

The McLean News

VOLUME XIV.

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1917

NUMBER 51



The Federal Reserve System helps YOU

It was Created Primarily—

To help the business men and farmers;
To provide plenty of currency at all times;
To effect a steadier supply of credit.

The system merits the support of all good citizens; it must have yours in order to reach its full development.

You can secure the benefits of this great system and at the same time assist directly in developing it by depositing your money with us.



American National Bank

Your Credit Is Still Good With Haynes

While we are at war and conditions are constantly changing, wholesale houses have adopted a cash basis, still we have decided, for the benefit of those who phone or send their orders, to maintain our usual thirty-day terms.

At present we have many accounts that are considerably past due, and in order to be able to accommodate you, we must ask that all pay promptly on the first of each month.

There is no one that enjoys accommodating you more than we do, but with the late Government rulings compelling us to sell on a very close margin, we must impress on all to pay promptly, that we may be able to extend to you further courtesies.

Remember, when you need clean Groceries or Fresh meats, we have them at reasonable prices.

Yours for better business,

Haynes-Mertel Grocery Company

PHONE 23 McLEAN, TEXAS

INSURANCE THAT INSURES

—any kind of Insurance you could be in need of—Fire, Life, Tornado, Hail, etc.

FOSTER & CHILDRESS

THE NEWS Print For You

Perfecting Liberty Loan Organizations.

To perfect and co-ordinate the working of the various Liberty Loan organizations throughout the country for the period of the war a conference will be held in Washington on December 10 of representatives of Liberty Loan Committees from all over the country. The Woman's Liberty Loan organizations will be included.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo has announced that another loan will not be issued until some time after February 1, but it is believed essential that educational work in preparation of future loans be kept up and the people of the country thoroughly informed of and impressed with the merit of Government securities, the individual advantages of thrift and economy, and the financial needs of the United States in this war against Germany.

Governors of the Federal Reserve Banks have been invited to attend the conference, and at least three of the principal Liberty Loan executives of each Federal district are expected to be in attendance, together with members of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee.

Thorough discussion of ways and means and methods and the experiences of the various workers will be interchanged, with great benefit, it is believed, to the Treasury Department and to the workers in all of the Reserve Districts.

According to the Department of Agriculture, over 5,000,000 eggs spoil in cold storage each year because they have been washed or in some other way become wet before being sent to market.

C. E. Francis and J. R. Taylor left Wednesday night for Watonga, Okla., to look after real estate holdings.

E. Gatewood left for Hillsboro Monday, where he will take a place as teacher in the high school.

Mrs. Cal Dickey of Lefors spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. J. Y. Bates.

Andy Word and K. E. Windom of Alanreed were in town Monday.

Herman Glass of Canyon visited relatives and friends here Monday.

Charlie Harley arrived here Thursday from northern Oklahoma.

Miss Marion Brown of Gracey was a visitor in our city Saturday.

Walter Bailey and wife of Heald were in town Tuesday.

Charlie Thut of Lefors was a visitor in our city Saturday.

Sam Sharp of Newport, Ark., is moving here this week.

Charlie Earp went to Amarillo Tuesday of last week.

C. F. James of Shamrock was in the city Sunday.

Mrs. Tipton of Alanreed was in town Saturday.

U. S. Hawk of Gracey was in town Saturday.

Tom McKinzie of Heald was here Tuesday.

L. Collins of Kirkland was in town Saturday.

Subscribe for The News.

Teachers Pass Resolutions.

That the teachers of Gray county are not an unappreciative lot is proven by the following resolutions which they passed at the close of the institute, held here last week:

Whereas, we, the teachers of Gray County in institute assembled, having spent a very profitable and pleasant week in the town of McLean, be it resolved:

1. That we take this means of extending our thanks to the local teachers and citizens of the community for their entertainment and courtesy during our stay among them.

2. That we extend our thanks to Supt. Duncan of the Amarillo schools and to Pres. Cousins of the Canyon Normal for their able and interesting addresses given to the institute.

3. That we extend our thanks to Judge Wolfe for his attendance and kindly interest he has taken in the teachers during the institute and at all times in the past.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be attached to the minutes of this institute.

Those attending the institute were: Misses Belle Alwine, Isabelle Bartlett, Mary Billingslea, Bessie Brown, Verlie Burum, Ethel Cash, Cattie Dickey, Verda Dean, Mary Goodfellow, Bonnie Hutchins, Vera Lee, Katie Robinson, Nevah Tyree, Leone Underwood, Annie Williams, Lettie Shindhelm, Dara Dean, Minnie Jackson, Bobbie Dixon, Pearl Crawford, Annie Reeves, Kate Wilson, Mesdames: J. M. Blackwell, G. W. Buckler, Maude Hall, Grace Upham, Messrs. Jno. W. Hessey, J. W. Colb, J. W. Turner, F. P. Wilson, Charles Turman, F. M. Slinger, J. E. Yoder, Judge T. M. Wolfe.

Buren Kunkel returned from Ft. Worth Sunday where he has been doing some Government road work.

D. W. Turner and family left Tuesday night for Post City, where they will live in the future.

Messrs. Dillingham and Parker made a business trip to Lynn county last week.

W. H. Craig, telephone man of Alanreed was in town Wednesday.

Charlie Bones went to Ramsdell Tuesday to see his sick mother.

Mrs. L. L. Laswell of Slaton is visiting Mrs. C. E. Anderson.

Jim Wellington of Wellington was in the city Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Mayfield is on the sick list this week.

H. B. Hill of Shamrock was in the city Tuesday.

L. E. Beck from west of town was here Tuesday.

Kester Rippy of Heald was in the city Tuesday.

Paul Ladd was here from Heald Tuesday.

Mr. Barnes of Alanreed was in town Tuesday.

Luther Derrick of Gracey was here Monday.

Sam Pakan of Ramsdell was here Monday.

Walter McAdams went to Lefors Monday.

D. B. Veatch went to Groom Wednesday.

Santa in his merriest mood is here to greet the kiddies

An abundance of gifts is here

Erwin Drug Company
The Rexall Store

O. HENRY

Has charmed thousands with his clever stories. He is appropriately called "the master of the short story."

Who has not read and enjoyed the funny stories by

Booth Tarkington

about PENROD and his boy friends—and enemies? Nothing excels a Penrod story as a gloom chaser.

Stories by Both of These Famous Writers Appear in This Issue of

The News

WE INVITE YOU TO BANK HERE

—and offer you Service that is Real Service, founded on conservative methods.

Here your deposits are GUARANTEED, which means more than "INSURED." The difference between this Insurance and your life insurance or fire insurance is the way the premium is paid. You pay for the latter, while this bank pays the premium on your deposit insurance.

Your funds are protected by the Depositors Guaranty Fund of the State of Texas, in this bank, and free of all cost to you.

The CITIZENS STATE BANK

McLEAN, TEXAS

The Home Bank, Owned by Home People. Keep Texas Money in Texas.

THE POSTOFFICE CONFECTIONERY

The Handy Candy Place for Your Christmas Candies

Next Door to the Postoffice

Realty Company

notice of said election, and the County Judge directed to be published

WHISTLING DICK'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

By O. Henry



Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking

By O. HENRY

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It was with much caution that Whistling Dick slid back the door of the box car, for article 5716, city ordinances, authorized (perhaps unconstitutionally) arrest on suspicion. He saw no change since his last visit to this big almshouse, long-suffering city of the South, the cold weather paradise of the tramps. Whistling Dick's red head popped suddenly back into the car. A sight too imposing and magnificent for his gaze had been added to the scene. A vast, incomparable policeman rounded a pile of rice sacks and stood within 20 yards of the car. Whistling Dick, professional tramp, possessed a half friendly acquaintance with this officer. They had met sev-



The Whistler Collided With Big Fritz.

eral times before on the levee at night, for the officer, himself a lover of music, had been attracted by the exquisite whistling of the shiftless vagabond. Still he did not care under the present circumstances to renew the acquaintance. So Dick waited, and before long "Big Fritz" disappeared.

Whistling Dick waited as long as his judgment advised and then slid swiftly to the ground. As he picked his way where night still lingered among the big, reeking, musty warehouses he gave way to the habit that had won for him his title. Subdued, yet clear, with each note as true and liquid as a bobolink's, his whistle tinkled about the dim, cold mountains of brick like drops of rain falling into a hidden pool.

Rounding a corner, the whistler collided with "Big Fritz."

"So," observed the mountain calmly, "you are already pack. Und dere vill not be frost before two weeks yet. Und you haf forgotten how to vistie. Dere was a valse note in dot last bar."

Big Fritz's heavy mustache rounded into a circle, and from its depths came a sound deep and mellow as that from a flute. He repeated a few bars of the air the tramp had been whistling.

"Dot p is p natural, und not p vlat. Py der vay, you petter pe glad I meet you. Von hour later, und I would half to put you in a gage to vistie nit der chail pirds. Der orders are to bull all der pums after sunrise. Goot pye."

After the big policeman had departed Whistling Dick stood for an irresolute minute, feeling all the outraged indignation of a delinquent tenant who is ordered to vacate his premises. He had pictured to himself a day of dreamful ease, but here was a stern order to exile and one that he knew must be obeyed. So, with wary eye open for the gleam of brass buttons, he began his retreat toward a rural refuge. A few days in the country need not necessarily prove disastrous.

However, it was with a depressed spirit that Whistling Dick passed the old French market on his chosen route down the river. For safety's sake he still presented to the world his portrayal of the part of the worthy artisan on his way to labor. A stall keeper in the market, deceived, halted him by the generic name of his ilk, and "Jack" halted, taken by surprise. The vender, melted by this proof of his own acuteness, bestowed a foot of frankfurter and a half a loaf, and thus the problem of breakfast was solved.

By noon he had reached the country of the plantations, the great, sad, silent levels bordering the mighty river. He overlooked fields of sugar cane so vast that their farthest limits melted into the sky. The sugar-making season was well advanced, and the cutters were at work.

At a certain point Whistling Dick's unerring nose caught the scent of frying fish. Like a pointer to a quail, he made his way down the levee side, straight to the camp of a credulous and ancient fisherman, whom he charmed with song and story, so that

he dined like an admiral, and then, like a philosopher, annihilated the worst three hours of the day by a nap under the trees.

When he awoke and continued his hegira a frosty sparkle in the air had succeeded the drowsy warmth of the day, and as this portent of a chilly night translated itself to the brain of Sir Peregrine he lengthened his stride and bethought him of shelter.

A distant clatter in the rear quickly developed into the swift beat of horses' hoofs. Turning his head, he saw approaching a fine team of stylish grays drawing a double surrey. A stout man with a white mustache occupied the front seat, giving all his attention to the rigid lines in his hands. Behind him sat a placid, middle-aged lady and a brilliant-looking girl, hardly arrived at young ladyhood. The lap robe had slipped partly from the knees of the gentleman driving, and Whistling Dick saw two stout canvas bags between his feet—bags such as, while loading in cities, he had seen warily transferred between express wagons and bank doors. The remaining space in the vehicle was filled with parcels of various sizes and shapes.

As the surrey swept even with the side-tracked tramp, the bright-eyed girl, seized by some merry, madcap impulse, leaped out toward him with a sweet, dazzling smile and cried, "Merry Christmas!" in a shrill, plaintive treble.

Such a thing had not often happened to Whistling Dick, and he felt handicapped in devising the correct response. But, lacking time for reflection, he let his instinct decide, and snatching off his battered hat he rapidly extended it at arm's length and drew it back with a continuous motion and shouted a loud, but ceremonious "Ah, there!"

The sudden movement of the girl had caused one of the parcels to become unwrapped, and something limp and black fell from it into the road. The tramp picked it up and found it to be a new black silk stocking, long and fine and slender.

"Ther bloomin' little skeezicks!" said Whistling Dick, with a broad grin bisecting his freckled face. "Wot d'yer think of dat, now? Mer-ry Christmas! Sounded like a cuckoo clock, dat's what she did. Dem guys in swells, too, bet yer life, an' der of un stacks dem sacks of dough down under his trotters like dey was common as dried apples. Been shoppin' fer Christmas, and de kid's lost one of her new socks wot she was goin' to hold up Sanky wid."

Whistling Dick folded the stocking carefully and stuffed it into his pocket.

It was nearly two hours later when he came upon signs of habitation. The buildings of an extensive plantation came into view.

The road was inclosed on each side by a fence, and presently as Whistling Dick drew nearer the houses he suddenly stopped and sniffed the air.

"If dere ain't a hobo stew cookin' somewhere in dis immediate precinct," he said to himself, "me nose has quit tellin' de trut."

Without hesitation he climbed the fence to windward. He found himself in an apparently disused lot, where piles of old bricks were stacked and rejected, decaying lumber. In a corner he saw the faint glow of a fire that had become little more than a bed of living coals, and he thought he could see some dim human forms sitting or lying about it. He drew nearer, and by the light of a little blaze that suddenly flared up he saw plainly the fat figure of a ragged man in an old brown sweater and cap.

"Dat man," said Whistling Dick to himself softly, "is a dead ringer for Boston Harry. I'll try him wit' de high sign."

