

The McLean News

OL. VII

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1911

NO 6

We Want You to be a Reader of the News

PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO

Side Entrance to the JEWELRY STORE.

MISS RUBY BUCHANAN
PHOTOGRAPHER

Delivery of Pictures and Satisfactory Work Guaranteed

What's the Matter With the Country?

you discontented knocker, howlin' 'bout the country's ills; reform yer dismal talker; a course o' liver pills. dern ki-o-tee howlin, saw some sand and git some grit. the dumps a growlin, up the roost. An' boost A bit. —Backbone.

ometimes if we could per- ourselves to cease our prat- about hard times and atened calamities of all ds long enough to listen to the other fellow has to say the matter we would re- a sufficient inspiration to us to struggle on for a ore days at the least. h trouble with us is we talk h and think too little. ay afternoon in our blings about the street we e across a man—a stranger ty—talking to a local e about local contentions. as not our place to butt in, the conversation compelled ation. The gentleman, ave not learned his name, oosting for the McLean try and we felt in him a red spirit. In the course of remarks he said: The way some of you people and complain is actually a down-right sin. Do you that right here you have

one of the most prosperous sections of the entire Southwest? I want to say that it looks good to me to go about over this country and see the evidences of prosperity that are so lacking in practically every other part of the state. "Every farmer has his lots a barns full of feed and the most of them have a few head of livestock, such as milk cows, hogs, chickens, etc. At the station here I notice they are continually shipping something out, while in the majority of places they are compelled to ship in feed of all kinds to keep their stock from starving. This is a great country you have here and you are committing a sin when you complain." Continuing he said: "One thing I notice that is detrimental to your success as a farming community is the fact that you are trying to cultivate too much land. You sow all the land you can break up in some crop and then instead of cultivating it you skip over it a time or two and leave the rest to providence. Providence is not much of a farmer in a semi-arid country. "This section of the country is rich with many opportunities for the farmer that works it in a sensible, scientific way and I expect to see it full of just such men before many years. There are quite a few of them here already, and if you will figure them down to rock bottom you will find they have made money,

even in the last two years. Get the grouch out of your system. The grouch germ is very much like the hook worm."

Now to us, being a booster at all times, although frequently called upon to settle serious scores with the banker, that sounds like pure reason. If we would have confidence we would inspire others with the spirit and hard times would soon be forgotten.

Not far from here there is a little city of about our calibre which has a prospect for a railroad. They have no other advantage over us. They did not raise any more crops this year nor last. They have not near so good a school and they have no better class of citizens. They have merely a prospect, and did you know they are "booming" along at a wonderful rate? New houses are going up on all sides and new business enterprises are springing into existence with each succeeding day.

Yet they have only a prospect. We, also, have a prospect, of far greater magnitude—a big cotton and feed crop. There is no comparison of financial returns with a railroad and a big crop. The crop is worth hundreds of times more to the country than is the railroad, and yet we pine and flounder around in the depths of despair and dejection. Come out of it you sleep-

er! The sun is up and it is time to be a-doing. Push the McLean country along. It only needs pushing.

10 Rules For Hog Raisers

And then let us look at the matter from the standpoint of the expert who knows how to raise hogs. While the McLean country is busy coming to the front as a producer of pork it might be well for us to keep an eye on the best methods that are being pursued by the men who have made and are making the business a study. The following, taken from a Chicago paper of recent date, is to the point:

A net increase in the income from pork of \$30,000,000 annually in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Minnesota can be secured by the adoption of ten simple rules for hog growers, according to Prof. R. K. Bliss of the agricultural department of the Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa.

Professor Bliss estimates that there are 12,974,000 hogs in these states at the present time and

Do You Want to Sell Your Land?

List it With

W. P. MORRIS

McLean, Texas

"He Gets Results"

that their total value is \$147,370,000.

The rules are as follows:

1. Select thrifty, vigorous, well-bred breeding stock.
2. Do not feed the brood sow too much corn.
3. Brood Sows Should Have Exercise—Fat, lazy sows will not give good results. They should be fed light enough so that their appetites are keen, and then if allowed to follow milch cows or stock cattle, this will keep them strong and vigorous.
4. Provide Good Shelter at Farrowing Time—The hog-house should be dry, well lighted and free from draughts. One pig, or at most two pigs, will pay for a nice little house for each sow, and yet hundreds of thousands of farmers raise an average of three pigs per sow each year, instead of six pigs per sow, all because they do not provide shelter.
5. Do Not Overfeed the Sow at Farrowing Time—Water is all a sow needs the first day after farrowing. The second day she can have a light feed and the third day a little more, the rate of increase depending upon the size of the litter and the milk-producing ability of the sow.
6. Keep the Pig Growing—The cheapest gains are made when the pig is young. As soon as the pigs are old enough they should have a "side table" of their own where they can be fed away from the other hogs.
7. Provide Green Pasture From Early in the Spring Till Late in the Fall—The cheapest gains are made on pasture. An acre of good clover, rape or alfalfa pasture will make from 400 to 800 pounds of pork, worth at present prices from \$30 to \$60 per acre.

8. Provide Pure, Clear Drinking Water at All Times—Do not allow pigs to drink out of mud-holes.

9. Keep the Herd Healthy—To get rid of lice, dip in a coal tar or crude oil dip twice in the spring and twice in the fall. To prevent worms, make charcoal out of corn cobs and other trash, mix in some salt and let the pigs eat it. To prevent cholera, vaccinate the hogs with good vaccine. Keep the buildings and lots disinfected and clean.

10. You must love your pigs and strive to take a little better care of them tomorrow than you did today. The last rule is the golden rule of the hog business.

Meet at Baptist Church.

At a meeting of the church members and pastor of the Baptist church recently it was decided to extend an invitation to the Wheeler County District Singing Convention to hold its next meeting at that church. The invitation has been accepted and the body will be called to order on Saturday before the third Sunday in April.

It will not be much trouble to ask us and we might be able to save you considerable on that order of groceries and feed or dry goods. McLean Mercantile Co.

Negotiations are now on foot for the securing of a gin for this place. A man who owns gins all over Western Texas and Oklahoma is in correspondence with local citizens relative to the matter and it is hoped we will have something definite to announce in our next issue.

Uncle Albert would like to meet you face to face, and get a chance to feed your face. He is still running the Panhandle Cafe.

MORE CAPITAL

Having taken in another partner, Mr. Wise, into the business, and added a fifty per cent increase in capital, we are better prepared than ever to handle your patronage in the general merchandise line. We will carry a bigger and better stock and can make you better prices than every before. Let us show you.

COOK, BASSEL & WISE

HAVE YOU NEVER DREAMED

OF BETTER THINGS—

PREPARE for it. Special training is just as necessary in business as in any of the professions, if SUCCESS is the goal of your life's ambition. In 22 years of success, with 46 colleges in 18 states we have helped over a hundred thousand young men and women; we can help you, of course. A diploma from a Draughon College is a passport to success.

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Of a course at DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, then a good position, with a certainty of rapid promotion, and countless business opportunities? Do you realize that bookkeepers and stenographers are generally the best posted, the most efficient and trusted of employees? From their ranks are frequently chosen the new managers, superintendents, secretaries, treasurers cashiers, and officials higher up in banks or other business concerns.

You Can Better Your Condition

No matter WHO you are, there is a better position waiting for you if you will only

Some Suspicious Persons

Enquired if we were "hiring" a certain "weekly" paper to abuse us.

Of course every time a spot light is turned on from any source it offers a splendid chance to talk about the merits of the products, but 'pon honor now, we are not hiring that "Weekly."

The general reader seldom cares much for the details of "scraps."

A few may have read lately some articles attacking us and may be interested in the following:

Some time ago a disagreement arose with a "Weekly." They endorsed our foods by letter, but wanted to change the form of advertising, to which we objected.

The "Weekly" discontinued inserting our advertisements while they were negotiating for some changes they wanted in the wording and shape of the advertisements, and during this correspondence our manager gave instructions to our Advertising Department to quit advertising altogether in that "Weekly."

Quite a time after the advertising had been left out, an editorial attack came. We replied in newspapers and the scrap was on.

Then came libel suits from both sides, and some harsh words, Generally tiresome to the public.

That "Weekly" has attacked many prominent men and reputable manufacturers.

Our Company seems prominent enough for a sensational writer to go after, hunt for some little spot to criticise, then distort, twist and present it to the public under scare heads.

Distortion No. 1 stated that we have been accustomed to advertise Grape-Nuts and Postum as "cure-alls for everything."

It has never been the policy of this Company to advertise Grape-Nuts or Postum to cure anything.

We say that in cases where coffee disagrees and is causing sickness its dismissal will remove the cause of the trouble, and we suggest the use of Postum for the reason that it furnishes a hot palatable morning beverage, and contains natural elements from the grain which can be used by nature to assist in rebuilding nerve centers that coffee may have broken down.

Likewise Grape-Nuts food does not cure anything, but it does assist nature tremendously in rebuilding, provided the unsensitized food that has been used is discontinued and Grape-Nuts taken in its place.

Charge No. 2 states that the passage of the National Food & Drugs Act compelled us to drop from the packages some assertions regarding the nutritive value of Grape-Nuts.

We have never been "compelled" to make any change.

Since the beginning it has been a universal rule to print clearly on every package exactly what the contents are made of.

Before the passage of the Pure Food Law the packages stated that Grape-Nuts food was made of wheat and barley.

We did not esteem the small amount of salt and yeast as of value enough to speak of, but after the new law came in we became as technical as the officials at Washington and added the words "yeast" and "salt," although we have no recollection of being asked to.

We believed that our statement that Grape-Nuts will supply elements to nourish the brain and nerve centers is true and bring authorities to support the fact.

Some state chemists believed this a gross exaggeration and inasmuch as the Food Dept. at Washington could easily harass grocers, pending a trial on the disputed question, we concluded that much the better way would be to eliminate from our packages such claims, however certain we may be that the claims are true.

Another statement objected to read as follows:

"The system will absorb a greater amount of nourishment from one pound of Grape-Nuts than from ten pounds of meat, wheat, oats, or bread."

Some Department chemists deceive themselves as well as the public.

"Caloried" is the word which defines a unit of heat determined by the amount necessary to raise one kilogram of water one degree centigrade. On this basis a table of calories is prepared showing the percentage of different kinds of food. Butter shows 8.00; Grape-Nuts 3.99; milk 0.70. Remember the statement on the package speaks of the nourishment the system would absorb, but did not speak of the calories of heat contained in it, for the heat is not nourishment, and the nourishment cannot be judged by the number of heat units, notwithstanding the fact that certain chemists would have the public believe so.

