to establish your claim?" he demanded. "First, you must prove your identity indisputably. And then—even if you establish this—we must have a duplicate key manufactured. Our strong boxes do not open so readily as you seem to believe." "Tell me, monsieur," I hazarded, as a new thought crossed my mind, "if one had the key—would it be feasible to enter the vault and take one's property from the safe?" "Entirely feasible," he answered. "That is, by day. By night none can pass the watchman at the steel gates under any circumstances. But so secure are our locks, so impossible is it to manufacture a key which will fit any of them, that any person having a key and knowing the combination could unlock any box by day—always provided he had the key. By the way, what is your combination?" he asked, keenly.

"It is printed upon the key," I answered. "No. J1025 P. That means MWRO Clichy." He collapsed in his seat as though he had been shot, and began to eye me furtively—morosely. "You really are an extraordinary young woman," he said. "Be frank, mademoiselle. You wished to show me that you have knowledge of part of our cipher. You wish to sell your knowledge." "For the last time," I screamed, in exasperation, "I am neither a thief nor an impostor. I want my bonds." He looked at me as though he could hardly believe the evidence of his ears. "I know what agitates you," I pursued, seeing my advantage. "It was the mention of the word Clichy. It recalls to you the home of the unhappy victims of your revenge." "Mademoiselle!" he cried, starting up, only to sink backward again. "Listen, monsieur, and let me explain to you," I said. "During the voyage

to England, I made the acquaintance of your son, who was a passenger on the same steamship. Not knowing who I was, he made me the proposal that I should join him in an attempt to obtain these bonds—from my father. That we should procure them at nominal price by deceiving the banker as to their value; then, that by entering to dispose of them at a moderate rate to the comte, or in some other way, to place him in possession of thereby enabling him to pay off his mortgage you hold over him, should force you to purchase from us at an enormous rate, or your mortgage, and, with it, your over your enemy. Yes, he told everything."

"Miserable scoundrel!" cried the banker, in amazement. "And you, my mademoiselle—" "I characterized him precisely as you have done," I answered. "He was my pride, the apple of my eye," Magniff moaned. "I made him generous allowance, even after he disappointed my hopes of some day seeing him succeed to my inheritance. But he was wayward from birth, could not run straight. He is a forger, a thief, a trickster. He has been the despair of my life, the curse of my age. And now he plans to blacken his own father!"

His outburst was so sincere, so genuine, that my anger evaporated, and I could only feel conscious of a vast pity for the old man, so made able, in spite of all his wealth. "Monsieur," I said, presently, "I doubtless are acquainted with the circumstances that drove my father into exile." He nodded. "I have been your father's banker for forty years," he answered. "It was unjust; the wrong was an ancient aristocrat who placed his own pride before his son's happiness. He drove him from his home because they differed in politics. Ciel! What a cause! What a cause for dishonoring one's own son! He could not have done so under the law, mademoiselle, but unfortunately some of the old estates are still controlled by the feudal customs of the Bourbons, notably in your part of France."

"Then you will understand," I pressed, "that I do not harbor any grudge will against my grandfather or my grands-on." He looked up at me hopefully, though he found cause for rejoicing that anyone should share his hatred. "You would gladly see them dispossessed—disinherited, as they dishonored your father?" he asked, eagerly. I nodded. Something within me seemed to rise in protest on behalf of them. I saw the proud old aristocrat in the abbey, I thought of his four-and-eighty years, destined to end so miserably; then I remembered my father's wrongs and steeled my heart. "Your revenge shall not be long tarrying," cried the old man, bringing down his fist upon the table. "Twenty years I have woven my net around them. I was slow, mademoiselle, but very sure. I have them now. In two weeks—unless they meet the interest on the mortgage—they lose Clichy. And they cannot meet it, the dog! Twelve thousand francs of interest and their castle stripped as bare as a hound's tooth. They live like rats, the ruins of their magnificence. As even if they meet this interest it will be their last. No, mademoiselle, be no fear. Their day is done."

