

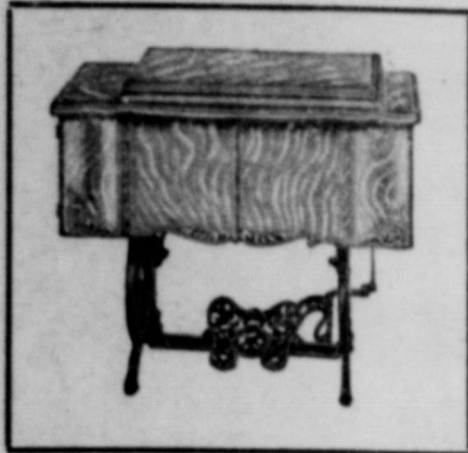
# The McLean News

TENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1914

NO 50

## THE FREE SEWING MACHINE



Runs lighter, sews faster, lasts longer and does better work, it is guaranteed for a life time and is insured against fire, flood, tornado and lightning. Call and ask us about it.

**McLean Hardware Company**

## It Is God's Way

Wars and rumors of wars prevail;  
The world is in the throes of a new birth.  
"Upon the earth distress of nations in perplexity  
For the roaring of the sea and billows;  
Men fainting for fear, and for expectation  
Of the things that are coming upon the earth."  
The great day of Jehova is at hand;  
This day the Lord God shall take command,  
And gather his own in every clime  
Out of chaos, dark and grim and dreadful,  
Which claims the fittest flowers of manhood  
To face each other in the carnage of death,  
That Greed insatiable shall gormadize,  
Ghoul-like, on the lifeless forms of our brothers,  
Whose patriotism and pride are falsely  
Wafted into flame that death alone can quench.  
These things must need be that out of the caldron,  
Seething with the overflow of corruption,  
Man may see and know the folly of his ways,  
Throw off the galling yoke of superstition  
And depart from the smouldering ruins of tradition—  
Stop like the fleeing gazelle, nostrils dilated,  
And breathe in newness of life the brotherhood of man.  
We who are far removed from the cannon's roar  
And the war drum's roll, should pray the God of Peace  
For quick and lasting respite from the "Beast's"  
Last struggle for world-wide supremacy,  
In the realms of Imperialism,  
And in the marts of Commercialism.

Still, after all, it is God's way;  
It is the Theocracy of the Almighty  
Evolving the Democracy of Humanity;  
The finale of the surging sea of nations;  
The end of age-long strife in the struggle to live,  
For now I am my brother's keeper,  
And he is mine, and we are one in Christ.

P. J. SPENCER.

"PLEASE SEND US SOME NEW TOYS"



## Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

Our Christmas goods are now open and ready for your inspection. This is the biggest stock of Christmas goods ever brought to McLean and you will have no trouble in finding just what you want.

CHRISTMAS GOODS STRICTLY CASH

**ERWIN DRUG CO.**

## Farmers Hold Feed Stuffs

There seems to be a marked tendency on the part of local grain growers and farmers in general to hold their 1914 crop, or as much of it as possible, until such a time as the price will have materially advanced and that there is wisdom in this decision is proven by the fact that the price has steadily advanced from the start and the end is not yet. Many there were who were forced to sell their crop at the earliest possible moment on account of outstanding obligations that could not be otherwise met, but the greater majority are still holding the most of this year's product for a better market.

It is a fact often overlooked that at the time of year when the grain crop is first ready for market the demand is practically nil. This is due to the fact that in practically every locality where grains from this section are marketed there is still much green pasture for livestock of all kinds and the light summer

crops have not been exhausted when our products are first ready for export. Gradually the demand increases as other and cheaper means is exhausted and with the increased demand comes an increase in price.

Those who have elected to hold their grain may consider themselves fortunate as there is little doubt but that the price, before another harvest time, will have advanced to unusual levels. Many localities in the United States are short of feed-stuffs this fall and almost the entire continent of Europe will soon be looking to us for food. That European production is will be curtailed almost to the vanishing point next year now looks certain and what the prevailing prices will be a year hence might stagger the imagination.

Better hold on to as much of your grain as you can. It will beat having money at interest.

Get acquainted with  
**El Mate**  
at Earps. 5c

## McLean Vs Groom

The local girls basket ball team suffered another defeat at the hands of the Groom team on the school grounds here Saturday and represents the third defeat this season. While three hard wallops in a row is enough to discourage the hardest of players, we indulge in the hope that this will not deter the young ladies from future endeavors as all who witnessed the Saturday game are loud in their praise of the excellent work of the locals and have not lost faith in their ultimate success by any means. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty so is eternal sticktoitiveness the price of success and we have absolute faith in the prediction that McLean's girls will yet throw off the evil spell of their luck jinx and re-

deem their lost laurels. The defeat Saturday was due to a number of causes which conspired together in a unified effort but the frequent fouling of the locals and the superior goal pitching of Miss Whatley of the visitors were the most prominent contributors.

The game was witnessed by a fairly large crowd of boosters and although the result was not what had been looked for by the local fans every minute of the playing was keenly enjoyed.

The local line-up was as follows: Mary Henry and Etta Storck, centers; Mollie Gardenhire and Grace Whatley, guards; Sallie Lou Haynes and Virgie Heasley, forwards.

### Thanksgiving Offering Received.

The following letter directed to Rev. J. T. Howell from the Christian Herald is in response to the local Thanksgiving offering forwarded to them for use in the work of alleviating Belgian suffering and want:

"We thank you for your generous remittance of \$49.95 which we have applied to the Christian Herald Relief Fund for the widows and orphans of the war in Europe, according to your request. May the blessings of God rest upon the givers and upon the gift as also upon those in whose behalf it is to be expended."

Another letter to R. E. Dorsey from Chas. J. E. Lowndes of Amarillo, acknowledging receipt of five and ten dollars sent respectively by the local Guild of the Episcopal church and the church itself, will be of interest:

"Enclosed find receipt for the \$5 and \$10 contribution to the Belgian Relief Fund. I am asked by Mr. P. H. Landergin, chairman, and Mr. S. F. Sullenberger, treasurer of the fund, to express to the Ladies Guild and to Mr. Dorsey their thanks for the gifts. Mr. Landergin tells me that clothing, etc., will be thankfully received and forwarded. Any articles of this nature should be forwarded to P. H. Landergin, Chairman Belgian

Relief Fund Amarillo, Texas. The agent of the American Express company here says they carry Belgium stuff free and for you to send it collect and he will O. K. it."

### Maize 77 Bushels Per Acre

We are informed that Mr. Joe Shepherd who lives east of town made 77 bushels of maize per acre from a small field containing about 10 acres.

This is in excess of any yield we have heard of this season but only goes to show the productiveness of Carson County land when a crop is given proper care.—Panhandle Herald.

Phone us the news.

## Belgians Are Not Coming

Mrs. Cornelius Adair will not bring 1,000 Belgians to the Panhandle. She will not bring any Belgian families to the Panhandle as far as she knows now.

This information was given to the Daily Panhandle by Mrs. Adair over long distance telephone.

"I do not know how the story that I would bring Belgians to the Panhandle started," said Mrs. Adair. "There isn't the slightest foundation for it. My heart bleeds for those poor people, but I had not thought of bringing any of them here for colonization."—Daily Panhandle.

## Service and Solidity The Banking Requisites

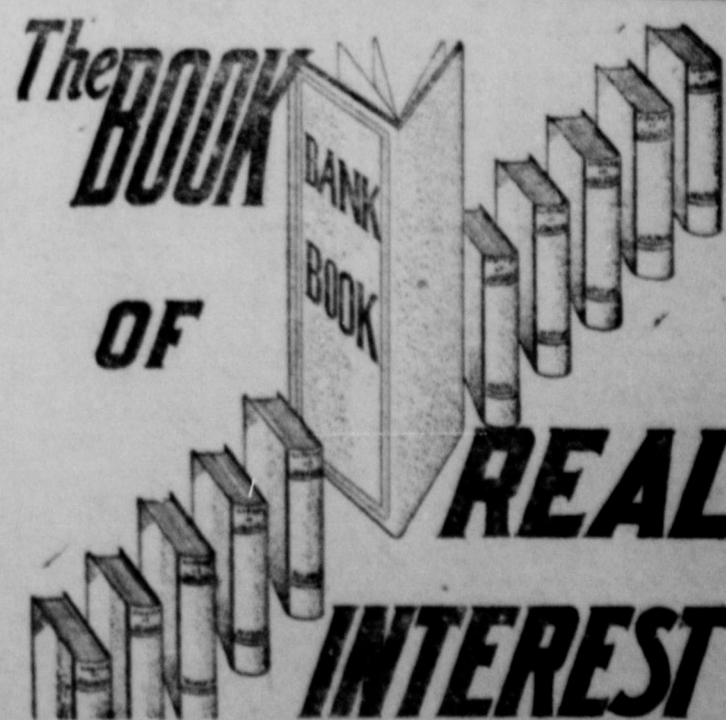
The satisfactory bank—the only bank which can be of real benefit to the business public—is that which, while assuring absolute security, is prepared to give expert and courteous service not only to depositors but to the public generally.

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



There is a book that as long as it is open its pages never lose interest, and each entry provides and proves its growing interest. The book is small but mighty, for it is a bank book.

BANK WITH US. A CONSERVATIVE INSTITUTION.

**CITIZENS STATE BANK**  
"GUARANTY FUND BANK"

N. Massay, President      W. E. Ballard, Vice-Pres.  
E. Thompson, Cashier,      J. L. Crabtree, Vice-Pres.  
M. Noel,      DIRECTORS  
L. H. Webb,      J. T. Close.

# Jamesy

## A Christmas Story

by James Whitcomb Riley

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### Installment One.

ONE week ago this Christmas day, in the little back office that adjoins the counting room of the Daily Journal, I sat in genial conversation with two friends. I do not now recall the theme of our discussion, but the general trend of it—suggested, doubtless, by the busy scene upon the streets—I remember most distinctly savored of the mellowing influences of the coming holidays, with perhaps an acrid tang of irony as we dwelt upon the great needs of the poor at such a time, and the chariness with which the hand of opulence was wont to dole out alms. But for all that we were merry, and as from time to time our glances fell upon the ever-shifting scene outside, our hearts grew warmer, and within the eyes the old dreams glimmered into fuller dawn.

It was during a lull of conversation, and while the philanthropic mind, perchance, was wandering amid the outer throng, and doubtless quoting to itself, "Whene'er I take my walks abroad," that our privacy was abruptly broken into by the grimy apparition of a boy of ten; a ragged little fellow—not the stereotyped edition of the street wail, but a cross between the bootblack and the infantine Italian with the violin. Where he had entered, and how, would have puzzled us to answer; but there he stood before us, as it were, in a majesty of insignificance. I have never had the features of a boy impress me as did his, and as I stole a covert glance at my companions I was pleased to find the evidence of more than ordinary interest in their faces. They gazed in attentive silence on the little fellow, as, with uncovered, frowny head, he stepped forward boldly, yet with an air of deference as unlooked for as becoming.