As an illustration: Attempt to feed a man sixty days on butter alone, with its 8.00 calories. The man would die before the experiment had run sixty days.

Then, take Grape-Nuts with 3.99 and milk with 0.70—the two combined equal 4.69—about one-half the number of calories contained in butter. The man fed for sixty days on this food would be well nourished, and could live not only sixty

days, but six months on that food alone, and we do not hesitate to say from our long knowledge of the sustaining power of the food that a man at the end of sixty days would be of practically the same weight as when he started,—if he be a man of normal weight.

We will suppose that from his work he lost a pound a day and made up a pound each day from food. If that premise proved to be true the man in sixty days' time would make sixty pounds of tissue to replace what had been lost, and this would be done on Grape-Nuts and milk with half the number of calories of butter, upon which no one can sustain life.

Therefore, we have reason to believe that our contention is right that concentrated food like Grape-Nuts, which is partly digested and ready for easy assimilation by the body, presents more nourishment than the system will absorb than many other forms of food, and we will further say that in cases of digestive troubles where meat, white bread and oats cannot be digested, that Grape-Nuts and milk contain more nourishment than the system will absorb than many pounds of these other foods.

Distortion No. 3 charges that our testimonials were practically all paid for and re-written in Battle Creek.

These testimonials were demanded by the opposing lawyers. Naturally this demand was refused, for they are held in vaults and kept safe to prove the truth, and are not to be delivered up on demand of enemies.

Testimony at the trial brought out the fact that we never printed a single testimonial that we did not have the genuine letter back of. Many of these letters came spontaneously. A record was kept of twelve hundred and four (1204) letters received in one month from people who wrote that they had either entirely recovered their health or been benefited by following our suggestions on food and beverages.

On three or four occasions in the past ten or twelve years we printed broadcast in papers offers of prizes to users of Postum and Grape-Nuts—two hundred \$100 prizes, one hundred \$200, twenty \$500 and five of \$10,000 each,—stating that each must be an honest letter with name and address. We agreed not to publish names, but to furnish them to enquirers by letter. These letter writers very generally answered those who wrote to them, and verified the truth of the statements.

Under this agreement not to publish names literally scores of letters came from doctors. We kept our word and either printed their names or surrendered the letters.

Right here notice an "imitation spam." The "Weekly" says: "Post got those testimonials by advertising for them. In New York he used for that purpose the New York Magazine of — whose editor is now in the Federal Penitentiary for fraudulent use of the mails. For example, Post announced in that magazine in 1907, etc." (then follows our prize competition.)

We used nearly all of the papers and magazines in New York, and the rest of America, but the sensational writer gives the impression to his readers that the only magazine we used was one "whose editor is now in the Federal Penitentiary," etc., something that we know nothing of the truth of now, and never did. Space was bought in the magazine spoken of on a business basis for the reason that it went to a good class of readers. The incident seems to have furnished an opportunity for a designing writer to deceive his readers.

We look upon honest human testimony

So an attorney from New York spent more or less time for months in Battle Creek hoping to find impurities in our foods, or dirt in the factories. After tireless spying about he summoned twenty-five of our workmen and took their testimony. Every single one testified that the foods are made of exactly the grain and ingredients printed on the packages; the wheat, barley and corn being the choicest obtainable—all thoroughly cleaned—the water of the purest, and every part of the factories and machinery kept scrupulously clean.

That all proved disappointing to the "Weekly." There are very few factories, hospitals, private—or hotel and restaurant kitchens that could stand the close spying at unexpected times and by an enemy paid to find dirt or impurities of some kind.

In any ordinary kitchen or factory he would find something to magnify and make a noise about.

But he failed utterly with the Postum Works and products. Twenty to thirty thousand people go through the factories annually and we never enquire whether they are there to spy or not. It makes no difference to us.

He next turned to discover something about our advertising that could be criticized.

An analysis of the methods and distorted statements of the "Weekly" may interest some readers, so we take up the items one by one and open them out for inspection. We will "chain up" the harsh words and make no reference in this article to the birth, growth and methods of the "Weekly" but try to confine the discussion to the questions now at issue.

from men and women as to the means by which they recovered their health as of tremendous value to those in search of it. Our business has been conducted from the very first day upon lines of strict integrity and we never yet have published a false testimonial of human experience. Many of these letters covered numerous sheets; some, if printed, would spread over half a page of newspaper. If we would attempt to print one such letter in every one of the thousands of papers and magazines we use, the cost for printing that one letter would run into many thousands of dollars.

We boil down these letters exactly as a newspaper writer boils his news,—sticking sacredly to the important facts and eliminating details about the family and other unimportant matters. This work of boiling down, or editing, is done honestly, and with a full knowledge of our responsibility, but notice the art of the "twister" in the way he presents to his readers this matter of testimonials.

Distortion No. 4. This is a bad one. It reads as follows: "The only famous physician whose name was signed to a testimonial was produced in Court by Colliers and turned out to be a poor old broken-down homoeopath, who is now working in a printing establishment. He received two dollars (\$10.00) for writing his testimonial."

We will wager ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00) with any investigator that we have, subject to inspection of any fair committee, upwards of three hundred (300) communications from physicians, many of them expressing the highest commendation of our products, but these will not now or ever be turned over to the publisher for his use.

Notice the statement in this charge: "The only famous physician whose name was signed to Postum testimonial, etc."

The truth is, this Dr. Underwood was one of a great many physicians who have not only written commendatory words about the value of our foods, but every now and then some physician writes an article on coffee or on food, and sends it to us with a suggestion of compensation for his time and medical knowledge. Previous to the time when we employed physicians in our own business, we occasionally employed a doctor to write an article on coffee, always insisting that the article be an honest expression of his opinion and research.

The "Weekly" hunted up this physician, and because he seemed to be poor, and as it says, "broken-down," had him brought to Court to be exposed before a jury as the "only physician that had ever endorsed Grape-Nuts," but much to the chagrin of the "Weekly" when our attorneys asked him if the article he wrote about coffee was true he replied, "yes."

Statement No. 5 reads: "The health officers of Mich., Maine, Penn., New Hamp., and other states in their official bulletins have for years been denouncing as reprobate and fraudulent the claims made by the Postum Cereal Company." We do not recall any criticism except from Mich., Penn., Maine and S. Dakota.

The average reader might think that the opinions expressed by the State Officials are always correct, but that conclusion is not borne out by facts.

As an illustration: About thirteen years ago the Dairy and Food Commission of Michigan for some personal reason printed a severe criticism on us for making Postum of Barley (according to his official chemist) at market price and selling too high. He was shown there was never a grain of barley used in Postum. His report was false and misleading. The governor dismissed him.

We believe that most of the state

officials are honest, and on the other hand we are firmly convinced that some of their conclusions cannot be substantiated by facts in scientific research.

They never criticize the purity of our foods, for so much we are thankful.

If our conclusions in regard to its being a brain food differ from theirs, and we are both honest, they have rather the advantage, because under the law they can order us to eliminate from the package any statement if it disagrees with their opinion. Otherwise they would harass grocers.

Spasm No. 6 says: "The most dangerous thing in the world for one threatened with appendicitis is to eat any food whatever. Notwithstanding he knew that danger, C. W. Post advertised Grape-Nuts as a cure for appendicitis."

This is intended to muddle the reader into believing that we put out Grape-Nuts as a cure for appendicitis.

Mr. Post, himself, has had probably as wide experience as any other man in America in the study and observation of food as related to the digestive organs, and we proved in Court by the physicians and surgeons on the witness stand that the predominating cause of appendicitis is undigested food, and that it is necessary to quit eating food, and when the body requires food again, use a pre-digested food, or at least one easy of digestion.

Dr. Ochsner in his work on appendicitis refers directly to the use of the well-known pre-digested foods that can be obtained on the market. He also brought out the interesting fact that in "after treatment" it is advantageous to take on a pre-digested food.

The price of the package (referred to by the weekly) is not known by us to have any relation to the question.

Our advice to stop using indigestible food in bowel troubles and to use Grape-Nuts food has been a great blessing to tens of thousands of people, and we hope will continue to bless a good many more in the succeeding years.

No. 7 is a live wire. It refers to C. W. Post and his studies and experience in "Suggestive Therapeutics" or "Mental Healing" which further lead to a most careful and systematic study of the effect of the mind on the digestive and other organs of the body.

He attended clinics in Europe and fitted himself for a future career in which he has become known as one of the food experts of the world, fitted to judge both from the material as well as the mental side of the question.

For about eight years previous to 1901 he was an invalid. In that year, after being under the care of several well-known physicians, he was quickly healed, by what to him was a curious and not well-understood method. Sufficient to say he became a well man, weighing about 165 pounds.

This experience challenged his investigation into causes of disease and their amelioration. Those studies and experiences developed a very profound reverence for a Supreme Power, which directly operates upon the human being, and this reverence for the Infinite became to him a form of religion which included honesty of purpose towards his fellow-man. A statement which will be indorsed by everyone who knows him closely.

He will make a public announcement in detail of these facts, and the Postum Company will cause that statement to be published in newspapers and magazines

Some Facts

Battle Creek, Michigan, December 31

We the undersigned certify that never to our knowledge testimonial letter been printed by the Postum Cereal Co. which did not have behind it a genuine letter signed, and to be an honest statement.

To the best of our knowledge and belief the Company receive upwards of fifty thousand (50,000) genuine testimonials.

This company has never knowingly made nor permitted an untrue statement regarding its products or its methods.

M. K. HOWE, Treasurer. (With Company about 14 years.)

L. J. LAMSON, Inspector of Advt. (With Company about 10 years.)

F. C. GRANDIN, Advertising Manager. (With Company about 12 years.)

R. M. STERRETT, M. D., Physician in charge of Scientific (With Company about 10 years.)

CHESTON SYER, Advt. Writer. (With Company about 3 years.)

CHARLES W. GREEN, Advt. Writer. (With Company about 10 years.)

HARRY E. BURT, General Sup't. (With Company about 10 years.)

H. C. HAWK, Assistant to Chairman. (With Company about 10 years.)

C. W. POST, Chairman. (With Company 16 years, from the beginning.)

In due time. We suggest the reader look for it.

Prevarication No. 8. "Post spends nearly a million a year in advertising and relies on that to keep out of the newspapers the dangerous nature of the fraud he is perpetrating on the public."

The Postum Company does pay out upwards of a million a year for trade announcements. Newspaper men believe our statements truthful or they would not print them. Large numbers of newspaper men use our products.