He started and looked keenly at me. "Mademoiselle," he said impulsively, "either you are indeed the owner of Paris. You are ready to make an affidavit?" "Assuredly," I answered. "There will be much—what you call 'red tape.' It will be necessary to manufacture a new key. Then as official of the government must be present when you recover your bonds from the interior of the safe. Return three weeks from today, and the safe shall unlock for you." "Mademoiselle," he continued, "you know why I am willing to gamble upon your honesty thus? It is my sentiment—it is pure business. It is because, in the working out of my plans, the possession of these bonds is essential to me. And so I will risk the loss of what I offer you for them—50,000 francs." "Ten thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. (I think I mentioned that I specialized in arithmetic.) "And," he resumed, "you will be able to execute an agreement to sell me the bonds for that amount. Otherwise—why, mademoiselle, I fear that you will never be able to establish your identity." "But it is a prodigious sum!" I cried, foolishly. "They are worth that to me," answered the old banker, quietly. "Are you ready to sign, mademoiselle?" He brought in a couple of secretaries and dictated the draft of the agreement. In consideration of the transfer of the bonds, I was to receive the sum of 49,274 francs, payable in three weeks from that day.

"The deficit is to cover the unpaid rental of the safety deposit box," he explained, suavely. (TO BE CONTINUED.) Mustache for Young England. Is the mustache coming into fashion again? One will have observed that five of the Oxford crew wear decorations on the upper lip. Cambridge has only one example. That, however, makes six out of eighteen, surely an unusual average today among men who are not long out of their "teens." Last year the army, in which "face fungus" is compulsory, apart, common observation leads one to the conclusion that about eighty per cent of the male population in England are today clean-shaven, while the majority of the others do not shave at all.

JURIO Fig Bloom Di by B Mexican bol the most ind life little a record. Entomolog Georgia dep could only feel conscious of a vast pity for the old man, so made able, in spite of all his wealth. according to doubtless are acquainted with the circumstances that drove my father into exile. some 12,500 therefore, beginning of field before female det square or and for tly seen by season t the mature ce in late s ed, and m evelis are f ng hatches larva or which the ad the square c st. In the this proc five days, the adult ng, but th entomolog that lived months. weevil is l her plants ular being which is pe plant than young weev right yellow pupal shell when the bod ult is a b t or slight; at ones ar h long, wh quarter of larva large; weevil spe stage. At the adul and go into in, in wood grass, al you are the cleverest impostor wherever it temperature i they begin the winter m various caus red weather are fairly more emerge r condit er one pet he spring escaped the begin to h come out do not get at July. rs. When their win at the c squares c itself, punc the plant likely to be on the te you leaves i When cred by a on falls to there is weevils a boll weevil and car miles at the reason for t Then food er distant ed through but one. of the Geo ons it w at it wou is no a on the agent v of ento meet inve under bag in 1902 intimate c cotton in the wor about eighty per cent of the male pop ulation in England are today clean-shaven, while the majority of the others do not shave at all.

INJURIOUS AND PROLIFIC BOLL WEEVIL



Bloom Damaged by Boll Weevil. Fig. 2—Cotton Square Punctured by Boll Weevil. Fig. 3—Boll Weevil in Flight.

