

# The McLean News

THIRTEENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1916

NO. 34

## Electric Lights

We have installed electric lights in our new garage for the use of the public, along with many modern conveniences, in short, we have spent a lot of money and time to make this garage the only one in your eye.

So if you do not come along and throw in with us, we shall feel disappointed.

(Please do not disappoint us)

Yours for pleasant business,

**Bentley & Grigsby**

## From Over The Panhandle

The Farmer's Institute at Miami is formulating ways and means of buying and operating the elevators at Miami, and Hoover.

Mrs. G. W. Thomas of Quail last Wednesday. She was 75 years old and was the mother of eleven children.

120 students were enrolled in Normal at Canyon the first week of its opening, compared with 242 last year. The total enrollment last year was 440 and it is believed more than 500 will enter this year.

Enough money was raised in Miami last week to buy a lot of lumber to build a house for a widow and her four children who was living in a tent and taking in washing. This is real Christianity.

More wheat acreage than ever before known is reported in the various wheat districts of the Panhandle.

Miss Mary Grundy, a former resident of McLean, is again connected with the Tulia school. This will be her third term there.

Ochiltree will again celebrate with auto races on the 16th of this month. More than \$1200 will be offered in prizes.

Four of Claude's leading business men recently took the Boy Scouts of Claude on a several day's hike. They went 65 miles to Timber Lake and enjoyed fishing, swimming and hunting.

The new city well for Floydada is 182 feet deep and stands 60 feet in water.

## Melon Crop Is Superior

Up to this time there have been shipped out this season 40 car loads of watermelons and the price has been uniformly good, reaching the high mark this week at thirty seven and one half cents per hundred pounds. It is announced that the recent splendid rains will mature many more melons than was considered likely two weeks ago and it is possible that the total car shipments will be up to standard before the closing of the season.

The melons are unusually superior in quality and size and this year's output bids fair to add materially to the reputation of this section for supremacy in the production of this luscious delicacy.

From a financial standpoint the watermelon is one of our most popular and profitable crops and as the country develops it is hoped that more concerted effort will be made to standardize our methods of marketing to the extent that a much larger acreage can be profitably handled by the individual farmer.

## Rains Were Beneficial

The recent splendid rains have wonderfully rejuvenated the late feed crops and served to remove the damper that has kept our fires of enthusiasm at a very low ebb for the past two months. Much of corn was cut very short by the continued dry weather and some of the feed will not mature a very heavy yield, but all late stuff, in the absence of an early frost, will make splendid yields.

So it is that we are not so bad off as might have been thought when the days stretched into weeks and the weeks into months without a sign of precipitation. Verily this section of the great Panhandle of Texas can stand more dry weather without a corresponding loss in products than any other country on the outside of the earth.

## Compulsory Education

Compulsory Education in Texas.

There has never been a more important political move in the South and West than that which is at present giving to the majority of our states compulsory education laws. In truth, there is no wiser step possible to a democratic government.

Texas has shown her good sense and progressive statesmanship by falling in line early. Her new law is going into effect with the opening of the fall term this session, and is seemingly well received in all parts of the state. Of course there are a few growlers, but the man who is not intelligent enough to appreciate a measure which works directly to the good of his own and his neighbor's children does not deserve much consideration from the body politic. The officers on whom the duty falls should see to it that the law is enforced to the letter.

The school system of Texas is one of the best in the South and West, thanks to an intelligent citizenship, and a far-sighted well administered policy on the part of the State University and our other higher institutions. The University has rightly conceived of itself as the real leader of our whole educational system, and has assumed the responsibility in good faith. Its committee of school visitors is composed of practical, experienced men who have made a first hand study not only of general needs in the secondary schools, but of the special needs of different localities and institutions. They have encouraged and demanded a high grade of work in the essentials, and at the same time have recognized the need of practical industrial instruction. Many of the High Schools of Texas, even in the smaller towns, boast of well equipped and highly efficient departments of manual training and domestic science. The State Normals have been organized and conducted with especial reference to the needs of Texas Teachers so that the state is composed of men and women of unusual ability and equipment.

The welfare of every democracy is vitally dependent on the intelligence of its citizens. Such a government goes permanently wrong only when the people go wrong. The people do not willfully make mistakes, but the illiterate man is ever prey to the demagogue. Hence it is that the ultimate safety of the State lies in the education of the masses, and that the government has a right to demand such education.

### Louisville Ices The Ice.

Yesterday when Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for the presidency, stopped in Louisville, Kentucky, he received one of the most chilly receptions ever accorded a national figure in the United States. The United Press correspondent states that "only the usual station crowd greeted Mr. Hughes when his car was backed in. There were no cheers or other signs of enthusiasm. It was the original plan for Mr. Hughes to make a speech here, but the lack of interest or concern caused a change in the plan."



You'll be congratulated  
If you take our good advice  
And buy confections wedded  
To everything that's nice.

Then take her home this evening  
A box of Mammouth Size  
Filled to the BRIM with CANDY  
The kind we ADVERTISE.

**ERWIN DRUG COMPANY**

**Bonheur Bros.**

"Fi-Fi," The Man Pony or Horse With The Human Brain



"Fi Fi" at winter home Buffalo, Oklahoma. Out for an airing.

## Gardenhire's Garage Open Day and Night

Republic and Firestone Tires  
Complete line of Ford Repair Parts  
Service Cars to all points in the  
Panhandle  
First class Mechanics and all work  
Guaranteed to give satisfaction  
Work done any time  
Inner Tubes, any size  
Phone 37  
When you need any Garage work  
Gardenhire Garage

## Service and Solidity The Banking Requisites

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

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

CAPITAL . . . . . \$25,000.00  
SURPLUS . . . . . \$12,500.00

**American State Bank**

(GUARANTY FUND BANK)

McLean, Texas

D. B. VEATCH, PRESIDENT  
GEO. W. SITTER, VICE PRES.  
ERNEST EIKENS, CASHIER  
A. G. RICHARDSON, ASST. CASHIER  
A. P. CLARK, Jr.  
JACOB L. HESS.

DIRECTORS.

INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

This is rather exceptional, but the indications are that Mr. Hughes is destined to go up against many such receptions between now and the date of election. He has utterly failed to awaken the enthusiasm expected at the time he was given the nomination. Unbiased reports from all points where he speaks convey either in words or between the lines that there is a certain lack of interest and enthusiasm among the people. Mr. Hughes has been described as a "human iceberg," and when he was nominated, Mr. Murdock of Kansas was named

the nomination to be a "beautiful tribute to the north pole." Mr. Hughes has not done anything to cause the estimate of Mr. Murdock to be changed. The showing of chill at Louisville was but the normal temperature of the Republican candidate, therefore he should not have felt any offence.—Ex

Posted.