They are capable of telling the public whether or not we "bribe" them. It may have escaped notice that we did not "bribe" that particular weekly.

No. 9 states that the amount of the verdict will "be devoted by the 'weekly' to exposing fraud."

This is almost real humor.

We have two suits pending against the "weekly," total, \$300,000.00.

We haven't "devoted" the sum to any particular purpose yet.

Item 10 is a "discovery" that wheat bran is a part of Postum.

But the criticism neglected to mention that for years every Postum package announced in plain type that the outer covering of wheat (bran), made part of the beverage.

They ignorantly fell into a trap here, not knowing enough of food value to know that "Taka-Diastase" the article used by physicians the world over for "starch indigestion" is made from "wheat bran."

So we use that part of the wheat berry because it contains the element needed to develop the valuable diastase in manufacture. Good Postum is impossible without this part.

These self-appointed critics do make some laughable blunders through ignorance, but—be patient.

Item 11 is an illustration of the squirming and twisting of the sensational writer delivering distorted matter to his readers.

While on the witness stand Mr. Post testified to his studies in Anatomy, Physiology, Dietetics and Psychology—all relating to the preparation and digestion of food. Asked to name authorities studied he mentioned six or eight from memory, and commented on some clinical experience covering several years in annual Journeys to Europe.

Now notice the distortion. (Copy from the printed criticism.)

"He (Post) pointed out a pile of books in possession of his attorneys as the very ones he had read."

(Notice—"the very ones he had read," leading the reader to believe that they were the only ones.)

"Did you consult the books from these editions?" was asked.

"From those and various editions," answered Post.

The attorney "picked up" book after book from the pile and showed the title pages to the jury,—all except two had been published since 1905.

This is an example of distortion and false coloring to produce an unfavorable impression.

The facts are Mr. Post purposely introduced the latest editions that could be obtained of prominent authorities to prove by them the truth of his statements regarding appendicitis and the analysis of brain, also the latest conclusions in regard to the action of the digestive organs. These works are:

- Human Physiology, by Raymond.
- Physiological Chemistry, by Simon.
- Digestive Glands, by Pawlow.
- Hand Book of Appendicitis, by Ochsner.

Physiological Chemistry, by Raymond.

Biochemic System of Medicine, by Carey.

The "Weekly" carefully eliminated its printed account testimony of the years of research and study of Post in fitting himself for his work would lead the reader of the article to believe that he had begun since 1905.

Distortion No. 12 reports Mr. Post as "dodging witness."

His eye is not of the shifty variety served in the head of one of our critics. On the witness stand he looks quietly but very steadily to the eyes of the haggling, twister, trying by all his art to avoid barreled questions and bulldoze a witness.

The "dodging" it seems consists in replying, "I don't know."

Opposing counsel holds a book in hand while he queries,—

"I want to know if there is this in your whole book here 'yes' or 'no' as to book a few pages did or did not contain reading it over,—but such counsel and well balanced answers are by sensation seekers to be "dodged."

When Mr. Post was allowed to say, "I don't know until I look over to see."

This book, it turns out, was written by Mr. Post seventeen years ago and has not been read carefully in the last fifteen years. It would be a remarkable memory to instate "yes" or "no" as to book a few pages did or did not contain reading it over,—but such counsel and well balanced answers are by sensation seekers to be "dodged."

The attorney sought by every means to impress the jury with the fact that Post's belief in the power of relation to the body branded him as reliable and worse.

The following is quoted from the questions:—

(The lawyer reading from the book) "The writer of these pages says nothing of himself other than simple instrument through which Principle chooses to manifest by precept and example."

"Skill in mental practice is the same way as skill in any of science—by observation, experience and the ability to evolve conclusions."

"Read carefully, thoughtfully than twenty pages daily. After an easy position where you are disturbed. Relax every muscle, your eyes, and go into the silence, your mind is plastic to the breathing and where God talks to the thoughts from Divine Universe come as winged angels and with a healing power. If you are silent, humble and trusting, you are enriched and greatly strengthened by contact even for a moment with the Father of all life and you will feel refreshed in every food taken will digest readily stomach works smoothly when the influence of a Higher Power."

"I ask you if you did not write it and if you did not believe it wrote it."

For a moment the Court Room absolute silence.

Mr. Post slowly leaned forward, pointed his finger at the face to emphasize his reply and that caused those of the Attorney he said, "Yes, I am proud to state

It may be remembered that we were first attacked and have since defended ourselves by placing facts before that great jury--The Public.

A good "scrap" is more or less comforting now and then, if you know you are right.

In the case lately tried, an appeal has been taken to the higher courts. We have unbounded faith in the ultimate decision of our American Tribunals.

Our suits against the "weekly" have not yet been tried. They are for libel

and \$500,000.00 is asked as damages, and may the right man win.

After all the smoke of legal battle blows away, the facts will stand clearly and never be forgotten that Postum, Grape Nuts, and Post Toasties perfectly pure, have done good honest service to humanity for years, the testimonials are real and truthful and the business conducted on the highest of commercial integrity.

"There's a Reason" Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year\$1.00

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

WANTED	150
PROMISED	24
NEED	126

Nor even California could rival the great Panhandle country just now as to superb climate. You are invited.

The action of our state law-making body in extending the scholastic age limit is a distinct step in educational advancement. Considering the fact that man must necessarily spend his three score years in "school", as it were, it is not likely that he will find fault with a system that furnishes one-third of it free. The remaining two-thirds will be sufficiently expensive to suit the most exacting.

The great plague that is sweeping China, carrying millions of her citizens down in its devastating fury, is the most gigantic reign of the "grim reaper" that has ever been chronicled in modern history, and is continually growing more destructive. It is claimed that the unsanitary conditions of the congested districts is rendering practically ineffective all measures for curtailing the casualties. Home folks might learn a lesson from this horrible example.

The State Legislature has passed the resolution calling for a vote on a constitutional amendment making prohibition a state-wide law, and the date set for the election is July 22nd. This will be one of the hardest fought political battles Texas has had for many a day and it's predicted that considerable business unrest will be caused by the struggle. Nevertheless, the matter has been a bone of contention for twenty-five years and we are glad that there is to be a definite understanding.

Heald School Notes.

Once more that dreaded examination is over and with the grades averaged, we find, not Kester Rippy, but Harold, his brother, is champion; making an excellent average of 97 5-144. However if the old saying that "history repeats itself" proves true Kester will have chance to redeem himself in the future.

From what we can learn, some of the students have undertaken to make them a new U. S. History. We do not know all that it contains, but some have hinted that "the bridge reaching from New York to London" has been completed, and when the Mississippi river overflows it is actually "a mile wide". Some say that "Washington is President of United States at present." Probably they will have had it completed in time to have adopted in the next examination as it has failed in this one. It seems the girls are losing out during these days of examination.

We cannot account for this in any way, unless they have adopted the "Fabian Policy." This is putting things off until examination draws near then they haven't time to prepare for the attack and are therefore defeated. But never mind, time will prove whether this is correct.

Our honored list is not so large as it might have been if all the pupils could have attended school regularly. But we are glad there are so many above 90. The following are the ones who made an average of 90 and above:

Horold Rippy, Kester Rippy, Grace Ellington, Willie Harlan, Lucius Rogers, Pearl Ellington, Mattie Haynes, Thelma Rogers, Charlie Earp, Andrew Earp, Robert Harlin, Charlie Saye, Ruth Bailey, Clyde Taylor, Walter Saye, Boss Harlan, May Bailey, Douglas Wilson, and Rudolph Stuckey.

School was dismissed Friday at noon on account of a business trip our teacher was called upon to make. You will have to ask him for information in regard to the matter as he is very reticent on the subject. It has been hinted that he went to get married. We cannot deny this, being in ignorance of the matter ourselves. However we have heard that he will do anything for a joke.

Is this really a joke?

Junior B. Y. P. U. Program.

Leader—Ethel Cash. Subject—Paul Converted. Memory Verse—"I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," Acts 26:19.

Song. Prayer. Bible drill—President. Forward—Leader. Song. Scripture Reading, Acts 26:13-20—Sianda Mary.

The central thought in the study—Gladys Cunningham. Short talks by Juniors.

"Paul the Persecutor," Acts 21:19-20—Eunice Floyd.

"Paul Starts to Damascus," Acts 9:1,2—Sallie Lou Haynes.

"Jesus Speaks to Paul," Acts 9:3-6—Winnie Newton.

"Paul Surrenders to Jesus," Acts 23:9,10—Pearl Crrwford.

"Paul and Ananias," Acts 9:10-19—Frankie May Upham.

"Paul Baptised," Acts 9:18—Alma Evans.

"Paul's Life Work," Acts 26:15-18—Millard Newton.

Song. Collection. Dismissal.

Open at 4 p. m. Be on time. We would like to have all the boys and girls to come and take part with us.

Two cents a copy—McLean News, mister.

College Extension

If we are to make progress in agriculture, if rural life is to be made more attractive, if food production is to be increased to meet the demands of growing population, the coming generation of the farmers must be educated in the principles of scientific agriculture. All thoughtful men agree that our colleges and schools of agriculture are doing a great and useful work, but when the number of persons receiving instructions in these institutions is compared with the total number of farmers, it becomes apparent that other agencies must be employed if we are to make progress commensurate with our needs.

In a speech delivered before the recent convention of the Texas Corn Growers' Association Mr. C. E. Evans, superintendent of the extension department of the Texas Agriculture and Mechanical College, emphasized this fact when he declared that only seventy-five out of a total of 352,190 farm homes are represented in the student body of this institution. While the influence of this college in one way or another reaches many thousands of farmers, yet it is a fact that it is not reaching as many farmer boys as should be reached. This is not surprising, however, because it is not to be expected that every man who intends to make his home upon the farm should take a college course, although it is very much, to be desired that he should receive training in the science of agriculture.

To meet this situation what has come to be known as "agricultural extension work" has been undertaken by practically all the agricultural colleges in the United States. This department through correspondence courses, lectures, literature, demonstration trains and movable schools undertakes to carry the agricultural college to the people. Thirty-three state colleges now have such departments and some of them make large appropriations for carrying on the work. The Texas Agricultural and Mechanical college established an extension department last fall on a small scale and without a specific legislative appropriation. Its usefulness has been demonstrated beyond doubt and the eagerness with which farmers and farmer boys are availing themselves of the opportunities offered by it proves that there is a demand for this practical instruction. More than 700 actual farmers are now taking a total of 2,800 courses in some branch of agriculture and the demand for short courses is greater than can be supplied with the funds now available.