Mexican boll weevil at work is the most industrious, persistent little animals of which we record. Entomologist E. Lee Worsham Georgia department points out that female will lay approximately a hundred eggs which come to within fifteen to twenty-five according to the season, and are about four generations each that each female may give some 12,500,000 progeny. One therefore, in a cotton field at the beginning of the season, could pretty near destroying the crop field before picking time. The female deposits her eggs in the square or boll, preferably the latter and for this reason they are seen by the farmer. During the season the weevil does not feed on the mature bolls, but when food is in late season, bolls are batted, and many larvae or imago weevils are found inside of them. The hatching within a few days of the larva or worm stage, followed by the adult weevil develops in the square or boll and gnaws its way out. In the early part of this process requires about five days, but later on fifteen to twenty days, are sufficient. As the adult weevils do not live long, but the United States entomology reports a few specimens that lived a little more than months. The weevil is known to feed on a number of other plants besides cotton, one of which is a species of Thunbergia growing wild in Arizona, which is perhaps more like the plant than any other. The young weevils are very soft and yellow color. They remain in their pupal shell for about two days, when the body is sufficiently hardened they go out in search of food. The adult is a brownish beetle with a slightly curved back. The antennae are about one-tenth of an inch long, while the largest ones are about a quarter of an inch long, the size depending largely on the food source. The weevil spends the winter in the soil. At the approach of cold weather the adults desert the cotton and go into hibernation in seed boxes, in wooded areas, under trash, and in grass, along terraces, fences, and particularly in Spanish wherever it grows. As soon as the temperature gets as low as 56 degrees they begin to hunt cover. During the winter months they are killed by various causes, principally the cold weather. A temperature of 25 degrees Fahrenheit is fatal to them, and more than seven per cent may emerge alive under the most favorable conditions. Sometimes it is as low as 10 degrees. In the spring those weevils which escaped the cold weather emerge to hunt cotton. Some of them come out as early as February, but do not get out until about the first of July. It takes a temperature around sixty-five to seventy-five degrees to bring them out in large numbers. When the old weevils come out their winter quarters they go to the cotton plant. If there are squares on it, they attack the stem, puncturing the stem, and the plant is a very hardy one and is likely to be killed. The weevil on the tender growing shoots leaves until the first squares appear. When a young square is attacked by a weevil it flares open and falls to the ground; for this reason there is an absence of bloom where weevils are abundant. The boll weevil travels by means of the wind and can easily fly twenty-five miles at a single flight. The reason for traveling is search for food. When food is scarce it will travel a long distance. In 1912 the weevil was introduced through Alabama a distance of about one hundred miles and for the winter within fifty miles of the Georgia line. Under these conditions it was naturally expected that it would get into Georgia. There is no greater authority in the world on the boll weevil than W. D. Hunter, an agent of the United States department of entomology in charge of the investigation in the South. Hunter began studying the boll weevil in 1902 and has perhaps a more intimate knowledge of this and other cotton insects than any other man in the world. Through his energetic and masterful direction of the investigation, the cultural system of production devised to meet the needs of the boll weevil has been developed and put into application in

many sections, and this is now the basis of all farm demonstration work in this direction. Mr. Hunter has surrounded himself for the past ten years with an adequate force of trained specialists who have been watching every phase of the problem. In addition to the boll-weevil problem, Mr. Hunter is in charge of all insect investigations affecting cotton, sugar cane, tobacco and rice. But as if these were not enough to occupy the attention of this exceedingly active man, he also directs the investigation of insects affecting the health of man and animal, including cattle ticks, stable flies, house flies, and the diseases of malaria, pellagra and Rocky mountain spot fever. He is thoroughly versed in the minutest phases of these problems. A great deal of his time is also taken up as a member of the federal horticultural board whose duty is to protect this country from the importation of injurious plant and animal pests from abroad. Mr. Hunter is president of the Washington Entomological society and editor of its proceedings. He is a member of the Cosmos club and of many other scientific organizations. For the purposes of this article Mr. Hunter has furnished the following interesting statement relative to the boll weevil: "The boll weevil will undoubtedly reach the border of Georgia during the present season and may extend its range some little distance within the state. If it had not been for rather unusual circumstances the invasion of Georgia would have been extensive. Among these circumstances was an early frost in 1913 which killed many of the weevils and drove others into hibernation far ahead of the usual date. Many of these weevils would have continued their flight into uninfested territory if it had not been for the early frost. The other reason for an unusually restricted dispersion of movements in 1914 was the dry weather of August and early September. This prevented the development of many weevils, and is important in connection with dispersion, the extent of which depends largely upon the volume of weevils present in the territory from which the flight takes place. Although the movement of 1914 will not be as extensive as the movements of some other seasons there will be continuous spread from year to year, and the average distance covered will undoubtedly continue to be in the neighborhood of fifty miles each season. "One of the most important recent discoveries about the boll weevil is its occurrence on a wild cotton-like plant in Arizona. This plant grows in mountain canyons and has furnished food for the weevil for many centuries. It has been found from experiments performed recently that the Arizona weevils need only the presence of cotton to transfer their attack against that plant. The importance of the discovery lies in the fact that the Arizona weevil has acquired an ability to stand extreme arid conditions. It is the absence of such power on the part of the form of the boll weevil which occurs outside of Arizona that has prevented the invasion of the drier portions of Texas. "In connection with the recent discussion of the necessity of reducing the production of cotton in the United States it has been proposed by a number of persons that the time is opportune for the eradication of the weevil by compelling the abandonment of cotton for one year at least in all of the territory which has been reached by the insect up to the present time. There are very serious practical difficulties in the way of this plan. Special legislation would have to be enacted, and a very large appropriation would be required to enforce the regulations. Undoubtedly in many localities there would be a strong disinclination on the part of the planters to abandon cotton, and strict measures would be necessary to bring about general action. Moreover, there is much volunteer cotton in the South each year, especially after wild winters. Seeds which fall from the bolls in the fall frequently live through the winter and are planted unintentionally in the preparation of the ground the following season. About gins and oil mills many volunteer plants grow. Where the conditions are favorable large numbers of such plants are also to be found along the rights-of-way of railroads. In this case the plants spring from seed that are dropped from the passing cars. Very thorough work would have to be done in every locality throughout the South to guard against the breeding of weevils on volunteer plants."