The public is warned that I will not permit hunting, fishing or any trespassing on any land owned or controlled by me.

J. M. Hugelman.



**Men and Women**

Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is highly recommended by thousands.

Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that so many people say it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands of even the most distressing cases.

At drugists in 50c. and \$1.00 sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post, also a pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

The more a woman has in her head, the less she thinks about what is on it.

**NO MALARIA—NO CHILLS.**  
"Plantation" Chill Tonic is guaranteed to drive away Chills and Fever or your money refunded. Price 50c.—Adv.

A girl is hardly ever pleased with her photograph if it looks like her.

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A fool and his money are much respected while they remain together.

**Spartan Women Suffered Untold Tortures** but who wants to be a Spartan? Take "Pemenina" for all female disorders. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

A man visits his relations when he has nowhere else to go.

The married man who waits for the net car is sure to catch it when he gets home.

**SAVE A DOCTOR'S BILL** by keeping Mississippi Diarrhoea Cordial handy for all stomach complaints. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

Many a man with a good scheme lacks the required nerve to push it through.

Millions of particular women now use and recommend Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Often the spirit of perseverance strikes a man hardest when he is in the wrong.

Always sure to please, Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.

Few women are really afraid of mice, but they hate to disappoint the men, who seem to expect them to be afraid.

**WHY WOMEN WRITE LETTERS**

To Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Women who are well often ask "Are the letters which the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. are continually publishing, genuine?" "Are they truthful?" "Why do women write such letters?"

In answer we say that never have we published a fictitious letter or name. Never, knowingly, have we published an untruthful letter, or one without the full and written consent of the woman who wrote it.

The reason that thousands of women from all parts of the country write such grateful letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives, once burdened with pain and suffering.

It has relieved women from some of the worst forms of female ills, from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, nervousness, weakness, stomach troubles and from the blues.

It is impossible for any woman who is well and who has never suffered to realize how these poor, suffering women feel when restored to health; their keen desire to help other women who are suffering as they did.



**ECZEMA!**

"Hand's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded without question if Hand's Cure fails to cure Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other skin disease on the face.

For sale by all drug stores or by mail from the A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.



**TYPHOID**

is no more necessary than Smallpox. Any experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous effect of the latest antitoxin.

Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, made from one and a half Trubold Carriers, Producing Vaccine and Serum under U. S. License The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

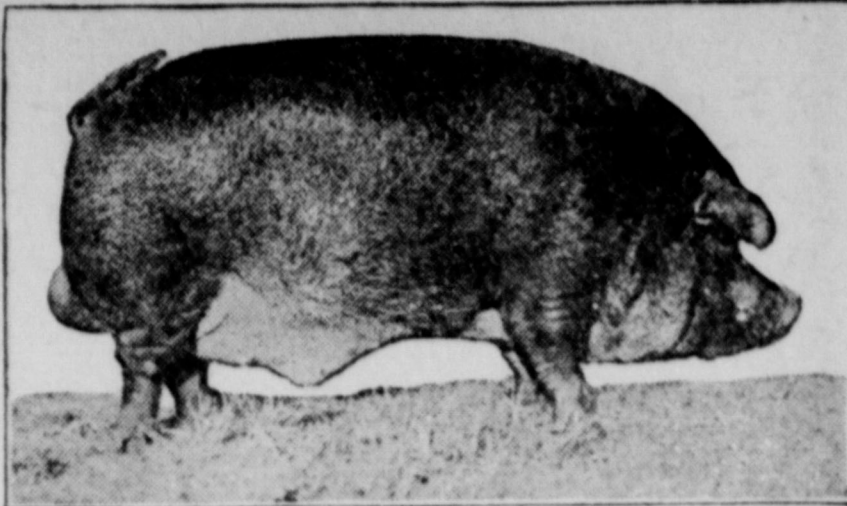
**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. Sold by all Druggists.

**Buy KILL-TICK**

A Rectified Bull Broom. SAFEST, EASIEST and BEST WAY to kill ticks. No roasting, no dipping. If you want REALTY CATTLE get KILL-TICK from your dealer, or send us your order. 25c per 10 pound block, delivered your station. McLean Sales Agency, Grand Saline, Tex.

**ADVANTAGES OF SEPARATE PEN FOR BOAR**



CHAMPION DUROC-JERSEY BOAR, "BIG WONDER."

The boar that is worth keeping at all is worth keeping in a pen or lot separate from the rest of the herd. Where a young boar is brought on the place the advantages of keeping him away from the other hogs are easy to see.

The young boar will make a better growth and develop better when left to himself until he is at least a year old. The older boar will keep in better condition if given the same care, writes Adam Kinson of Illinois in Farm Progress. There are other advantages, too, that should not be overlooked. For instance, when the boar is kept in a separate inclosure the date of the breeding of the sows is always known with exactness and more pigs will be saved at farrowing time.

Many boars have to be sold about the time they are at their best because of their picking up bad habits while running in the pasture or with the rest of the herd. If kept in special pens or lots the boar has not the chance to learn how to push over a fence, break through an inclosure and become vicious and dangerous. Then, too, he is always where he can be found when he is wanted.

Of course, it may cost a little more time and trouble to keep the boar separately. It is a great deal more trouble to watch the sows, breed them when they should be bred and then remove from the boar's pen back to the pasture or lot. You can grow hogs without taking all this trouble just as you can sometimes grow good corn without plowing it as many times as your neighbor plows his.