With an adequate appropriation for carrying on this extension work and the establishment of a number of junior agricultural colleges in different sections of the state for the benefit of those boys who do not want or cannot take a full course, an impetus would be given to agricultural development that would do much for the material welfare of the state.—Record.

Card of Thanks.

To those good friends, both in McLean and Heald, who rendered loving assistance and sympathy in our late sorrow, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks and appreciation.

MR. AND MRS. L. W. WILSON.

Uncle Jack Barnes of Alanreed was calling on friends in the city Saturday of last week. While here he called and had his name added to the News subscription rolls.

Got a Bank Account?

Did you ever stop to think that the fact that you have a bank account adds strength and credit to your standing in the community in which you live?

We Have a Good Bank

And you ought to have a good account with us. Begin it today. A small start is alright. Add to it, consistently, and you'll be surprised how it'll grow, and you'll grow with it.

American State Bank

McLean, Texas

J. S. Davison returned Saturday of last week from a trip to Loving county. He will return to that place this week and engage in well drilling for the next thirty days.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Song—Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.

Prayer.

Song.

Scripture Lesson—II Sam. 12:1-14.

Special Music—Quartette by Billie and Ross Biggers, Roy Rice and Mr. Petty.

Talk on the necessity of repentance—Isabel Francis.

Talk on what repentance consists of—Leonard Montgomery.

Prayer.

Song.

Reading from Quarterly, paragraph III—Nynva Glass.

Open discussion.

Closing exercises.

Leader—Willie Pearl Phillips.

The fellow who has a sandy land farm would do well to make a test this year of the peanut—Spanish variety. There is a little money to be made with this crop.

The little infant, born to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Stratton Sunday night, lived but a few minutes and passed out. Funeral services and burial took place Monday afternoon.

It is believed that a much larger acreage will be planted to cotton in the spring if the farmers are certain there will be a gin here to handle the crop. We feel certain that our business men will see to this detail.

It is pleasant to note that the McLean school is pursuing the even tenor of its way without a ripple on the sea of progress. We have one of the best schools in the state and the public at large is invited to come in and join us.

Mrs. C. C. Holland and children returned Wednesday afternoon from Roff, Okla. Mr. Holland will follow in a few days with the car of household goods and they will again make this place their home. We are glad to welcome them back to God's country as they are among our best citizens, but regret the fact that the mental picture they had formed of "The Land of Promise" did not present the true conditions. It is hard to realize that this is the best country on earth but if you are amind to take the trouble and expense you can prove it.

To be hearty, healthy and happy eat with Uncle Albert.

If you know your subscription to the News is behind call and pay up.

DR. W. R. OR

On account of the continuing illness of the wife of Dr. O. R. is of Wellington Dr. O. R. will be in McLean from the 1st to the 10th of the month.

PLACE FOR SALE

Eighty acres of land adjoining the town of McLean on northeast. Good five room house, good barn well and mill. One thousand bearing fruit trees, and three hundred bearing grapes, one acre berries.

Will sell on easy terms. Address W. W. Brewster Weatherford Oklahoma.

What You Want How You Want When You Want

For anything in the line of printing come to us and we'll guarantee you satisfactory work at prices that are right.

As From Man to Man

We Want to Tell You A FEW THINGS We Have Found Out



One of them is that it takes money to run a business—unless you want to run it in the ground. Another is that many of our customers are owing us sums of money that have long since been due.

If you are among that number you are the man we are talking to—as from man to man.

We have repeatedly sent out bills and requests for payment and many of you apparently do not pay the slightest attention to them. Is this fair to us? If you cannot pay them for any reason, would it not be the part of common courtesy and manhood to at least tell us so?

How can we tell whether you intend to pay it or not? But to the point. We must have what is coming to us in order for us to be able to pay what we owe and to extend further courtesies to our customers, and if it is not forthcoming by the first of March we shall take steps to fetch it forth.

We do not desire to bullyrag or brow-beat anyone who is in arrears to us, but we do want to tell you the simple, unvarnished truth—we need the money and if we cannot collect it ourselves we will turn the accounts over to someone who can, unless satisfactory arrangements have been made by March 1st.

Let us not have to resort to this measure. It would be a useless addition to the load you are carrying as well as the one we have shouldered.

See us about this at once.

McLean Hardware Co.

A History Lesson

Your grandfather tilled his corn with a hoe. Your father thought the old double-shovel was about the best thing ever invented. YOU ride along on a two-row cultivator and tend more corn than any ten men equipped like your father or your grandfather.

Again; your grandfather traded coon skins for sugar. He had little real money. Your father no doubt secreted his money somewhere about the house, ran the risk of fire and burglary, and sometimes loaned it and never got it back. And YOU? Have you adopted modern money methods of banking as you did with cultivating corn? Do you have a bank account, pay by check and enjoy the convenience and profit of modern banking methods? Or are you still using the old hoe financial methods of your forefathers? Something here to think about.

CITIZENS STATE BANK

McLean, Texas

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About Town and County

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Tom McKinney, February 8th, a fine boy.

Milk Cow for sale, fresh. See A. A. Callahan at once.

Walter Clark of Channing is here visiting with his father, S. J. Clark.

If your sewing machine won't sew see Mabry.

R. E. Dorsey and wife made a short business visit to Amarillo Wednesday afternoon.

See Uncle Albert for the best things to eat.

C. E. Francis lost two fine fillets last week, their death being caused by blind staggers.

For Sale—Good Cornet or will exchange for violin. See Mrs. J. O. Phillips.

A. P. Rippey has the thanks of the News for a Subscription renewal this week.

A full car of Sagre flour just in. It is the best on the market. McLean Mercantile Co.

Earnest Reeves of Jericho was here Tuesday afternoon for a short business trip.

A full stock of feed stuff—chops, bran, etc. McLean Mercantile Co.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Waks, February 4th, a fine boy.

You are invited to pay us a visit and see what we have to offer. McLean Mercantile Co.

Frank Faulkner left yesterday afternoon for an extended visit to Hot Springs, Ark.

For Sale—Guaranteed pure breed Rhode Island Red Cockerels. Apply to Mrs. L. O. Floyd

Will Copeland of the Mars ranch was among the business visitors in the city Tuesday.

See S. B. Fast, four miles north of McLean, for pigs ready to wean. \$2 and \$3 apiece.

Sam Pakan of Slavonia was calling on friends and transacting business here Monday.

I have 160 acre farm to rent one mile northeast of the city. See me at once. Geo. Weaver.

I. D. Shaw of Alanreed was a business caller in the city Saturday afternoon of last week.

Miss Sallie Helm visited with her parents at Jericho Saturday and Sunday.

Uncle Sam Kunkel and wife of Heald were shopping in the city Saturday afternoon.

J. W. Mars was in from the ranch Saturday trading with local merchants.

Miss Atwood of Amarillo is here this week the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Martha Traweck.

For Sale—9 months old colt. For particulars see E. M. Mabry 1 mile south and 1 mile east of town.

Walter McAdams returned Friday afternoon of last week from a week's visit with his sister at Roosevelt, Okla.

You are assured of prompt and courteous treatment as well as the lowest price at our store. McLean Mercantile Co.

Chas. Carpenter left Saturday afternoon for a short visit with his parents and other relatives and friends at Buda, Texas.

W. W. Sudds of Wellington was here the first of this week the guest of his father, J. W. Surg.

Wanted to buy a bunch of nice fat hens. Phone 54.

Prof. J. C. Traweck of the Heald school visited with friends and relatives at Amarillo Saturday and Sunday.

A Mr. McLean of Kansas City was here the latter part of last week the guest of F. H. Yokley.

Everett Watkins of the Nayloy community was among the business visitors in the city Saturday of last week.

J. D. Voyles accompanied by his baby daughter, returned Monday from a short visit with friends and relatives at Erick.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Smith of the Slavonia neighborhood were shopping in the city Saturday afternoon.

R. P. Reeves and Ed Castleberry of Alanreed paid McLean a short business visit Wednesday afternoon.

The young folks enjoyed a dance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hudgins Friday night of last week.

J. K. Mitchell of Alanreed was here Saturday of last week attending to business matters and calling on friends.

The photograph gallery has changed hands and is now under the management of Miss Ruby Buchanan of Erick, Okla.

Dr. W. R. Orr and wife will leave Saturday for Wellington, where they expect to make their home for a few months.

Will H. H. Stephens of Bunce-ton, Mo., was here last week the guest of his cousin, C. E. Francis.

A. T. Russell has carpenters at work this week building a comfortable addition to his residence in the east part of town.

E. N. Lynch of the Miami country was among the business visitors in the city the first of the week.

Not in business for our health—your health—and therefore we carry only the best and freshest groceries. McLean Mercantile Co.

H. S. Millward of Weatherford, Okla., was here last week on business in connection with his real estate holding near this city.

W. W. Breeding of Abra, in Collingsworth county, was here Saturday with a load of cotton seed, which he sold to local planters.

L. W. Wilson called at the News office yesterday and had his name enrolled on our subscription list for which he has our thanks.

When you are in the city you may feel like taking a light lunch. Can get what you want from Uncle Albert at the Pan-handle Cafe.

Last week, in the mention of the visit of K. E. Taylor to his sister, Mrs. E. D. Langley, we failed to state that he was accompanied by his wife.

Milt O'Rear has our thanks for subscription renewal the latter part of last week. He also ordered the Dallas News for another year.

Friends will be pleased to hear that little Miss Mary Edlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Langley, is slowly recovering from her recent severe attack of paralysis.

Lewis Lasswell and Clay Gardenhire spent the first of last week at the Gardenhire ranch fishing and hunting. They report excellent success, especially with the rod.

You are invited to make our store your headquarters when you are in the city. If you have any needs in the general merchandise line we would like to furnish them. That's our business. McLean Mercantile Co.

Messrs. Sam Erwin and Beth-el Christian and Misses Cora Wadley, Maud Roach, Mary Erwin, Nynva and Floy Glass dined with the Francis young folks Sunday.

Have you ever investigated the close cash prices we are making at the McLean Mercantile Co. We are putting the prices down to attract your trade. Drop in.

Mrs. Geo. Cash and two babies left Saturday afternoon for Maud, Okla., in response to a telegram announcing the severe illness of her mother. At this writing no definite news has been received as to the mother's condition.

Play a New Year's joke on the News—\$1.00.