"I don't want to bother you gentlemen," he began, in a frank but hesitating tone that rippled hurriedly along as he marked a general nod of indulgence for the interruption. "I don't want to bother nobody, but if I can raise 50 cents—and I've got a nickel—and if I can raise the rest—and it ain't much, you know—only 45—and if I can raise the rest—I tell you, gentlemen," he broke off abruptly, and speaking with italicized sincerity, "I want just 50 cents, 'cause I can git a blackin' box fer that, and brush and ever'thing, and you can bet if had that I wouldn't haf to ast nobody fer nothin'! And I ain't got no father ner mother, ner brother ner—ner—no sisters, neither; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I'll work—at anything—yes, sir—when I can git anything to do—and I sleep just any place—and I ain't had no breakfast—and, honest, gentlemen, I'm a good boy—I don't swear ner smoke ner chew—but that's all right—on'y if you'll—just make up 45 be tween you—and that's on'y 15 cents a piece—I'll thank you, I will, and I'll list do anything—and it's coming Christmas, and I'll roll in the nickels, don't you fergit—if I on'y got a box—'cause I throw up a 'bad shine!'—and I can git the box fer 50 cents if you gentlemen'll on'y make up 45 between you." At the conclusion of this long and rambling appeal, the little fellow stood waiting with an eager face for a response.

A look of stolid deliberation played about the features of the oldest member of the group, as with an air of seriousness, which, I think, even the boy recognized as affected, he asked: "And you couldn't get a box like that for—say, 40 cents? Fifty cents looks like a lot of money to lay out in the purchase of a blacking box."

The boy smiled wisely as he answered: "Yes, it might look big to a feller that ain't up on prices, but I think it's cheap, 'cause it's a second-hand box, and a new one would cost 75 cents anyhow—'thout no brushes ner nothin'!"

In the meantime I had dropped into the little fellow's palm the only coin I had in my possession, and we all laughed as he closed his thanks with: "Oh, come, cap, go the other nickel, er I won't git out o' here with half enough!" and at that he turned to the former speaker.

"Well, really," said that gentleman, fumbling in his pockets, "I don't believe I've got a dime with me."

"A dime," said the little fellow, with a look of feigned compassion. "Ain't got a dime? Maybe I'd loan you this one!" And we all laughed again.

"Tall you what do now," said the

boy, taking advantage of the moment, and looking coaxingly into the smiling eyes of the gentleman still fumbling vainly in his pockets—"Tell you what do: You borry 20 cents of the man that stays behind the counter there, and then we'll go the other 15, and that'll make it, and I'll skip out o' here a little the fyerst boy you ever see! What do ye say?" And the little fellow struck a Pat Rooney attitude that would have driven the original inventor mad with envy.

"Give him a quarter!" laughed the gentleman appealed to.

"And here's the other dime," and as the little fellow clutched the money eagerly, he turned; and in a tone of curious gravity, he said:

"Now, honest, gentlemen, I ain't a-givin' you no game about the box—'cause a new one costs 75 cents, and the one I've got—I mean the one I'm a-goin' to git—is just as good as a new one, on'y it's second-hand; and I'm much obliged, gentlemen—honest, I am—and if ever I give you a shine you can list bet it don't cost you nothin'!" And with this expression of his gratitude, the little fellow vanished as mysteriously as he had at first appeared.

"That boy hasn't a bad face," said the first speaker—"wide between the eyes—full forehead, good mouth, denoting firmness—altogether, a good, square face."

"And a noble one," said I, perhaps inspired to that rather lofty assertion by the rehearsal of the good points noted by my more observant companion.

"Yes, and an honest, straightforward way of talking, I would say," continued that gentleman. "I only noted one thing to shake my faith in that particular, and that was in his latest reference to the box. You'll remember his saying he was 'giving us no game' about it, whereas he had not been accused of such a thing."

"Oh, he meant about the price, don't you remember?" said I.

"No," said the gentleman at the counter, "you're both wrong. He only threw in that remark because he thought I suspected him, for he recognized me just the instant before that speech, and it confused him, and with some reason, as you will see: On my way to supper only last night, I over-



HE STUPEFIED FORWARD.

took that same little fellow in charge of an old man who was in a deplorable state of drunkenness, and you know how slippery the streets were. I think if that old man fell a single time he fell a dozen, and once so violently that I ran to his assistance and helped him to his feet. I thought him badly hurt at first, for he gashed his forehead as he fell, and I helped the little fellow to take him into a drug store, where the wound, upon examination, proved to be nothing more serious than to require a strip of plaster. I got a good look at the boy, there, however, and questioned him a little; and he said the man was his father, and he was taking him home; and I gathered further from his talk that the man was a confirmed inebriate. Now you'll remember the boy told us here a while ago he had no father, and when he recognized me a moment since and found himself caught in one 'yaw,' at least, he very naturally supposed I

would think his entire story a fabrication, hence the suspicious nature of his last remarks, and the sudden transition of his manner from that of real delight to gravity, which change, in my opinion, rather denotes lying to be a new thing to him. I can't be mistaken in the boy, for I noticed, as he turned to go, a bald place on the back of his head, the left side, a 'trade-mark,' first discovered last evening, as he bent over the prostrate form of his father."

"I noticed a thin spot in his hair," said I, "and wondered at the time what caused it."

"And don't you know?" I shook my head. "Coal bins and entry floors. That little fellow hasn't slept within a bed for years, perhaps."

"But he told you, as you say, last night, he was taking the old man home?" "Yes, home! I can imagine that boy's home. There are myriads like it in the city here—a cellar or a shed—a box car or a loft in some old shop, with a father to chase him from it in his sober interludes, and to hold him from it in unconscious shame when helplessly drunk. 'Home, Sweet Home!' That boy has heard it on the hand organ, perhaps, but never in his heart—you couldn't grind it out of there with a thousand cranks."

The picture he drew was gloomy enough, to be sure, but we recognized it as true to life, for we, too, were not unfamiliar with the sordid, ugly side of existence in a large city. Our merriment seemed to have evaporated, our conversation languished and with thoughts perhaps too sober for the holiday time we soon separated and went our respective ways.

The remainder of that day eluded me somehow; I don't know how or where it passed. I suppose it just dropped into a comatose condition, and so slipped away "unknelted, unconfined, and unknown."

But one clear memory survives—an experience so vividly imprinted on my mind that I now recall its every detail: Entering the Union depot that evening to meet the train that was to carry me away at six o'clock, muffled closely in my overcoat, yet more closely muffled in my gloomy thoughts, I was rather abruptly stopped by a small boy with a cry of: "Here, you man with the cigar; don't you want them boots blacked? Shine 'em fer ten cents! Shine 'em fer a nickel—on'y you mustn't give me away on that," he added, dropping on his knees near the entrance, and motioning me to set my foot upon the box.

It was then too dark for me to see his face clearly, but I had recognized the voice the instant he had spoken, and had paused and looked around.

"Oh, you'll have plenty o' time," he urged, guessing at the cause of my apparent hesitation. "None o' the trains on time tonight—'none o' the Panhandle, and she's just a-backin' in—won't start for 30 minutes," and he again beckoned, and rattled a seductive tattoo on the side of his box.

"Well," said I, with a compromising air, "come inside, then, out of the cold."

"Ginst the rules—cops won't have it. They list fered me out o' there not ten minutes ago. Oh, come, cap; step out here; it won't take two minutes," and the little fellow spat professionally upon his brush, with a covert glance of pleasure as he noted the apparent success of the maneuver. "You don't live here, I'll bet," said the boy, setting the first boot on the box, and pausing to blow his hands.

"How do you know that? Did you never see me here before?" "No, I never see you here before, but that ain't no reason. I can tell you don't live here by them shoes—'cause they've been put up in some little pennyroyal shop—that's how. When you want a fly shoe you want to git her put up som'er's where they know somepin' about style. They's good enough mater' in that shoe, on'y she's about two years off in style."

"You're potted, then, in shoes," said I, with a laugh.

"I ort to be," he went on, pantingly, a brush in either hand gyrating with a velocity that jostled his hat over his eyes, leaving most plainly exposed to my investigating eye the trade-mark before alluded to: "I ort to be posted in shoes, 'cause I ain't done nothin' but black 'em fer five years."

"You're an old hand, then, at the business," said I. "I didn't know but maybe you were just starting out. What's an outfit like that worth?" "Thinkin' o' startin' up?" he asked facetiously.

"Oh, no," said I, good humoredly. "I just asked out of idle curiosity. That's a new box, ain't it?"

"New!" he repeated with a laugh. "Put that other hoof, New? Wy, if that box had ever had eyes like a human it would 'a' been a wearin' specs by this time; that's a old-hal-headed box, with one foot in the grave."

"And what did the old fellow cost you?" I asked, highly amused at the quaint expressions of the boy. "Cost? Cost nothin'—on'y about a hour's work. I made that box mysef, 'bout four year ago."

"Ah!" said I.

"Yes," he went on, "they don't cost nothin'; the boys makes 'em out o' other boxes, you know. Some o' 'em gits 'em made, but they ain't no good—ain't no better'n this kind."

"So that didn't cost you anything?" said I, "though I suspect you wouldn't like to part with it for less than—well, I don't know how much money to say—75 cents maybe—would anything less than 75 cents buy it?" I craftily inter-rogated.

"Seventy-five cents! Wy, what's the matter with you, man? I could git

a cart load of 'em fer 75 cents. I'd take yer measure for one like it fer 15, too quick!" and the little fellow leaned back from his work and laughed up in my face with absolute derision.

I pulled my hat more closely down for fear of recognition, but was reassured a moment later as he went on: "Wish you lived here; you'd be old fruit fer us fellows. I can see you now a-takin' wind—and we'd give it to you mighty slick now, don't you fergit!" and as the boy renewed his work, I think his little, ragged body shook less with industry than mirth.

"Wish I'd struck you 'bout ten o'clock this morning!" and, as he spoke, he paused again and looked up in my face with real regret. "Oh, you'd 'a' been the loveliest sucker of 'em all! Wy, you'd 'a' went the whole pot yersef!"

"How do you mean?" said I, dropping the cigar I held.

"How do I mean? Oh, you don't want to smoke this thing again after its a-rollin' round in the dirt!"

"Why, you don't smoke," said I, reaching for the cigar he held behind him.

"Me? Oh, what you givin' me?" "Come, let me have it," I said, sharply, drawing a case from my pocket and taking out another cigar.

"Oh, you want a light," he said, handing me the stub and watching me

wistfully. "Couldn't give us a fresh cigar, could you, cap?"

"I don't know," said I, as though deliberating on the matter. "What was that you were going to tell me just now? You started to tell me what a 'lovely sucker' I'd have been had you met me this morning. How did you mean?"

"Give me a cigar and I'll tell you. Oh, come, now, cap; give me a smoker and I'll give you the whole game. I will, now, honest!"

I held out the open case.

"Nothin' mean about you, is they?" he said, eagerly taking a fresh cigar in one hand and the stub in the other. "A ten-center, too—oh, I guess not!" But, to my surprise, he took the stub between his lips, and began opening his coat. "Guess I'll list fat this daisy, and save 'er up for Christmas. No, I won't either," he broke in suddenly, with a bright, keen flash of second thought. "Tell you what I'll do," holding up the cigar and gazing at it admiringly; "she's a ten-center all right, ain't she?"

I nodded.

"And worth every cent of it, too, ain't she?"