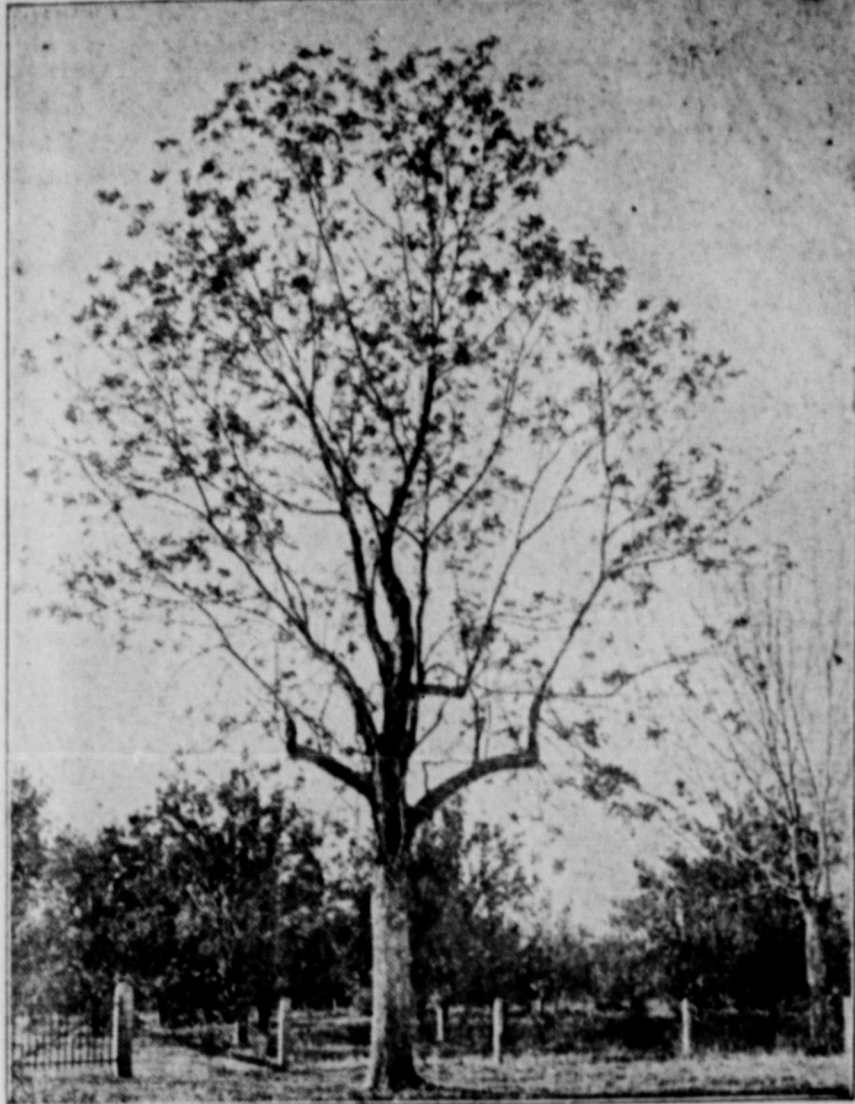
The point is that you are more certain to make a success of hog growing if you do keep the boar away from the rest of the herd, hasten his development, save his strength and keep an exact account of the breeding dates. Whether better stock, in better condition and more pigs saved from a litter is worth trying for is something every hog raiser will have to settle for himself.

During the summer the boar is not much more trouble to take care of when penned up than he would be if running with the herd. Where there is a lot big enough to furnish green feed he will need but one feed of grain a day and if the pen or lot is handy to the barn that will be very little trouble. Water must be furnished, of course, and it should be of reasonable purity.

After the boar is well developed the harm done by letting him run with the herd will not be serious. But from the time he is four or five months old, till he reaches the end of his first year, it is important that he be kept to himself. Where the boar is given this much of an opportunity to grow bone and muscle he will usually get along all right when permitted to stay with hogs six months old and older.

Unless he can be given the proper sort of a lot to run in, is fed enough and kept growing, it will be better not to try to keep him up at all. If the only place for him is in a dry lot and he is not fed right and watered regularly it will be better to let him run with the rest of the herd and take his chances with them on the pasture.

**WORST ENEMIES OF YOUNG PECAN TREES**



Well-Shaped Pecan Tree in Georgia.

The pecan girdler can be effectively controlled by clean culture. The adults lay eggs in the twigs before girdling. These twigs fall to the ground and the young live in the twigs during the larval stage. According to J. R. Watson of the University of Florida experiment station the girdlers are much more numerous this year than for several years. This indicates that there will be a large crop next year if precautions are not taken against them.

Concerning the insect, Professor Watson remarks: "The insect is one of the worst enemies of young pecan trees. The adult female lays eggs in the leaf scars of the twigs a year old or younger, usually in those about the size of a lead pencil. Below the last egg she gnaws a trench around the twig which leaves it joined to the tree for a short time by a thin neck of wood. If the girdlers are abundant they will seriously interfere with the growth of the tree.

"The twig soon falls, and supplies the dead wood necessary for the larvae which hatch from the eggs. Larvae live for several months in the

twigs. They become full grown during spring or early summer and during the latter part of the summer emerge as adults.

"Girdlers are easily and effectively controlled if one will rake and burn the fallen twigs during winter. This kills the larvae and reduces the number which would have become adults the following summer.

"Besides the pecan, the girdler occasionally works on persimmon, but its wild host is the hickory. Practically all the pecan insects breed on hickories and wild persimmons near the grove should be cut. If one does not wish to cut the trees the fallen twigs should be collected and destroyed. Tent caterpillars and pecan defoliators can be partially controlled by cutting the hickories. Basket worms, pecan bud worms, and girdlers attack the Javanese varnish tree. The fallen twigs of this tree should be destroyed.

"The pecan girdler may not be serious now, but growers cannot afford to give it a chance.

**OVERHEATING HORSE MAY BE PREVENTED**

Harm Can Be Avoided by Keeping Few Simple Things in Mind—Give Stimulants.

(By M. H. REYNOLDS, Veterinarian, University Farm, St. Paul.)

Horsemen need to be on their guard against overheating. Most cases of overheating can be prevented by keeping a few simple things in mind.

Give at least a pailful of water to each horse about ten o'clock and again at three or four o'clock on a hot day. Be very careful with a horse that is a little out of health, if you are working him on a hot day.

Look out for a horse that after sweating freely suddenly stops sweating. Put such a horse in the shade as soon as possible and give a moderate drink.

Do not put a horse not in good condition for hard work in the center of a four-horse team in hot weather.

Work carefully on a hot day when the atmosphere is moist and heavy.

A horse can hardly get too hot to water, but one must regulate the amount by the temperature of the water.

In case of an attack of overheating, the horse should be taken to the shade as soon as possible. A treatment of the surface of the body, particularly of the head, with cold water should be given until the temperature is within a degree or two of normal. Stimulants should be given as early as possible.

In most cases it is better to plan to avoid overheating than to plan to treat the horse for it.

**DRESS PERCENTAGE OF FARM ANIMALS**

That of Hogs Is 75, Cattle 53 and Sheep 48—Variation Due to Amount of Flesh.

(By W. H. PETER, North Dakota Experiment Station.)

The average dressing percentage of hogs is 75 while of cattle it is 53 and of sheep 48. Part of this difference is due to the method of figuring. In the case of the hog the hide, head and feet are included in the carcass weight, while in the case of cattle and sheep the head, hide and feet are not included. Then the hog is very thick fleshed and has a small digestive system. Cattle and sheep have large paunches and digestive systems. Sheep dress out lowest due to the wool and the rather light fleshing of the carcass.

The dressing percentage of animals of each class varies widely. This is due to the amount of flesh, especially fat present on the carcass and somewhat to the thickness of the hide and size of the heads and legs, and to the amount of fill or the amount of feed and water present in the digestive tract at the time of slaughtering. For the hogs the dressing percentage varies from 65 to 85 per cent with an average of 75. For cattle it ranges from 47 to 70 per cent with an average of 53 and for sheep from 44 to 56 per cent with an average of 48 per cent.