WE MAKE CASH PRICES

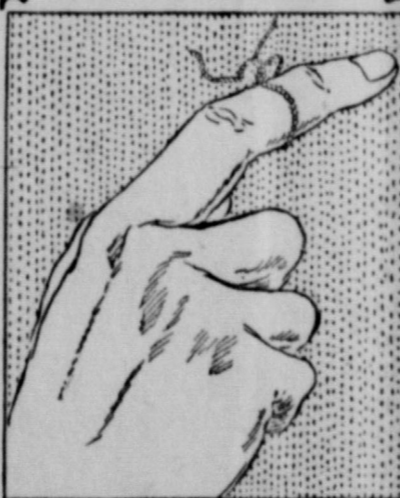
Some seem to have the idea that we do not make close cash prices but they are mistaken. We buy in larger quantities than any other store in this section and can put the price down to the bottom and still make a small profit. If you have some cash to spend for merchandise let us show you what low prices really are. Have just received a carload of canned goods and quote the following prices just as a reminder:

Best Tomatoes, case	\$ 2.35
Best J C Corn case	2.15
Best Sword Corn case	2.00
Apex Shelled Peas, 2 cans	.25
First Cut Bean 2 cans	.25
2 1-2 Gal. Keg Pickles	1.10
4 Gal. Keg Kraut	1.75
Jar Pickles, \$1.00 value	.90
Blue Flag Ribbon Cane syrup, case	3.85
Blue Flag Ribbon Cane Syrup gallon	.65
Royal Sorghum case	2.35
Royal Sorghum gallon	.40

Other syrups of same grade at the same reductions. These are just a few of the many attractive prices we are making for

THE SPOT CASH C. A. Cash & Sons General Merchants

REMEMBER



That we have every facility for turning out neat printing of all kinds. Letter heads, bill heads, office stationery, etc., furnished at the lowest prices first class work will permit.

Do YOU Know About OUR Prices ?

We are anxious to have you find out about them

They will interest you when you're in need of printing

WOULD YOU BE A GAMBLER?

Gambling is betting your money where you have a chance to lose and also a chance to win. The business man stakes his capital against the public patronage and the chances are long in his favor—but he can't play his hand till he turns a trump. The best trump in the deck is advertising, and you don't have to "stack" the cards to turn it. If you have to stand on one trump let it be a sure point—advertising.

TRY THE NEWS!



We're Shouting

about the excellent quality of our printing. We don't care what the job may be, we are equipped to turn it out to your satisfaction. If we can't, we'll tell you so frankly.

Let Us Convince You

The Sum and Substance

of being a subscriber to this paper is that you and your family become attached to it. The paper becomes a member of the family and its coming each week will be as welcome as the arrival of anyone that's dear. It will keep you informed on the doings of the community and the bargains of the merchants regularly advertised will enable you to save many times the cost of the subscription.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS

Do YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?

Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads 'round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all. to ADVERTISE in THIS PAPER

TIRED, SICK AND DISCOURAGED

Doan's Kidney Pills Brought Health and Cheerfulness.

Mrs. J. P. Pemberton, 854 So. Lafayette St., Marshall, Mo., says: "For years I suffered from Bright's disease which the doctors said was incurable. I gradually grew weaker until I had to take to my bed. The kidney secretions were suppressed, I became terribly bloated, and finally reached the point where I took no interest in life. It was at this time I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and soon improved. When I had used 12 boxes I was without a sign of the trouble which seemed to be carrying me to my grave." Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



ANNOYING.



Bit Bug—What makes your back so stiff? Rheumatism? Waldo Worm—No; I swallowed a toothpick.

SKIN TORTURED BABIES SLEEP AND MOTHERS REST

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura ointment, is generally sufficient to afford immediate comfort in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly eczemas, rashes, irritations and inflammations of infants and children, permit sleep for child and rest for parent, and point to permanent relief, when other methods fail. Peace falls upon distracted households when these pure, sweet and gentle emollients enter. No other treatment costs so little and does so much for skin sufferers, from infancy to age. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, for free 32-page book on the care and treatment of skin and scalp troubles.

Children's Food.

Certain little suggestions are always to be followed when planning the diet of the little ones. To keep healthy little stomachs in the nursery never serve hot stewed fruit to the children. Plenty of stewed fruit and baked apples they should eat, but they must invariably be cooked the day before and dished up cold. The nursery potatoes should always be baked or boiled in their jackets. Stewed and fried potatoes or potatoes boiled without their skins supply starch, with a loss of all the wholesome potash salts that the skin gives out during the process of cooking into the white part of the vegetable.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM
Take the **DR. PIERCE'S** **WORMS** **TASTELESS CHILL TONIC**. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply quinine and iron in a tasteless form. The quinine drives out the malarial and the iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 30 cents. Price 50 cents.

Placed.

Mrs. B.—Is she a Mary of the vine-clad cottage?
Mrs. M.—No a Martha of the rubber-plant flat.—Harper's Bazar.

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

He is a dangerous man who spends much time drawing fine lines between shrewdness and sin.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if **PAIN EXTINGUISHER** fails to cure any case of **Headache, Neuralgia, Bleeding or Protruding Piles** in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Every thread of gold is valuable, and so is every moment of time.—Mason.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?
If so, use **Red Cross Ball Blue**. It will make them white as snow. 3 oz. package 5 cents.

You can't help liking the man who gets knocked out and then comes back.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

The worst foe you have is the man who would kill all your enemies.

Are You Weak, All Run Down?

This condition is directly caused by bad blood. When the blood is made rich and pure by Hood's Sarsaparilla, you will feel strong and cheerful; it will put new life into your veins, new vigor into your muscles; give you a sharper appetite and good digestion; make you look better, sleep better and feel better; will make the hardest work lighter and the darkest day brighter. Facts! Thousands confirm them. Get Hood's today.

5 Fine POST CARDS FREE
Send only 25 cents and receive 5 very finest Gold Embossed Cards FREE. In introduction post card only. Capital Card Co., Dept. 79, Topeka, Kan.

PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for **COUGHS and COLDS**

Practical Fashions

SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST.



This simple waist is one of those which will show to best advantage in everyday materials. Among these none is better than French flannel, and though it may seem expensive, it keeps its color so well and looks so fresh after many washings that it will be found worth what is asked for it. Besides this many of the plaid and striped chevrons are suitable and almost any kind of silk which has a good body. The waist closes in front and except for a patch pocket has no ornamentation. In the back there is a shoulder yoke and this is applied on the outside, so that it may be omitted if preferred. Studs may be used instead of buttons for the closing and they are rather more ornamental in effect.

The pattern (5254) is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3 3/4 yards of 27 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 5254. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

RUSSIAN SUIT FOR BOYS.



This pattern provides for a blouse that closes at the left side of the front and trousers without a fly. A suit of this character can often be made of some material already on hand, and something, for instance, that was left over from a tailor-made suit of the mother. It pays to make a boy's clothing of good quality of material, as the little fellows give their things a pretty severe test on the playground. If new material is to be bought some of the pretty gray and brown mixtures are the most serviceable and this season the smaller boys are wearing a great deal of shepherd's plaid.

The pattern (3760) is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. To make the suit in the 4 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 3760. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

Won by Default.

Henson—I bet my wife that I could thread a needle before she could sharpen a lead pencil.
Benson—Which won?
Henson—I won in exactly 13 minutes, but I believe I'd have lost if she had not run out of pencils at the end of five minutes.

Nerve of Ship Captain.

In an account of the wreck of the sailing ship Carnation Bay on King Island, Australia, it is related that when the vessel struck the captain calmly took a cigar from his pocket, lit the end of it, and lit it before ordering the boats to be launched. Even this display of lack of fear did not entirely prevent some degree of panic among the men, however, and seven men pushed off in the port lifeboat, leaving twenty-two to scramble into the starboard boat.

Child Life

Should be Given Fair Chance for Useful Existence

By SIR OLIVER LODGE



THE ultimate object of religious training must be to encourage such ideas and habits as shall result in a happy childhood and a sound and useful life. We should not subordinate the life of the child too entirely into the life of the adult. It is a period of preparation, truly, but it is something more than that. It is a life period of value in itself. It is a time of considerable subjective length, and it should be allowed due weight and permanence in the scheme of existence. At the same time a respect for grown-up people is a natural, child-like instinct which ought not lightly to be destroyed.

The first real gods of a child are his parents, however ungodlike they may be. And hence arises that feeling of security and nearness of protection and law which is one of the luxuries of childhood, and, I may add, one of the responsibilities of parenthood.

In discussing religious teaching we are considering what we term their souls; and however many clouds of glory the average poor child may be trailing when he arrives in this poor planet he has not to wait long before every trace is completely lost and the vision splendid fades into the light of common day at an early stage, I fear, in the infancy of the street urchin.

It is a lamentable result of town life and the struggle for existence in our complex civilization. I am not sure that it is not a wicked and blasphemous condition of things.

That nation or colony which could insure that its children should spend their short and vital early years among healthy, happy surroundings suited to their time of life and state of development, and leading to a good, robust, serviceable manhood and womanhood—that nation would in a few generations stand out from amongst the rest of the world as something almost superhuman.

The idea seems remote, the path towards its attainment too difficult; yes, but that is partly because too few realize it as an ideal, too few are aware of any such problems before them. They have no such aim, and without proper aim we are not likely to hit the mark.

I do not believe that the problem is insoluble. I believe that some day it will be solved. Human life is not always going to be the failure that it is at present. Crime and vice and besotted stupidity are not always going to have their own way.

We owe it to the children to give them a fair and decent chance of understanding the world and of living in it with pleasure and human profit.

People will say that it would cost too much.

Nothing of the kind can cost too much. What is the necessity of life? What is this planet for? Consider those questions and then consider whether as yet we have learned or even effectively tried to answer them in any reasonable manner; whether we are not hopelessly befogged by custom and buried beneath the relics of barbarous times.

The failures would be comparatively few. But so long as neglected, weedy wastes are allowed, the most cultivated plots are unsafe and all the neighboring territory is infected to a lamentable extent. The whole world is welded together in this way, so that new physical and moral diseases, bred in some tropical swamp or eastern city, can at times decimate the healthiest civilization.

No fraction of the world or of the individual can be thoroughly healthy and happy while any member of it is degraded and wretched.

Working to Bring About "Sane Sunday"

By E. F. GUERIN Chicago

of the postoffice department at Washington by patrons of the Detroit postoffice.

There has been some agitation to close in Chicago and a business men's association endeavored to close the Jackson park station of the Chicago office.

A prominent minister of a Woodlawn church made the subject his theme in an address before this association.

The church-going public are the chief patrons of the Sunday post-office.