SUDAN GRASS FOR DRY LAND

Particularly Well Adapted for Semiarid Sections—Produces Two Cuttings of Hay in Season.

(By JAMES D. MARSHALL, Colorado Experiment Station.)

Sudan grass belongs to the sorghum family, and is considered by some authorities to be the wild, original form of the cultivated sorghums. It is a tall annual grass, being somewhat like Johnson grass in general appearance; but it lacks the root stalks of the latter, and never becomes a weed. Under favorable conditions it may attain a height of six to ten feet. Its growth is dependent to some extent upon the moisture in the soil. If sown broadcast it does not grow so high as when planted in rows which permit of cultivation. Sudan grass is particularly well adapted to the dry land sections, as it produces good yields of hay, and under average conditions should produce two cuttings of hay in a season. It is very drought resistant and will succeed where it is possible to grow any other sorghum.

In feeding value, Sudan grass can be compared with the millets, making a large crop of hay during the warm weather. Hay made from Sudan grass is preferable to millet hay, as it can be fed to all classes of live stock without injury. The stalks are fine and can be readily cured into hay. The crop may be grown either drilled, in cultivated rows or broadcast. If drilled or broadcasted, from 10 to 15 pounds of seed is sown per acre, while if planted in cultivated rows, the rows being about thirty inches apart, two or three pounds of seed should be used per acre.

ADVANTAGES OF FALLOWING

Among Other Things Practice Tends to Conserve Moisture and Kills Many Noxious Plants.

Among the many advantages to the credit of the practice of summer fallowing may be mentioned: The conservation of moisture, the eradication of weeds, the preparation of the land for grain crops at a time when no other work is pressing, the availability of summer fallowed land for seeding at the earliest possible date in the spring and the minor advantages of having suitable land for the growing of pure seed, potatoes, roots and vegetables at the least cost and with the greatest chance for success, and that of being able to secure two crops of grain with little or no further cultivation.

Summer fallowing undoubtedly has some disadvantages, but so long as the growing of grain, and more particularly wheat, remains the principal industry of the province, it will be necessary to store up moisture against a possible dry season, to restrain the weeds from overrunning the land, and on account of the short seasons, to prepare at least a portion of the land to be cropped in the year previous to seeding and a well-made summer fallow is the best means to this end. Among the disadvantages are: The liability of the soil to drift, the overproduction of straw in a wet season, causing late maturity and consequent danger of damage by frost, and it is claimed, the partial exhaustion of the soil. The former two may, to a great extent, be overcome by different methods of cultivation, and if the soil can be prevented from drifting, one of the reasons for the latter contention will disappear.

DAIRYING PAYS ON DRY FARM

Experiment Solves Problem of Handling Butter During Summer Month—Supplies Money.

Those of the dry farmers who have been experimenting on selling cream instead of butter, have demonstrated the fact that a couple of cows will maintain a house and family. Feed for the cows costs nothing during the summer, as grass is plentiful, and sufficient to produce a good flow of milk containing the required amount of butter fat. This experiment has solved the problem of how to handle butter during the summer months. As cream brings fully as much or more than the butter from the same amount of milk, leaving the separated milk to be used sweet, as calf, hog or chicken feed, this business supplies the farmer with ready money each week as regularly as he markets the cream, and by raising his own stock feed the cost of wintering the cows will not be felt.—Democrat, Las Animas, Colo.