**GRAIN FOR CALVES THE FIRST SUMMER**

First Aid Toward Profitable Baby Beef Production—Feed in Separate Lot.

Calves growing toward baby beefs should have grain the first summer if they are to develop rapidly, says the animal husbandry department at Iowa State college. One of the chances of loss in making baby beef is slow growth during the first summer when gains are cheapest of any time in the steer's life. Unless grain is fed, some of the milkfat will surely be lost when pasture dries up and flies are bad.

Shelled corn and oats, half and half is a good mixture on which to start calves. Linseed meal can be substituted for oats, which is usually very high priced. Gradually increase the amount of oil meal and reduce the oats feed until calves are getting about seven parts corn to one of oil meal. The grain should be fed in a creep, as it will not pay to let the cows get at such high-priced feed. Place the creep in a shady spot where the stock cools during the day. Feed the calves all that they will clean up twice a day and "watch 'em grow to profit."

**GREAT DANGERS OF HIGHWAY**

Thick Shrubbery or Trees Make It Impossible for Driver to See Approaching Vehicles.

Safety on highways ought to receive more attention. Speed bends and drunken drivers are already attended to by laws, but there are many very real dangers which have received no attention. One of these is the road intersection where thick shrubbery or trees make it impossible for the driver on one street to see an approaching vehicle on the other until the two are ready to collide. Slow driving is of little avail in such places. The only remedy is to clear away the obstructions to sight, as is required by regulation in some places. Another danger spot is the narrow road, with sharp curves where it is impossible to see ahead on account of shrubs and trees. Automobiles have considerable trouble at times when they meet on such curves, but the danger to them is by no means so great as it is to the young man who is holding his best girl in a buggy and neglecting his horse. Such an obstruction in the center of a narrow, winding road is not quickly guided to the side where it belongs. Underbrush ought to be cleared away on the inner sides of such curves, at least so that a driver can detect another vehicle on the road ahead before it is nearer than 75 feet. This does not require the destruction of shrubbery or trees, but merely enough thinning out of the growth to enable a carriage or motor car to be seen. Still another danger point is the junction of a road with another at right angles, concealed by an intervening rise or curve so that the junction point is not seen until just before the moment when the driver on the adjoining road must turn into the main road. Such places are extremely dangerous, and sign posts should be erected to warn the traveler of their proximity.—American Highway Association Bulletin.

**MAKE SUCCESS WITH MELONS**

Much Depends Upon Preparation of Soil With Muskmelons—Well-Rotted Manure Is Needed.

**ERADICATING TICK IN TEXAS**

Infected Cattle Must Not Be Shipped Outside of State—Conditions Must Be Remedied.

The department of agriculture has ordered that no cattle be shipped out of Texas unless free from ticks or intended for immediate slaughter. This will work a temporary hardship on Texas cattlemen, but in the end it will be to their advantage. It is time for all people to know that conditions that tend to disease, whether of man or beast, must be remedied. The tick must go. The sooner it is eradicated the better for Texas.—Houston Post.

**ESSENTIALS OF A GOOD SILO**

Cost of Different Materials Will Decide Question of Buying or Building of Receptacle.

A well-built silo of any type will keep silage well, so the cost of different materials will in many cases decide whether to buy or build, and what type of silo to select. In choosing, low first cost, cheap maintenance, durability and smooth straight wall should be demanded. Ordinarily the more permanent silo should be built.

If you are interested

in purity first  
**KC BAKING POWDER**  
is what you should always use.

There are many other reasons why—but try a can and see for yourself.



Ask Your Grocer

**THE HIGH QUALITY SEWING MACHINE NEW HOME**

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME. Write for free booklet "Points to be considered before purchasing a Sewing Machine." Learn the facts. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, N.J.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 35-1918.

**HIS MOTHER CAME FIRST**

Fiancee of Illinois Militiaman Had to Wait Outside the Camp Grounds.

While the mobilization of a certain Illinois regiment was under way women in the persons of relatives and friends of the Guardsmen flocked to the camp in such numbers that necessary work was hampered. Thereupon it is reported, the colonel issued orders that only one woman should be allowed to visit each member of the regiment.

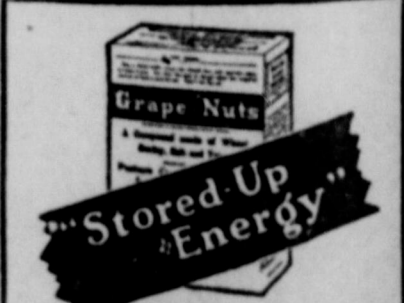
One of the Guardsmen, not yet knowing of the order, approached the camp in company with his mother, a sister and his fiancée. The guard stopped the party and sternly asked who the women were. When told he answered:

"You can take in only one. It's up to you to choose."

The young man looked for a moment at the three, and then said, "mother."

When war is in the air humanity gets down to fundamentals, and who this is done mother will never get the worst of it. We do not believe that the young Guardsman will make a worse husband than if he had chosen his sweetheart. A man who can appreciate his mother may be expected to take good care of his wife.

We all have a soft spot in our heads at birth—and some always retain it.



Everybody needs it—stored for emergency in a well-developed, well-preserved, well-nourished body and brain.

Grape-Nuts food stands preeminent as a builder of this kind of energy. It is made of the entire nutriment of whole wheat and barley, two of the richest sources of food strength.

Grape-Nuts also includes the vital mineral elements of the grain, so much emphasized in these days of investigation of real food values.

Crisp, ready to eat, easy to digest, wonderfully nourishing and delicious.

**"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts**



# PIMPLES

## Are Dangerous

They are a sign of poisoned blood, inactive liver, biliousness, indigestion, constipation or even more serious conditions which if not relieved in time make you a miserable invalid for life.

## Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup

is a remedy that goes back of the mere symptoms, and RELIEVES THE CAUSE. It is purely vegetable, a gentle laxative and tonic combined. It can be taken by all, young and old, male and female. 50c and \$1 bottles at your dealer's.

THACHER MEDICINE CO., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

### Every Woman Wants

## Paxtine ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. No charge. All druggists, or postal by order. The Paxtine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

But it's no trouble to find trouble.

### HAVE YOU ASTHMA?

If you have this will interest you. Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown wrote us as follows: "We have a son who had asthma for nine years, and we spent night after night trying to enable him to breathe. We consulted physicians and used their prescriptions. We also used other famous asthma remedies, from which he got only temporary relief. We saw an advertisement of Lung-Vita and have used several bottles. If he has asthma now we can't tell it. We are no longer disturbed and distressed about his condition. He enjoys life, and so do we." Mr. Brown is a member of the H. Brown Furniture Co. of Nashville, and lives at 1029 16th avenue, N. Lung-Vita is for consumption, asthma, whooping cough, colds, grippe and bronchial troubles. Get a bottle from your dealer today, if he does not have it, send us \$1.75 for a thirty day treatment. Nashville Medical Co., Dept. J, Nashville, Tenn. Adv.