"Every cent of it," I repeated. "Then give me a nickel, and she's yours—'cause if you can afford to give this to me fer nothin', looks like I ort to let you have it fer half price," and as I laughingly dropped the nickel in his hand he concluded, "And they's nothin' mean about me, neither!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## BREEDING OF ALFALFA

### Interesting Experiments Made at South Dakota Station.

#### Tests Not Only Important in Discovery of Varieties Adapted to Arid Conditions, But to Cultivation.

Co-operative tests by drought-resistant alfalfa from Siberia have been made by hundreds of farmers in South Dakota under the direction of N. E. Hansen, horticulturist of the experiment station at Brookings, S. D. The experiments have been important not only in the discovery of varieties adapted to arid conditions, but also in working out better methods of cultivation. The results are given in Station Bulletin 141, and seem to indicate transplanting of one year roots, instead of seeding, in getting a stand on dry land. Readers desiring a complete report should obtain a copy of the bulletin.

My experience, says the author of the bulletin, is that by raising alfalfa plants in well inoculated soil, every plant is abundantly provided in the course of the first season with nodules containing the nitrogen-gathering bacteria so essential to the growth of the plant. This reason alone would be a very strong one in favor of this new method, since there is much complaint due to lack of inoculation in many soils, and the farmer can see the nitrogen-gathering bacteria nodules with his own eyes.

My belief is that the present methods of diskling are extremely injurious; that we should not mutilate alfalfa plants by diskling and harrowing. This is in distinct contradiction to the present recommended practice, but examination of many plants that have been split through the heart with the disk or harrow shows they heal with difficulty, and many are blackhearted or diseased, giving free access to bacteria. An alfalfa plant should be good for at least four centuries, but this means that the heart of the plant must be held sacred. A field set out in plants can be cultivated one way like fodder corn and then laid by for the season. By giving each plant just the right amount of space in the beginning, this useless mutilating of the plant is avoided. At Ipswich I found 25 plants to the square foot; at Huron, in a garden, I found 13 plants on two and one-half square inches—all of them being as big as a dining needle.

Alfalfa plants in this spring's demonstrations were set two feet apart in the rows, with rows three feet eight inches apart so that the common corn cultivator can be used. My opinion is that they should be given cultivation one way just like fodder corn but perhaps check row machines will be devised to make feasible cross cultivation in early spring and after each cutting.

Alfalfa is a very poor fighter the first years as the main strength goes below the ground, hence it is often choked out by weeds, which make more top than root. But by setting out a good sized alfalfa plant, often as big as your middle finger, they can hold their own better against the weeds.

The plants should be raised the first year in good garden soil that is well inoculated. They may be transplanted in the autumn of the first year but the bulk of them should be kept in outdoor cellars, such as used for storing potatoes or trees, or they may be heeled in close together in furrows made with a plow. In 1910 at this station on a piece of good garden soil 60x165 feet, 50,000 Oregon plants were raised, which is about two hundred and twenty thousand plants per acre. Probably much more could be done if no cut worms, etc., appear. These were raised in drills, much like carrots and beets. For the purpose of raising the most seed, perhaps single plants in hills 2x4 feet may be better than sown close together in rows. At this rate, if set 2x4 feet, 5,445 plants per acre, one acre would raise enough plants to set 40 acres. Of course the best method for the maximum seed production will develop with further experience. After seed of these new varieties becomes abundant, every farmer can follow his own method for raising seed.

### Fight the Mites.

Keep down the mites. Young poultry cannot make satisfactory growth where mites are numerous. Often mites mean actual loss of life, and always loss of vigor. Plenty of vigilance and kerosene oil will keep mites under control. Apply the oil with a spray or sprinker generously every two weeks throughout the hot weather months. A dollar's worth of kerosene will save many times its cost.

### Provide Winter Green Feed.

No poultryman can expect to do anything with his flock at the time when eggs are worth their weight in coin of the realm, unless he makes some provision for winter green feed. Alfalfa seems to be in the highest favor as feed to be given in a variety of ways, and in giving the best results when properly fed.

### Kill the Hawks.

Don't raise poultry for the hawks. If there are any around set a steel trap in the split top of a tall pole, set up in the ground near the hen house. A hawk lights on the highest spot to wait for a chance to swoop down. This line he won't cross.

## WESTERN CANADA'S STRONG POSITION

### "THE WHEAT GRANARY OF THE WORLD," A WELL APPLIED TERM.

Western Canada occupies a stronger position today than it ever has occupied. Taking one year with another, the efficiency of its lands to produce has been well proved. It has not been said of it that year in and year out there were bumper and bonanza crops. If such a condition existed it would be phenomenal in the history of any country. With an extensive territory producing grain, hogs, cattle and sheep, of some 800 miles wide and 1,000 miles long, it is easy to conceive of a wide variation in temperature and climate; there is variation in rainfall and snowfall; every section is not the best in the district—some are better than others and some worse, but as a general thing, the great percentage is "better." This past year has shown that some portions are not altogether immune from periods of drought. The same may be said of adjoining states to the south. But this year has also shown that in the greater portion of Western Canada, drought does not appear, but even in the drought-stricken area of this year, past years have shown that the soil produces wonderfully well and even this year, with modern methods, known as "dry-farming," good crops were harvested. The large number of Americans who during the past sixteen years have been attracted to Canada have not gone simply because of the advertising of that country, but because their friends and their old-time neighbors have done well there, and with careful and judicious farming almost everyone has done well.

As a result of the great influx of immigration the open or prairie homesteading area is being rapidly taken up. The fact that this is so is evidence that Western Canada lands are productive, and on these open lands today are to be seen the homes of successful farmers from almost every state in the Union. They have earned their patents and now own outright their 160 acres of land, together probably with an adjoining 160 acres, which they have purchased or preempted, all of which is worth from \$25 to \$30 per acre. They originally started by growing grains together, but they found that they could secure a better price for much of their grain by feeding it to hogs and cattle, and the most successful ones are those who have followed this course.

But to meet the wants of the newcomer a new homestead area has been opened up, known as the "park country." In this park country are to be found beautiful groves of poplar and willow, small lakes and streams, with sufficient open area to enable one to go into immediate cultivation of crop, and in due time when they wish more land to be put under cultivation, they may at small cost cut down some of the groves, which in the meantime have been valuable in providing fuel and in giving shelter to cattle.

Notwithstanding the high character of the open prairie lands and the fact that farmers there have realized it a splendid way, there is the opinion backed up by a lot of experience that this parklike country contains soil even better than that of the open area referred to.

The opportunities, therefore, for money making are as great today as they ever were. The opportunities for carrying on farming successfully are fully as great as they ever were. Of this park area we have an immense quantity of land yet to be settled. It is true that the railroads have not yet penetrated these districts to the extent that they have the open area, but this will come and as settlements advance, so will railroads build. For the present there is a temporary lull in railroad building, but it is always the case that where there is a demand there will come a supply, and it will not be long before the park country will be penetrated by railroads that will give sufficient accommodation for all needs, but to those who prefer it there are lots of opportunities for purchasing land nearer towns and villages and at low prices and on easy terms.

Whether one cares to purchase or homestead it can better be done by paying a visit to the country and it will repay you to spend some little time visiting the different districts—Advertisement.

### Sufficient.

The discontinuance of the custom of embracing and kissing among royal cousins suggests that a sufficient salutation for all the purposes of courtesy—Washington Star.

### Hopelessly Out of Date.

Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack? Jack—Yes; but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper.—The Music Trade.

### Has to Be an Actor.

"There is no reason for mentioning your name," said the eminent player. "You are a press agent; not an actor." "Believe me," replied Mr. Boonstou, "a press agent has to be some actor to convince a star that he believes all the things he hammers out on the typewriter."—Advertisement.

### Brain Workers' Fatigue.

Tests of blood pressure in various forms of fatigue have shown that brain workers are more really fatigued than physical toilers.

# The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Fighting Fool," "Hidden Waters," "The Tactician," Etc.

Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Murray

## CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"Who is that man?" asked Gracia as she reined in at his side. "Do you know him?"

"Sure do!" responded Hooker joyfully. "He's the best friend I got in Mexico!"

"Kai, Amigo!" he bellowed, as the Yaqui came quartering down the hill, apparently oblivious of the oncoming pursuers, he rode out of the trail to meet him. They shook hands and Amigo flashed his familiar smile, glancing shyly over the horse's back at the daughter of the Aragon.

"I knew the horse," he explained, with a gentle caress for Copper Bottom. "My people—up there—kill Mexicans! Where you go?"

"North—to the line," answered Bud, pointing up the pass.

"May malo!" frowned the Yaqui, glancing once more at the woman behind. "Muchos revoltosos!"

"Where?" asked Bud.

"Everywhere!" replied Amigo with a comprehensive wave of the hand. "But no matter," he added simply. "I will go with you. Who are these horsemen behind?"

"Rurales!" responded Hooker, and the Yaqui's black eyes dilated.

"Yes," nodded Bud as he read the swift question in their glance. "He is there, too—Del Rey!"

"Que bueno!" exclaimed the Indian, fixing his eagle glance upon the riders. He showed his white teeth in a smile. In an instant he saw his opportunity, he saw his enemy riding into a trap, and turned his face to the pass.

What Amigo had waited for, the opportunity he had watched for, was at hand. Del Rey should pay the price of that scar the Yaqui carried. Not again would the bullet go astray, and his people should have one less Mexican to fight after that day. The hatred of generations lay behind the thoughts of the Indian. He cared nothing for the grievance of the girl, and he would not kill Del Rey for that, but for his own reasons.

"Come!" he said, laying hold of a litig strap, and as Hooker loped on the steady incline he ran along at his stirrup. In his right hand he still carried the heavy Mauser, but his sandaled feet bore him forward with tireless strides and only the heaving of his mighty chest told the story of the pace.

"Let me take your gun," suggested Hooker, as they set off on their race, but Amigo in his warrior's pride only shook his head and motioned him on and on. So at last they gained the rugged summit, where the granite ribs of the mountain crop up through the sands of the wash and the valley slopes away to the north. To the south was Del Rey, still riding after them, but Amigo beckoned Bud beyond the reef and looked out to the north.

"Revoltosos!" he exclaimed, pointing a sun-blackened hand at a distant ridge. "Revoltosos!" he said again, waving his hand to the east. "Here," waving toward the west, "no!"

"Do you know that country?" inquired Hooker, nodding at the great plain with its chains of parallel Sierras, but the Indian shook his head.

"No," he said; "but the best way is straight for that pass."

He pointed at a distant wedge cut down between the blue of two ridges, and scanned the eastern hills intently. "Men!" he cried, suddenly indicating the sky-line of the topmost ridge. "I think they are revoltosos," he added gravely. "They will soon cross your trail."

before him, where Del Rey came galloping in the lead.

"You go now!" he said, speaking with an effort, and Hooker understood. There was no love, no hate left in that mighty carcass—he was all warrior, all Yaqui, and he wanted Del Rey to himself.

"We'll be going," Hooker said to Gracia, returning swiftly, and his subdued tones made her start. She felt, as one feels at a funeral, the hovering wings of death, yet she vaulted into her saddle and left her thoughts unaid.

They rode on down the valley, spurring yet holding back, and then with a



The Heavy Mauser Spoke Out—One Shot!

roar that made them jump the heavy Mauser spoke out—one shot! And no more. There was a hush, a long wait, and Amigo rose slowly from behind his rock.

"God!" exclaimed Hooker, as he caught the pose, and his voice sounded a requiem for Manuel del Rey.

Then, as Gracia crossed herself and fell to sobbing, he leaned forward in his saddle and they galloped away.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Though men may make a jest of it in books, it is a solemn thing to kill a man, even to be near when one is killed. If Gracia had slain Del Rey herself in a passion her hot blood might have buoyed her up, but now her whole nature was convulsed with the horror of it and she wilted like a flower.