Why not close the postoffice on Sunday? It surely can and must be done if public sentiment demands it.

Girls Excel in Manual Training Tasks

By GERTRUDE ERICKSON

In the schools of manual training in Massachusetts the girls beat the boys as carpenters, the good-natured rivalry stimulating better work by both sexes. One of the most novel features of the work is the vacation schools at Cambridge. As high an attendance as 1,400 boys and girls was recorded in 1910 in Cambridge alone, which are additional to the regular manual course in the free public schools.

One of the young women students has lately built a dressing table, which is decidedly elaborate, of white wood, and finished in white enamel. It has a cheval mirror and is quite valuable. At other times she built a magazine cabinet and a bench or seat.

"Indeed, I enjoy the work far better than sewing or cooking," says this young woman carpenter. "I wouldn't say that I recommend it for all girls, yet I enjoy it. It is my intention to continue as instructor of classes in the future."

Judging by the results in the schools the girls of the next generation will be able to wield the saw, drive nails straight, build bookcases, chairs, desks and various articles of furniture.

The ONLOOKER
by WILBUR D. NESEBIT

The Progressive Legislator



Be it Resolved, my brethren: Hereafter no maid shall wear a two-foot trim, or some artificial hair; And, Be it Resolved, moreover, nobody shall trim his lawn Except in the hours we shall decree in the statutes wisely drawn; Be it Decreed that no one shall purchase a moosey cow Except he shall pay a license fee, and house it within the mow.

Officers shall be watchful and vigilant for the state To collar the man who runs for trains when he leaves his house too late; And it shall be deemed unlawful for blonde with a blonde to wed— With forty-two years in a dungeon cell for the man who dyes his head; Be it Decreed that baldness is felony, third degree, And punishable with any fine, as the jury men may agree.

Be it Resolved, my brethren, that collars of celluloid Shall be an illegal ornament and shall promptly be destroyed; And they who are making garden shall do it with nine-inch hoses And rake from the right hand to the left when they work between the rows— Thus do the thoughtful statesmen keep ward on the things of state And show they are fit for history to list them among the great.

Children are robbed of playtime, are driven the rounds of toll— Their laughter, the roses meant for their cheeks, are a part of labors spoil; The horde of the penny-flicers makes free with the poor man's wage, But that has no claim on the precious time of the legislative sage; Write us the Law on tablets, and honor it in our schools, But scribble the page of silly laws and call it the Book of Fools.

In Plain English.

A gentleman was sitting in his library one evening when something tapped at the door, so he opened the window shutter. That shows what shape he was in. Pretty soon a raven strolled into the room and roosted on a bust of Pallas over the door. The gentleman inquired if it were a bird or a devil, and reports that the bird replied "Nevermore." Also he asked if it he was going to see a lady named Lenore again, and the raven gave the same answer. Then he tried to shoot it out, but it preferred to stay where it was warm. No affidavit accompanies the poem. Probably the man needed some bromo.

Self-Evident Truth.

"M' dear," protests the husband who is explaining why he has been detained until such a late hour, "I 'shure you, it wasn't my fault. I been held up!"

"Of course you have," replies the wife from the head of the stairs, observing his ineffectual attempts to find a keyhole in the newel post. "What I want to know is who held you up. Who brought you home this time?"

Further Details.

Dear Sir: In your recent article concerning the trick street cars of Philadelphia you overlooked one important and interesting fact. Not only do the cars open and shut for the convenience and amusement of the traveling public, but at night when the day's work is over the conductor folds up his car and places it in a filing cabinet. PHILADELPHIAN. Philadelphia, Nov. 12.

A Literary Criticism.

"He told me," said the vain maiden, "that he considered my waltzing simply the poetry of motion."
"O, he did, did he?" murmured the envious one. "But there is so much amateur poetry nowadays."
The mere fact that there are feet in poetry need not have inspired the second lady to so obviously voice her opinion that her friend danced in blank verse.

A Prophecy.

"But," argued the young man, during the tiff, "if you quarrel with me about nothing before we are married, what may I expect afterward?"
"Well," answered the gentle dame, "from what I can hear, very few wives ever have to quarrel about nothing."

Wilbur D. Nesbit

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The GIRL and the BILL

SYNOPSIS.

At the expense of a soiled hat Robert Orme saves from arrest a girl in a black touring car who has caused a traffic jam on State street. He buys a new hat and in given in change a five dollar bill with "Remember the person you pay this to," written on it. A second time he helps the girl in the black car, and learns that in some ways Bessie Wallingham they have mutual friends, but gains no further hint of her identity. He discovers another inscription on the marked bill, which, in a futile attempt to decipher it, he copies and places the copy in a drawer in his apartment. Senior Poritol, South American, calls, and claims the marked bill. Orme refuses, and a fight ensues in which Poritol is overcome. He calls in Senator Alcatrante, minister from his country. Orme still refuses to give up the bill. Orme goes for a walk and sees two Japs attack Alcatrante. He rescues him. Returning to his rooms Orme is attacked by two Japs who effect a forcible exchange of the marked bill for another. Orme finds the girl of the black car waiting for him. She also wants the bill. Orme tells his story. She recognizes one of the Japs as her father's butler, Maku. The second inscription on the bill is the key to the hiding place of important papers stolen from her father. The Japs and South Americans want the papers. Orme and the "Girl" start out in the black car in quest of the papers. In the university grounds in Evanston the hiding place is located. Maku and another Jap are there. Orme tells Maku and the other Jap escapes. Orme finds in Maku's pocket a folded slip of paper. He takes the girl, whose name is still unknown to him, to the home of a friend in Evanston. Returning to the university grounds Orme gets in conversation with a friend at the life-saving station. They hear a motor boat in trouble in the darkness on the lake. They find the crippled boat. In it are the Jap with the papers and "Girl." She jumps into Orme's boat, but the Jap eludes pursuit. "Girl" explains her presence in the boat. Orme boards a car for the city and finds Maku, it and trails him in hope of finding the Jap who has the papers.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Orme followed, and when Maku turned west again at the next street, swung rapidly after him and around the corner with the full expectation of seeing him hurrying along half a block away. But no one was in sight. Had he slipped into one of the nearby buildings?

While Orme was puzzling, a voice at his elbow said, "Hello!" He turned with a start. Flattened in a shadowed niche of the wall beside him was Maku!

"Hello!" the Japanese said again. "Well?" exclaimed Orme sharply, trying to make the best of the situation.

"You must not follow me." The Japanese spoke impressively. "Follow you?"

"I saw you in a mirror at the other end of car."

So that was it! Orme remembered no mirror, but the Japanese might apply the word to the reflecting surface of one of the forward windows.

"You lit a match," continued Maku. "I saw. Then I come here, to find if you follow."

Orme considered. Now that he was discovered, it would be futile to continue the chase, since Maku, naturally, would not go to his destination with Orme at his heels. But he said:

"You can't order me off the streets, Maku."

"I know. If you follow, then we walk 'an' walk 'an' walk—mebbe till nex' week." Orme swore under his breath. It was quite clear that the little Japanese would never rejoin the man who had the papers until he was sure that he had shaken off his pursuer. So Orme simply said:

"Goodnight."

Disappointed, baffled, he turned eastward and walked with long strides back toward the car line. He did not look to see whether Maku was behind him. That did not matter now. He had missed his second opportunity since the other Japanese escaped him in the university campus.

Crossing Clark street a block north of the point at which he and Maku had left the car, he continued lakedward, coming out on the drive only a short distance from the Pere Marquette, and a few minutes later, after seeing the elevator boy orders to call him at eight in the morning, he was in his apartment, with the prospect of four hours of sleep.

But there was a final question: Should he return to the all-night restaurant near the car barns and try to learn from the cashier the address which Maku had sought? Surely she would have forgotten the name by this time. Perhaps it was a Japanese name, and, therefore, the harder to remember it; if it were a peculiar combination of letters, the very peculiarity might have fixed it in her mind. And if he hesitated to go back there now, the slim chance that the name remained with her would grow dimmer with every added moment of delay. He felt that he ought to go.

He was dog-tired, but—he remembered the girl's anxiety. Yes, he would go; with the bare possibility that the cashier would remember and would be willing to tell him what she remembered, he would go.

He took up his hat and stepped toward the door. At that moment he heard a sound from his bedroom. It was an unmistakable snore. He tipped to the bedroom door and peered in. Seated in an arm chair was a man. He was distinctly visible in the light which came in from the sitting room, and it was quite plain that he was sound asleep and breathing heavily. And now for the second time his palate vibrated with the raucous noise of sleep.

Orme switched on the bedroom

lights. The man opened his eyes and started from the chair.

"Who are you?" demanded Orme. "Why—the detective, of course." "Detective?"

"Sure—regular force." "Regular force?"

The stranger pulled back his coat and displayed his nicked star. "But what are you doing here?" gasped Orme, amazed.

"Why, a foreign fellow came to the chief and said you wanted a man to keep an eye on your quarters tonight—and the chief sent me. I was dozing a bit—but I'm a light sleeper. I wake at the least noise."

Orme smiled reminiscently, thinking of the snore. "Tell me," he said, "was it Senior Alcatrante who had you sent?"

"I believe that was his name." He was slowly regaining his sleep-bemused wits. "That reminds me," he continued. "He gave me a note for you."

An envelope was produced from an inside pocket. Orme took it and tore it open. The sheet within bore the caption, "Office of the Chief of Police," and the few lines, written beneath in fine script, were as follows:

"Dear Mr. Orme: You will, I am sure, pardon my seeming overanxiety for your safety, and the safety of Poritol's treasure, but I cannot resist using my influence to see that you are well protected tonight by what you in America call 'a plain-clothes man.' I trust that he will frighten away the yellow peril and permit you to slumber undisturbed. If you do not wish him inside your apartment, he will sit in the hall outside your door."

"With all regard for your continued good health, believe me, dear Mr. Orme, Yours, etc., etc."

"PEDRO ALCATRANTE."

In view of everything that had happened since the note was penned, Orme smiled a grim smile. Alcatrante must have been very anxious indeed; and yet, considering that the minister knew nothing of Orme's encounter with the Japanese and his meeting with the girl, the sending of the detective might naturally have been expected to pass as an impressive, but friendly, precaution.

The detective was rapidly losing his self-assurance. "I had only been asleep for a moment," he said.

"Yes?" Orme spoke indifferently. "Well, you may go now. There is no longer any need of you here."

"But my instructions—"

"Were given under a misapprehension. My return makes your presence unnecessary. Goodnight—or good-morning rather." He nodded toward the door.