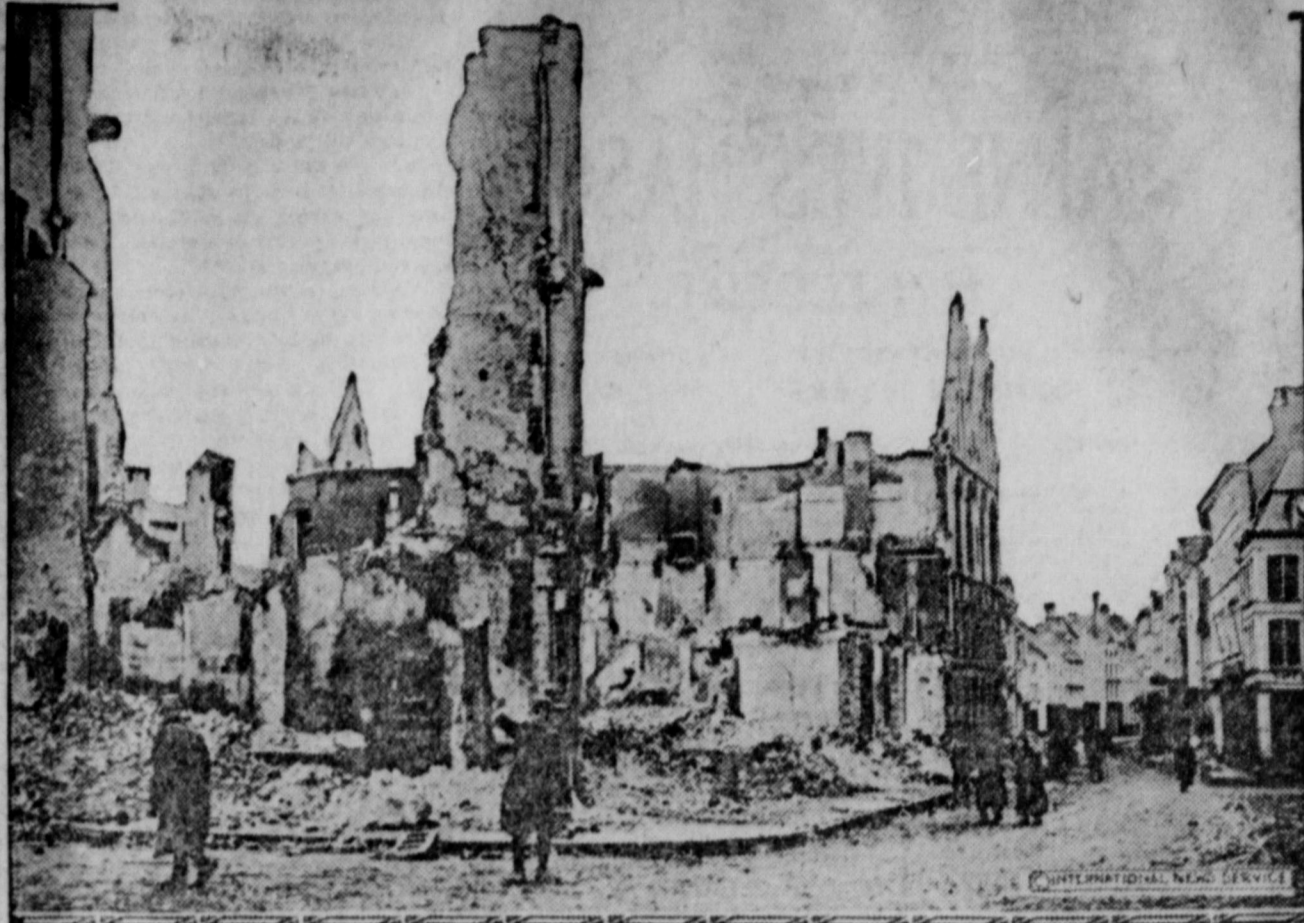
Water Required for Crops.

It takes water to produce a crop of weeds. If that be true, and it is, the water which the weeds get is that much taken away from the crop. A garden crop between the rows in a young orchard is all right, provided there be plenty of water for both the garden and the orchard. An orchard under dry conditions needs all of the available water. Conserve as much of it as possible by maintaining a constant dust mulch between the rows.

Best Grass for Dry Areas.