An hour before she had burned with hatred of him, she had wished him dead and sought the man who would kill him. Now that his life had been snipped off between two heartbeats she remembered him with pity and muttered a prayer for his soul. For Hooker, for De Lancey she had no thought, but only for the dashing young captain who had followed her to his death.

Of this Bud had no knowledge. He realized only that she was growing weaker, and that he must call a halt, and at last, when the walls of their pass had widened and they rode out into the open plain, he turned aside from the trail and drew rein by a clump of mesquit.

"Here, let me take you," he said, as she averted uncertainly in the saddle. She slid down into his arms and he laid her gently in the shade.

"Poor girl," he muttered, "it's been too much for you. I'll get some water, and pretty soon you can eat."

He unsung the canteen from his saddle-flap, gave her a drink, and left her to herself, glancing swiftly along the horizon as he tied out their mounts to graze. But for her faintness he would have pushed on farther, for he had seen men off to the east; but hunger and excitement had told upon her even more than the day-and-night ride.

For a woman, and sitting a side-saddle, she had done better than he had hoped; and yet—well, it was a long way to the border and he doubted if she could make it. She lay still in the shade of the mesquit, just as he had placed her, and when he brought the sack of food she did not raise her head.

"Better eat something," he suggested, spreading out some bread and dried beef. "Here's some oranges I got from Don Juan—I'll just put them over here for you."

Gracia shuddered, sighing wearily. Then, as if his words had hurt her, she covered her face and wept.

"Why, no!" he protested. "Sure not! What made you think that?"

"Why—you rode over and spoke to him—and he looked at me—and then—he—killed him!"

"I reckon I don't understand what you're driving at," he said at last. "Wish you'd eat something—you'll feel better."

"No, I won't eat!" she declared, sitting up and frowning. "Mr. Hooker," she went on very miserably, "what did you mean this morning when you—laughed! I said I hated poor Manuel—and you said—well, what you did—and you laughed! Did you think—oh, you couldn't have—that I really wanted him killed?"

"Why, sure not!" cried Hooker heartily. "I knowed you was fooling! Didn't I laugh at you? Say, what kind of a feller do you think I am, anyway? D'ye think I'd get an Indian to do my killing?"

"Oh, then didn't you?" she cried, suddenly brightening up. "You know, you talk so rough sometimes—and I never do know what you mean! You said you guessed you'd have to kill him for me, you know, and—oh, it was too awful! I must be getting foolish, I'm so tired out, but—what did you tell that Indian?"

Bud glanced at her sharply for a moment and then decided to humor her. Perhaps, if he could get her quieted, she would stop talking and begin to eat.

"He asked me who was after us," he said, "and I told him it was Del Rey." "Yes, and what did he say then?"

"He didn't say nothing—just lined out for the pass."

"And didn't you say you wanted—him—killed?"

"No!" burst out Bud, half angrily. "Haven't I told you once? I did not! That Indian had reasons of his own, believe me—he's got a scar along his ribs where Del Rey shot him with a six-shooter! And, furthermore," he added, as her face cleared at this explanation of the mystery, "you'd better try to take me at my word for the rest of this trip! Looks to me like you've been associating with these Mexicans too much!"

"Why, what do you mean?" she demanded curtly.

"I mean this," answered Hooker, "being as we're on the subject again. Ever since I've known you you've been talking about brave men and all that; and here's once you've hinted that I wasn't brave because I wouldn't fight."

"I'd just like to tell you, to put your mind at rest, that my father was a sergeant in the Texas rangers and no hundred Mexicans was ever able to make him crawl. He served for ten years on the Texas border and never turned his back to no man—let alone a Mex. I was brought up by him to be peaceable and quiet, but don't you never think, because I run away from Manuel del Rey, that I was afraid to face him."

He paused and regarded her intently, and her eyes fell before his.

"You must excuse me," she said, looking wistfully away. "I did not—I did not understand. And so the poor Yaqui was only avenging an injury?" she went on, reaching out one slender hand toward the food. "Ah, I can understand it now—he looked so savage and fierce. But"—she paused again, set back by a sudden thought—"didn't you know he would kill him?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Hooker quietly, "I did."

"Then—then why didn't you?"

"That was between them two," he replied doggedly. "Del Rey shot him once when he was wounded and left him for dead. He must have killed some of his people, too; his wife begged, for all I know. He never would talk about it, but he come back to get his revenge. I don't shoot no man from cover myself, but that ain't it—it was between them two."

"And you?" she suggested. "If you had fought Del Rey?"

"I would have met him in the open," said Hooker.

"Oh, now you make me jealous," she pouted. "If I were only a Yaqui—and big and black—"

"Never mind," defended Bud. "He was a true friend, all right, and true friends, believe me, are scarce."

There was a shade of bitterness in his voice that did not escape her, and she was careful not to allude to Phil. His name, like the name of her father, always drove this shy man to silence, and she wanted to make him talk.

"Then you ought to be friends with me," she chided, after a silence. "I have always wanted to be your friend—why will you never allow it? No, but really! Haven't I always shown it? I remember now the first time that I saw you—I was looking through my hole among the passion-flowers and you saw me with your keen eyes. Phil did not—but he was there. And you just looked at me once—and looked away. Why did you never respond when I came there to look for you? You would just ride by and look at me once, and even Phil never knew."

"No," agreed Bud, smiling quietly. "He was crazy to see you, but he rode right by, looking at the windows and such."

"The first time I met him," mused Gracia. "I asked about you. Did he ever tell you?"

Bud hung his head and grinned sheepishly. It was not difficult to make out a case against him.

And so Gracia had not wanted Del Rey killed as he thought she did. She was not the vicious woman he had thought her for a time. She was just the gentle, noble girl he had sworn to protect and conduct across the border to her fiancé. Again came the desire to claim her, but there was not only Phil to be thought of but the fitness of himself to be the mate of this woman.

"Is it something I have done?" she asked at last. "Is that why you never liked me? Now, Mr. Hooker, please speak to me! And why do you always sit so far away—are you afraid of me? But look"—she moved closer to him—"here we are alone, and I am not afraid of you!"

"Of course not," answered Bud, looking across at her boldly. "Why should you be—you ain't afraid of nothing!"

"Is that a compliment?" she demanded eagerly. "Oh, then I'm so happy—it's the first you ever paid me! But have I been brave," she beamed, "so far? Have I been brave, like a man?"

"Sure have!" remarked Hooker impersonally, "but we ain't there yet. Only thing I don't like about you is you don't eat enough. Say, don't pick up them crumbs—let me save off some more of this jerked beef for you. Can't nobody be brave when they're hungry, you know, and I want to bring you in safe."

"Why?" she inquired, as she accepted the handful of meat. "Is it on Phil's account?" she ventured, as he sat gazing stolidly at the horse.

"You were such friends, weren't you?" she went on innocently. "Oh, that is why I admire the Americans so much—they are so true to each other!"

"Yes," observed Hooker, rolling his eyes on her. "We're fine that way!"

"Well, I mean it!" she insisted, as she read the irony in his glance.

"Sure! So do I!" answered Hooker, and Gracia continued her meal in silence.

"My!" she said at last; "this meat is good! Tell me, how did you happen to have it on your saddle? We left so suddenly, you know!"

She gazed up at him demurely, curious to see how he would evade this evidence that he had prepared in advance for their ride. But once more, as he had always done, Hooker eluded the cunningly laid snare.

"I was figuring on pulling out myself," he replied ingeniously.

"What? And not take me?" she cried. "Oh, I thought—but dear me, what is the use?"

her smile as honestly; "don't you worry none about me—I like you fine."

He slipped away at this, grinning to himself, and sat down to watch the plain. All about him lay the waving grass land, tracked up by the hoofs of cattle that had vanished in the track of war. In the distance he could see the line of a fence and the ruins of a house. The trail which he had followed led on and on to the north. But all the landscape was vacant, except for his grazing horses. Above the mountains the midday thunder-caps were beginning to form; the air was very soft and warm, and—He woke up suddenly to find his head on his knees.

"Ump-um-m," he muttered, rising up and shaking himself resolutely, "this won't do—that sun is making me sleepy."

He paced back and forth, smoking fiercely at brown-paper cigarettes, and still the sleep came back. The thunder-clouds over the mountains rose higher and turned to black; they let down skirts and fringes and sudden stabs of lightning, while the wind sucked in from the south. And then, with a slash of rain, the shower was upon them.

At the first big drops Gracia stirred uneasily in her sleep. She started up as the storm burst over them; then, as Bud picked up the saddle-blankets and spread them over her, she drew him down beside her and they sat out the storm together. But it was more to them than a sharing of cover, a patient enduring of the elements, and the sweep of wind and rain. When they rose up there was a bond between them and they thrust and parried no more.

They were friends, there in the rush of falling water and the crash of lightning overhead. When the storm was over and the sun came out they smiled at each other contentedly without fear of what such smiles may mean.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

As the sun, after a passing storm, comes forth all the more gloriously, so the joy of their new-found friendship changed the world for Bud and Gracia. The rainbow that glowed against the retreating clouds held forth more than a promise of sunshine for them, and they conversed only of pleasant things as they rode on up the trail.

The dangers that still lay between them and the border seemed very remote now, and neither gave them a thought. There was no one in all the wide world but just these two, this man and woman who had found themselves.

Twenty miles ahead lay the northern pass, and from there it was ten more to Gadsden, but they spoke neither of the pass nor of Gadsden nor of who would be awaiting them there. Their talk was like that of children, inconsequential and happy. They told of the times when they had seen each other, and what they had thought; of the days of their childhood, before they had met at Fortuna; of hopes and fears and thwarted ambitions and all the young dreams of life.

Bud told of his battle-scarred father and their ranch in Arizona; of his mother and horse-breaking brothers, and his wanderings through the West; Gracia of her mother, with nothing of her father, and how she had flirted in order to be sent to school where she could gaze upon the upstanding Americans. Only Bud thought of the trail and scanned the horizon for rebels, but he seemed more to seek her eyes than to watch for enemies and death.

They rode on until the sun sank low and strange tracks struck their trail from the east. Bud observed that the horses were shod, and more tracks of mounted men came in beyond. He turned sharply toward the west and followed a rocky ledge to the hills, without leaving a hoof-print to mark the way of their retreat.

Those hoof prints brought Bud back from the land of dreams in which he had been wandering to a realization of the dangers that lurked about them. But a little way ahead was the pass they must cross, and he suddenly realized that they could not safely do so in the broad light of day. He must not take such chances of losing his new found happiness.

## Says Moon Is Oval Shaped.

Astronomers will await with interest details of the "experiment" carried out by Professor Stratton at Bologna by which he claims to have demonstrated that the moon is oval shaped.

The moon is more easily measured than any other heavenly body, but though it has been measured thousands of times no difference has been detected between its polar and equatorial diameters. A clergyman recently put forward the theory that the side of the moon always turned away from the earth is of the same size and shape as the great pyramid which, according to Revelations, forms the "New Jerusalem." Eventually, so asserts the author of the theory, the moon will fall on the earth, and the hemisphere turned earthward will bury itself in our planet, while the pyramidal New Jerusalem will project above the rack and ruin of the elements as the Celestial City, where the faithful are to spend eternity.

This remarkable lunar theory has been published with a preface by the bishop of Exeter.