The detective hesitated. "Look a here!" he suddenly burst out. "I never saw you before."

"Nor I you," replied Orme. "Then how do I know that you are Mr. Orme? You may be the very chap I was to keep out, far as I know."

"Sure enough, I may be," said Orme dryly, adding: "But I am not. Now go."

The detective narrowed his eyebrows. "Not without identification."

"Ask the night clerk," exclaimed Orme impatiently. "Can't you see I don't wish to be bothered any longer?"

He went over to the door and threw it open.

"Come," he continued. "Well, here then—as the detective did not move—here's my card. That ought to do you."

He took a card from his pocket case and offered it to the detective, who, after scrutinizing it for a moment, let it fall to the floor.

"Oh, it's all right, I guess," he said. "But what shall I say to the chief?"

"Simply say that I didn't need you any longer."

The detective picked up his hat and went.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Orme as he closed the door. "But I wonder why I didn't notice his hat. It was lying here in plain sight."

He went to the telephone and spoke to the clerk. "Did you let that detective into my apartment?" he asked.

"Why, yes, Mr. Orme. He was one of the regular force, and he said that you wanted him here. I called up the chief's office, and the order was corroborated. I meant to tell you when you came in, but you passed the desk just while I was down eating my supper. The elevator boy let you in, didn't he?"

"Yes. Never mind, it's all right. Good night."

But when Orme examined his traveling bag he found that some one had evidently made a search through it. Nothing had been taken, but the orderly arrangement of his effects had been disturbed. His conclusion was that Alcatrante had bribed the fellow to go much farther than official zeal demanded. Doubtless the minister had paid the detective to hunt for a marked five-dollar bill and make a copy of whatever was written on it—which would have been quite a safe proceeding for the detective, if he were not caught at the task. A subtle man, Alcatrante; but no subtler than the Japanese.

Dismissing the incident from his mind, Orme again made ready to return to the all-night restaurant. He



He Read It Over Several Times.

paused at the door, however, to give the situation a final analysis. Maku had lost something. After hunting for it vainly he had gone to the city directory for information which appeared with the Japanese and his meeting with the girl, the sending of the detective might naturally have been expected to pass as an impressive, but friendly, precaution.

Orme's fatigue was so great that he repeated the question to himself several times without seeing any meaning in it. He forced his tired brain back to the first statement. Maku had lost something. Yes, he had lost something. What was it he had lost? Oh, yes, a paper.

It was futile. His brain refused to work.

Maku had lost a paper. A paper? "Ah!" Orme was awake now.

"How stupid!" he exclaimed.

For he had entirely forgotten the paper which he had taken from the pocket of the unconscious Maku, there on the campus! He had thrust it into his pocket without looking at it, and in the excitement of his later adventures it had passed utterly from his memory.

Another moment and he had the paper in his hand. His fingers shook as he unfolded it, and he felt angry at his weakness. Yes, there it was—the address—written in an unformed hand. If he had only thought of the paper before, he would have been saved a deal of trouble—would have had more sleep. He read it over several times—"Three forty-one North Parker street"—so that he would remember it if the paper should be lost.

"I'm glad Maku didn't write it in Japanese!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER IX.

Number Three Forty-One.

When Orme was aroused by the ringing of his telephone bell the next morning and heard the clerk's voice saying over the wire, "Eight o'clock, sir," it seemed as if he had been asleep but a few minutes.

During breakfast he reviewed the events of the preceding evening. Strange and varied though they had been, his thoughts chiefly turned to the girl herself, and he shaped all his plans with the idea of pleasing her. The work he had set for himself was to get the envelope and deliver it to the girl. This plan involved the finding of the man who had escaped from the tree.

The search was not so nearly blind as it would have been if Orme had not found that folded slip of paper in Maku's pocket. The address, "three forty-one North Parker street," was unquestionably the destination at which Maku had expected to meet friends.

To North Parker street, then, Orme prepared to go. Much as he longed to see the girl again, he was glad that they were not to make this adventure together, for the reputation of North Parker street was unsavory.

Orme found his way readily enough. There was not far to go, and he preferred to walk. But before he reached his destination he remembered that he had promised Alcatrante and Poritol to meet them at his apartment at ten o'clock.

His obligation to the two South Americans seemed slight, now that the bill had passed from his hands and that he knew the nature of Poritol's actions. Nevertheless, he was a

man of his word, and he hurried back to the Pere Marquette, for the hour was close to ten. He was influenced to some extent by the thought that Poritol and Alcatrante, on learning how he had been robbed of the bill, might unwittingly give him a further clue.

No one had called for him. He waited till ten minutes past the hour before he concluded that he had fulfilled his part of the bargain with them. Though he did not understand it, he attached no especial significance to their failure to appear.

Once again he went to North Parker street. Three forty-one proved to be a notion shop. Through the window he saw a stout woman reading a newspaper behind the counter. When he entered she laid the paper aside and arose languidly, as though customers were rather a nuisance than a blessing. She was forty, but not fair.

Orme asked to see a set of studs. She drew a box from a show case and spread the assortment before him.

He selected a set and paid her, offering a ten-dollar bill. She turned to a cash register and made change—which included a five-dollar bill.

Orme could hardly believe his eyes. The bill which she placed in his hand bore the written words: "Remember person you pay this to."

He turned it over. In the corner was a familiar set of abbreviations. There was no doubt about it. The bill was the same which had been taken from him, and which he had last seen in the possession of Maku.

What an insistent piece of green paper that marked bill was! It had started him on this remarkable series of adventures. It had introduced excitable little Poritol and the suave Alcatrante to his apartment. It had made him the victim of the attack by the two Japanese. It had brought the girl into his life. And now it came again into his possession just at the moment to prove that he was on the right track in his search for Maku and the man who had the papers. The queerest coincidence was that the bill would never have come into his possession at all had it not been for his first meeting with the girl—who at that very time was herself searching for it. The rubbing of his hat against the wheel of her car—on so little thing as that had hinged the events followed.

"This is strange," Orme addressed the woman.

"It doesn't hurt it any," said the woman, indifferently.

"I know that. But it's a curious thing just the same."

The woman raised her shoulders slightly, and began to put away the stock she had taken out for Orme's benefit.

"Who paid this to you?" persisted Orme.

"How should I remember? I can't keep track of all the persons that come in the store during the day."

"But I should think that anything so queer as this—" He saw that he could get nothing from her except by annoying her.

The woman glared. "What you a botherin' about? Why don't you leave well enough alone?"

Orme smiled. "Tell me one thing, he said, 'do you know a Japanese that lives hereabouts?'"

"Oh," said the woman, "so you're one of the gentlemen he was expectin'."

By **BANNISTER MERWIN**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**
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eh? Well, it's the front flat, two flights up."

"Thank you," said Orme. He walked out to the street, whence a backward glance showed him the woman again concealed in her newspaper.

At one side of the shop he found the entrance to a flight of stairs which led to the floors above. In the little hallway, just before the narrow ascent began, was a row of electric buttons and names, and under each of them a mail box. "3a" had a card on which was printed:

"Arima, Teacher of Original Kana Jiu-Jitsu."

Should he go boldly up and present himself as a prospective pupil? If Arima were the one who had so effectively thrown him the night before he would certainly remember the man he had thrown and would promptly be on his guard. Also, the woman in the shop had said, "you are one of the gentlemen he was expectin'." Others were coming.

Prudence suggested that he conceal himself in an entry across the street and keep an eye out for the persons who were coming to visit Arima. He assumed that their coming had something to do with the stolen paper. But he had no way of knowing who the athlete's guests would be. There might be no one among them whom he could recognize. And even if he saw them all go in, how would his own purpose be served by merely watching them? In time, no doubt, they would all come out again, and one of them would have the papers in his possession, and Orme would not know which one.

For all he was aware, some of the guests had already arrived. They might even now be gathering with eager eyes about the unfolded documents. No, Orme realized that his place was not on the sidewalk. By some means he must get where he could discover what was going on in the front flat on the third floor. Standing where he now was there was momentary danger of being discovered by persons who would guess why he was there. Maku might come.

Orme looked to see who lived in "4a," the flat above the Japanese. The card bore the name:

"Madam Alla, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium."

"I think I will have my fortune told," muttered Orme, as he pressed Madam Alla's bell and started up the stairs.

At the top of the second flight he looked to the entrance of the front apartment. It had a large square of ground glass, with the name "Arima" in black letters. He continued upward another flight and presently found himself before two blank doors—one at the front and one a little at one side. The side door opened slowly in response to his knock.

Before him stood a blowsy but not altogether unprepossessing woman of middle years. She wore a cheap print gown. A gipsy scarf was thrown over her head and shoulders, and her ears held loop earrings. Her inquiring glance at Orme was not unmingled with suspicion.

"Madam Alla?" inquired Orme. She nodded and stood aside for him to enter. He passed into a cheap little reception hall which looked out on the street, and then, at her silent direction went through a door at one side and found himself in the medium's sanctum.

The one window gave on a dimly lighted narrow space which apparently had been cut in from the back of the building. Through the dusty glass he could see the railing of a fire-escape platform, and cutting diagonally across the light, part of the stairs led to the platform above. There was a closed door, which apparently opened into the outer hall. In the room were dirty red hangings, two chairs, a couch, and a small square center table.

Madam Alla had already seated herself at the table and was shuffling a pack of cards. "Fifty-cent reading?" she asked, as he took the chair opposite her.

Orme nodded. His thoughts were on the window and the fire escape, and he hardly heard her monotonous sentences, though he obeyed mechanically her instructions to cut and shuffle.

"You are about to engage in a new business," she was saying. "You will be successful, but there will be some trouble about a dark man. Look out for him. He talks fair, but he means mischief.—There is a woman, too.—This man will try to prejudice her against you." And all the time Orme was saying to himself, "How can I persuade her to let me use the fire escape?"

Suddenly he was conscious that the woman had ceased speaking and was running the cards through her fingers and looking at him searchingly. "You are not listening," she said, as he met her gaze.

He smiled apologetically. "I know—I was preoccupied."

"I can't help you if you don't listen," Orme inferred that she took pride in her work. He sighed, and looked grave. "I am afraid," he said slowly. "That my case is too serious for the cards."

She brightened. "You'd ought to have a trance-reading—two dollars."

"I'd take any kind of reading that

would help me, but I'm afraid the situation is too difficult."

"Then why did you come?" Again she looked of suspicion.

"I came because you could help me, but not by a reading."

"What do you mean?" Plainly she was frightened. "I don't put people away. That's out of my line. Honest!"