Toads do no harm at all.

### DON'T GAMBLE

that your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Few critics ever get what they are entitled to in this busy world.

### To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Beware of the man who has a mania for offering apologies.

### DON'T LOSE ANOTHER HAIR

Treat Your Scalp With Cuticura and Prevent Hair Falling. Trial Free.

For dandruff, itching, burning scalp, the cause of dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are most effective. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Then shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. No treatment more successful. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Bees are the only insects that have any use for any kind of combs.

### THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Fish abound in the Everglades.

### Housework Is a Burden

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden. Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of suffering women. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

### An Oklahoma Case

Mr. Nathaniel McVicker, 717 E. Broadway, E. 1st, Okla., says: "I was confined to bed all one summer with kidney complaint and the pain I endured is indescribable. I also had gravel and kidney irregularities. Doan's Kidney Pills drove away the pains and corrected all the other ailments. I owe my good health to them."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-McLEBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

### APPENDICITIS

It is now known that there is a cure for this disease. It is called "GALLUP'S" and it is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is sold by all druggists and is guaranteed to cure the disease in 24 hours. Price 50c per bottle. Write for free literature to G. A. Gallup, 1000 Broadway, New York City.

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Putting Postal Guide Among the "Best Sellers"

WASHINGTON.—As a book and magazine seller the government has not always kept the prices of its wares down to a point where the pocket-books of the rank and file of its citizens would not be strained by acquiring them. As a result some publications, the wide dissemination of which would be for the public good, such as the Congressional Record and a number of departmental reference books, have had a relatively narrow circle of readers.

One of the latter is the United States Official Postal Guide, which is filled with information of great importance to individual as well as commercial users of the mails. It has sold for \$3.50 and \$3 a copy with monthly supplements, and a very small percentage of postal patrons have felt justified in buying it. Believing that greater use of the volume will make for greater efficiency in the utilization of the complicated mail facilities, the post office department has taken steps to place the guide in the list of "best sellers" among government volumes by radically reducing the price. Instead of \$3.50, the maximum price for the best bound of the books with all supplements will be 75 cents, while abridgments constituting a postal handbook sufficiently comprehensive for most users can be obtained for as little as 15 cents.

The department is anxious to have its constructive step accomplish the desired purpose, and hopes that a copy of the heretofore little known guide will soon be found in the office of every concern engaged in domestic or foreign business, every school and institution, and, in fact, in the hands of every person who makes use of the postal service. Persons who use extensively the parcel post will find the guide of special value, the department believes. The disbursing clerk of the post office department in Washington is the subscription agent for the government's new low-cost guide book.

## Last Sculptures Placed on the National Capitol

AT LAST the pediment of the east portico of the house of representatives wing of the capitol has been adorned with its sculptured group. The figures which Paul Wayland Bartlett has been engaged upon since 1900 have finally been carved and settled in their final places.

It is gratifying in these days of supreme patriotic interest to know that the whole piece of work, from start to finish, is essentially American. Mr. Bartlett is a native son, despite his close association with France and French art. The figures themselves symbolize phases of American life and their treatment emphasizes this in their minor details, facts which are singularly representative of this country and its ideals. Lastly, the group has been cut from Georgia marble in preference to the generally used Italian marble, and this is a completing touch to the general keynote of Americanism.

The general theme of the group is the democracy of the United States as expressed in types of her working people. This is distinctively an American conception, and is in line with Mr. Bartlett's desire to escape the banality of much of the modern sculpture which relies solely on classical types for expressions of American ideals.

The entire group may be divided for purposes of description into three sections, though the general theme is so dominant throughout that all the parts are fused into a harmonious whole. The central group expresses the idea of Peace protecting Genius, and the armed figure of Peace, a majestic woman, clad in a coat of mail and draped about with a mantle, extends a protecting right arm over the winged and youthful figure of Genius, who nestles on the floor at her feet, holding aloft a flaming torch, the light of his power.

Sustaining this group on either side are the figures which represent, on the right, agricultural and pastoral life and, on the left, the industrial life of the shop and foundry.

## Uncle Sam Will Seek Heirs to Many Millions

THE United States government is planning to aid in the task of finding missing heirs to the millions of dollars of unclaimed accounts which are lying dormant in national banks throughout the country. Consideration is being given to the problem of discovering the rightful owners of unclaimed money by the treasury department. It is announced, and as a result of the work hundreds of poor people may be enriched in a manner which will give material to fiction writers.

The comptroller of the currency's office has estimated that unclaimed bank accounts to the extent of millions of dollars are lying in banks merely because persons who have a rightful claim to the funds are unaware of their existence. The plan to restore this money will provide for a system of advertising by banks of lists of accounts which have lain dormant for a period of years to be determined upon. Failing in this manner to find claimants who can prove ownership, the money will escheat to either the state or federal government and probably be used for philanthropic purposes. Officials recognize the opportunity for fraud in the claiming of accounts, but the legislation planned will throw safeguards around unclaimed funds which will require presentation of evidence indubitably establishing identity.

Officials state that these unclaimed accounts arise largely through the deposit of money by men without their wives' or heirs' knowledge. Sudden death intervenes and leaves no connecting link of information, so the account goes unclaimed. Some American banks have unclaimed accounts half a century old and more. It is stated.

## How Government Clerks Cut the Cost of Living

"SPECIALIZE, get your money in advance and cut the corners on handling," is the only way to conduct co-operative buying to a successful end," is the advice of G. K. Weston, who buys certain products of the farm and staple groceries for more than a thousand government clerks, and thereby cuts the cost of living for each family from \$15 to \$25 a month.

A saving of from \$15,000 to \$25,000 a month on the cost of living to a thousand of the eighteen hundred members of a single club sounds exaggerated, and yet it is being done by that number of the employees of Uncle Sam.

Mr. Weston was employed by Secretary Lane, president, and other officers of the Home club, made up of employees of the department of the interior, to manage the club. He has long been a student of social economy, and, coming in contact with large bodies of government employees through being in the government himself, and then through his work for the club, set himself about solving the problem of the high cost of living, not by doing without necessities, which is the usual suggestion, but studying a way of spending a certain amount of money to get the most good out of it.

His one idea was to form a connection between the producer and the consumer at just as little cost as possible; and it was with this idea that co-operative buying was taken up as a special feature of the Home club. There was considerable controversy over the advance cash system when it was first suggested to the officers of the club, even Secretary Lane putting in his protest. But at a meeting of the club directors Mr. Weston so ably presented his reasons for such an unheard-of proposition that he carried his point. The special plea for this pay-in-advance proposition is that it saves much time, and enables the member to accompany his order with cash. The value of the latter is seen at a glance and the time saved is almost incalculable.