## Spoiled the Effect.

"What's the matter?" a colleague asked of the advertising manager. "Matter enough. The fools have placed Mrs. Soprano's testimonial for a cold cure on the same page with the announcement that she had a sore throat and couldn't sing."—Topeka Journal.



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

A Mistake. Wife—James, you are going out without your muffler. Autoist—I cut it out.

Be happy. Use Red Cross Ball Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the hundreds. All grocers. Adv.

This is the land of the free, but don't try to get too free with some people.

Why should a girl scream after the kies has been stolen?

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. For 21 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the value by having his name and the retail price stamped on the sole before the shoes leave the factory. This protects the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes of other makes. W. L. Douglas shoes are always worth what you pay for them. If you could see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, and the high grade materials used, you would understand why they look better, fit better, hold their shape, and wear longer than any other make for the price. If the W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes sent everywhere. Postage free in the U. S. Write for illustrated catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 239 South St., Brockton, Mass.

A GOOD COMPLEXION GUARANTEED. USE ZONA POMADE the beauty powder compressed with healing agents, you will never be annoyed by pimples, blackheads or facial blemishes. If not satisfied after thirty days' trial your dealer will exchange for 50c in other goods. Zona has satisfied for twenty years—try it at our risk. At dealers or mailed, 50c. ZONA COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS.

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



They Thrust and Parried No More.



# Shoes

AT COST

We are closing out our shoe business and will positively sell what shoes we have left at actual cost. We may not be able to fit you but it will pay you to come and see.

We have just received a nice line of men and boy's work shirts, underwear, socks, etc.

## Our Grocery Department

Always complete. We carry everything in the staple and fancy line at meet other prices. All we ask of you to try us. A big shipment of that good Panhandle flour and it is just as cheap as any you can buy.

## C. A. Cash & Son

Fresh bread at the Eagle Cafe.  
School supplies at Earps'.

W. C. Phillips is among our subscription renewals.

M. D. Bentley will load out a car of turkeys today and tomorrow.

Carving sets at McLean Hdw. Co.

W. R. Patterson visited the court-rooms this week.

P. F. Gadenhire has been visiting at Clewden this week.

M. V. Vermillion has our thanks for subscription renewal.

Hot Chile and Irish Stew at all hotels at the Eagle Cafe.

F. J. O'Dell made an overland trip to Shamrock Sunday.

Wm. Robinson of Alanreed was here with a load of hogs Saturday.

All my candies are fresh and they are at COST for cash only. Exp.

I will call on and deliver your laundry. H. F. Lankford.

Hulon Collier of Groom visited with home folks here Saturday and Sunday.

Five thousand Cornsams dying daily for their own food. Fruits, candies, nuts, etc., at Earps'.

The Mothers Club will meet this afternoon at the school building.

Rev. H. A. Goodwin of Shamrock visited here the first of the week.

The PUBLIC is hereby warned not to purchase candies, etc., until they have looked at Jeff's line up.

F. M. Fullmer returned the first of the week from a trip to New Mexico.

For Sale—Wagon in fairly good repair. No reasonable offer will be refused. Call at News office.

County Clerk Upham was among the business visitors here the first of the week.

S. C. Ridings of Amarillo has been here this week the guest of his daughter, Mrs. George Hayden.

For first class cleaning and pressing see H. F. Lankford at the Ever-Ready Shop.

Dr. J. A. Hall of Shamrock is here this week looking after his professional business.

W. O. Mathis has been spending a few days in Amarillo on business this week.

Your choice of any hat left at the millinery store for \$1.50. Children's hats 50 cents.

J. C. Pearce of Pinedale was a business visitor here the first of the week.

Bon Fogg is a new reader of the News, having had his name enrolled on our subscription list.

G. F. Green handed us a dollar and asked that his credit be pushed up another year.

For Sale—A good cooking stove and also a fireless cooker. Cheap. Mrs. R. E. Dorsey.

Homer Crabtree and W. C. Foster each shipped out a car of hogs Saturday.

A. E. Gething of the Northfork country was a business visitor here Saturday.

J. R. Hindman has purchased a new Ford (automobile) and taken his place among the idle rich.

R. C. Jordan is building a big roomy barn on his place west of town.

Mrs. Eva Enochshire of Plainview is visiting at the home of her uncle, F. M. Fullmer.

Mrs. J. T. Howell is enjoying a visit from her sister, Miss Maggie Merrill of Dallas, who will be here until after the holidays.

Give me your order for Christmas jewelry, anything you want will be sent on approval. Terry Hudgins, Clark, Okla.

The O'Dell has recently had a big order of nice stationery printed showing a handsome picture of the hotel.

Peace Maker Flour—a car unloaded this week. Also nice plenty of nice new cran.—Bundy-Hodges.

Jeff Earp is forced to pay war tax on cigars, tobacco and chewing gum, but they cost you no more. Give us a trial.

W. H. Barnes has been enjoying a visit from his brother, A. R. Barnes, a wealthy publisher and prominent citizen of Chicago.

There will be a play at the auditorium next Friday (18th) night given by students of the high school, admission 15 and 25 cents.

Tillman Sugg has sold his farm southwest of town to J. T. Glas and making arrangements to go to Montana for the winter.

The best bed springs ever brought to McLean in years guaranteed. Something New.—Bundy-Hodges.

John Haynes returned the latter part of last week from a short business trip to Plainview and other south plains points.

A shipment of Barnsley Bros. Cutlery just received, all hand forged, it cannot be beat. McLean Hdw. Co.

Mrs. J. R. Hindman has had the News and Semi-Weekly News sent to Joe Hindman and her father, J. S. Joe.

I am prepared to take care of your shoe orders and will give you the best of service. Eagle Cafe, J. A. LeBlanc, Prop.

The Overton Hardware Co. is having a cheap sale on glass windows and doors today. Any article you desire a nice Christmas gift and a lot more about our bulk the regular prices.

EL MATE at EARPS. 5c.

That South American tang in

## EL MATE

Will please you. At Earps. 5c

The Methodist Conference convened at Sweetwater on the 9th and will be in session all the week. It is hoped that Rev. Howell will be returned to this charge.

Just received the swellest bunch of neck ties we have ever had the pleasure of showing, also added a line of mens collars.—Bundy-Hodges.

For Sale or Trade—2 room house with two acres of land in East McLean. Will sell cheap or trade for stock. Enquire of G. F. Geren, McLean, Texas.

T. N. Holloway has recently purchased the residence of Val Herrmann in the north part of town and will make his home there for the present.

We are daily expecting a shipment of Oil Heaters, that are absolutely guaranteed to give satisfaction, ask about about them. McLean Hdw. Co.

Twenty-two people from Groom were here Sunday. And a large number of them were here for the ball game Saturday and remained over.

Buy an All Cotton Mattress while they are cheap. 35 pound roll edge, biscuit, suit \$6.00. A better grade in felt layer, 40 pounds, \$7.00.—Bundy-Hodges.

J. C. Wall and family left the first of the week for Wellington where they will make their home in the future, the former having purchased a moving picture business there.

For Sale—Sam Chambers property. Good place in west part of town, \$250.00 down, balance in monthly payments of \$15.00 per month. See J. H. Chambers.

Ed Mabry, a former resident of McLean but now of Arkansas, spent several days here this week looking after business matters and visiting with his nephew, Herman Mabry.

Found—Bay work horse about 16 hands high and about 12 years old. Both hind feet white, white streak in face. Owner can find and get him at Russell's wagon yard by paying charges.

Sheriff W. S. Copeland was here from the county capital yesterday. He called at the News office and had the paper sent to his mother, Mrs. J. L. Copeland at Weatherford, Texas.

Silverware for Christmas, knives and forks, tea and table spoons, gravy ladles, butter knives, child's silverware, and pie plates and they are guaranteed for 50 years. Call and make your selection early before the stock is broken. McLean Hdw. Co.

Wm. T. Henry is home from Houston for a holiday visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Henry. The young man has been at Houston for the past two years and is engaged in a very successful grocery business. His many friends are glad to see him again.

The women of the town are getting up a box of good warm clothing to send to the suffering women and children of Belgium. Every woman's clean garment you can spare will be acceptable and you can send it to the News office. Call on our office also acceptable. Mrs. F. H. Pate and she will put it in the right channel.

Study Club With Mrs. Boyett.

The Study Club met Friday afternoon of last week with Mrs. S. E. Boyett, a representative number being present. The subject of the lesson was "The European War" and was ably conducted by Mrs. Boyett. A number of splendid papers were read followed by an interesting round table discussion. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. R. E. Dorsey on New Year's Day and will be in charge of Miss McCurdy.

Mrs. J. S. Mousse is a new member of the club.  
Read The McLean News.

# Program

FOR THE

## Gray County Teachers' Institute

McLEAN, TEXAS

DECEMBER 28th, 1914

Monday a. m.

America ..... Led by Miss Floyd  
Opening Exercise and Talk ..... Rev. J. T. Howell  
Address of Welcome ..... H. A. Glass  
Response ..... S. V. Shultz  
Chapters 1 and 2 McMurry's "How to Study and Teaching How to Study" ..... W. C. Cantrell

Monday p. m.

Olk Folks at Home ..... Led by Miss Hendrick  
Chapter 3 "How to Study etc." ..... B. M. Giles  
Reading in the Primary Grades ..... Miss Bessie Brown and Miss Fannie Boyles  
The Teaching of English ..... Miss Jessie McBee  
Teaching Mental Arithmetic ..... W. W. Wilson

Tuesday a. m.

Old Black Joe ..... Led by Mrs. Oma Potts  
Opening Exercise and Talk ..... Rev. R. F. Hamilton  
Chapter 4 "How to Study etc." ..... W. W. Wilson  
Sanitation ..... S. V. Shultz  
Physical Geography ..... W. D. Biggers  
Conditions of the School of Gray County and the Reforms That Are Needed ..... Hon. Siler Faulkner

Tuesday p. m.

My Old Kentucky Home ..... Led by Miss Mable Westbrook  
Chapter 5 "How to Study, etc." ..... Olive D. Haynes  
Literature Selected from "The Lady of the Lake" ..... H. A. Glass  
Method in Teaching Geography ..... Miss Mamye Renshaw  
The Development of the Public School in America ..... Miss Elrod Grundy

Wednesday a. m.

Annie Laurie ..... Led by Miss Jessie McBee  
Opening Exercise and Talk ..... Rev. S. R. Jones  
Chapter 5 "How to Study, etc." ..... Miss Jennie Mood  
Domestic Science ..... Miss Winnie Floyd  
Agriculture ..... W. D. Biggers and A. F. Bates

Wednesday p. m.

Tenting In The Old Camp Ground ..... Led by Miss Mary Goodfellow  
Chapter 7 "How to Study, etc." ..... Miss Blannie Reeves  
Method in Intermediate Reading ..... Mrs. Sussie Guill and W. C. Cantrell  
The Teaching of History ..... Miss Chlora Stovall and Miss Kendrick

Thursday a. m.

Auld Lang Syne ..... W. D. Biggers  
Chapter 7 "How to Study etc." ..... Miss Mary Goodfellow  
Civics—Its Importance as a Branch of Study and a Method of Presenting It ..... Miss Hazell Roberts and S. V. Shultz  
Daily Preparation ..... Miss Myrtle McMurry and Miss Jessie McBee

Thursday p. m.