He whistled one or two bars of a ragtime melody, and the air was immediately taken up and then quickly ended with a peculiar run. The first whistler walked confidently up to the fire. The fat man looked up and spake in a loud, asthmatic wheeze:

"Gents, the unexpected but welcome addition to our circle is Mr. Whistling Dick, an old friend of mine for whom I fully vouches. The waiter will lay another cover at once. Mr. W. D. will join us at supper, during which function he will enlighten us in regard to the circumstances that give us the pleasure of his company."

For the next ten minutes the gang of roadsters, six in all, paid their undivided attention to the supper. In an old five-gallon kerosene can they had cooked a stew of potatoes, meat and onions, which they partook of from smaller cans.

Whistling Dick had known Boston Harry of old and knew him to be one of the shrewdest and most successful of his brotherhood. He looked like a prosperous stock drover or a solid merchant from some country village. He was stout and hale, with a ruddy, always smoothly shaved face. The four other men were fair specimens of the slinking, ill-clad, noisome genus.

After the bottom of the large can had been scraped and pipes lit at the coals two of the men called Boston

aside and spake with him lowly and mysteriously. He nodded decisively and then said aloud to Whistling Dick:

"Listen, sonny, to some plain talky talk. We five are on a lay. I've guaranteed you to be square and you're to come in on the profits equal with the boys, and you've got to help. Two hundred hands on this plantation are expecting to be paid a week's wages tomorrow morning. Tomorrow's Christmas and they want to lay off. Says the boss, 'Work from five to nine in the morning to get a trainload of sugar off and I'll pay every man cash down for the week and a day extra.' They say: 'Hooray for the boss! It goes.' He drives to Noo Orleans today and fetches back the cold dollars. Two thousand and seventy-four fifty is the amount. I got the figures from a man who talks too much, who got 'em from the bookkeeper. Now, half of this haul goes to me and the other half the rest of you may divide. Why the difference? I represent the brains. It's my scheme. Here's the way we're going to get it. There's some company at supper in the house, but they'll leave about nine. They have just happened in for an hour or so. If they don't go pretty soon we'll work the scheme anyhow. We want all night to get away good with the dollars. They're heavy. About nine o'clock Deaf Pete and Blinky 'll go down the road a quarter mile beyond the house and set fire to a big canefield there that the cutters haven't touched yet. The wind's just right to have it roaring in two minutes. The alarm 'll be given, and every man Jack about the place will be down there in ten minutes fighting fire. That

lazily upon convenient lumber and regarded Whistling Dick with undisguised disfavor.

"Dis planter chap," Dick said, "w'ot makes yer 'tink he's got de tin in de house w' m'?"

"I'm advised of the facts in the case," said Boston. "He drove to Noo Orleans and got it, I say, today. Want to change your mind now and come in?"

"Naw, I was just askin'. Wot kind o' team did de boss drive?"

"Pair of grays."

"Double surrey?"

"Yep."

"Women folks along?"

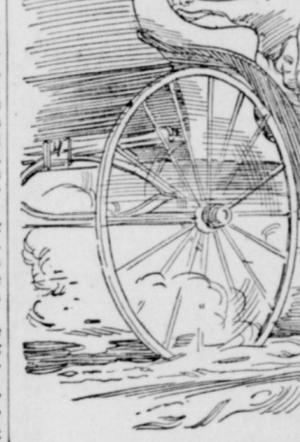
"Wife and kid. Say, what morning paper are you trying to pump news for?"

"I was just conversin' to pass de time away. I guess dat team passed me in de road dis evenin'. Dat's all."

Dinner, two hours late, was being served in the Bellemeade plantation dining room.

The talk of the diners was too desultory, too evanescent to follow, but at last they came to the subject of the tramp nuisance, one that had of late vexed the plantations for many miles around. The planter seized the occasion to direct his good-natured fire of railleury at the mistress, accusing her of encouraging the plague.

"I don't believe they are all bad," she said. "We passed one this evening as we were driving home who had a face as good as it was incompetent. He was whistling the intermezzo from 'Cavalleria' and blowing the spirit of Mascagni himself into it."



"Merry Christmas!" Cried the Bright-Eyed Girl.

"I'll leave the money sacks and the women alone in the house for us to handle."

"Boston," interrupted Whistling Dick, rising to his feet, "tanks for de grub yous fellers has given me, but I'll be movin' on now. Burglary is no good. I'll say good night and many tanks fer—"

Whistling Dick had moved away a few steps as he spoke, but he stopped very suddenly. Boston had covered him with a short revolver of roomy caliber.

"Take your seat," said the tramp leader. "I'd feel mighty proud of myself if I let you go and spoil the game. You'll stick right in this camp until we finish the job. The end of that brick pile is your limit. You go two inches beyond that and I'll have to shoot. Better take it easy, now."

"It's my way of doin'," said Whistling Dick. "Easy goes. You can depress de muzzle of dat twelve incher and run 'er back on de trucks. I remains."

"All right," said Boston, lowering his piece, as the other returned and took his seat again on a projecting plank in a pile of timber. "I don't want to hurt anybody specially, but this thousand dollars I'm going to get will fix me for fair. I'm going to drop the road and start a saloon in a little town I know about. I'm tired of being kicked around."

Boston Harry look from his pocket a cheap silver watch and held it near the fire.

"It's a quarter to nine," he said. "Pete, you and Blinky start. Go down the road past the house and fire the cane in a dozen places. Then strike for the levee and come back on it instead of the road, so you won't meet anybody. By the time you get back the men will all be striking out for the fire, and we'll break for the house and collar the dollars. Everybody cough up what matches he's got."

Of the three remaining vagrants, two, Goggles and Indiana Tom, reclined

she told me. Ketch de burns down de road first and den sen a relete core to get me out of soke youres truly.

WHISTLING DICK.

There was some quiet but rapid maneuvering at Bellemeade during the ensuing half hour, which ended in five disgruntled and sullen tramps being captured and locked securely in an out-house pending the coming of the morning and retribution. For another result the visiting young gentlemen had secured the unqualified worship of the visiting young ladies by their distinguished and heroic conduct. For still another, behold Whistling Dick, the hero, seated at the planter's table feasting.

The planter vowed that the wanderer should wander no more, that his was a goodness and an honesty that should be rewarded and that a delic of gratitude had been made that must be paid, for had he not saved them from a doubtless imminent loss and maybe a great calamity? He assured Whistling Dick that he might consider himself a charge upon the honor of Bellemeade, that a position suited to his powers would be found for him at once.

But now, they said, he must be weary, and the immediate thing to consider was rest and sleep. So the mistress spoke to a servant, and Whistling Dick was conducted to a room in the wing of the house occupied by the servants. To this room in a few minutes was brought a portable tin bathtub filled with water, which was placed on a piece of oiled cloth upon the floor. There the vagrant was left to pass the night.

By the light of a candle he examined the room. A bed, with the covers neatly turned back, revealed snowy pillows and sheets. There were towels on a rack and soap in a white dish.

Whistling Dick set his candle on a chair and placed his hat carefully under the table. After satisfying what he must suppose to have been his curiosity by a sober scrutiny, he removed his coat, folded it and laid it upon the floor near the wall, as far as possible from the unused bathtub. Taking his coat for a pillow, he stretched himself luxuriously upon the carpet.

When on Christmas morning the first streaks of dawn broke above the marshes Whistling Dick awoke and reached instinctively for his hat. Then he remembered that the skirts of Fortune had swept him into their folds on the night previous, and he went to the window and raised it to let the fresh breath of the morning cool his brow.

As he stood there certain dread and ominous sounds pierced his ear. The force of plantation workmen eager to complete the shortened task allotted to them, were all astr. The mighty din of the ogre Labor shook the earth, and the poor tattered and forever disguised prince in search of his fortune trembled.

The December air was frosty, but the sweat broke out upon Whistling Dick's face. He thrust his head out of the window and looked down. Fifteen feet below him, against the wall of the house, he could make out a border of flowers grew, and by their token he overhung a bed of soft earth.

Softly as a burglar goes, he clamped self until he hung by his hands alone and then dropped safely. No one seemed to be about upon this side of the house. He dodged low and slipped swiftly across the yard of the low fence. It was an easy matter to vault

A bright-eyed young girl who sat at the left of the mistress leaned over and said in a confidential undertone: "I wonder, mamma, if that tramp we passed on the road found my stocking. And do you think he will hang it up tonight?"

The words of the young girl were interrupted by a startling thud.

Like the wrath of some burned-out shooting star, a black streak came crashing through the windowpane and upon the table, where it shattered into fragments a dozen pieces of crystal and china ware.

The woman screamed in many keys, and the men sprang to their feet.

The planter was the first to act. He sprang to the intruding missile and held it up to view. "It's loaded," he announced.

As he spoke he reversed a long, black stocking, holding it by the toe, and down from it dropped a roundish stone wrapped about by a piece of yellowish paper. "Now for the first interstellar message of the century!" he cried, and, nodding to the company, who had crowded about him, he adjusted his glasses with provoking deliberation and examined it closely. When he finished he had changed from the jolly host to the practical, decisive man of business. He immediately struck a bell and said to the silent-footed mullatto man who responded: "Go and tell Mr. Wesley to get Reeves and Maurice and about ten stout hands they can rely upon and come to the hall door at once. Tell him to have the men arm themselves and bring plenty of ropes and plow lines. Tell him to hurry." And then he read aloud from the paper these words:

To de Gent of de Hous:

Dere is five tuft hobbos xcept meself in de vaken lot near de road war de old brick piles is. Dey got me stuck up wid a gun see and I taken dis means of communication. 2 of der lads below de hous on de de can field is gone down to set when yous fellers goes to turn de boxes on de de hols gang is gon to rob de hous of de money yoo gotto pay off wib say git a move on ye say de kid dropt dis sock in der rode tel her mery crismus de same as

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Feasting at the Planter's Table.

this, for a terror urged him such lifts the gazelle over the thorn when the lion pounces. A crash through the dew drenched weeds on the side, a clutching, slippery rush up, a grassy slide of the levee to the path at the summit, and he was away.

A small, ruffled, brown-breasted bird sitting upon a dogwood sapling bestrode a soft, throaty, tender little piping praise of the dew which enticed worms from their holes, but suddenly it stopped and sat with its head sideways, listening. And the brown bird sat with its head on its side until the sound of whistling was away.

The Empty House

Penrod Encounters All Kinds of Hair-Raising Experiences
By BOOTH TARKINGTON

(Copyright, 1917, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

ONE July afternoon, when the world outdoors was empty of everything except hot sunshine, Penrod Schofield, in the sawdust box of his father's stable, was as silently busy as a diligent young worm in the heart of a nut.

Favoring this comparison, the sawdust box was naturally almost as dark as the inside of a nut is believed to be; but Penrod worked by the light of a lantern, which raised the temperature of the box to a degree that would have frightened a stoker, but subtracted nothing from the fever of composition. Penrod was writing.

He was writing CHAPTER TENTH of his secret novel, HAROLD RAMOREZ THE ROAD-AGENT OR WILD LIFE AMONG THE ROCKY MTS.

"Soon it was Mr. Wilson's turn to be scared and he started begging to be let off and said it was not his fault and how he had never done anything. Oh no, sneered Harold, you did not do anything to this poor old man. Oh no but I guess the time has come now when you will have to be exposed so just look here a minute. I have the papers to prove you committed the forgery your own self 16 long years ago that this poor old man got put in the penitentiary for and been 16 long years in a dirty cell with nothing but bread and butter and a little rice.

"Yes said our hero and I have papers that prove he murdered your children and little baby daughter also.

"I didn't either and you better look out how you talk said Mr. Wilson and puffed his soul before his Maker. No said our hero it was some Irishman that murdered the old man's children and little baby daughter also.

"Soon they attempted to put some blankets on Mr. Wilson but he pulled out his ottomack and reched over Harold's soldier where they were scrambling and began shooting away at the old man but Harold reched up and caught hold of his hand with his hand and took the ottomack away and held him until the old man could get the blankets on him.

"There sneered the old man when he was all tied up tight I guess you are a nice fix now just like the way I used to be for 16 long years. Ha Ha do you like it and went on taunting him with his helpless condition. Yes sneered the old man I think you are one of the worst people I ever knew in my whole life and I am going to tell that you were the real foger that put everything off on me and then he got so mad he began stepping on Mr. Wilson where he was lying on the floor.

"Soon Mr. Wilson started crying at this and our hero and the old man wanted him some more for a wife then went out with a smile. Mr. Wilson said crying because it did not hurt any more where the old man had kept stepping on him and soon managed to shake off his bonds with his teeth. You Harold Ramorez sneered he now I will hunt you down like dog and he hunted around until he found his whistle on the floor some where and soon summoned the detectives again, and began reviling them you are nice ones you are sneered on my men it was Harold Ramorez and he has turned the old man lose and we will have to hurry up or we will probably catch them. I wonder where they have gone.

"I bet I know said the detectives he has gone to his lair on the steepest cliff in the Rocky Mts and takin the old man with him we can easily catch up with them because it is dark outside and probably it is going to rain too after talking some more they soon went on out and started after our hero and the old man.