"Do I look as if I wanted anything crooked done?" Orme smiled.

"It's hard to tell what folks want," she muttered. "You're a fly-cop, aren't you?"

"What makes you think that?"

"The way you been sizing things up. You aren't going to do anything, are you? I pay regular for my protection every month—five dollars—and I work hard to get it, too."

Orme hesitated. He had known at the outset that he was of a class different from the ordinary run of her clients. The difference undoubtedly had both puzzled and frightened her. He might disabuse her of the notion that he had anything to do with the police, but her misapprehension was an advantage that he was loath to lose. Fearing him, she might grant any favor.

"Now, listen to me," he said at last. "I don't mean you any harm, but I want you to answer a few questions."

She eyed him furtively.

"Do you know the man in the flat below?" he demanded.

"Mr. Arima? No. He's a Jap. I see him in the halls sometimes, but I don't do no more than bow, like any neighbor."

"He's noisy, isn't he?"

"Only when he has pupils. But he goes out to do most of his teaching. Is he wanted?"

"Not exactly. Now look here, I believe you're a well-meaning woman. Do you make a good thing out of this business?"

"Fair." She smiled faintly. "I ain't been in Chicago long, and it takes time to work up a good trade. I got a daughter to bring up. She's with friends. She don't know anything about what I do for a living."

"Well," said Orme, "I'm going to give you five dollars toward educating your girl."

He took a bill from his pocketbook and handed it to her. She accepted it with a deprecating glance and a smile that was tinged with pathetic coquetry. Then she looked at it strangely. "What's the writing?" she asked.

Orme started. He had given her the marked five-dollar bill. "I didn't mean to give you that one," he said, taking it from her fingers.

She stared at him. "Is it fony?"

"No—but I want it. Here's another." As he took a fresh bill from his pocketbook he discovered to his



"You Seem to Be Acquainted With Your Neighbor, After All."

surprise that the marked bill, together with the few dollars in change he had received after his purchase in the shop below, was all that he now had left in his pocket. He remembered that he had intended to draw on his funds that morning. His departure from New York had been hurried, and he had come away with little ready cash.

Madam Alla slipped the bill into her bosom and waited. She knew well enough that her visitor had some demand to make.

"Now," said Orme, "I am going to use your fire escape for a little while."

The woman nodded.

"I want you to keep all visitors out," he continued. "Don't answer the bell. I may want to come back this way quick."

"This is straight business, isn't it? I don't want to get into no trouble."

"Absolutely straight," said Orme. "All you have to do is to leave your window open and keep quiet."

"You can count on me," she said. "Perhaps you know all about the place down there, but if you don't, I'll tell you that the fire escape leads into his reception room."

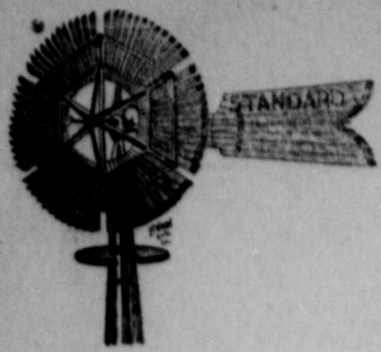
Orme smiled. "You seem to be acquainted with your neighbor, after all!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Avoid Suspicion.

"When you're walking through your neighbor's melon patch, don't tie your shoe."—Atlantic Monthly.

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I Am Dreaming.

The following poem, written by W. P. Carter, was published many years ago. The copy, handed us by Rev. Goodwin, was worn and yellow with age. Much of the printing had faded and one of the verses, the sixth, was completely obliterated:

Awake, awake thou dreamer
Awake to the mournful blast—
Notes of our martyred freedom,
Dead music of the past!
Awake! the spear is broken
The blade hath turned to rust,
And the warrior's red-cross banner
Droops o'er the warrior's dust

Awake, awake, thou dreamer
The voices of the slain,
Come o'er the still deep waters
In sad and solemn strain!
And the high winds echo sadly
The song of buried years,
And morning brings upon its crest
A rivulet of tears.

What see you, silent sleeper,
In the far off land of dreams?
What you see by the valleys
And the pleasant sounding streams?
Are these orange groves in blossom?
Is there gold upon the strand?
Is there joy or is there mourning
In the far-off pleasant land?

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the lightnings lurid glare,
Like a meteor in its madness,
Rushes through the midnight air;
And I see the red cross banner
In the rifted cloudlets wave,
And I hear the battle shoutings
Of the gallant and the brave.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the cannon's deadly roar
Rolls up the steep blue mountain
Along the other shore.
And I see a lordly gentleman
Ride out and lead the way;
He is the Knighthood gentleman
That ever wore the gray.

So calm, so stern, so debonair,
No plume upon his crest,
He goes the warpath gallantly,
No shield upon his breast.
He rides the good horse, "Traveler,"
Right to the fore rides he—
His sire was "Light Horse Harry."

And his name is Robert Lee!

And yonder in the tempest—
Down by the smoky plain—
One rides in armor burnished bright,
And burning spear amain;
His brow is clothed with thunder,
His right arm raised on high,
Mars-like he rides to battle
As he rode in days gone by.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the blushing rose of morn
Is shaking from her leaflets young
Bright crystals on the storm.
The midnight is asunder—
Still the carnage revels high,
And still rides "Stonewall" Jackson,
As he rode in days gone by.

Now hark! the bugle pealing,
See the flashing sabers shine
Against the day-god of the east,
Along the charging line.
I hear a merry clink of steel,
And a laughter ringing far,
'Tis the chestnut-bearded Stuart,
Our "Harry of Navarre."

I am dreaming, and there's weeping
In yon grove upon the hill.
There a noble form is hushed in death,
A giant heart is still.
On the banners of his legions
His star of glory shines;
'Tis Rodas, the fair-haired chieftan,
Who charged at Seven Pines.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming!
And a black plume waves on high,
So graceful, yet so terrible,
Above a flashing eye.
The mountains quake and tremble,
Still that warrior takes no heed;
'Tis Ashby rides the vale of death,
Upon his milk-white steed.

And oh, a song of boyhood,
Is floating up the glen,
And a happy voice of by-gone years
Is cheering on his men.
With gleaming eye he charges—
And a soul for a soldier's fate,
'Tis Ramseur, dashing Ramseur,
The pride of the old North State.

Who comes with visage strong and stern
Upon his foaming bay?
A stout and hardy fighter,
"Old Blueber" clears the way.
With sturdy cane of oak aloft,
He leads them up the glade;

'Tis Allegheny Johnson,
With the old Stonewall brigade.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the flaming dogs of death
Are bursting grape and bombshell
Upon the battle's breath,
And there beside the cannon's mouth,
All battle-scarred and grave,
Stands Hood, the lion-hearted—
The bravest of the brave.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the stars and bars on high
Wave o'er the fiery Ewell's front—
His is to do or die.
And a sound of distant music
Brings back old home-time joys—
'Tis the son of old Zach Taylor
And his Louisiana boys.

And yonder, cheering on his braves,
Is Hill, Virginia's pride;
The handsome John Magruder
Is fighting at his side.
Bold Pegram holds the bridge today,
With Garnett at the ford;
And I see the gray-haired Armsted
With his hat upon his sword.

Charge, Dearing, charge! The North-
men
Are pressing Pender sore,
And Cobb, the valliant Georgian,
Can hold his own no more.
See Pettigrew among them,
No quarter does he beg;
And yonder sleeps the sleep of death,
The gallant Maxey Gregg.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming!
And my comrades of the past
Are waiting in the valley
For the bugle's onward blast.
John Pelham, Brown and Pegram,
Will Randolph, true and strong,
And the smiling, boyish Lattimer,
A sunbeam in that throng.

Awake, awake thou dreamer!
The voices of the slain
Come o'er the still, deep waters
In ripples bright with fame.
Awake! the spear is broken,
The blade hath turned to rust,
And the warrior's red-cross banner
Droops o'er the warrior's dust.

To Cotton Growers.

Those who intend planting cotton and wish to get home-grown seed can find them at Alanreed. It is understood that C. W. Slavin at that place has a quantity for sale at fifty cents a bushel.

Political Rally.

We are requested to announce that there will be a Socialist rally on the streets of McLean tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon at 2 P. M., and everyone who will be invited to be present and listen to a lecture by E. T. Stanton of Collingsworth county. Mr. Stanton is a man well versed on the subject he will have in hand and those who hear him will have the pleasure of listening to a forceful and logical talk respecting the doctrines of Socialism.

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Lodge Directory

A. F. & A. M.—McLean Lodge No. 889, meets Saturday night on or before the full moon in each month.
J. R. HINDMAN, W. M.
J. W. BURROW, Sec.

R. A. M.—McLean Chapter No. 279 meets on the first Monday night in each month.
J. L. CRABTREE, H. P.
W. H. LANGLEY, Sec.

R. & S. M.—McLean Council No. 212 meets on the first Monday night in each month.
H. W. MULLIS, T. I. M.
W. H. LANGLEY, Rec.

O. E. S.—McLean Chapter No. 239 meets on the first Thursday night in each month.
MRS. W. R. ORR, W. M.

I. O. O. F.—McLean Lodge No. 229 meets every Tuesday night.
J. S. DENSON, N. G.
C. S. RICE, Sec.

Rebekah—Golden Rod Lodge No. 109 meets on the first and third Monday afternoons and the second and fourth Monday nights in each month.
MRS. C. S. RICE, N. G.
MRS. J. S. DENSON, Sec.

W. O. W.—McLean Camp No. 1699 meets every Saturday night.
W. R. PATTERSON, C. C.
W. B. UPHAM, Clerk.

Woodmen Circle—Sunshine Grove No. 588 meets on the first and third Wednesday afternoons of each month.
MRS. C. S. RICE, Guardian.
MRS. W. J. HODGES, Clerk.

M. W. A.—McLean Camp No. 12706 meets on the first and third Friday nights in each month.
J. L. TURNER, C. C.
C. L. UPHAM, Clerk.

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Church Directory

METHODIST CHURCH—Preaching the second, fourth and fifth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at ten a. m. League at 3 p. m. Senior League at 4 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:15 p. m. Woman's Home Mission Society at 3 p. m. on Monday the second and fourth Sundays, twice exactly on time.
J. P. Lowery, Pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Preaching first and third Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Junior B. Y. P. U. at 4 p. m. Senior B. Y. P. U. at 8 p. m. The public cordially invited.
REV. H. A. GOODWIN, Pastor.

CHURCH OF CHRIST—Bible School at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching every fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. 7:30 p. m. Elder W. W. B.

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