Home Sweet Home ..... Miss Mamie Hardin  
Chapter 9 "How to Study, etc." ..... Walter D. Hardin  
Yard Duty ..... Miss Mable Westbrook and Miss Mamie Hardin  
Physiology ..... Verlie Burum  
Sent Work in Primary grades ..... Mrs. Oma Potts  
Numbers in Primary Grades ..... Miss Fannie Boyles

Friday a. m.

Massa's In The Cold, Cold Ground ..... Led by Mrs. L. C. Catlin  
Chapter 10 "How to Study, etc." ..... Vlasta E. Krizan  
How to Build Up a High School in a Small Town ..... H. V. Shultz  
Qualifications of High School Teachers ..... W. C. Cantrell and A. F. Bates  
Tardies Among Teachers and Pupils ..... Mrs. L. C. Catlin and W. W. Wilson.

Friday p. m.

BUSINESS SESSION

All teachers who have contracted to teach in this county must attend the Institute the full time or forfeit their salaries for the week and run the risk of losing their positions. All are required to be in attendance, to be on time and take part in the work of the Institute.

Teachers should provide themselves with McMurry's "How to Study and Teaching How to Study," Santher School Book Depository, Dallas, Texas.

Respectfully,  
SILER FAULKNER,  
County Superintendent.

# Have You 12 Friends

Each one of them would like your photo for Christmas. You could not give them a more appropriate present, or one that would be more appreciated. A dozen high grade photos, specially mounted in the latest style, from \$1.00 to 10.00.

Arrange for your sitting now and we will have more time in which to give you the best in photographic arts.

Willis Brothers Photographers

# NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



## How the Chief Justice Finally Gained Entrance

WASHINGTON.—It was the voice of the chief justice of the United States. There was no response. The chief justice stood before the huge, bronze, barred doors of the Pan-American building. The chief justice waited in dignified silence for the doors to be swung open, but the doors did not move. They were locked and double bolted. It was nine o'clock at night. A chill breeze blew up across the Mall from the river, fanning the swallow-tails of the chief justice's evening coat. All the associate justices of the Supreme court stood silently behind the chief justice, watching their chief hopefully. It was absolutely imperative that they gain entrance, for they were to give a reception in that very building to the members of the American Bar association, and the reception was scheduled to begin in a few minutes.



The chief justice merely shouted: "Open up." Somebody snickered, but nobody answered the summons. The associate justices grew uneasy and shifted from foot to foot. Inside, through the bars of the big bronze doors, was a scene of light and cheer. Men in evening garb stood chatting gayly, awaiting the arrival of the Supreme court. The chief justice looked about for a knocker. There was none. He peeped here and there for a door bell. There was none. Suddenly he discovered he held a cane in his hand. He raised the cane menacingly. Once again his order rang out in the night air: "Open up." Bang! Bang! Bang!!! It was the turrel of the chief justice's cane against that valuable plate glass. Instantly there was a commotion inside. No less than half a dozen uniformed servants dashed toward the door to save that plate glass. But the chief justice did not see the commotion and his cane banged loudly against the plate glass until it seemed the glass surely must yield and shatter into bits. Then, the glass doors were swung open, the bolts on the bronze doors were shot, locks were turned and wide swung the great bronze doors to admit the chief justice of the United States.

## Chief Little Bears Promises to Remain Neutral

THE secretary of the interior has received a letter from Little Bears, the chief of a roving band of Indians known throughout the far West as the "Rocky Mountain Boys," in which he gives assurances to the federal government that "his forces will remain absolutely neutral during the present war in Europe." Newspapers are not delivered regularly in the neighborhoods which Little Bears frequents, and it seems evident that somebody with high ability in descriptive language must have told him about the quantity and quality of the fighting now going on. Little Bears has a local reputation as a man unafraid of anybody in the world, but it appears that he is not ignorant of the limitations of his own forces; he must have been thoroughly impressed with the scale of the European war, for he lost no time in sending his letter to Washington.



It is said that Secretary Lane immediately submitted the communication to President Wilson, who asked that Little Bears be thanked for his patriotic attitude. That a roving band of North American Indians should be so deeply impressed by the kind of fighting which goes on day after day on the European battle grounds is pretty strong evidence that the ordinary noncombatant living in Washington, for instance, has full justification for his attitude of blank dismay at the enormity of the field operations.

## Just as Easy as Burying a Politician, Said Taft

FORMER PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT proved the other day that he has lost none of his physical strength in the time he has been away from Washington. Mr. Taft was honored by the Chevy Chase club, which purchased an oak tree to be planted by the former chief executive. The tree was five feet tall, and required a large space for the roots, but Mr. Taft handled the spade with ease, and it took him less than five minutes to level the ground after the oak had been placed in position.



"It's as easy as burying a politician," he declared, as he smoothed the earth admiringly after the task had been completed. Mr. Taft thanked the members of the club for the honor they had bestowed upon him, and declared he was happy upon his return to Washington to find that he had not been forgotten by his associates while here. During his administration Mr. Taft spent a great deal of time at the Chevy Chase club, where he was seen regularly upon the links. "The Chevy Chase club," he said, "is doing a vast amount of work for which it is not given credit." His remark that the expansive grounds offer "a safety valve to politicians who cannot give expression to their sudden emotions in public places" brought a chorus of laughter.

## President Wilson Has Supplanted Niagara Falls

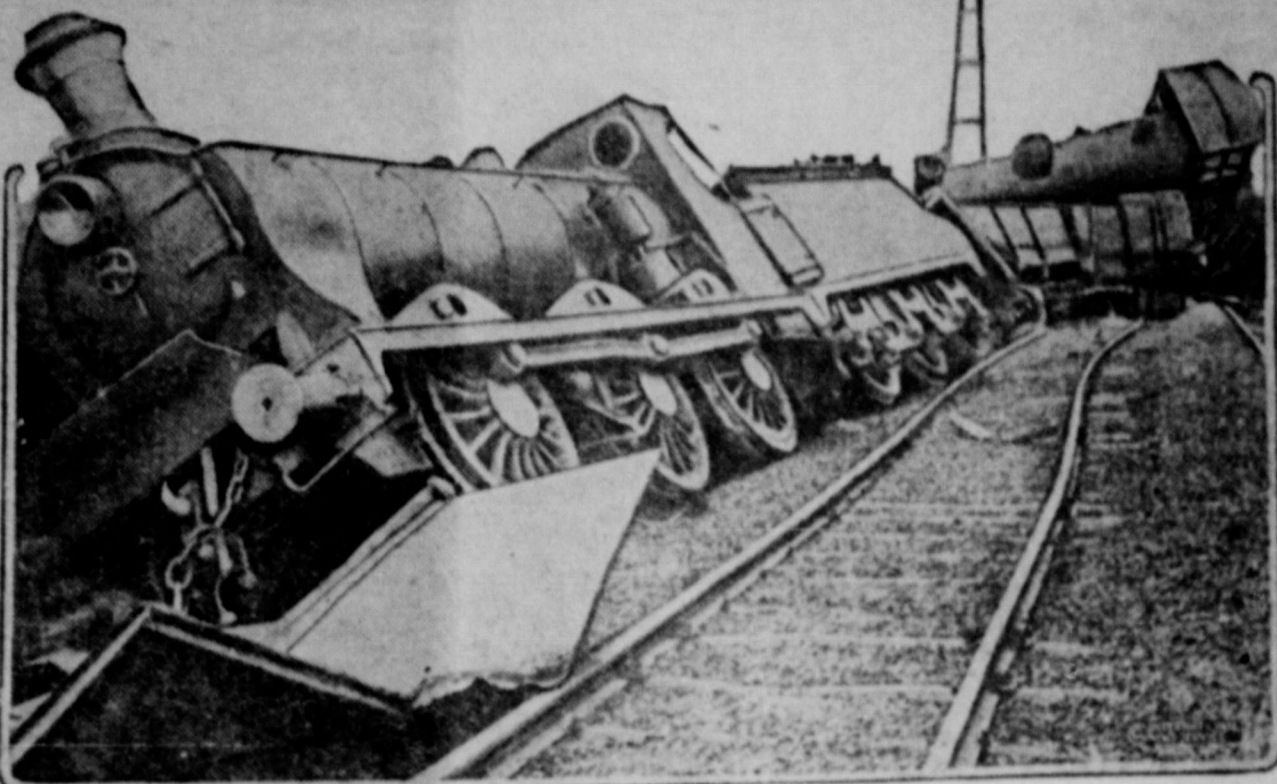
FOR many years it was customary for Englishmen on meeting an American tourist for the first time to open the conversation with: "From America, eh? You must be very proud of your Niagara falls?"

This was considered quite the proper thing, and highly complimentary, since Niagara falls was the only thing that England did not have which excelled anything America had, in the Britisher's opinion. Ed Kenna, former Missourian and former vice-president of the Santa Fe railroad, but a resident of France and England for the past 14 years, tells a new one on the Englishman. Kenna is a neighbor of Kipling in Sussex, and the two are great friends. Kenna and Kipling were in conversation one day, with America and Americans for the theme. Something said by Kipling, who has a fondness for both, led Kenna to remark: "Yes, for years and years you Englishmen, in the preliminaries following an introduction to an American, would ask that question about Niagara falls. Now you say, on being introduced to an American: 'You must be very proud of your Woodrow Wilson, eh, what?'" Woodrow Wilson seems to have succeeded Niagara falls in your estimation."



Senator Clarke of Arkansas is the fastest talker the United States senate probably has ever seen. When he speaks the stenographers bend over double and their hands fly from page to page like lightning. They tell a story of an expert stenographer who was employed during a political rush. The stenographer was called in by the senator for a long letter. Several moments later he came out. He was perspiring freely. "I quit," he announced to the room generally "when it comes to taking dictation from a gaiting gun."

## WILD TRAIN AIMED AT THE GERMANS



These engines and cars, loaded with sandbags, were let loose by the Belgians on the railroad tracks leading from Malines and started for the German camp under full steam. The Germans, however, saw them in time and wrecked them.

## EARL'S DAUGHTER NURSING THE WOUNDED



Lady Dorothy Fielding (left), daughter of the earl of Denbigh, tending soldiers wounded in the fighting near Ghent.

## FIGHTING FROM AN ARMORED TRAIN



Belgian sharpshooters firing on the Germans from one of the armored trains that have been so useful to the allies in the fighting in the region about Ypres.

## U. S. BILLIONS AT STAKE

Far-Reaching Effect of the War on Trade Shown in Consular Reports.

Possibilities of the far-reaching effect of the European war upon American trade are indicated in a review of consular reports published by the department of commerce. Of the \$3,000,000,000 worth of foreign products bought by Great Britain in 1912, the United States furnished 20 per cent, while America's share of Germany's \$2,500,000,000 worth of imports was 15 per cent. Eleven per cent of \$1,500,000,000 of products bought by France came from the United States. To what extent trade has been interrupted by the war will be determined in a measure when the details of Austria's exports are compiled later this month. The total value of the exports was \$1,100,000,000, compared with \$137,000,000 one year ago. What part of that decrease was caused by war has not been worked out. Other nations involved in the European conflict buy much of their imports from the United States. Eight per cent of Belgium's purchases in 1912, amounting to nearly one million dollars, came from American ports. The consular figures show that of the products worth \$368,000,000 imported into Brazil in 1912, only 15 per cent came from the United States, although 40 per cent of Brazil's exports were sent to American ports.