"Soon a storm came up and Mr. Wilson and the detectives got close on the heels of the fugitives in the storm because they could see them by the light of the flashes of lightning first would come a flash of lightning and then would come some thunder.

"CHAPTER ELEVENTH
This kept up for a long while for it was a terrible night and the lightning would scare anybody it kept lighting and thundering all the time and the old man could not run fast and Mr. Wilson and the detectives would shoot at them by the light of the lightning and the lightning would strike rocks that would fall off the cliffs and almost hit them and the wind blowing trees down too and it got freezing cold and the old man hit with one of the rocks and broke his leg so our hero had to carry him on his back and more rocks began falling because an earthquake had started besides the lightning and thunder our hero could not find his way through the cliffs and then it started raining too.

cavern was all black and it smelled terrible. Well said the old man this is the worst looking place I have ever been and I bet there is something terrible in here and then some animal jumped out from back in there and bit him where the ottomack bullets had wounded him and he said Oh some animal is biting me right in my words. Oh now it is biting me where my leg got broken.

"Soon the old man died and went to meet his Maker. Well said Harold I wonder what I better do. So he went back in the cavern and there was some kind of something green back in there and he was afraid probably it was the old man's ghost and he saw something that looked like some eyes looking right at him—

"Musther Penrod!"
This was a hall from the house, Della, the cook, emerged from the kitchen door and stood upon the back-porch in the sunset light. She addressed the silent stable.

"Musther Penrod! Y' rout there somewhere, why can't y' answer me? Yer father an' mother's away fer dinner an' so's Miss Marg'rut an' I'm not goin' to wait all night, so if ye want anything t'eat ye better c'min an' eat it. 'Tis the last I'll call ye!"

However, she came to the door five times during the gradual dusk to shout "Musther Penrod" and various warnings; but the stable remained stolidly unresponsive. Finally she delivered a real ultimatum, and when it proved ineffectual, retired permanently.

Certainly her voice had reached the physical ear of Penrod, but it conveyed no meaning; his mind had not heard it. Penrod's self was in a horrible cavern in the Rocky mountains with Harold Ramorez.

Like many another good soul moved to attempt the transmutation of vision into manuscript, this author was not aware how frail and treacherous are the processes of the alchemy. The fact that words are fixed symbols of things concerned Penrod little; he thought that the words he set upon the paper meant all the things he heard and felt and saw, in his mind's eye, as he wrote—things which so stirred and thrilled him that his hand had begun to tremble as it sped, faster and faster, across the pages.

He shook with horror of the awful refuge discovered by Harold Ramorez; he saw a green vapor shimmering in its sinister hollows; he heard the shrieking of the canyon wind across the cavern's mouth, saw it lifting and tossing the white hair and beard of a dreadful figure which lay there, naked, torn and drenched. He fled toward the green vapor in the depths, only to turn back, shuddering with ghastly suspicions, while out of the darkness hundreds of eyes—eyes without bodies, eyes without faces—looked at him and began to come closer, and closer, and closer.

When such a situation is thus conceived and developed in such an author, it seldom proceeds toward conclusion; but rather the symptoms become more and more malignant indefinitely, relief being obtained only after the author has had a night's sleep. So it was but natural that Harold Ramorez's suspicions concerning the green vapor turned out to be well founded. The vapor proved, indeed, to be the ghost of the unfortunate Old Man who had suffered so greatly after arriving at the cavern, and on the journey thereto, and also, owing to the machinations of Mr. Wilson, for sixteen long, previous years.

And, with the typical inconsistency of all ghosts, this one had undergone a complete change of character since passing. Forgetting every former tie and all gratitude, it seemed wholly inimical to its former benefactor, and assuming the position of terror-in-chief of a place upon which, in life, it had pronounced an unfavorable opinion and for which it had shown no attachment whatever, it now appeared to have no affairs to call it elsewhere, nor any purpose in existence save to unsettle the reason of one who had shown it nothing but kindness. For, in truth, Harold Ramorez feared he might go mad—and Penrod's mouth opened and his eyes bulged fearsomely as he wrote.

And that very instant the flame of his depleted lantern died absolutely. Harold Ramorez himself was not left in more complete eclipse. Instinct brought Penrod to his feet at a bound; and, as he looked out over the side of the sawdust box toward the open door, his state of mind was one that needed the immediate reassurance of sunshine. And bright, warm, July afternoon sunshine was what Penrod fully expected to see.

Instead, he looked into Egyptian night.
Therefore it is not surprising that when Penrod emerged from the stable, a very few seconds later, breathing somewhat disconcertedly, he bore in both hands, ready for all emergencies, an overweight but certainly formidable weapon, which had come to his hand as he slid down from the sawdust box.

It was an ax.
There was no moon; there were no stars; there was no light in heaven; there was no light in a neighbor's house. The air was thick and black;

shrubberies in the yard took curious, changing shapes, and Penrod kept a wary eye upon them as he threaded his way to the kitchen door.

It opened to his hand, revealing nothing save by reminiscent odor; but there was a dim light in the dining room. Thither he proceeded, his unnerved condition being at once improved by the sight of viands and vegetables, for there was a plate upon the table at his accustomed place, and food plentiful, though grown cold.

A conjunction of suggestions, occurring as he ate, recalled something like an echo of Della's voice; gradually he became susceptible to an impression that his father and mother and sister had not dined at home. Then abruptly it struck him that he might be alone in the house.

"All alone in an empty house!" As the words formed in Penrod's mind, it was as if a husky voice had uttered them somewhere overhead. He was grievously startled.

"An empty house!"
At the upper end of the table was a part of a cold ham, beside which lay a large, horn-handled carving-knife; and Penrod, after swallowing dryly once or twice, lunged suddenly at this implement, grasped it, and stood upon the defensive. He remained in a tense attitude, listening; and there was no sound either within the house or without; nothing could have been more ominous. Finally, carving knife in hand, he went back to the kitchen, where he had left the ax, and returned to the dining room doubly armed.

Again he stood to listen.
Suddenly Penrod whirled straight about, with ax and carving knife both lifted to strike at something behind him.

Nothing was there except the sideboard, so he "bout-faced" suspiciously again. Then, laying the ax upon the table, but keeping the knife in his right hand, he stepped upon a chair and extended his left hand to the gas fixture, meaning to turn the jet on full. But he pressed the key in the



Penrod's Mouth Opened and His Eyes Bulged Fearsomely as He Wrote.

wrong direction, and for the second time within that half-hour Penrod's light went out. To a person in his condition it was a disaster, and, uttering an exclamation of horror, he stumbled and fell from the chair with a light crash.

He was up again in an instant, cutting the air in all directions with the carving knife; then he groped for the ax, found it, and stood still once more, on the defensive, listening intently, expecting the worst and panting, with an effect, upon that stillness, almost uproarious.

He moved about, and cautiously felt his way round the table and debauched to the mantelpiece, where matches were sometimes to be found in a small porcelain slipper, madly believed to be decorative.

A chill struck to his spine at a veritable sound behind him. This one was a faint creak, the result of some capillary action in the wooden floor, but so far as Penrod's nerves were concerned it might have been a shot.

Wheeling, he struck a frantic blow with the ax, which, completing a fine curve, miraculously failed to amputate the welder's left foot at the ankle, but, as an incident, permanently relieved all members of the household from troubling to put any more matches in the porcelain slipper.

Thereupon Penrod decided to go outdoors. The decision itself was a simple matter; action upon it was deferred because of extreme hesitation to move at all. But after a gruesome period of inertia he began to tip-toe backward in the direction of the door, keeping his eyes, ax and carving knife warily toward where the villainous creak had sounded. Thus retrogressing, he presently found himself in the side hall, which separated all the front part of the roomy, old-fashioned house from the dining room and kitchen.

The doors leading to the forward rooms were closed, and the thought of opening them filled him with horror; in his mind's eye he saw them, gaunt, huge, full of black shapes of furniture, lurking places that might conceal anything!

An empty house in the night-time has few attractions for a boy. In closed darkness sickens his soul and likewise has a discouraging physical effect; climaxing in the pit of his stomach—which is the seat of courage.

This fabled point, in the case of Penrod, was becoming more and more sensitive every moment. He suffered from an unpleasant conviction that he was surrounded by vital dangers which became the deadlier for each slightest movement that he made. These dangers were all the more deadlier because they were undefined; the inscrutable darkness held secrets—and, putting out his hand to feel the wall near the kitchen door, he encountered one of them. His fingers very, very briefly closed upon something that felt like a head of wet, cold hair. It sank from his touch, and there was a thick-sounding thud upon the floor.

"Oof!" moaned Penrod, the question of going out through the kitchen thus definitely settled, and when he became again conscious of his whereabouts he was on the second floor at the top of the back stairs.

Mops had driven greater than Penrod.

He was sorely shaken, but not disposed to linger in the vicinity of stairs that led toward a kitchen inhabited by surprises of this kind. He fled into his father's bed chamber, bruising himself variously in the passage thereto, and abandoning his weapons for the moment, slid his hand along the wall until it came to a forbidden object that hung there.

It was an Enfield rifle, a muzzle-loading relic, last put to use by Penrod's grandfather on a day in the year 1863, and it was truly unloaded. Penrod got it down, pointed the muzzle waveringly in the general direction of the door by which he had entered, and whispered feebly and tremulously:

"Now let's see whu-what you were goin' to do so mum-mum!"

He maintained this attitude until the weight of the extended rifle became insupportable; then he grounded arms and leaned against a bureau, breathing even more vehemently than before. His elbow touched a bottle; he seized upon it and smelled the contents—sprits of camphor. Suggestion was immediately roused by the memory of an

unpleasant experience in the past. He reoccupied the bottle, placed it under his arm, and muttered:

"You betcha! Guess they won't like this so much! Sprinkle it in their ole eyes!"

It now became his purpose to make his way cautiously to the front stairway, descend to the front hall, and thence, by the front door, reach the outer air. So, with slow and noiseless motions, he put himself once more in possession of his ax and carving knife, thrust the latter in the breast of his jacket, and, though encumbered to the point of difficulty by the ax, the gun and the camphor bottle, returned to the upper hall and began an advance in force.

He went forward a dozen steps with some confidence, then halted abruptly.

What stopped him was something altogether inside himself. In the darkness a green vapor appeared (though not at the other end of the hall, where he thought it did) and there emerged from it the shocking figure of an old man lying in the rain at the mouth of a wind-swept cavern. The vision of the sawdust box—spiteful, like all other visions—chose this particular moment to recur to the author of "Harold Ramorez."

He was standing by the portal of his own bedroom. Gasping, he hopped across the threshold, kicked the door shut, and maintained possession of his armory, though, perhaps, not of his faculties, huddled himself upon the bed and buried his face in the pillow.

It is not altogether discreditable to a boy in the dark that he sometimes imitates an ostrich. But it is unfortunate, because, when one is already in the dark, very little relief can be obtained by closing the eyes.

Penrod, burrowing into his pillow, could see the old man rather more plainly than if he had allowed his eyes to remain open. He saw him through the pillow and through the wall; it seemed that the old man was lying on the hall rug just outside the closed door, and that before long he would get up and come into the bedroom and bend over the bed and—But the imagination balked in ultimate horror.

Without lifting or turning his face Penrod managed to squirm inside the

bedclothes and to cover himself completely, as far as the top of his head, for the old man was but one of the monsters that threatened.

Burglars!
Burglars were creeping through the halls upstairs and downstairs; the air of the whole house became murmurous with the whispers and rustlings.

Penrod, still not moving his head, pulled the ax and the camphor bottle beneath the sheet; slid the gun off the coverlet, and pushed it as far under the bed as he could. Burglars might be more merciful if they believed him but a little lonely sleeping child intending no resistance.

He gulped lamentably, and a poignant bitterness began to form no inconsiderable part of his condition.

What kind of parents were they (he asked himself) who could go blithely off and leave a little lonely child to be found by burglars—and other things—in a great, horrible, hollow, empty house? Probably his father and mother were somewhere with a whole crowd of people, in brightly lighted rooms; no doubt at this very moment they were both talking and laughing.

Laughing!
His indignation extended to cover the cases of his nineteen-year-old sister Margaret, and of Della, the cook, and Katie, the housemaid. Most likely all three of these marble hearts were also somewhere, talking and laughing!

Big, strong, old grown people—every one of them—well, maybe they would be sorry to-morrow! Besides, he would get even with them—if he lived.

He was making up his mind in what manner a general revenge should be accomplished upon the household when the handle of his door clicked faintly, and yet distinctly; was softly turned, and the door opened a little way.

Penrod's heart did not stop, but his breath did. He lay motionless.

The door was closed again, gently. Then heart and breath both bounded. There was no doubt about it; something had certainly opened his door—and had looked at him. He had felt it.

It was too much for closed eyes! Penrod lifted himself on his elbow and stared whirlingly about him until his gaze became fixed in utter horror upon the threshold of the door. A thread of light glimmered wanly along that threshold.

Shaking to the verge of spasms, Penrod gathered his weapons again. Then the light disappeared, and there was darkness—and silence, and silence, and silence!