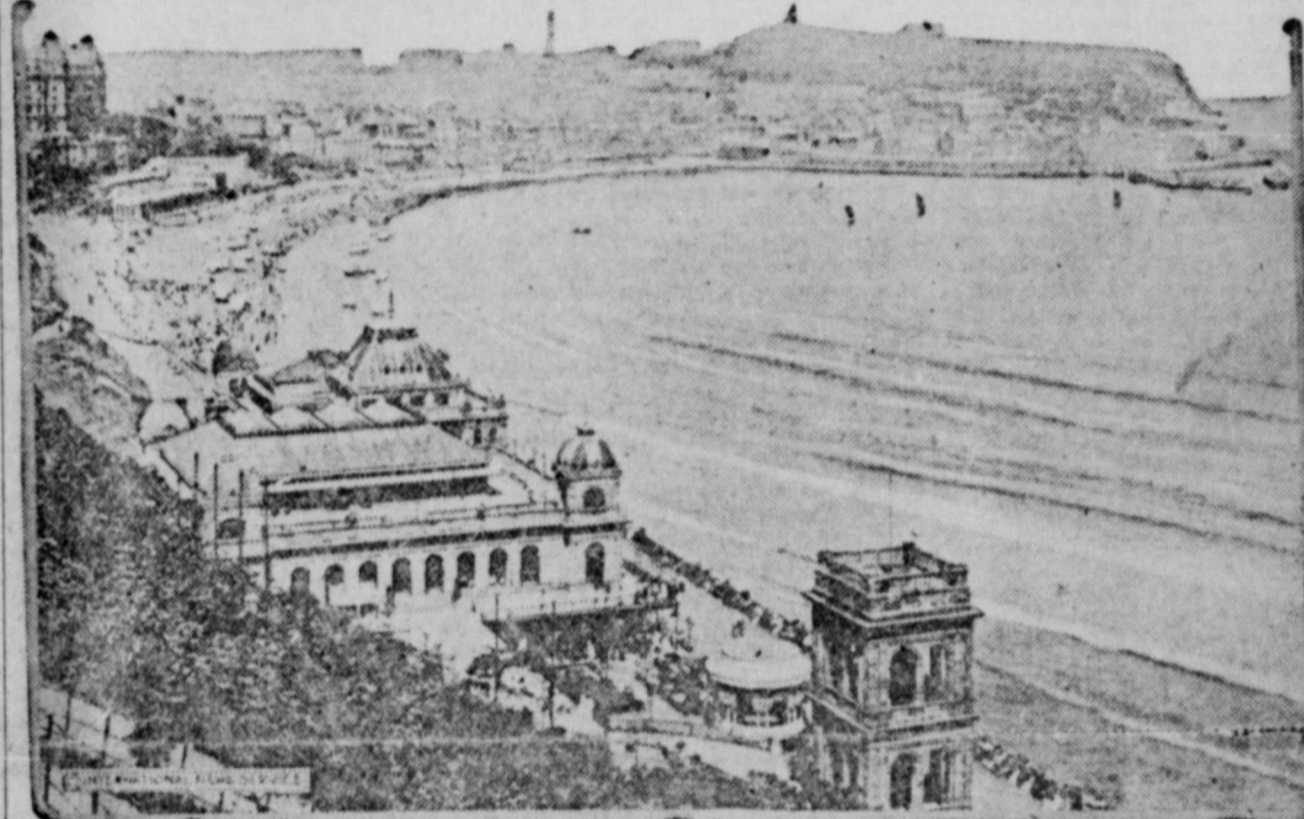
Brome grass is probably the best of the cultivated grasses to grow in dry areas. When established it will furnish grazing early in the season, not so early as winter rye, but earlier than the native grasses. It will also furnish grazing in the autumn proportionate to the amount of the precipitation. During the entire season, therefore, it should furnish much more grazing than the native grasses.

YPRES RUINED BY CONTINUOUS BOMBARDMENT



Ypres has been subjected to almost continuous bombardment for weeks, and the entire city is in the ruined condition shown in this photograph.

ENGLISH CITY BOMBARDED BY THE GERMANS



View of Scarborough, on the east coast of England, which, together with Whitby and Hartlepool, was bombed by the German raiding squadrons of cruisers.

WHERE MEXICAN BULLETS CROSS THE BORDER



Street scene in Naco, the Arizona town on the Mexican border to which American troops have been sent to raise trouble from the warring Mexicans have come across the line and killed and wounded a number of citizens and soldiers.