# IN CANNING TIME

## SOME INSTRUCTIONS THAT MAY BE OF SERVICE.

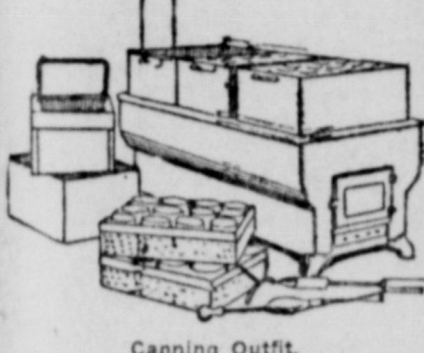
Two Cardinal Points Are Cleanliness and Complete Sterilization—Just How These May Be Most Easily Attained.

There seems to be a belief by the general public that there is something mysterious in the commercial canning process. The great secret of this process is a careful observance of two things—cleanliness and complete sterilization.

Fruits and vegetables can be "put up" in glass jars or tin cans at home much cheaper than they can be purchased in the form of commercially canned goods, and the flavor, texture and general quality of the homemade product can be made superior to the product of the average factory, writes S. B. Shaw, recognized expert of South Carolina.

Minute forms of life which we call bacteria are present everywhere in untold numbers. The air we breathe, the water we drink, and the food we eat are teeming with them. These bacteria are practically the cause of the "spoilage" or fermenting of the various fruits and vegetables.

The reproduction of bacteria, which is very rapid, is brought about by one of two processes. The bacterium either divides itself into two



Canning Outfit.

parts, making two bacteria where one existed before, or else reproduces itself by means of spores.

Spores may be compared with the seed of an ordinary plant. These spores present the chief difficulty in canning the products of the orchard and garden.

All forms of bacteria are killed by complete sterilization. This is nothing more than enclosing the products to be sterilized in jars or cans that can be sealed airtight, and submitting them to heat of sufficient degree, for a time long enough, to destroy the bacteria that cause the raw material to spoil.

Sterilization is readily accomplished by the use of boiling water, and there are three different ways in which this can be done. While the parent bacteria can be killed at the temperature of boiling water, their spores retain their vitality for a long time even at that temperature.

Smaller factories, and the different home canning outfits usually make use of the "open-kettle" process. Here the cans are submerged in boiling water and kept at that temperature for a time sufficient to destroy bacteria and spores.

The third process, known as fractional sterilization, is that of keeping cans or jars in boiling water for a specified time upon each of two or three consecutive days.

The process of boiling upon consecutive days is the safest method, and is much to be preferred in home canning. The first day's boiling kills practically all the bacteria, but does not kill all of the spores.

As soon as the jars or cans cool, these spores develop, and a new lot of bacteria begin their destructive work on the contents.

The second day's boiling kills this new lot of bacteria before they have had time to produce spores.

Boiling the third day is not always necessary, but it is advisable in order to be sure that sterilization is complete.

### Baked Fish Pudding.

The remains of boiled fish can be utilized in this way: Carefully remove the flesh from the bones; cut it up into small dice, and have an equal bulk of mashed potatoes. Put both into a basin and mix together; then melt some butter and pour it in, mixing well; add salt and pepper and a few grains of cayenne pepper; beat up an egg and add it last; mix all well together; put it in a pudding dish, smooth and score neatly on the top. Bake for half an hour.

### Fish Flakes With Bacon.

Boil potatoes in salted water until tender; add two cupfuls of flaked fish, a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and a beaten egg. Take up by the rounding tablespoonful, shape lightly and fry in deep fat to a delicate amber color. Roll slices of bacon into cylinders, run a toothpick through each to hold it in place and fry until well cooked. Serve a bacon roll with each fish ball.

### Walnut Croquettes.

This recipe calls for one cupful of bread crumbs and a like amount of mashed potatoes and of chopped English walnuts. Add the yolks of two or three eggs, salt and pepper to taste and a little onion if desired. After shaping the mixture into croquette forms they should be baked in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

# CALOMEL SICKENS! IT SALIVATES! DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

## I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver.

If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you can have your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick.

I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tone to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle on my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist or storekeeper about me. Adv.

# WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills & Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and \$1.00 at all Drug Stores.

When You Follow The Trail Go Equipped With WINCHESTER Guns and Ammunition Made for all kinds of shooting SOLD EVERYWHERE

# ASK FOR THE W BRAND

Two of a Kind. The dean of a western university was told by the students that the cook at the dining hall was turning out food "not fit to eat." The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him on his shortcomings and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered. "Sir," said the cook, "you oughtn't to place so much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals. They come to me in just the same way about your lectures."—Harper's Magazine.

Of Course Not! A somewhat befuddled individual, who had evidently been lurching a trifle too freely, climbed on board the car with difficulty.

"What's the matter?" he asked, mildly, as he observed the conductor's impatience. "Ain't this car the one I want?"

"How do I know whether it is or not?" growled the conductor.

"Oh, you must have known it, or you wouldn't have stopped to let me catch it," said the befuddled one.

What Happens to Them. "What does your husband do with his old golf balls?" "Loses 'em."

Only the brave fare well at a church fair.

Suspicion Confirmed. A worthy vicar in an English rural parish who preached one Sunday in the interest of foreign missions was surprised on entering the village shop during the week to be greeted with marked coldness by the old dame who kept it.

He asked the cause, and the good woman, producing a half-crown from a drawer, and throwing it down before him, said:

"I marked that coin and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back in my shop. I knowed well them poor Africans never got the money."

In His Own Interest. "They tell me that hot-tempered beauty married a good catch."

"I should hope he is, when one thinks of all the things she'll throw at him in her tantrums."

Dyspepsia sours a lot of the milk of human kindness.

## Fresh From the Ovens—

New Post Toasties represent the most appetizing form in which choice, nutritious Indian corn has ever been prepared. A new patented process which includes rotary toasting under quick, intense heat gives these flakes a delicious, new and distinctive flavour. The New Toasties are featured by the bubbly appearance of the surface of the flakes—due to this new art of toasting which releases the wonderful new and attractive true corn taste. New Post Toasties are not "chaffy" in the package, and they don't mush down when milk or cream is added like common "corn flakes." For tomorrow's breakfast—New Post Toasties—your Grocer has them.



**THE MCLEAN NEWS**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

MCLEAN

TEXAS

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.

**Bible Class.**

The McLean Girl's Bible Class met at the Presbyterian church Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. We had a good meeting. Twenty five girls were present including four new members.

Next Saturday we will take up the life of Abraham, beginning with the eleventh chapter of Genesis and ending with the seventeenth chapter. If you are not a member you are invited to come and join us.

—Reporter.