And whatever the color of the gleam beneath the door, the thread that remained upon the fixed retina of Penrod's eye, after the actual light had gone, was green.

Now, indeed, out of the darkness over the frenzied boy did Chimeria peer and monster hover! The green thread broke and twisted into shapes, bodiless, faceless eyes came closer and closer and closer, while animals breathed hot upon his cheek.

The silence grew tenser with noises just about to burst forth; the darkness became charged with unthinkable visions just ready to make themselves visible; raw heads and bloody bones, bleaching phantasm and ravening vampire, bugbear, bugaboo, mummy and nightmare, ghastly thing that had ever got into Penrod's head was issued forth and now hung over him.

And outside the door were the burglars. There were burglars rampaging all through the house by this time, in

IMMENSE RED CROSS DEPOTS
Sixteen Large Warehouses Established in France to Serve Needs of American Troops and Hospitals.

To serve the American troops and the hundreds of war hospitals behind the French firing line and to reach the thousands of French refugees the Red Cross commission to France has established a system of 16 large warehouses throughout France.

Six of the new warehouses have been located in Paris, which serves as the center of the distribution system. Ten other warehouses are located outside the capital. Approximately 15,000 tons of materials are now being distributed monthly from these warehouses by the Red Cross commission.

Every kind of medical supplies, drugs and surgical instruments is carried in stock for the use of hospital staffs. Foodstuffs, clothing, building materials, plowing implements and tools are also being imported in large quantities for the assistance of French refugees.

American college men, many of whom formerly served as drivers in the American ambulance, are directing the work, while the force of workmen is recruited from veteran French soldiers and Belgian men no longer fit for military duty.

Exercise.
"Don't you think every man should devote some time to physical culture?"

"Not in my particular field of activity," replied Senator Sorghum. "If all legislators went in for physical culture as well as intellectual development some of these debates might end in a personal encounter that really hurt somebody."

Bad Marksman.
"What is the chief aim of Jobling's existence?"

"Making money."
"But he's always hard up."
"Quite true. His aim is poor."

all the empty rooms and vacant halls and passages. Burglars had opened the door and looked at him.

Stop! Had they only looked at him? Had one of them come in the room when the door opened? Was he there now?

Or was it the old man?

That finished Penrod.
With a shattering yell of terror he sprang from the bed, clutching all his armory somehow and anyhow; got the door open, plunged blindly through the hall and down the front stairs to the landing, where he tripped over the stock of his gun and fell all the rest of the way, bellowing outrageously and accompanied by the rifle, the camphor bottle and the carving knife and the ax.

It sounded like the Eiffel tower falling downstairs.

He came to a pause in a sitting posture at the foot of the newel. The hall was brightly lighted. So were the rooms opening from it, and out of these rooms issued sounds of sudden confusion and disturbance. His mother rushed to him through the nearest door.

"Penrod! What on earth—"
Then through the open front door came Margaret and four young men who had been spending the evening with her on the front porch.

Then, following Penrod's mother, came three of Penrod's aunts, one uncle, and eleven other alarmed ladies and gentlemen, most of them holding cards in their hands.

Then through the door of another room came Penrod's father, three of Penrod's uncles, one aunt and the eleven remaining members of the Thursday Evening Bridge club, the hospitable superintendence of which organization had occupied most of Mrs. Schofield's time that evening after her return, with her husband and daughter, from dining with an elderly relative.

Over the banister above leaned Della (in extreme negligence), and Della likewise demanded to know, What on earth! Then, by means of the back hall and the back stairs, Katie and an alleged cousin, who had been sitting quietly on the back porch, joined Della. Katie also wanted to know, What on earth!

"What is the matter, Penrod?" his mother wailed.

Penrod coughed, gulped, and answered feebly:

"Just—playing!"

"But what made you get up?" his mother cried.

"Get up—where?"

"Out of bed! I slipped away and looked in your room awhile ago and you were sound asleep. What did you get up and dress for and—"

"I was just pretending!"

"Pretending what?"

"Just pretending."

He answered absently and in a pre-occupied tone, his mind having somewhat centered upon the number of human beings in the circle about him. As his mother remarked afterward, there were more people in the house that evening than she had entertained for years. Including the family and Margaret's callers there were 33, she said.

At that she forgot to count Penrod and Della and Katie, and Katie's cousin.

Altogether there were 37.

"Mom-muh?" Penrod began as he rose from the floor.

"You put those things away!" commanded his father.

"Mom-muh?"

"And then you go straight to bed!" his father concluded sternly.

"Mom-muh, aren't you going to have ice cream?"

GIRL RUNS "SHINE PARLOR"
Declares That She Has Lots of Customers, Likes the Work, and Makes Good Money.

As the man with the dust-covered shoes climbed into a chair in a shoe-shining "parlor" in Ft. Wayne avenue, relates the Indianapolis News, a neat, trim-looking colored girl came briskly out of a back room.

"Good morning," replied the prospective customer. "Where's the shoe shiner?"

"That's me. I'm the shiner."

"Is that so? Well, you are the first girl I ever saw shining shoes. Like the business?"

"Indeed, I do. It pays me well and we are all looking for the money these days."

"How did you happen to get into this kind of work?"

"Well, it was like this. My cousin, who owns this place, runs a transfer wagon. He is away so much he had to have somebody stay here and answer the telephone and look after the business. He tried boys for a while, but they are all gone to war or talking about it and it was hard to keep them, so he gave me the job. This used to be a shining parlor and so many men came in asking for shines that I decided to get into the business myself. It didn't take me long to get onto it, and now I have lots of customers."

War Economy.

Sandy and Pat were discussing the economies of their respective landladies. "Indade," said Pat, "the other day I saw that wumman O'Grady countin' the peas to put in the broth."

"Och," replied Sandy, "where I am the landlady melts the margarine an' paints it on yer bread w' a brush!"

Very Much So.

"That singer's voice has great carrying power, hasn't it?"

"It ought to have. He supports his own and his wife's family, too, on it."

The McLean News
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M. L. MOODY, EDITOR AND OWNER

Entered as second class mail matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.

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Obituaries, resolutions of respect, and cards of thanks charged for at regular advertising rates.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One year	\$1.00
Six months	.50
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One of the booklets recently gotten out by the Committee on Public Information is "German War Practices." This work was compiled by Prof. D. C. Munro of Princeton and other scholars, and contains, "Some of the blackest pages in all history, comprising a documentary record of 'Deeds that make one despair of the future of the human race.'" The evidence which this book presents is drawn mainly from German and American sources, and includes official proclamations and utterances of the responsible heads of the imperial German government, letters and diaries of German soldiers, quotations from German newspapers, and material drawn from the archives of the State Department which lay bare the story of German atrocities. The News wants to urge that you procure a copy of this book and thoroughly inform yourself concerning German frightfulness. A copy of it

will cost you nothing but a three-cent stamp. Write the Committee on Public Information, Washington, and request one copy of "German War Practices."

Says an ad in The Rule Review: "Now is the time when the soda fountain becomes the most popular place in town." Wonder what brand of bed-bug poison the Review man and his advertiser have been using to make them nutty. Or, have the seasons changed over in Haskell county to make it a land of perpetual summer? Do the perspiring crowds on the streets of Rule crowd about the soda fountain in December to cool themselves with ice cream, malted milk and sodas?

"Girls in our higher institutions of learning have learned to spell their names, 'Edyth,' 'Grayce,' 'Ethyl,' 'Elyzabeth,' and so on. Some of the young men in Rule may yet begin spelling their names 'Wyllyam,' 'Arthyr,' 'Thomys,' and 'Josyph,'" says an editorial in The Rule Review. When the fad does begin to interest the male of the species, perhaps The News man may change the spelling of his name so that it will be something "Hyfalutin," for could we not make it "Myltonne L. Meudye?" Aw slush!

The Channing Courier comes to us this week with the name of Roy Richardson, formerly connected with sheet, at the masthead. Roy has improved the Courier in more ways than one. It is newer, is better printed, and carries more advertising than it did before he took charge. When the new editor of the Courier gets well acquainted with the people of his

town, and well on to the ropes about his establishment. The News expects him to publish one of the best small town weeklies in the Panhandle. Here's luck to ye, Roy.

Alien Enemies Receive Fair Treatment and Pay for Labor.

The interned Germans at the station at Hot Springs, N. C., are not prisoners of war. They comprise officers and crews of the German merchant vessels which were held in the United States at the time of the declaration of war.

These aliens receive no funds from the Government except compensation for labor actually performed. Those engaged in construction work get \$20 a month with an additional \$5 to foremen. Interned officers have not been permitted to receive from any source more than \$10 a month and crewmen not more than \$5. Receipts in excess of these amounts are placed to the credit of the aliens in banks.

Three plain but substantial meals are prepared each day. There is no waste, the same measure of economy and conservation which are being urged upon every American housewife being practiced at Hot Springs.

New Foodstuffs Recommended in Germany.

Concentrated straw tolder and ground grape pips are suggested for table use in Germany. In a published list of new food stuffs, with descriptions of use, the following are also found:

Rhubarb leaves, seaweeds, straw meal, crushed maize ears, heather stalks, ground sugar beet seed, wild radish husks, brand, wine yeast, bechnut cake, fish meal, and various mixed foods.

Attempts have recently been made in England to establish the use of rhubarb leaves as greens, but it appears that such food is dangerous. English newspapers have reported several cases of illness following the eating of rhubarb leaf blades.

The port of New York is under military control, the water fronts being guarded by the Regular Army. Fully armed guards prohibit the passage of any person, alien or citizen, who can not establish a business reason for access to the water front areas. The same military control will be established at all other American ports and may include factories engaged in war work.

Every postal employee in the United States has been instructed to take an active part in the campaign for the sale of war saving stamps. In order to reach the desired sales mark of \$2,000,000,000 by January 1, 1919, it will be necessary to sell sufficient stamps to average \$16.50 for each man, woman and child in the United States.

Applications for war-risk insurance are now far past the billion-dollar mark. All soldiers, sailors, marines, and nurses in active service may buy insurance from the Government at from 65 cents a month at the age of 21 to \$1.21 a month at age of 51 for each \$1,000.

The organization of a Cuban aviation unit to be offered France with equipment has been announced in Havana. Probably the Escadrille Cubaine, as the flying unit is called, will be the first body of Cuban fighting men to serve on French soil.

Sec. McAdoo, says business of all insurance companies incorporated under the laws of enemy countries is to be liquidated, with the exception of life insurance companies, which are allowed to continue existing contracts.

NO HIGH COST OF LIVING

Practically Everything Necessary Grows Wild and in Abundance in Amazon Basin.

One of the most interesting explorations of modern times is that which the University of Pennsylvania has conducted in the Amazon basin. Many of the wild tribes in that unknown jungle region were visited by white men for the first time when the expedition reached their villages. Nearly all of them treated the scientists hospitably, many of them erecting special huts and offering all possible aid and information.

These Indians of the South American interior are now for the most part in the same condition as the North American Indians were during the early Spanish exploration of this country—that is, they have not yet been corrupted or diseased by contact with civilization. Most of them are remarkably healthy and well developed. They live largely by hunting, fishing and gathering the fruits of the jungle. Most of them cultivate nothing but cassava, which is a staple food among them. The development of agriculture is checked by the fact that almost all materials grow wild in abundance.

There is even a species of wild cotton which the women gather and spin. Houses are built of poles thatched with palm leaves. Many of the Indians sleep in hammocks woven of plant fiber. Their way of life is surprisingly cleanly and sanitary. Indians of the Parikutu tribe, for example, bathe several times a day, using bamboo scrapers in lieu of Turkish towels.

VERY PROBABLE



"I understand Count De Bum Bum met and won his bride through settlement work."

"Yes, her father settled a million dollars on him."

DOGS SCENT AIR RAIDS.

A curious feature of the recent air raids over England has been the rapid detection by dogs of the presence of hostile aircraft. Bomb-dropping at a distance of three or four miles always causes the dogs to bark, and it is only on these occasions that the large number of dogs kept in the neighborhood is realized, for the chorus of resentful barks is remarkable. It has been noticed that bomb-practice, gun-practice and the hum of British planes much nearer home do not disturb dogs to any extent, and it appears certain that the animals understand that there is danger about, even when it is not in the immediate vicinity.

According to secretary Daniels, there was turkey for the Thanksgiving dinner of every man in the Navy. A naval supply ship arrived in European waters in time to furnish the men on the submarine hunting destroyers the traditional Thanksgiving fare.

By reducing the size of their samples wholesale dealers will save this year \$419,500 worth of cloth, representing enough wool to provide 67,500 soldiers with uniforms.

The National Council of Women, meeting in Washington for war work, embraces 27 national woman's organizations, representing 7,000,000 American women.

For Sale.—Fall blood white Holland turkeys. Call 153. Mrs. C. P. Overton.

A. R. Glenn of west of town was here Tuesday.

BUILDING MATERIAL

A Big Stock in Yard
More Cars in Transit

ALL GRADES GUARANTEED

Your Business Appreciated

WESTERN LUMBER CO.