INTERROGATING A GERMAN PRISONER



Just behind the firing line at Argonne this interesting little episode was photographed. Officers of the French general staff are interrogating a German prisoner concerning the strength and position of the kaiser's forces.

MAKING A DEEP TRENCH



One of the deep trenches on the firing line in northern France. The allies have constructed hundreds of miles of ditches like this.

Be sure you're right, but don't stop to get much advice before going ahead, or you will never start.—Albany Journal.

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Are You Aware That You Can Buy Happiness?

It is possible to purchase happiness, sunshine, wider vision and increased knowledge in great quantities, at a price entirely within your reach. Does this mean anything to you?

HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE, appearing every month, is a veritable ray of sunshine to every member of the household. Each number contains plenty of wholesome, inspiring stories for the grown-ups, a well maintained Children's Department, a section devoted to practical help along the lines of cooking, sewing, embroidery, and various other lines of housekeeping. "The Mail Bag," containing letters on subjects of public interest from readers all through the South, is eagerly watched for from month to month. Everyone that appreciates the real worth of a truly good magazine knows the value of Holland's.

EVERY MAN interested in farming, whether as a profession or as a matter of pastime, will find much of interest and profit in Farm and Ranch. Besides being of real value in the solving of his many problems and offering to him new and practical ideas in the carrying out of his work, the paper is a catalogue of nationally advertised goods that may be relied upon. Each number contains a department called "Our Farmers' Directory," which is a market and exchange place of Southwestern farm needs and products, and is watched by half a million readers weekly.

THIS family newspaper will keep you posted on all the local happenings. Telling you of the joys and sorrows of your friends and neighbors, and in fact, serving as a medium of information about everything going on in this community. Such state and foreign news as we think will be of interest is also published, and no home is complete without a copy of this paper each week.

If subscribed to singly the subscription price of the above three publications is \$3.00. Order now and we will send all three of them to you regularly one year for only \$2.00. Can you afford to neglect this opportunity?

Jordan-Williams.

A pretty little wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Williams in South Union, Sunday December 27, at 6 p. m. when Mary L., their only daughter, was united in Marriage to Charles Jordan, of Nampa, Idaho, Rev. Mershon of the Presbyterian church performing the ceremony, using the beautiful and impressive service.

Besides the relatives, a few intimate friends, were present who showered congratulations and good wishes upon the happy couple, who were also remembered with many substantial and useful presents.

The bridegroom was attired in the conventional black, and the bride was charming in cream colored silk poplin.

The bridegroom is an industrious young rancher of exemplary habits and the bride an attractive young lady of sterling worth.

They left on No. 6 Tuesday for their home near Nampa.—The Weekly Republican, Union, Ore.

Miss Mary L. Williams is a sister of Henry Williams and is well known in McLean.

Something to Consider.

Before attending a school, everyone should ask himself or herself the following questions:

1. Where can I get the broadest course of study?
2. Where can I get the best instruction?
3. Where will a timid, backward student get the best attention?
4. Where can a student be appreciated for what he is, and not for what he has?

5. Where can I get all the above, also good board, room, rent, lights, fuel, and everything furnished me at from \$10.00 to \$12.50 per calendar month?

All these can be had at the Bowie Commercial College, Bowie, Texas.

Our financial standing cannot be questioned, there's no danger of our school passing out of existence tomorrow. We have continually built for the past twelve years until we have more graduates in good positions in proportion to our age than any other college in the state.

All our teachers are Christian gentlemen and ladies, and our town is free of negroes and saloons, hence our students are as safe here as at home.

Our methods and systems are up-to-date in every respect, as is proven by our graduates going right out of the school-room every week into the best positions in the land, and never having had one who was "turned down" on account of incompetency.

Our students graduate in as short time as can be done at any school. Our time is all devoted to preparing our students for actual Bookkeeping, Stenographic, and various office positions, Civil Service, etc., hence we depend almost wholly upon our satisfied graduates for our advertising, and spend our surplus money in equipping our school-room with all modern office appliances, and employing the best instructors to be procured. Make your arrangements to enter with the scores of others who are entering this month.

Address all communications to **BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE** Bowie, Texas.