**Notice.**

All parties knowing themselves to be indebted to me for last season's service on Jack or horse will please have service fees at Citizen's Bank by Oct. 1. Otherwise I will place accounts in hands of collector with the usual 10 per cent added for collection.

J. R. Gracey.

**Young People's Union.**

The Young People's Christian Union met at the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon. An interrogative meeting was held and many interesting questions were discussed by the members. On next Sunday, 17th, the Union will meet at the same church at 4 o'clock with Frank Stockton as leader. Miss Gaynelle Wilson will read a paper on "Personal Service."

All young people are invited to be present and take part in this organization.

New crop raisins at Bundy & Biggers.

**Rowe Shipping Steers.**

It is understood that the Rowe ranch is arranging for the shipment to Kansas City of a hundred car loads of steers. The first train of twenty cars went out last week and there will be twenty cars a week until the entire shipment is completed. These cattle are high grade and were summer pastured on the big Rowe Ranch between McLean and Clarendon.

**Visit Kansas City.**

L. H. Webb, B. F. Pierce, G. S. Loyd and J. S. Denson were visitors to Kansas City the first of the week, having accompanied a shipment of cattle belonging to Messrs. Webb and Loyd. Mr. Denson remained for a visit and business trip to St. Joseph.

**Many Attend Fair.**

The special train from here to the Panhandle State Fair Wednesday carried a big crowd of local pleasure seekers and they report the fair bigger and better this year than ever. Porter A. Whaley of the Amarillo Board of City Development was here Tuesday and went on down to Sayre to accompany the train back. While here Mr. Whaley expressed the opinion that the Ozark Trail matter was lying too lightly on the minds of the people through here as the southern route towns were making strenuous efforts to pull the road their way.

Mesdames C. S. Rice, S. E. Boyett, D. B. Veatch and A. G. Richardson enjoyed a day at the Thompson ranch last week.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

FOR SHERIFF: W. S. COPELAND

FOR TAX ASSESSOR: A. H. DOUCETTE

FOR CLERK: W. R. PATTERSON

FOR JUDGE: T. M. WOLFE

FOR TREASURER: HENRY THUT

FOR PUBLIC WEIGHER: A. W. WILLARD

FOR COMMISSIONER PIRE: R. N. ASHBY

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY: E. J. PICKENS

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE: W. R. EWING

**John B. Vannoy**

Optician and Jeweler

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

Does Engraving, and all kinds of repair work pertaining to the jewelry trade.

**High Grade Cattle.**

Speaking of high grade cattle, we forgot to mention the fact that C. M. Carpenter, who owns a splendid herd of registered Herefords, recently sold a yearling bull from his ranch to J. M. White of Miami, the consideration being five hundred dollars. Mr. Carpenter is gradually doing away with all his grade cattle and expects to devote his energies exclusively to the production of the higher grade stuff.

**Still Expect to Build.**

For the benefit of those who might be interested we are requested to state that the matter of building the Masonic home has not been dropped as might appear from the fact that nothing definite has been done. The bids that were received in response to their advertisement required the expenditure of more money than the Masons felt able to spend for that purpose and all were consequently rejected. The matter is still under consideration and other plans are being formulated that will likely result in something definite within the next few weeks.

Will Dougherty and family this week moved to Hereford where they will make their future home. This is another good family to move away and we regret to lose them.

Mrs. Dr. Ponder and children left the latter part of the week for White Deer to join the doctor. They expect to locate there.

C. A. Watkins and family have recently enjoyed a short visit from their nephew, Spencer Bell, of San Deigo, Cal.

Mrs. E. G. Doran and children left Saturday for their home in Shreveport, La., after spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cooke.

John Sewell has traded his place near the river in the Gracey neighborhood for property in Clarendon and will move to that place this week.

J. W. Brewer has traded his place east of town to Dr. W. C. Montgomery for property in the south plains. Mr. Brewer and family will move to Lubbock for the winter. They have been residents of this community for several years and have many friends who will be sorry to lose them.

Lost—Man's "brownish" coat, please return to News office.

**Auxiliary Notes.**

A number of ladies met at the Methodist church Tuesday afternoon to hear Mrs. Ragsdale lecture on China. She told us that after a residence of thirteen years in this great empire of four hundred million people she could say that she loved the Chinese people. She found among them splendid and worthy customs. She told of the efforts of the Jews in the early centuries of our Christian Era, to plant christianity in china. When Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler, who visited that country about the close of the thirteenth century was asked by the ruler of China to bring back with him on his return one hundred teachers of christianity that his people might become christians. After prolonged effort Marco Polo failed to get a single teacher of the true religion of Jesus Christ, but was given a few Catholic priests. As she told us this we realized that the church in its selfishness and in its unwillingness to obey the last words of our Savior (Acts. 1:8) has deprived China for six centuries of a civilization equal to the splendid civilization of our own United States—for back of all true civilization is the religion of Jesus Christ.

She said after the late rebellion in China the Emperor, who favored christianity, and who offered his protection to christian teachers and schools, was forced to deny his people a republican form of government because they were not ready for it. She spoke of the "Hall of Emotions" built by one Emperor as an object lesson to his people. How displayed in this beautiful building were five hundred statues representing the different emotions. She told of the Temple of Heaven, a magnificent building of pure white marble to which the rulers of China went twice a year to ask the God of Heaven for a blessing on their country and their subjects. We were reminded of the time when Paul visited Athens and found there an inscription "to the unknown God," and we further felt that the Chinese, like the Athenians of Paul's time, needed to be told of the unknown God they were worshipping in their ignorance. She said the practice of ancestral worship had developed in the Chinese fine traits of character—respect for parents and aged.

Many other facts were told us and several questions were asked all of which Mrs. Ragsdale answered to the best of her ability.

**Supt. of Publicity.**

Lee Van Sant of Canyon City arrived in the city the first of the week with his car of household goods and will make his home here, having purchased the W. W. Overton place south-east of town. Mr. Van Sant has been a resident of Canyon for many years and is a substantial citizen whom we are glad to welcome among us.

**Fortner Sells Farm.**

A. B. Fortner closed a deal this week whereby he sells his half section of land east of town to H. C. Nelson of Quail, the consideration being \$5500.00. This is a well improved Sandy land farm and Mr. Nelson expects to move here and make his home. We are not informed as to Mr. Fortner's intentions but the hope is expressed that he will decide to remain with us and improve another place.

Lost—\$5 bill in town Monday, the 4th, the day school opened. Please return to Miss Era Rowden. 2c

G. R. Bollinger will pay \$c for syrup buckets with lids that fit. O. K. Murphee, 1p

**A BANK**

Prosper when the people prosper. On the other hand the people prosper when the bank prospers. Neither is independent of the other.

**The Citizens State Bank**

being an institution in which you can deposit your money with utmost confidence and safety, every dollar of its stock being owned by local stockholders, appeals to depositors with great force.