Wire, Posts, Stays and Hog Fence

PHARMACY
Perfumes and paint for knave or saint; no alcohol or dope.
Here is the place to fix your face with creams or toilet soap.
Remble here for high class cheer; our SOFT DRINKS leave no scars.
Come in some time if in this climate, and try our GOOD CIGARS.
Most every kind of DRUGS you'll find within this modern shop.
Assistance quick! So if you're sick, this is the place to stop.
All or phone; we give you tone, and tonic that is great.
You'll surely win if you come in; you'll find us up-to-date.

The Palace Drug Store
We're in Business for Your Health

Suits cleaned \$1.00 and pressed...

Will Appreciate Your Trade

Lankford, the Tailor

Red Cross relief shipments to Europe average over 10,000 tons a month. In one shipment was a consignment 559 soccer footballs and 250 rugby footballs for American soldiers, purchased with funds raised by Harvard graduates.

German aircraft are marked with a Maltese cross. Allied planes used in Europe are distinguishable by a painted bull's eye. American planes bare a circular blue field with a white star and a bright red center.

W. D. Beck is moving here this week from Tihamingo, Okla.

Walter Bones and Taylor Thomas of Ramsdell were in the city Friday.

WARM UP!

- hot chile
- hot tomato bullion
- hot chocolate

DEE-LICIOUS!

—our Aricot, Apple and Muscadine Sweet Cider.

Dunn's Confectionery

COME TO AMARILLO

TO DO YOUR

Christmas Shopping

We have made special preparations to show you the most complete line of Christmas Goods in the Panhandle.

You can find just what you want and at a saving price.

Useful gifts for every member of the family.

It will be a treat to you to see the many beautiful things and to see our Christmas display.

Jones DRY GOODS CO.

7th and Polk

AMARILLO'S FASTEST GROWING STORE

D. N. Massay

Dealer in Real Estate and Rental Property

A List of Your Property Solicited

McLean

Texas

When You Need a Dray

For Prompt Service and Careful Handling of Your Goods, Call

Harris Brothers

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Supplement to The McLean News

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1917

Notice To All.

Our terms for the year 1918 will be CASH when purchases are made or due and payable in 30 days—in other words we will not be in position to grant longer time than thirty days and we ask you kindly to arrange to meet your bills promptly as we are being compelled to eliminate long time credits from several standpoints—however the main one is we are in most instances being compelled to pay cash for groceries and will have to in turn ask our customers to do like wise. Please bear this in mind and co operate with us. Assuring you that we will do our best to sell you goods at live and let live prices.

Bundy-Hodges Mert Co.

Mrs. W. C. Stephens of Amarillo, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Wilson, returned to her home Friday.

Johnnie Quattlebaum returned Tuesday night from Shamrock and Erick, Okla., where he has been for several days.

New Christmas goods arriving every day at the Palace Drug Store. Call and see us.

Manuel James of Jericho was in the city Monday.

Mrs. Prock of Alanreed was in our city Wednesday.

Red Cross to Hold Christmas Exercises.

It has been recommended by the Red Cross and indorsed by the President that in small towns they have Community Christmas Exercises. In accordance with these wishes the following committees have been appointed:

- General committee on program:
 Mrs. S. R. Jones.
 Mrs. S. E. Boyett.
 Mrs. H. M. Smith.
 Mrs. J. A. Sparks.
 Mrs. Rish Phillips.
 Committee on Decorations:
 Mrs. D. A. Davis.
 Mrs. E. D. Langley.
 Mrs. S. H. Bundy.
 Mrs. C. S. Rice.
 Mrs. J. Y. Bates.

Telephone Subscribers.

See me about the bill you owe. I have some obligations to meet and need the money. Thanking you in advance for your prompt attention.

I am very truly,
 John W. Kibler.

For Sale.—Seven sections of grass land. Will cut into half sections. See S. R. Jones, at the Western Lumber Company.

W. S. Copeland, sheriff of the county was here Thursday.

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

The one gift that is sure to be appreciated by every member of the family. We have Victrolas in a great variety of styles from \$20 to \$320. A size to suit everyone.

We Also Carry a Complete Line of the Famous Brunswick Phonographs

from \$75 to \$180. This phonograph will play all makes of records without any extra attachments.

The shortage of talking machines is going to be greater than ever this year. Send us your order now, while our stock is still complete, and we will make delivery any time you wish between now and Christmas. If you do not wish to pay all cash, we can arrange the terms to suit you.

Nunn Electric Co.

417 POLK STREET

AMARILLO, TEXAS

JUST A FEW MORE DAYS —and then Christmas

To SAVE TIME AND MONEY come to the Jewelry store to buy your Christmas gift.

Most of my stock was bought early, so for this reason I can sell you cheaper than you can buy the same thing elsewhere.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry make nice gifts—Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Silverware and French Ivory also make lasting gifts.

All of these beautiful things and many more that I haven't space to mention you can find at the Jewelry store.

JOHN B. VANNOY OPTICIAN AND JEWELER

Notice to all Car Owners.

All persons are warned that it is positively necessary to have your seal from the state highway department displayed on your car at all times, whether you have a number or not. So many think that if they have the number on cars it is all that is necessary. The pastboard cards and "License applied for" cards are not authorized and are not evidence of payment. Seals are sent out in 24 hours after your money is received. So the department will not excuse you for negligence. You who have seals put them on as the penalty is very heavy for each day the law is violated. I have been requested to put this article in the paper. T. M. Wolfe.

For Sale.—The Will Langley home, on one of the best streets in town. 6 room house, close to school. Enquire of E. D. Langley.

W. C. Foster has sold his home to Ed Swafford, and bought the J. H. Crabtree place in the northeast part of town.

The Douglas shoe is made for the family—out of honest material—they wear. See samples at Bundy & Biggers.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Turner, George and Mrs. Skipper motored to Erick Tuesday, returning Wednesday.

Just received a new shipment of men's fur caps—also a large bunch of mens mackinaws. Bundy Hodges.

J. D. Lee of Lamesa, Tex., arrived here Wednesday for a visit with his mother, Mrs. J. T. Foster.

We earnestly request all accounts settled in full by Jan. 1st. Don't forget the date—Bundy & Biggers.

Little Miss Vallie Turner has returned from Erick, where has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Absher.

Mrs. Harwick of Tucumcari, who has been visiting Mrs. Harlan, left Wednesday for her home.

J. D. Lee of Lamesa arrived here Wednesday for a visit with his mother, Mrs. J. T. Foster.

New stock mackinaws just in. They are beauties and the price is right. Bundy & Biggers.

Mr. Gibbs telephone manager of Shamrock, was in the city Saturday on business.

The Methodist Ladies will serve dinner at the old News building Saturday.

For Sale—Singer sewing machine and oil cooking stove. Mrs. J. O. Phillips.

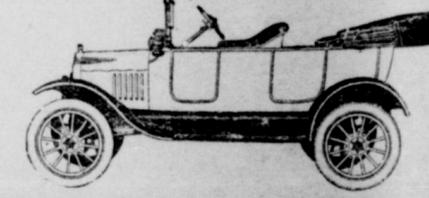
W. L. Haynes and Paul Ladd went to Shamrock Wednesday.

Charlie Sims of Mobeetic was in town Wednesday.

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR Order Now

Despite the fact that it has been rumored that the Ford Motor Company has discontinued the manufacture of Ford cars on account of war work, the Ford Motor Company is now building more cars than ever before in the history of the Company; and we are accepting orders for cars for delivery as soon as possible. Place your order today and get ahead of the fellow who places his tomorrow.

FREE AIR Denson Motor Comp'ny Phone 25 McLean, Texas



NOTICE

Believing it to be for the best interest of all, and following a wise suggestion of our Government, we will go on a CASH BASIS the 15th of this month. The wholesale houses adopted this system the 1st. inst. We request all who are owing us to call and make settlement as early as possible.

We Propose to Sell Goods Cheaper Watch Our Prices

BUNDY & BIGGERS

- J. J. Spartin and J. M. Williams of the Carpenter ranch was in town Wednesday.
- J. S. Uim of Clarendon was here Wednesday and Thursday on business.
- For Sale—Livery barn on the east side of town. Mrs. J. L. Crabtree.
- Mrs. L. M. Parker of Alanreed was in town Wednesday, shopping.
- Stock of over-shoes will be in the first of next week—Bundy & Biggers.
- Mr. Armstrong of Erick, Okla., had business in our city Wednesday.
- Frank Wilson's residence has been sold to B. H. Osborne of Alanreed.
- W. O. Todd of Gracey was in town Tuesday.
- W. C. Turner of Hobart, Okla. is visiting his brother, E. Turner.
- W. P. Dial of Memphis was here on business Wednesday.
- C. D. Blanford's place has been sold to W. H. Gray.
- Dr. Bruno of Pampa was visitor in our city Sunday.
- W. L. Murphree of Northport was in town Tuesday.
- Ben Pierce of the Noel ranch was in town Tuesday.
- R. O. Cunningham of Hobart was in town Tuesday.
- T. C. Stephens of Ramona was in town Tuesday.
- Nat Woods of Clarendon was in our city this week.
- Kid McKoy of Heald was in the city Tuesday.



"I am sending more Christmas cards than ever before"

LAST year so many of my friends called my holiday cards "dainty", "clever", "just too dear", that this year I am using as many as I can. Everyone seems to credit ME with their quality, yet all I do is to ask for

The A. M. DAVIS CO. QUALITY CARDS

A complete line of these cards may be found at this store.

Erwin Drug Company
THE REXALL STORE

Mr. Langford has opened a shop in the building next to the produce establishment. He would be pleased to have anyone desiring anything in his line call. That he is a believer in the use of printer's ink is shown by the advertisement in the other column of The News, to which we desire to call your attention.

For Sale—Priced right if sold January 1st. A \$40 Ludwig piano, a great bargain for some. Mrs. Lee Van Sant.

Chester Crabtree, Bill Bundy, Erwin Rice, and Bryant Henry met to Shamrock Sunday.

C. W. Turman and wife of Pampa were in the city last week, attending the teachers' institute. They returned Saturday. Before leaving town Mr. Turman called on The News to get acquainted. We enjoyed quite a nice chat with him. Mr. Turman made the race for the legislature last year and was defeated by only a little more than 200 votes. This was running some, considering that the successful opponent had held office for several years, was well known over the district, and that Mr. Turman campaigned only a few days before the primary. Mr. Turman is undecided as yet whether he will make the race in 1918. The News predicts that if he does run, he will make the race mighty hot for someone.

All kinds of fresh meats, cured and minced ham, bacon, bolona sausage, pure hog lard, and Swift's Jewel compound. Deliveries made promptly. We are in the market for fat cattle, hogs, and hides. Phone 165. Russell & Son. 4t.

Charles Gobel has sold his farm northeast of town to a Mr. Brock of Chillicothe. Mr. Brock will take possession the 25th of this month. Mr. Gobel is going back to Joliet, Ill., to his old home.

Get your food choppers and lard cans from C. S. Rice.

Terry W. Hudgins

Erick, Oklahoma

Expert Watch Repairing and Engraving

Write me for anything you want and it will be sent on approval, prepaid.

Community Co-operation

Copyrighted Farm and Ranch-Holland's

It may be a fact that your local stores are not as large, or as handsomely equipped as some of the big stores, but you will agree, with me that your merchants cannot possibly enlarge or improve their business beyond the extent justified by the amount of patronage accorded them.

If you are interested in bringing about better local shopping facilities, it is squarely up to you, and other residents of your community, to patronize home merchants, thus keeping your money at home, insofar as possible, where it will circulate in various channels for the improvement of the community.

There are only two possible reasons why a person should remain in any certain town or community: their duties demand it, or they simply like to live there. Isn't this true in your case?

In either event, it is to your distinct advantage to do everything in your power to assist in improving local conditions. The community belongs to you and your neighbors, and you are necessarily governed by conditions as they exist.

A prosperous community is in every instance a desirable place in which to live, as it affords its residents advantages and conveniences to the extent of its prosperity, which invariably is limited to and controlled by the amount of local commercial activity.

To The People of The United States.

Ten million Americans are invited to join the American Red Cross during the week ending with Christmas Eve. The times require that every branch of our great national effort shall be loyally upheld, and it is peculiarly fitting that at the Christmas season the Red Cross should be the branch through which your willingness to help is expressed.

You should join the American Red Cross, because it alone can carry the pledges of Christmas good will to those who are bearing for us the real burdens of the world war, both in our own Army and Navy and in the nations upon whose territory the issues of the world war are being fought out. Your evidence of faith in this work is necessary for their heartening and cheer.

You should join the Red Cross because this arm of the National Service is steadily and efficiently maintaining its overseas relief in every suffering land, administering our millions wisely and well and awakening the gratitude of every people.

Our conscience will not let us enjoy the Christmas season if this pledge of support to our cause and the world's weal is left unfulfilled. Red Cross membership is the Christmas spirit in terms of action.

(Signed) Woodrow Wilson, President of the American Red Cross

Notice.

TO THE TAX PAYERS OF GRAY COUNTY.—

Notice is hereby given that I will be at Alanreed, Texas, on Thursday, December 20th, 1917, and at the American National Bank, McLean, Texas, on Friday and Saturday, December 21st, and 22nd, 1917, for the purpose of collecting taxes from such tax payers as desire to pay at that time.