## Urge Vienna to Stop Frivolity

VIENNA — Archduchess Elizabeth daughter of the late Archduke Rudolph, has issued the following appeal to the women of Austria-Hungary: "Now that our brothers fight for right and liberty a no less important, serious and difficult duty is reserved for us. We must be rigorous toward ourselves, eliminating conspicuous dressing and frivolity incompatible with these serious and grave days. Let us all abandon amusements that are unsuitable in such days and devote ourselves to prayer for the success of our brothers, who are fighting for right and justice."

## TURKEY'S WAR MINISTRY



Enver Pasha, the war minister of Turkey, is said to have the upper hand in the affairs of his country at present and is believed to be responsible for the entry of Turkey into the European war as an ally of Germany.

## NAVAL GUNNER ASHORE



Gunners from the warships have been used extensively by the British in the land fighting near Ypres. One of them is here seen astride his gun on an armored train.

## To Arouse A Lazy Liver

special attention must be paid to the Stomach and Bowels for they have a direct influence on each other. You will find it a good plan to take

## HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

for a few days to help Nature restore these organs to strength & healthy activity

AVOID SUBSTITUTES

## PROPER CREDIT FOR GRANDPA

Happy Father Wanted Generous Contribution Entered Under the Proper Heading.

When Mr. Otis returned from the office one afternoon, he was met at the door by his wife, who cried, excitedly: "Oh, Herbert, love, I received a lovely letter from father today." "Yes, my dear?" queried he. "Yes, dearest," repeated Mrs. Otis, enthusiastically, "he congratulates us on the birth of our baby." "That's good," was the reply. "Yes," went on Mrs. Otis, "and he says it will cost us more to live now—that babies are expensive." "I suppose that is true, dear," assented the husband. "And, Herbert, just think!" said the wife, joyfully, "father has sent us a check for \$1,000. Isn't that just lovely of him?" "I should say it was!" said Otis. "I'll sit right down, dear, and thank him for his generous contribution to the Fresh Hair fund."

## "Queer" Money in 313 A. D.

The fact that counterfeiting in coins existed 1,000 years ago was brought to light when the University of Pennsylvania museum announced that among Egyptian relics recently purchased were three counterfeiting outfits. The molds are of brick. The plan was to make impressions of each side of a coin in soft clay and then burn the two sides. An opening was left at the top, in which molten metal was poured. The rogues flourished in the reigns of the Roman Emperors Maximus, Licinius, and Constantius, from 313 to 367 A. D.

## War and Life Insurance.

"I inquired of a man high up in the affairs of a big life insurance company whether the killing of so many soldiers will bring heavy losses upon American life insurance companies. 'Far smaller than you might think,' was his answer. 'It is true one New York company has \$400,000,000 of insurance in the countries which are at war, but the number of soldiers killed will be but a small proportion of all the people who carry insurance.'"

## Where Beauty Helps.

She—We women have to stand a lot. He—Not in the street car if you're pretty.

A debt defies all the laws of nature. The more debts are contracted the more they expand.

## DOCTOR KNEW Had Tried it Himself.

The doctor who has tried Postum knows that it is an easy, certain, and pleasant way out of the coffee habit and all of the ills following and he prescribes it for his patients as did a physician of Prospertown, N. J.

One of his patients says: "During the summer just past I suffered terribly with a heavy feeling at the pit of my stomach and dizzy feelings in my head and then a blindness would come over my eyes so I would have to sit down. I would get so nervous I could hardly control my feelings. 'Finally I spoke to our family physician about it and he asked if I drank much coffee and mother told him that I did. He told me to immediately stop drinking coffee and drink Postum in its place. So he and his family had used Postum and found it a powerful restful and delicious food-drink. 'I hesitated for a time, thinking the idea of having to give up my coffee, but finally I got a package and found it to be all the doctor said. "Since drinking Postum in place of coffee my dizziness, blindness and nervousness are all gone, my bowels are regular and I am well and strong. That is a short statement of what Postum has done for me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., Read "The Road to Wellville," 14 pp. Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 20c and 30c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

There's a Reason for Postum.—sold by Grocers.

Considering Oddities in Fur Sets



LOT of odd shapes in muffs add something to the spice of life by way of variety this season. An occasional complaint is voiced regarding too much "sameness" in gown models, and even in millinery one hears that there is a lack of variety in shapes, but in furs there is no chance for discontent on this score.

where mink skins encircle it. The narrow scarf is of the seal with mink skin decoration. Hudson seal, in broader scarfs and plainer muffs, is shown having fitch skins posed in bands on it, and this combination has proved very successful.

Shoes for the Out-of-Doors



SHOES for the promenade in fair weather and on paved walks are quite different from those that must meet sterner demands, like the tramp on country roads, rain or shine, or the daily walk to business. Now that women demand so much in appearance and have grown so discriminating as to style and fitness few shoes are designed for all-round wear.

shown in the central figure. With dull calf vamp and kid top, a slight extension sole and low heel, one can defy weather and all sorts of roads in this boot and cover good distances unconscious of feet. It laces up the front, but similar models are made to button.

Pelvic Catarrh

I Would Not Do Without Peruna.

Miss Emelle A. Haberkorn, 2251 Gravois Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "For over two years I was troubled with catarrh of the pelvic organs. I heard of Dr. Hartman's book, 'The Ills of Life.' I read it and wrote to the doctor, who answered my letter promptly. I began taking treatment as soon as possible. Tongue cannot express how I suffered. I feel grateful for what the doctor has done for me, and would not do without Peruna. I now enjoy as good health as ever. I find it has improved my health so much that I will recommend it to any one cheerfully."



Careful Dad. "We receive many queerly directed letters, of course," acknowledged a post office assistant in answer to an urgent question, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "But the queerest I ever remember having seen had an address that ran somewhat as follows: 'To my son Thomas if he is associating with decent young fellows and calling on respectable girls. If he ain't, please return to above address, because the letter has Two Dollars in it.'"

Reduction in Living Costs Made Possible by Perfect Product. The sudden and highly alarming increase in cost of food necessities such as sugar and flour, demand increased domestic economy. For farinones have not advanced with this war-time soaring of food prices.

Waste of food as well as cost of food must be considered and minimized in these days of exorbitant prices. Fortunately the greatest food waste with which the housewife has to contend—bread—can be saved by the use of Calumet Baking Powder. Calumet is an absolutely pure baking powder of absolute purity. It never fails to produce fully raised bakings that are tender and temptingly delicious. For its wonderful leavening strength never varies. It is always uniform—and always unexcelled.

NEW YORK 300 YEARS AGO

From Forest Land It Has Grown to a City of Six Million Inhabitants.

As years come and go in the twirling of this world about the sun, it was but as yesterday when Adrian Block's rude log huts were the first habitations of white men on Manhattan island, says the New York Mail. A bronze plate on the building at 45 Broadway is the token of that occupation.

A city of nearly six million people, with real estate values footing up to nearly \$10,000,000,000, has been wrought in the three intervening centuries.

Yet as we look back in the days of this tercentenary we are stirred not only by the records of growth, but by the present opportunities and responsibilities incident to the twentieth century status of the city that was born in the seventeenth.

The winter refuge of the crew of the Tiger has become the world center. Captain Block hewed timbers from the virgin forest and built a new ship, which he called the Restless. The swath that he cut was the beginning of Broadway. The name that he gave his schooner was characterized the city.

The restless energy of New York is the greatest factor in the world progress that is focused here in this young giant among the world's metropolises.

Activities of Women

Philadelphia has five women factory inspectors.

Women farm laborers in England number nearly one hundred thousand.

Over five thousand women are engaged in industry in Italy.

Over six thousand women in New York are employed as tailresses.

Canada has an active rifle association composed of women.

There are over three million widows in the United States and there is no estimate as to how many there will be in Europe after the war, but it will probably be twice as many as we have.

In Java, when a man marries, he goes to his wife's house, where the women sit in council upon all matters of importance and dictate the affairs of the home.

Widows of soldiers killed in the service of the British army will receive a pension of from five to ten shillings a week, depending upon the rank of her husband.

Mice Ate Peace Sermon.

In an address before the Men's club of the Tabernacle Christian church, according to a Columbus (Ind.) dispatch, Rev. Alexander Sharp of the Presbyterian church there, who has just returned from a two months' vacation abroad, told his audience that the last sermon he delivered to his congregation before he left was an earnest plea for universal peace.

SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mr. J. M. Sinclair of Olivehill, Tenn., writes: "I strained my back, which weakened my kidneys and caused an awful bad backache and inflammation of the bladder. Later I became so much worse that I consulted a doctor, who said that I had Diabetes and that my heart was affected. I suffered for four years and was in a nervous state and very much depressed. The doctor's medicine didn't help me, so I decided to try Dodds Kidney Pills, and I cannot say enough to express my relief and thankfulness, as they cured me. Diamond Dinner Pills cured me of Constipation."



Mr. J. M. Sinclair. "I should want no more meals," she said, when the maid brought up tea. "I shall be up for dinner. There's nothing more I want."

Then in the next breath she added: "Oh, yes, there is! I want that hot-water bottle; but that's not to eat." The cockney maid stood silent for a moment, then said gleefully, "Oh, yes, it is to eat! You want me to eat it for you!"—Youth's Companion.

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 J. C. FLETCHER in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A General Collapse.

"I hear poor Mrs. Smith was completely broken up when she tried to sing at the concert."

"So she was, poor thing! Her voice broke, her face fell, and she went all to pieces."

Try smiles for a nickel. Always Buy Red Cross Ball Blue; have beautiful clear white clothes. Adv.

It is easier to learn how to make money than how not to get rid of it.

Many a man who isn't a coward is afraid of consequences.

UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK! CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS MY WAY

Just Once! Try "Dodson's Liver Tone" When Bilious, Constipated, Headachy—Don't Lose a Day's Work.

Live up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning, because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular.



Shipping Fever

Infusions, pills, etc., epidemic, diphtheria, and all nose and throat diseases cured, and all other, no matter how "trapped," kept from having any of these diseases, with SPOHN'S LIQUID DISINFECTANT. There is no dose of often cure a case. One bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing for blood water. Acts on the blood. Use and it a bottle 50c and 10c. SPOHN'S LIQUID DISINFECTANT. Wholesale and Retail Druggists. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Galesburg, Ill., U. S. A.

SCORED ONE ON THE HOTEL

Simeon Ford Tells How He Once Entertained Guest With Lively Sense of Humor.

Simeon Ford, who accomplished the extraordinary feat of running the Grand Union hotel and being a humorist of nation-wide reputation at the same time, and, now that the hotel is defunct, is presumably turning his whole attention to the convulsing of dinner guests over their coffee, expressed himself with much modesty in reply to a question of the Boston Herald.

"I never tell stories," wrote he, "nor can I remember them." That looked damaging. But presently Mr. Ford brightened up amazingly and finished his communication in this way:

"Here is a bit of humor, however, and a true hotel happening. 'Our steward had printed on the bills of fare the following notice: 'All articles brought into the hotel and used at the table will be charged for as though furnished by the house.'"

"Some one mailed me one of these bills and under the notice he had written: 'Does this apply to false teeth?'"

Quite Simple.

"My dear major, I want to ask you a question," remarked the modest maiden to her partner as they entered the conservatory.

"A thousand if you like," replied the gallant major.

"What is a kiss?" The soldier was taken aback, but quickly pulled himself together, and firmly said, "This is."