Clear The Track.

Tyler Courier-Times: Liquor shipments are said to be so heavy that the Texas & Pacific Railway has found it necessary to put on extra express cars to carry the squirrel whiskey. In other words, drunks are being hauled into Texas by the carload.

Even so. The trains are laden with drunks in the express car and drunks in the smoking car. Clear the track and let them by! Men and boys at the little towns are waiting for the drunks and women and girls are waiting for the drunks bound thither from the city. How splendid! How civilizing and ennobling—how prideful and how pregnant of personal liberty! From every mountain side let Freedom ring—and in every village and hamlet let the grocer and the druggist and the hardware merchant wait for their money in order that the distiller and brewer and bartender, who demand cash, may have theirs at once and thus enjoy the sweet intimacies of the infant New year. Hurrah for Texas, the greatest State in the Union, where the majority can't have what they want unless they want whiskey! Come to Texas.—Dallas Morning News.

Since we have moved into the Vannoy building we have increased our stock accordingly. Give us a trial. McLean Shoe Store.

The Podunk Limited is coming. Watch for the announcement next week.

THE PATRIOTIC DOLLAR

War Revenue Tax of \$105,000,000 Levied—Beer Bears Brunt of Burden.

Congress has levied a war tax of \$105,000,000 to offset a similar amount of loss on import revenue due to the European disturbances and of this amount beer is the heaviest contributor, having been assessed approximately, \$50,000,000; a stamp tax on negotiable instruments, it is estimated, will yield \$31,000,000; a tax on the capital stock of banks of \$4,300,000, and a tax on tobacco, perfumes, theater tickets, etc., makes the remainder.

Congress has decreed that the brewer, the banker and the investor must shoulder the musket and march to the front; that the lady who would add to her beauty must first tip Uncle Sam, and a dollar that seeks pleasure must first salute the flag; that Pleasure and Profit—the twin heroes of many wars—shall fight the nation's battles and by an ingeniously arranged schedule of taxation Congress has shifted the war budget from the shoulders of Necessity to those of Choice and Gain, touching in its various ramifications almost every line of business.

All hail the dollar that bleeds for its country; that bares its breast to the fortunes of war and risks its life to preserve the stability and integrity of the nation's credit.

The market place has always been a favorite stand for war revenue collectors. The trader is a great financial patriot. His dollar is the first to rally around the star-spangled banner and the last to hear the coo of the dove of peace. He is called upon to buy cannon; to feed and clothe the boys in blue and each month cheer their hearts with the coin of the realm. Men can neither be free nor brave without food and ammunition, and money is as important a factor in war as blood. Many monuments have been erected in honor of heroes slain in battle, poems have been written eulogizing their noble deeds and the nation honors its soldiers while they live and places a monument upon their graves when they die, but very little has been said of the dollar that bears the burdens of war.

Honor to the Dollar That Bears the Burdens of War.

All honor to the dollar that answers the call to arms and, when the battle is over, bandages the wounds of stricken soldiers, lays a wreath upon the graves of fallen heroes and cares for the widows and orphans.

All honor to the industries that bend their backs under the burdens of war; lift the weight from the shoulders of the poor and build a bulwark around the nation's credit.

All honor to those who contribute to the necessities and administer to the comforts of the boys who are marching; cool the fever of afflicted soldiers and kneel with the cross beside dying heroes.

A dollar may fight its competitor in business, industries may struggle for supremacy in trade and occupations may view each other with envy or suspicion, but when the bugle calls they bury strife and rally around the flag companions and friends, mess mates and chums, all fighting for one flag, one cause and one country.

The luxuries in life have always been the great burden-bearers in government. We will mention a few of them giving the annual contributions to the nation's treasury: Liquor, \$250,000,000; tobacco, \$103,000,000; sugar, \$54,000,000; silks, \$15,500,000; diamonds, \$3,837,000; millinery, \$2,479,000; furs, \$2,024,000 and automobiles \$870,000.

The real problem of the farmer is how to sell his products.

A shoat in the pen is worth a ten dollar bill in the pocket.

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Don't forget we are still making loans on farm lands. If you need a loan let us know.

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\$25.00 REWARD

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

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

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A TEXAS WONDER

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Church Directory

Methodist Church.

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

Baptist Church.

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

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