Yours respectfully,
W. S. Copeland,
Tax Collector.

The News a year for a dollar.

Red Cross News

We are very anxious to complete filling the three boxes now under way by Friday before Christmas. More help is needed. McLean is proud of the Red Cross chapter, and the wonderful work it has in the past. Also the letters from headquarters complimenting the work.

The time for the great spring drive is rapidly approaching. Thousands of our own American boys will be wounded; the only pleasant thought about this is that we can help to restore them to health again by giving a few hours each week working at something in the Red Cross room. Are we willing to make a little sacrifice to show our love for country and our splendid boys who are giving up everything to fight for our own welfare? It is the duty of every man, woman and child to aid in this great Red Cross movement.

Every woman in McLean and surrounding country is urged to give 3 hours at least each week to this work. The work room is open on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons from 1:30 to 4:30. Remember the hours and be on hand. Bring some one with you.

From Camp Travis.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the splendid tonic effect letters from home have on the soldiers of Camp Travis. These letters are looked forward to with a zest that can be compared only with the expectations of a child at Christmas time. When the mail comes and is distributed and there is no word from relatives and friends it takes a terrible amount of mental shaking to loosen the feeling of disappointment in the heart of the soldier boy. Mother is naturally expected to write often, and Mother seldom fails her boy. But Ma and Mabel, Elsie and Alice are the ones the soldier boy thinks about the hardest and fret over most when they fail to write. There is just a feeling that can't be described in the hearts of the soldier-boys that, when they don't hear from their sweethearts, perhaps some fellow who is at least 35 percent slacker has cut a corner and has gotten in the good graces of the "girl left behind." The more letters a soldier receives the better soldiers they are, and then again the extra cent now put on every letter makes it just that much surer that Berlin will be reached.

All of your laundry for one month, no matter how much, at a flat rate of \$1.50. That is what Uncle Sam's big laundry at Camp Travis charges the soldier boys and collects at the end of the month. The soap sud's factory is the largest of its kind in the world and contains some of the most modern and expensive laundry machinery. The task of sorting and classifying laundry for 30,000 soldiers is no small task when it must be taken into consideration that all of these clothes are exactly alike. This giant laundry does even more for the soldiers than guaranteeing him the return of his own clothes, clean and ironed. They all come back mended. Buttons that have been lost in drilling are replaced. Rents that have been made in crawling through the brush are neatly sewed.

A Hostess House has been erected at Camp Travis for the purpose of offering a place where soldiers can entertain their mothers, wives and sweethearts when they visit at Camp Travis. The Hostess House is a large, widespread one-story building with a screened porch and a room, simply, but very

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

to Enter the Railroad Service

The Fort Worth & Denver City Railway desires to receive applications for consideration to fill vacancies that may now or hereafter exist in the following capacities:

FREIGHT TRAIN BRAKEMEN

Apply C. T. Grove, trainmaster, Childress, Texas.
J. A. Murphy, trainmaster, Wichita Falls, Texas.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Apply J. H. Kelley, traveling engineer, Childress, Texas. (Applicants are required to pass physical examination).

MACHINISTS (Experienced)

Apply L. L. Dawson, supt. motive power, Childress, Texas.

TELEGRAPH OPERATORS

Apply O. R. Bodeen, chief dispatcher, Childress, Texas.
F. H. Schaffer, chief dispatcher, Wichita Falls.

COAL SHOVELERS

Apply C. M. Buck, fuel agent, Childress, Texas.

Users of Intoxicants Need Not Apply

The local freight agent at any of our stations will explain the working conditions and give any further information desired about approximate wages the positions will produce. If any further information is desired, write.

H. A. GAUSEWITZ

G. n. Supt., F. D. & D. C. Ry. Co. Ft. Worth, Texas

Let Us Charge Your Batteries

We have mechanics that understand battery work thoroughly, and we are equipped to charge and repair batteries in an altogether satisfactory manner. Let us do your battery work.

McLean Auto Co.

Wanted

Loans on improved Farms and Ranches
Long time, Low rates. Liberal Options.

Quick Services

Hooper & Roach

Groom, Texas.

furnished and with large open fireplace at one end. There are arrangements for a tea room with service on the cafeteria plan, and a comfortable rest room. The Hostess House is conducted under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association. If you are coming to Camp Travis to visit your friends or family, The Hostess House is an ideal place where you can be entertained.

D. J. Bulls was over from Shamrock Monday and while here called on The News to have some circulars printed, announcing that he will be here Saturday for the purpose of buying horses and mules.

Mrs. J. J. McLean and daughter, Miss Dorothy, left Friday for Amarillo where they will stay for a month or two.

Through Service

TO

Okl. City, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Memphis, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, El Paso, and Los Angeles

VIA



For rates, reservations or other information, write, phone or call on

D. A. DAVIS
Agent, McLean

OR—
A. PETERSON
General Agt. Amarillo

THE ELITE BARBER SHOP

EVERETT BROS., Proprietors

The Best Barber Service Always

Agents for the PANHANDLE STEAM LAUNDRY, Amarillo. Basket Leaves Tuesday Afternoon; Returns on Friday.

\$25.00 REWARD

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

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

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for
stimulating the Food by Regulating
the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion
Cheerfulness and Best Contains
Neither Opium, Morphine nor
Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC

Prepared by **W. D. PARSONS**
Pumpkin Seed
Aloe Senna
Rochelle Salts
Lactose
Syrup
Syrup
Syrup
Syrup
Syrup
Syrup

A helpful Remedy for
Constipation and Diarrhoea,
and Feverishness and
LOSS OF SLEEP
resulting therefrom in Infancy.

Facsimile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS 35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

**Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria**

Always
Bears the
Signature
of
Chas. H. Fletcher

In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be
Constipated
and Happy

A Remedy That
Makes Life
Worth Living

Small Pill
Small Dose
Small Price

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.**

Genuine bears signature
Brentwood

**A BSENCE of Iron in the
Blood is the reason for
many colorless faces but**

CARTER'S IRON PILLS
will greatly help most pale-faced people

Human Rights.
"What we want is freedom of speech!" shouted the man on a soap box.
"Yes!" answered the woman who was leaning out of the window. "But haven't we members of the Anti-Noise association any rights at all?"

Weak, Faint Heart, and Hysterics
can be rectified by taking "Renovine," a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1. Adv.

A company has been formed in Norway for making fuel from peat.

St. Paul has an oak tree which 100 years ago was used as a gibbet.

War Behind the Lines.
In the house of commons the statement was made some time ago that it needs a man and a half behind the line to keep one man in the trenches; and that is only at the front. How many men, women and children at home are needed to keep going the man with the rifle and hand grenade we can only conjecture, but if we say ten civilians to every fighting man we shall not exaggerate.—Simon Strunsky in the Yale Review.

Breaks the News.
Silence gives consent, but no girl who consented ever kept silent long about it.

OUR BOYS IN FRANCE AND HOME PROTECTION

The men on the firing line represent the pick of our American youth. One in four of our boys at home was sick, rejected because of physical deficiency. Many times the kidneys were to blame. If we wish to prevent old age coming on too soon, or if we want to increase our chances for a long life, Dr. Pierce of the Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., says that you should drink plenty of water daily between meals. Then procure at your nearest drug store Anuric (double strength). This An-u-ric drives the uric acid out and cures backache and rheumatism.

If we wish to keep our kidneys in the best condition a diet of milk and vegetables, with only little meat once a day, is the most suitable. Drink plenty of pure water, take Anuric three times a day for a month.

Step into the drug store and ask for Anuric (50 cents a package) or send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. Anuric, many times more potent than lithia, often eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you.

MOTHERS, ATTENTION!

Custer, Okla.—"I am sure that I owe my present health to Dr. Pierce's medicine. During each expectant period I used Favorite Prescription and am sure it saved me a world of suffering. I am a Christian and first began using this medicine because it did not have alcohol in it. I recommend it to every young mother especially. Several I have recommended it to in this neighborhood have used it and now praise it as highly as myself. I want to say, too, that my little boys are fine, healthy children, and I take pleasure in writing this letter. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a Godsend to women."—MRS. MONA THARP.

Buy it now in liquid or tablets. All druggists, or send Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., ten cents for trial pkg. tablets.—Adv.

**Canada's Liberal Offer of
Wheat Land to Settlers**

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

180 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 30 to 45 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising.

The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets, convenient climate excellent. There is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Sup't. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can. or to

G. A. COOK
2012 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian Government Agent

COUGHING
annoys others and hurts you. Relieve throat irritation and tickling, and get rid of coughs, colds and hoarseness by taking at once

PISO'S

Guarding Against a Lefterover.
"Do you think there is any excuse for keeping a pet dog?"
"Well," replied Mr. Meekton, "I hope they will let Henrietta keep Fido for a few weeks longer. I'd hate to be called on to eat the dog biscuit to keep it from going to waste."

**What
Can
We
Do?**



In the city schoolchildren are proving how useful they can make themselves, doing good work in which they are enthusiastic, and turning out quantities of comforts for the soldiers. The supplies they make are gathered up by agents of the Red Cross, so that the responsibility of the teachers ends with the delivery of these supplies.

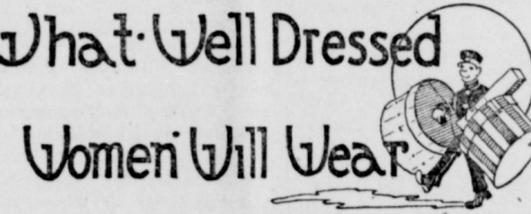
Boys and girls along with firemen and policemen and about everybody else with an hour to spare occasionally are knitting. The children are taught to knit small squares of yarn, to be set together to make coverlets for the Belgians, or whoever else the Red Cross may discover pinched by the cold, where coal is scarce. Odds and ends of yarn do for these squares, and even the smaller children learn to make them nicely. The youngsters like the work, and their teachers show them how to "cast on" the number of articles required, which varies a little, according to the thickness of the yarn. They are taught to make the squares, with even and exact stitches, and also how to take it off the needle when finished. The practice is good for them, for they must undo the work if a stitch is dropped, and knit it over again. In some households children

taught at school instruct their elders so that everybody knits but father, and perhaps father knits, too. At any rate, he might, if knitting proved as fascinating and restful to the nerves as women find it. Children who become expert in knitting squares occasionally knit scarfs also.

Another thing that they are doing will help the hospital units. All the old scraps of linen, worn-out table linen or bed linen, is cut up into small pieces for making lint. These pieces are laid on a board or kitchen table, and scraped with a knife blade, converting them into lint. Small knives such as are used for paring vegetables, or pocket knives, are used for the work. The linen must, of course, be perfectly clean.

Other clean rags of white cotton are cut up into small strips to be used to stuff pillows. The strips are less than an inch wide, and may be frayed along the edges. They vary in length and are used as a substitute for feathers. These are all things that even the smallest children can do. As soon as they become expert enough at knitting there are other things to be made besides squares and scarfs—such as eye bandages.

**What Well Dressed
Women Will Wear**



REFLECTING CHINESE INSPIRATION.

No one knows why the odd suit shown above was christened by its exhibitor at a recent style show as "Pochontas," except that the material it is made of is in a light leather brown and has a surface like doe-skin. "Fan Tan" or "Sing Joy" would fit it exactly and "Pitti Sing" leave nothing to be desired in the way of a name. Its inspiration hails from the Flowery Kingdom, as plain as day, and it does credit to its origin. It managed to help its designers to win the laurels for originality and beauty of design in apparel for all hours of the day and evening and for all occasions that happen in the lives of women of today.

A glove finish material of wool, which may have been velours, was used to make the straight one-piece frock without waist line and the Chinese coat that constitutes this suit. One might question the origin of the style in the dress but "China" is proclaimed by every line of the coat. The lining of tan-colored satin makes a facing for the arms and sleeves with edges finished with buttonhole stitches in black yarn. An overcoat stitch of the same defines all the seams in the frock and outlines the pockets on the coat. They have pointed flaps buttonhole stitched about the edge and fastened down with a small flat brown button.

At the front of the body of the frock, cutout applique figures in cloth and needlework stitches form a large medallion in which white appears with a little blue and red. A similar medallion, but much smaller, appears on

the upturned brim of the round turban, made of the same material as the suit. Perhaps it is these odd ornaments, except that the material it is made of is in a light leather brown and has a surface like doe-skin. "Fan Tan" or "Sing Joy" would fit it exactly and "Pitti Sing" leave nothing to be desired in the way of a name. Its inspiration hails from the Flowery Kingdom, as plain as day, and it does credit to its origin. It managed to help its designers to win the laurels for originality and beauty of design in apparel for all hours of the day and evening and for all occasions that happen in the lives of women of today.

The Pochontas suit is a diversion in suits, for the woman who can have several kinds and carry off odd styles. It is pretty and sensible, and altogether comfortable, but is not presented as a rival of the regulation tailored suit. It belongs to a different order of things and is refreshingly novel.

Julia Bottomly

Silk Underwear.