"Sir," replied the indignant seeker after higher culture, "you misunderstand me. The interrogation I put to you was a mathematical problem which I thought might interest you."

"It does, it does," said the major, "but if it's a conundrum I give it up."

The maiden's eyes sparkled, and there was music in her voice as she threw out the answer, "Why, it's nothing divided by two."

No Excuse for Plainness.

A young lady, by no means beautiful, was introduced to a gentleman who was endowed with good looks but not manners. During the course of their conversation the gentleman asked:

"Are there many more ladies like you in the Potteries?"

The young lady replied: "Oh, yes. We all are good-looking there. You see, we make our own mugs."

He Took the Hint.

"How radiant you are tonight, Madeline," he exclaimed enthusiastically, as they met at the corner. "You actually look fit to eat."

"I feel that way, too," was the naive rejoinder.

Whereupon one week's salary went to smash in the nearest lobster palace.

That Weak Back. accompanied by pain here or there—extreme nervousness—sleeplessness—may be faint spells—or spasms—all are signals of distress for a woman. She may be growing from girlhood into womanhood—passing from womanhood to motherhood—or later suffering from that change into middle life which leaves so many wrecks of women. At any or all of these periods of a woman's life she should take a tonic and nerve prescriber for just such cases by a physician of vast experience in the diseases of women.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription. has successfully treated more cases in past forty years than any other known remedy. It can now be had in sugar-coated, tablet form as well as in the liquid. Sold by medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver and bowels—sugar-coated, tiny granules.

Why They Settle.

Wife—Who can doubt the power of woman's love! Think of the thousands of wild youths who have settled down into staid and respectable citizens as soon as they married?

Husband—They couldn't afford to be anything else after they got married."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Morton Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by Mail Free. Morton Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

One way to unsettle a question is to argue about it.

It takes 11 tons of beets to produce one ton of beet sugar.

Sold Under a Binding Guarantee. Money Back If It Fails. For Men or Boys. HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. OR WRITE G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Constipation Vanishes Forever. Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature. Brewster Wood.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 47-1914.

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

# Delinquent Tax List

List of all lands and town lots returned delinquent in the McLean Independent School District of Gray County, Texas, for the year 1913, as shown by the Delinquent Tax Records of said district.

Year	Owner	Abst. No.	Survey No.	Original Grantee	Acres Rendered	Taxes
1913	John Burns	71	91	E 1/4 of E 1/4 H & G N	80	\$6.60
"	John Burns	1120	66	Pt. E 1/4 W. L. Oliver	3	5.72
"	A. H. Hargrove	1028	42	"	120	12.22
"	W. W. Overton	68	65	H & G N	146	17.03
"	J. N. Saye	1164	120	NE 1/4 E. E. Morris	160	17.60
"	J. N. Saye	1218	169	NW 1/4 E. E. Morris	169	
"	Unrendered	75	119	H & G N	640	

Year	Owner	Town	Lot	Block	Division	Taxes
1913	C. E. Shelton	McLean	2	J		82
"	J. H. Simmons	"	1-10	39		1.76
"	J. H. Simmons	"	9-10	110		3.85
"	T. M. Speed	"	30	B		4.62
"	J. Lee Turner	"	S Pt. 6-10	25		.55
"	J. Lee Turner	"	11-5 a in 2	F		2.75
"	Unrendered	"	B	36		1.65
"	"	"	3	37		1.10
"	"	"	5-6	73		.25
"	"	"	6-7	11		.55
"	"	"	1 a	13	McLaughlin	.80
"	"	"	all	11	McLaughlin	.55
"	"	"	W of 1/4 3	J		.55
"	"	"	19-20	21		.10
"	"	"	9-5	3		
"	J. S. Stephens	"	14-20	2		
"	"	"	all	3		
"	"	"	1-15	4		
"	"	"	all	6		
"	"	"	1-14	7		
"	"	"	all	8		
"	"	"	all	9		
"	"	"	all	10		
"	"	"	all	11		
"	"	"	11-20	12		
"	"	"	all	13		
"	"	"	11-20	18		
"	"	"	11-18	21		
"	"	"	1-2a 11-20	23		
"	"	"	13-20	24		
"	"	"	1-3	25		
"	"	"	all	26		
"	"	"	6-10 11-20	28		
"	"	"	all	29		
"	"	"	all	30		
"	"	"	all	31		
"	"	"	all	33		
"	"	"	1-10	35		
"	"	"	15-16	36		
"	"	"	15-17	37		
"	"	"	3-7	38		
"	"	"	9-20	38		
"	"	"	11-15	39		
"	"	"	11-20	40		
"	"	"	all	41		
"	"	"	all	42		
"	"	"	all	44		
"	"	"	6-16	45		
"	"	"	5-6	46		
"	"	"	all	47		
"	"	"	all	48		
"	"	"	all	49		
"	"	"	all	50		
"	"	"	all	51		
"	"	"	all	52		
"	"	"	1-16	53		
"	"	"	11-20	55		
"	"	"	all	56		
"	"	"	all	57		
"	"	"	all	58		
"	"	"	all	60		
"	"	"	all	62		
"	"	"	all	63		
"	"	"	all	65		
"	"	"	all	66		
"	"	"	all	67		
"	"	"	all	68		
"	"	"	all	69		
"	"	"	all	71		
"	"	"	all	72		
"	"	"	all	73		
"	"	"	all	74		
"	"	"	all	75		
"	"	"	all	76		
"	"	"	3-5	77		
"	"	"	all	78		
"	"	"	all	79		
"	"	"	all	80		
"	"	"	all	81		
"	"	"	all	82		
"	"	"	all	83		
"	"	"	all	84		
"	"	"	all	85		
"	"	"	all	86		
"	"	"	all	87		
"	"	"	1-5a 11-20	89		
"	"	"	all	90		
"	"	"	all	91		
"	"	"	all	92		
"	"	"	1-4a 11-20	93		
"	"	"	all	94		
"	"	"	1-8 11-20	95		
"	"	"	all	96		
"	"	"	11-20	97		
"	"	"	all	98		
"	"	"	1-9	99		
"	"	"	11-20	99		
"	"	"	all	100		
"	"	"	1-10 16-20	102		
"	"	"	all	103		
"	"	"	all	104		
"	"	"	1-3	105		
"	"	"	all	109		
"	"	"	1-8a 11-20	110		
"	"	"	11-18	111		
"	"	"	16-20	112		
"	"	"	all	114		
"	"	"	1-5a 11-15	115		
"	"	"	all	117		
"	"	"	1-2	C		
"	"	"	1-3-4	D		
"	"	"	2	H		
"	"	"	6-8	I		
"	"	"	1	J		

**Articles Subject to Tax.**  
 After December first all bills of lading, whether for express or freight shipment, must bear a one-cent revenue stamp, that is if the amount of the bill is \$5. or over. R. F. Bayless, local agent for the Santa Fe, has been notified to this effect by the Santa Fe officials. This is a part of the war tax voted by the recent Congress. The shipper must put the stamp on the bill of lading and cancel it himself.  
 Another part of the scheme is a tax on trades. This tax is due now, and if not paid before the first of December a penalty of 10% per cent will be added. The war tax applies to the following trades in the following amounts:  
 Brokers, \$30.  
 Pawn brokers, \$50.  
 Commercial brokers, \$20.  
 Custom house brokers, \$10.  
 Proprietors of theaters, museums, picture shows or concert halls, \$25. to \$100.  
 Proprietors of circuses, \$100.  
 Proprietors or agents of public exhibition not otherwise enumerated, \$10.  
 Commission merchants, \$20.  
 Dealers in leaf tobacco, \$6 to \$24.  
 Dealers in tobacco or cigars or cigarettes, \$6 to \$24.  
 Manufacturers tobacco, \$0 to \$2,406.  
 Manufacturers of cigars \$3 to \$2,406.  
 Manufacturers of cigarettes, \$12 to \$2,406.  
 Proprietors of bowling alleys are billiard rooms, \$5 a table or alley.  
 County Attorney Clements says that the payment of the tax will probably be taken by the revenue officer of the United States at Dallas. As he understands the law, those motion picture houses having a seating capacity of three hundred will come under the class taxed. Tobacco dealers selling two hundred dollars' worth of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco per year will be taxed.  
 Christmas is coming, also a car load of fruit—remember this Earp.

**READ THIS**  
 McLean Texas August 14-12, We the undersigned Druggist of McLean are selling Hall's Texas Wonder and recommend it to be the best Kidney Bladder and Rheumatic remedy we have ever sold,  
 ARTHUR ERWIN  
 T. M. WOLFE.

**A TEXAS WONDER**  
 The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes weak and lame backs, rheumatism and irregularities in both men and women; regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist it will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by Druggists.

Take one home  
**EL MATE**  
 Good hot or cold. At Earps.

**Christmas**  
 Holiday Excursions  
 Tickets  
 VIA  
  
 Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Memphis and the Southwest  
 Tickets On Sale  
 December 20-21 and 22, 1914 limit January 18, 1915. Round trip tickets to all points in Texas December 23-24-25-26-30-31 and January 1. Return January 4, 1915.

**Ask Your Agent**  
 Or write  
 G. S. Pentecost, G. P. A.  
 Ft Worth, Texas  
**D. A. NUNN**  
 Local Agent

**Horseshoeing**  
 I have opened up the Oliver Blacksmith Shop and will do Horse Shoeing and General Blacksmithing.  
**S. F. BROWN**  
 A car of salt on the road, will be here about Tuesday.—Bundy-Hodges.

**Elite Barber Shop**  
 W. M. MASSAY, Prop.  
**EVERYTHING NEW**  
 But The Barbers  
 Agents for that GOOD Laundry—Panhandle Steam Next Door To The Postoffice

**HOTEL HINDMAN**  
 Rates \$2.00 Per Day  
 Best Accommodations Special Rates to Weekly Boarders in the City  
 All Meals 50c—Children 25c  
**J. R. Hindman, Proprietor**

**Listen**  
 Tires set and wheels oil-ed and painted  
 \$5.00 Per Set  
**City Blacksmith Shop**

**W. R. PATTERSON**  
**ABTRACTOR AND CONVEYANCER**  
 Fire and Tornado Insurance  
 McLean, Texas

**TERRY W. HUDGINS**  
 Expert Watch Repairing  
 Best Engraver in Oklahoma  
**ERICK OKLAHOMA**  
 Send me your work by Parcel Post

**WANT A DRAY**  
 See W. D. Sims when you want anything moved. Careful handling of everything entrusted to our care.  
**PHONE 126**

**\$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 message along such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or by fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.  
**McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE**

**\$50.00 Reward.**  
 We will give a reward of fifty dollars for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons found crossing any of the fences or in any manner trespassing upon our land in Gray or Wheeler counties. The public is cautioned to take warning that we will vigorously prosecute any violation of the law covering the crossing of fences so far as it affects our properties.  
 Boatman Bank, By A. B. Gardenhire.

**OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**  
**PATENTS**  
 TRADE MARK DESIGNS  
 ANYONE sending a sketch and description can quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Consultation free. Strictly confidential. HARRISON'S PATENT AGENCY, 364 Broadway, New York.  
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 A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. Special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

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 We are glad to serve you and appreciate the patronage of one and all and we are glad to continue giving you the very best paper this field will support.  
**THE McLEAN NEWS**  
 By A. G. RICHARDSON