Much silk is shown in the new supplies of underwear and many of the trousseaux show all kinds of underwear as well as nightgowns made in silk, cut on simple lines and finished in tailored fashion. There is a certain simplicity about most of the new underwear, as this tailored finish suggests, but no matter how simple all other garments may be, the under-bodice, camisole, bodice cover, corset cover—call it what you will—is elaborate. It is made of every fabric imaginable, including much net and georgette crepe, and it is trimmed with as much elaboration as ever.

England employs 150,000 women as clerks in government offices.

**Colds
Coughs
Catarrh**

A trinity of evils, closely allied, that afflict most people, and which follow one on the other, in the order named, until the last one is spread through the system, leading to many evils. But their course can be checked.

PERUNA CONQUERS

It is of great value when used promptly for a cold, usually checking it and overcoming it in a few days.

Ample evidence has proved that it is even of more value in overcoming chronic catarrh, dispelling the inflammatory conditions, enabling the diseased membranes to perform their natural functions, and toning up the entire system.

The experience of thousands is a safe guide to what it may be expected to do for you.

Liquid or tablets—both tested by the public and approved.

THE PERUNA COMPANY COLUMBUS, OHIO

Life wouldn't be worth the living if it were a continuous succession of putting and ice cream.

Dr. B. F. Jackson, Celebrated Physician, handed down to posterity his famous prescription for female troubles. Now sold under the name of "Femmina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

A man may convince a woman that she is in the wrong by agreeing with her.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

has been a household panacea all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming up food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Amateur inventors bear a striking resemblance to their models; neither are at all likely to work.

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$10.00 for any case of Catarrh that **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

DVINSK AS A PIVOTAL POINT

Thriving Russian City That Controls River Dvina Valley, One of the Strongest Fortified.

Dvinsk, one of Russia's strongest fortified cities, is described in a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society, which says:

"With a population of 110,000, including 30,000 Jews, Dvinsk is a city of prime importance to Russia, for it virtually controls the whole valley of the River Dvina, upon whose right bank it is situated, 110 miles (135 miles by river) southeast of Riga.

"Not only is Dvinsk important as a strategic river point, but as a thriving railway center. It is the junction point for the great arteries of commerce running from Riga to Smolensk, and from Petrograd to Vilna. There is also an important railroad to Libau. Dvinsk is 332 miles by rail southwest of Petrograd.

"Dvinsk is an important agricultural center, enjoying an extensive trade in flax, hemp and grain. It is also a big timber market, and its flourishing industries before the war included flour mills, breweries, match and tobacco factories, tanneries, brick and tile works.

"In most encyclopedias and gazetteers the city is listed under its old name of Dnaburg, but in 1893 the Russian authorities officially declared it to be Dvinsk.

"During Napoleon's Russian campaign in 1812 Marshal Oudinot tried in vain to capture the bridgehead at Dvinsk, but the honor of taking the city was reserved for Macdonald a few weeks later."

With the Pacificists.
"Terrible about the Smith de Posters, isn't it?"
"What's the matter now?"
"Oh! they are constantly fighting about which one is the more peaceably inclined."

Nerves All Unstrung?

Nervousness and nerve pains often come from weak kidneys. Many a person who worries over trifles and is troubled with neuralgia, rheumatic pains and backache would find relief through a good kidney remedy. If you have nervous attacks, with headaches, backaches, dizzy spells and sharp, shooting pains, try Doan's Kidney Pills. They have brought quick benefit in thousands of such cases.

An Oklahoma Case

Mrs. Sidney E. Sage, Thomas, Okla., says: "Doing heavy housework caused kidney trouble and my back grew sore and lame. For days I was unable to get around and when I overworked, sharp, piercing pains went through me. My limbs ached and I felt all run down. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me quick relief and three boxes cured me of every symptom of kidney trouble. The cure has lasted."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



**WINTERSMITH'S
W CHILL TONIC**

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic.

HIDES

Get all your hides, wool and furs at worth by shipping to
CENTRAL HIDE & FUR CO.
302 East Main St., OKLAHOMA CITY
Write for tags and prices.

**Every Woman Wants
Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER**

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or posted by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

On Level Ground.
When a man forgets to ask his wife if she needs any money it's a sign that the honeymoon is over.

COVETED BY ALL
but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Aunt Virginia Says:
To attempt to plan your life for a year, a month, a week ahead is just as foolish as it would be to commence to add up a column of figures without knowing what more than half of them were.

Justice to the innocent sometimes demands that we expose the faults of our neighbor, but we ought to meet the occasion as an unpleasant duty, not as a joyful opportunity.

It pays to be generous if only for the claim it gives us on the generosity of others when our time of need comes.

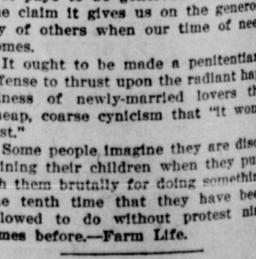
It ought to be made a penitentiary offense to thrust upon the radiant happiness of newly-married lovers the cheap, coarse cynicism that "it won't last."

Some people imagine they are disciplining their children when they punish them brutally for doing something the tenth time that they have been allowed to do without protest nine times before.—Farm Life.

**TWO GREAT WORLD GRAINS
are combined in the
perfected ready-cooked
cereal—
Grape-Nuts**

This appetizing blend
of Wheat and Barley
is over 98% Food.

**ECONOMICAL
HEALTHFUL
DELIGHTFUL**



A Married Couple.
"We can't all be rich in this world."
"No. But isn't it fine that we can all know someone who hasn't quite so much money as we have?"

Many a so-called self-made man is the handiwork of his wife.

MURINE Granulated Eyeids,
Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes.

YOUR EYES
Are Smarting, Just Eye Care! Murine Eye Remedy At Your Druggist's or by Mail. In Tablets, For Sale by the Doz.—From Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Why Girl Candy Workers Swore Off Sweet Stuff

NEW YORK.—While Miss Therese Cohen of 233 Minerva place, the Bronx, was tasting the cup of popularity in the candy factory in West Thirty-ninth street, where she works, the ten other girls in that place were tasting something else in sight that looked enough to contain a diamond ring. Miss Cohen tasted the dregs of the same cup while the ten foolish girls wrestled with the making of a candy never, never to taste any more of old candy for the rest of their lives, so help 'em.



It all began when, in the midst of the forenoon, Miss Cohen suddenly uttered a Bronx shriek and announced mysteriously that she had dropped her engagement ring in the peanut brittle or the chocolate fudge or the marshmallow creams which she had been stirring. Since she wasn't sure which, she began tasting the pieces of candy into which the three brands had been molded.

Surprisingly at first, but later—when Miss Cohen announced a reward—only the ten others began nibbling and quashing away at everything on the marble-topped tables. Between sniffles and tears, Miss Cohen announced that it was her engagement ring—and, of course, that led to more sympathy and more search and more nibbling. Through it all she was the center of interest—even to have lost a diamond ring makes a girl popular in the Bronx. And then, just when it seemed that the whole candy supply was to be demolished, the porter came in to ask who had left a ring on the window sill in the washroom and Miss Cohen remembered that she had taken off her ring to wash her hands after working up that mean old peanut brittle.

That's all there is to it—except that not a single girl offered to walk home with Miss Cohen that night—which, considering where she lives, may not be so strange after all.

Baby Plagiarizes Scene From "Immortal Will"

DETROIT.—A charming debutante is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cole, 618 Artillery avenue. Although it's a harsh charge to place against so youthful, Miss Cole is a rank plagiarist. Merely to create an impression with the young set, she went visiting Monday in a laundry basket.



Miss Cole should be chided for dabbling in sensationalism that way. She should remember that a certain writing gentleman, Mr. Shakespeare, anticipated her by a couple of centuries. Mr. Shakespeare originated the laundry-basket idea in a show many years ago, called the "Merry Wives of Windsor." He had Mr. Falstaff, a character in this show, do the laundry-basket stunt, and the old residents do say it was quite a hit. But even if it was not her own creation, Miss Cole's tour in her mother's laundry basket procured her a deal of public interest. Her mother placed a basket of soiled clothes on the porch for the laundry man. In some way Miss Cole got in the basket. How she got there seems to be a mystery, but it is believed she became hidden in the clothes and was put in the basket with them.

Anyway the laundry man failed to see her and took her right away with him to the laundry, and her mother was frantic with worry, fearing she had been abducted, and policemen were called to search for her, and oh—lots of excitement resulted.

Her hiding place was revealed just as she was about to be dumped into a boiling vat at the laundry. On her return home Monday afternoon, Miss Cole refused to discuss the incident. She is three months old.

Jewish Refugees Reach America in Terrible Plight

AN ATLANTIC PORT.—With minds and bodies almost wrecked by starvation and other European war horrors, 89 Jewish war refugees from Palestine arrived here on a French liner. No brush or word picture could reproduce the story of their escape from Palestine, subsequent to attacks by Turks, rescue by representatives of the joint distribution committee of American funds for Jewish war relief, their safe arrival at Berne, Switzerland and the hazardous trip across the Atlantic.

With trembling bodies and eyes filled with tears of gratitude, they told their stories. They told of Jerusalem, a city once holding 65,000 Jews. But 25,000 are left—the others have starved to death. They were four months going from Jerusalem to Berne. Many died from starvation and exposure while on the way. The few who made the trip successfully arrived starving, emaciated and half nude.

Temporary relief awaited them at Berne, where clothing also was provided. En route, they were attacked by a band of young Turkish soldiers who stripped them of everything of value, especially clothing and food.

Many of them have relatives in America by whom they will be cared for. Others will be taken care of by Jewish charity. At Berne, an additional 1,000 refugees are waiting to be brought over.

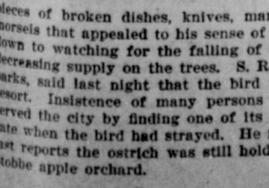
Their first act on arriving on American soil was to offer prayer for their safe arrival; their first request was for food. The request was granted immediately by the New York members of the committee.

To say that two million people are starving; that in the Lebanon alone more than 150,000 have perished of starvation and disease; that in Palestine the population of Jerusalem has fallen by over one-third since the war's beginning, from the same causes, means perhaps very little to the horror-jaded mind. But to have seen the naked children lying out in the cold and rain of the garbage-strewn streets of Beirut, crying out for a crust of bread, till even the Turkish officials could not bear it any longer and appealed to the American ambassador to send help; to have seen the thousands of deported Armenians, mostly women and children, literally rotting to death on the banks of the Euphrates, these were sights never to be forgotten by those that beheld them.

Wandering Ostrich Cleans Up City Back Yard

SALT LAKE CITY.—John Stobbe of 3574 East Third street has an ostrich on his hands. Mr. Stobbe allows that it is some bird. At first it was generally supposed that it had wandered away from Liberty park, with a panel of wire fence in its claw. The only difficulty about this explanation was that the keeper found neither ostrich nor section of fence missing from his compound.

In the meantime, the puzzle that his presence in the neighborhood provoked did not disturb the ostrich. He approached the back yard of the Stobbe residence under squatter's right. The yard was strewn with pears and apples from fruit trees. These he cleared up forthwith, along with such pieces of broken dishes, knives, marbles, patchwork, tins and other bright morsels that appealed to his sense of things edible. Now the bird has settled down to watching for the falling of the apples and pears, unmindful of the decreasing supply on the trees. S. R. Lambourne, superintendent of the city parks, said last night that the bird undoubtedly belongs at the Wandemere resort. Insistence of many persons who telephoned to him that they had served the city by finding one of its ostriches led Mr. Lambourne to investigate when the bird had strayed. He notified the officials of the resort, but at last reports the ostrich was still holding down the outfield and infield in the Stobbe apple orchard.



OLD PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that, so many people claim, it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Speed.
"Heard any news from the boy at the training camp?"
"Yes. He writes us that he's the fastest potato peeler in his company."

SOFT, CLEAR SKINS

Made So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The last thing at night and the first in the morning, bathe the face freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water. If there are pimples or dandruff smear them with Cuticura Ointment before bathing. Nothing better than Cuticura for daily toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address Postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Send everywhere.—Adv.

She Had a Kind Face.
Agnes—No, I would never marry a man to reform him.
Ethel—Well, I don't think myself that harsh measures are the best.

When You Need a General Tonic

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

Over 3,000 Breton (France) women earn their living as sailors.

The membership of the United Mine Workers exceeds 350,000.



First Aid for Laundry Troubles

If every wash-day is a day for the "Bines"—the right blue will send them scuttling away.

Red Cross Ball Blue

is the secret of successful washing;—Pure White, dazzling clothes that leaves the happy smile of satisfaction at the end of a day of hard work.

5 Cents. At Your Grocers'

Easy to Rid Home of Rats and Mice

There is no need of suffering from the depredations of rats and mice now that Stearns' Paste is readily obtainable at nearly every store. A small box of this effective exterminator costs only 35 cents and is usually sufficient to completely rid the house, store or barn of rats and mice. The U. S. Government has bought thousands of pounds of Stearns' Paste for use in cities where rats and mice are plentiful. The Paste is also efficient in destroying cockroaches and waterbugs. Adv.

Too Ladylike.
Mother was making Sonny a coat out of an old plush coat belonging to one of his older sisters. While trying it on she told him how nice and warm it would be to play in, and asked him if he didn't think it would be a nice coat. Bob answered, "Oh, gee, now every time a lady comes by I'll have to duck."

IMMEDIATE ATTENTION
should be given to sprains, swellings, bruises, rheumatism and neuralgia. Keep Mansfield's Magic Arnica Liniment handy on the shelf. Three sizes—25c, 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Machine Men.
Major—Who will take charge of our machine gun?
Private Smith—Corporal Higgins was one of the best machine men in our ward; let him do it.—Puck.

Notice to Sick Women

The Experience of These Women Prove That There is a Remedy for Your Illness.

Aberdeen, Idaho.—"Last year I suffered from a weakness with pains in my side and back. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I did so. After taking one bottle I felt very much better. I have now taken three bottles and feel like a different woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I have ever taken and I can recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. FRACY PRESTIDGE, Aberdeen, Idaho.

Kingfisher, Okla.—"For two years I suffered with a severe female trouble, was nervous, and had backache and a pain in my side most of the time. I had dizzy spells and was often so faint I could not walk across the floor. The doctor said I would have to have an operation. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking ten bottles I am now well and strong, have no pain, backache or dizzy spells. Every one tells me how well I look and I tell them Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did it."—Miss NINA SOUTHWICK, R. F. D. No. 4, Box 33, Kingfisher, Okla.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has restored more sick women to health than any other remedy.

At Your Druggist's

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Not Bread Alone.
A Japanese newspaper, in emphasizing the gravity of the responsibility resting on Japan and America on account of the fact that the world activity is shifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific, says that these two great nations are bound to exchange more and more of their products and declares that they must come to agree on high principles. "Man cannot live by bread alone," quotes the editor—which is perfectly true; but, as the old ditty remarked, observes an exchange. "It keeps er man hustlin' fo' a little price o' meat."

Another Suggestion.
"I hope there won't be any shortage of fuel."
"So do I," returned Miss Cayenne. "If there is, I am going to suggest that baseball be played the year round. Nobody seems to pay the slightest attention to the climate when he can stand out in the street and watch a scoreboard."

Protected.
"Here I am about to freeze, and that woman's chest is as bare as the back of your hand."
"Not quite. I'm not wearing a lavender on the back of my hand."

That Grim White Spectre, Pneumonia, follows on the heels of a neglected cough or cold. Delay no longer. Take Mansfield's Cough Balsam. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Really Brave.
"You really think that he's a game soldier?"
"You bet he is! Why, he's as game as a married man says he'd be if he weren't married!"

Women barbers, hair dressers and manicurists number over 4,000 in New York city.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels. Ad.

The Straight Tip.
He—Are you sentimental?
She—It depends.
He—On what?
She—On the restaurant and the diner.—Passing Show.

Stop That Cold At Once
HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiate—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store

BLACK-DRAUGHT

Stomach Trouble

For simple, common ailments, due to disordered stomach, liver and bowels, you will find Theford's Black-Draught a reliable and useful remedy.

For over 70 years, it has been successfully employed for these troubles, and its consumption is increasing year by year, proving the public recognition of its true and genuine value.

Being purely vegetable, it has no such bad secondary effects, as the mineral drugs, like calomel (mercury), etc., but can be depended on to relieve, by its first action on the system.

Black-Draught is a good, safe, reliable, family medicine, for young and old. A package should be in every household.

Mr. Marion Holcomb, of Nancy, Ky., writes: "For quite a long while I suffered with stomach trouble. I would have pains and a heavy feeling after my meals, a most disagreeable taste in my mouth. If I ate anything, with butter, oil or grease, I would spit it up. I began to have regular sick headache. I had used pills and tablets, but after a course of these I would be constipated. I found they were no good at all for my trouble. I heard Theford's Black-Draught recommended very highly. So began to use it. It cured me. I keep it in the house all the time. It is the best liver medicine made. I do not have sick headache or stomach trouble any more."

Liver Medicine

G. A. 42

Christmas Suggestions

Early selections for Christmas buying is more important this season than ever before. Remember there are no Christmas preparations across the waters and our American manufacturers are unable to supply the demand. We call special attention to some splendid selections for every

member of the family, not forgetting the little folks, who are always remembered by us. Note the following list, from which we trust you may find some useful and practical suggestions to gladden the hearts and make happy the ones during the Yuletide season.

Curlee clothes; Curlee pants for men and young men.

Ladies' Dresses and Coats.

Ladies' and men's shoes, gloves, hats, hosiery.

Handkerchiefs for men, women and children. Separate and in beautiful holly boxes, containing 4 to 6 in a box.

Beautiful selection of ladies' and men's hose.

Auto veils in assorted colors, specially selected for Christmas.

Slippers in holly boxes for Xmas.

Ties—the most beautifully assorted line of men's neckwear we have ever shown. Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

T. J. Coffey

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early and Avoid the Rush, and You'll Also Secure a Much Better Assortment

PRODUCE

Bring in the geese and sheep-lamb's fleece, and get the highest price:

Old timers know just where to go with EGGS that cut some ice.

United here, the whole long year, we buy to ship away:

Great lots or small, we handle all, and we are here to stay.

Hides and such we handle much, and chickens are much sought.

This KEASLER MAN sure will and can get all the PRODUCE BOUGHT.

W. J. KEASLER

Listen.

We have just unpacked the largest assortment of good rockers that we have ever had the pleasure of showing in McLean. If you are needing a Christmas present that will be appreciated we'd like to show you these. The prices range from \$3.50 to \$13.50. Bundy Hodges, Merc. Co.

For Sale—Four old work mules, harness and wagon, 3 year old pony, 1 jersey with yearling heifer, 1 jersey with calf two weeks old, 1 jersey cow with seven months old heifer calf, one cow coming fresh soon one good top buggy, steel harrow disc cultivator, nine-inch walking plow, one sanitary couch, cream can. Chas Goebel. 2p

THE FARMERS' WAR

Let us think for a while how the War concerns the farmer.

We went to war with Germany partly because the rulers of that country refused to let us send to Europe our ships laden with grain and cotton. They sunk the ships and cruelly murdered our sailors. Now suppose we allowed them to stop all our shipping, where would you be? None of your goods would be sold in foreign countries, with the result that you would get nothing like the prices which you get today. This war is being waged partly that you may obtain fair prices for your goods.

What is going to happen if we lose this war? Prices of farm produce will drop; the Germans will impose taxation upon you which will cripple you for the next twenty years. Worse than that, if the Germans get over here, they will treat you in just the same way as they have the farmers of France, Belgium and Italy. In these sections farm houses have been shot to pieces, crops wasted and burned; even fruit trees chopped down, the cattle stolen, the men sent into slavery to work for German masters, their women ill-treated in ways that cannot be talked of in print, their little children have had their hands chopped off in order that they may never fight or do any more useful work again.

You may say "such things will not happen here." They said this in France, in Belgium and in Italy. Such things will happen here just as sure as you are alive, unless we smash the Germans so utterly that they are unable to reach this country. The German fleet and the German army will take just one week to get here if we are beaten. They have made up their minds that America shall pay.

Is there a farmer who will stand forward now and say, "This war does not concern me?"

You have money that you do not need at present. Loan it to the government at good interest; when you want the money back again, you can borrow on your bond, or sell it. Uncle Sam will take care of your money until you need it and pay you interest on it.

Go and buy a Liberty Bond tomorrow.

The Banks have some Bonds on hand. They are holding them for people like yourself.

Don't be a slacker, and don't fool yourself with the idea that you are too far away from the war for it to hurt you. Remember 1914, when the Germans upset the world's shipping, and you took what you could get for your products.

Think of the twenty years starvation prices ahead of you, in case we are beaten.

This is your war, and if you won't get in it you deserve to lose your American Citizenship.

Call in at the bank tomorrow, and talk it over.

To The Public.

We want to close up our books by December 25th in order that we may invoice our stock and take a new start. All those who know themselves to be indebted to us will please call and settle up before that date.

Yours very truly,
Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIS MONEY

A farmer came to one of the biggest business men in the Southwest last week and said: "I have done pretty well this season. I've \$500.00 that I can spare. It's earning me nothing in the bank. You know something about investments, tell me what to do with it."

"Well," said the big fellow "You can put your money into Railroad Stocks, you can buy Standard Commercial Stocks, or you can take long chances and buy stock in some Gold Mine which may or may not make you a Millionaire. Do you know anything about stocks, shares, or investments generally?"

"N'm a thing."

"Well, what is your first requirement in an investment, do you want high interest, or absolute safety?"

"Absolute safety—no chances for me. Why I wouldn't sleep nights and my wife would never quit worrying if I took chances."

"Well," was the reply, "I can advise you to buy some good Commercial Stock but I want to warn you that owing to trade conditions being upset of course the Stock might be low just when you wanted to sell. Would you mind that?"

"Yes, I believe I would. Of course, I know all Stocks go up and down a little in price, but I must have some thing that can't go down too low, because I might want my money any time, and I can't afford to lose 5% to 10% of my investment just for the sake of securing 5% to 10% interest."

"So you want something that is so safe it will not cause you one moment's worry, you want something that you can purchase, hold, and feel safe about without your having to learn anything about stocks, shares, or market prices."

"That's it, exactly."

The business man had known right along what investment this man needed, but he wanted the farmer to sell himself first. "Well," he said with a smile, "What's the matter with investing with the United States Government? You won't have to sit up nights wondering whether they are going to fail. You don't have to know one thing about stocks, shares or markets, in order to get in on the proposition, and your little 4% comes around twice a year regularly."

"Oh, you mean buy a Liberty Bond?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Well, I guess I can't do better."

"Better, why, man, you can't do as well. It's the only kind of investment for a fellow like yourself who knows all about farming and nothing about finance. Your bond is the best collateral in the world, you can always sell it if you have to, and believe me there is a feeling of satisfaction about owning one of those bonds that you can't buy with any other security. The bond is Uncle Sam's certificate that you are an American in good standing and you feel that you are helping our boys in the great fight. Look at it any way you like, it's the best investment in the world."

The ladies of the Methodist church will serve dinner in the building formerly occupied by The News on Saturday, December 15th. Price 35c. Benefit M. E. Church.

The News a year for a dollar.

—we're not satisfied unless you are

—our whole aim is to please our customers. Your trade is solicited and appreciated.

—tell us your wants.

Cicero-Smith Lumber Company

Phone No. 3

McLean, Texas

New Bed Steads.

We have on display now the most beautiful line of beds that we have ever stocked. These are ready for inspection and we assure you that if you are needing something in this line that we can supply your wants—and you won't have to wait—they are here now—come and see them Bundy Hodges Merc Co.

Miss Grace Whatley, who has been visiting Mrs. C. E. A. Pollard, returned Wednesday to her home in Groom.

Don't forget the dinner the Methodist ladies will serve Saturday. Benefit M. E. Church.

Mrs. L. C. Parker of Alanreed was in town Wednesday, shopping.

Special to Close Out at Cost.

We have in stock about 6 baby buggies and pull carts that we will close out at actual cost—provided they are bought between now and the first of the year. We are discontinuing this line for the present.

Bundy-Hodges Merc. Co.

George Weaver and wife returned Wednesday from Eagle, Nebraska, where they visited Mrs. Weaver's mother, who has been very sick.

A big dinner for 35 cents at the old News building Saturday noon. No excessive Hooverizing. Benefit M. E. Church.

Judge Wolfe and R.N. Ashby attended Commissioners court Monday and Tuesday.

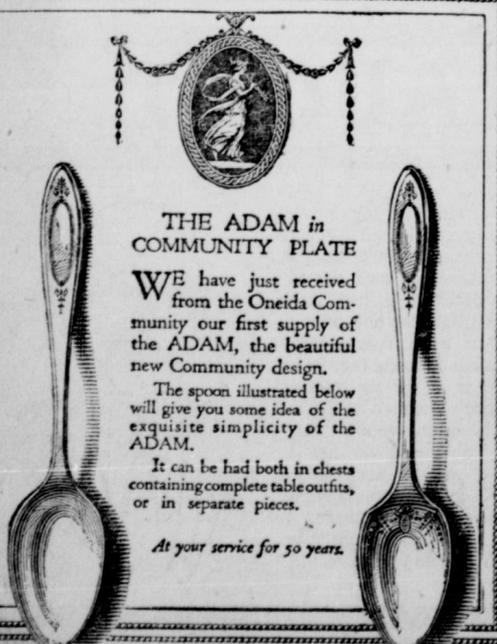
MERTEL, HAYNES & CO. Undertakers

Everything You Could Need in This Line Can Be Bought From Us.

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Night Phone 37



THE ADAM in COMMUNITY PLATE

WE have just received from the Oneida Community our first supply of the ADAM, the beautiful new Community design.

The spoon illustrated below will give you some idea of the exquisite simplicity of the ADAM.

It can be had both in chests containing complete table outfits, or in separate pieces.

At your service for 50 years.

C. S. RICE