It is well equipped, by reason of the experience and acquaintance of its officers and directors, with the local people, to handle CONSERVATIVE and MERITORIOUS business.

A Bank owned by home people, operated by home people, for home people

**The Citizens State Bank**

(Guarantee Fund Bank)

J. S. Morse, Pres. W. E. Ballard, M. D., V. Pres. J. M. Noel, vice Pres. Clay Thompson, Cashier. C. C. Bogan, Asst. Cashier

**To The Public**

Our stock is complete and we are in position to furnish you anything in the building line. Another Car Eltoro Cement in transit. Another car Coal will be on the track in a day or two and we will be glad for you to phone us your order. Your interests are ours and we are not satisfied unless you are. Yours for peace and prosperity

**Cicero Smith Lumber Co.**

Phone 3

**Shoes**

We have a good assortment of

New Shoes

and

Boots

We also have a good line of new coat sweaters and caps. A complete line of

**Gent's Furnishings**

in stock. Everything in shoes from the baby to the grown person.

Call and see us

**McLean Shoe Store**

**Remember**

We positively Will Not misrepresent anything we sell, but stand behind our merchandise with a

**Guarantee**

of value or money refunded. We solicit your business on the principals of honesty and quality.

**Bundy & Biggers**

**THE ELITE BARBER SHOP**

D. N. MASSAY, Prop.

Everything New and Clean. The very best service in tonsorial lines given our customers.

Agents for the reliable

**Panhandle Steam Laundry**

Next door to Postoffice

**Read The News**



## Local Happenings

Items of Interest About  
Town and County

Phone 165 for meat—we will deliver just what you want.

Shoe repairing at the McLean Shoe Store.

A. A. Callahan was called to East Texas the first of the week on business matters.

Oreballs, work shirts and aprons. Bundy & Biggers.

Miss Grace Earp of Shamrock visited relatives here this week.

Sliced boiled ham at the Meat Market.

Johnie Back has entered the Normal at Canyon for the winter.

Remember, Will Langley can make that old auto look new. Why not have it painted now? It won't cost much?

See our sample book if you want a GOOD suit. Bundy & Biggers.

Lunch boxes for the school kids. C. S. Rice.

Fred Thompson has again resumed his studies at the Clarendon College.

If you want cheap flour, don't buy "Light Crust", but if you want the best, Light Crust. Bundy & Biggers.

Raymond Glass and Wayland Floyd have returned to Canyon to resume their studies in the Normal.

Cured hams at the Meat Market.

If its mens shoes you want see Bundy-Hodges—we carry only mens.

All kinds of pickling spices at Bundy & Biggers.

Oscar Mathews has recently returned from a trip to points in Mexico.

Let Clarke the tailor clean your clothes. He knows how.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Koons lost a tiny infant on the 8th inst.

Farm and Ranch Loans wanted, interest 8 per cent. W. A. Askew, Amarillo, Texas. 4c

Fresh shipment of crackers and cookies—bulk or package. Bundy & Biggers.

Wanted to buy all your poultry and produce. Will pay best prices. Meat Market.

Our fall stock of mens underwear is in—remember us. Bundy Hodges.

For one week, from Sept. 14 to 20, I will give a discount of 10 percent on all cash purchases on all goods in stock (except ammunition and ranges). Be sure and come in and take advantage of this offer. C. S. Rice.

Fresh bread three times a week at Bundy & Biggers.

Marvin Cooke has been visiting with his sister at Endec this week.

These cool days reminds one of the things you are going to need this winter in your home in the way of rugs—we have a large supply. Bundy-Hodges.

Walter McAdams is spending this week at the Fair in Amarillo. He is in charge of the races.

Have a fit with Clarke, the tailor who knows how.

Miss Vida Montgomery left Tuesday for Ft. Worth where she will join a party of young ladies who expect to enter the Crescent College for Girls at Eureka, Ark.

All kinds of leather goods repaired by Stanley Rogers at the Shoe Store. First class work.

Walter Cooke is in Shamrock this week where he has the contract for another residence.

Binder twine and hay ties. C. S. Rice.

Fresh bread today. The good kind. Bundy & Biggers.

Fruit jars, tops and rubbers at Bundy & Biggers.

### Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 50c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

We are not going on a strike, but will be on the job as usual with a comple stock of groceries. We solicit your trade. Bundy & Biggers.

I have bought the Haynes Tailor shop. Bring me your tailor work—all I ask is a trial. All work guaranteed. Clarke, the tailor.

H. L. Mann, J. P. Burrows, J. M. Noel, Paul Ladd, C. E. Turner, Mrs. A. J. Love, W. H. Holt and Hermsn Holland have recently renewed their subscriptions to the News.

Bring us your Eggs & get full value for them. We'll make it to your interest. Bundy & Biggers.

We make first class boots—give us a trial. Stanley Rogers at the Shoe Store.

Mrs. Lizzie Easterwood is attending the Fair at Amarillo this week and visiting her mother and other relatives.

We have just received a new line of mens mackinaws and fur coats. Bundy-Hodges.

Prominent among the exhibitors at the Panhandle State Fair this week is George W. Sitter of this city with a carload of registered Hereford calves.

The Art Reception, given by Miss Anna Lee Harris, assisted by Miss Vida Montgomery, Friday afternoon was a very pleasant affair. Guests were shown a beautiful selection of Art work done by Miss Harris and Miss Mabel Watkins served them with punch.

Miss Anna Lee Harris has secured a room in the school building where she will teach Art. Her work is on display there and those interested are invited to call and inspect it. She has room for a few more pupils and would be glad to have you call on her at either the school building or the Montgomery residence.

We have cash buyers for your lands. List with us for quick results. J. A. Gibbs, Burkburnett, Texas.

If you have land, merchandise, or rental property, we handle all kinds of exchange. J. A. Gibbs, Burkburnett, Texas.



THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials, from this and other States. Dr. J. W. Hall, 228 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv. 4

J. W. Kolb of Alanreed was in the News office Saturday. He stated that the school had opened with very flattering prospects. 85 students enrolled the first week and \$55 was raised for the library. They expect to raise \$100 for this purpose.

We would be glad to have reports and items from the different schools in this section. Teachers take notice and please respond. Phone us about it.

Have your old clothes made new and new clothes made new. Clarke the Tailor, who knows.

We are in the market for your chickens and eggs—we'll pay you as much as anybody. Bundy-Hodges.

## Good Roads Meeting

The local Good Roads Association held their regular weekly meeting at the Odd Fellows Hall on Friday night of last week with president C. S. Rice presiding. The principal topic of discussion was the matter of the Ozark Trail route which it hoped to have established through this country.

In order to "be in the running" with reference to this most important Trail it will be necessary for us to get to working the roads through this way and put them in passable shape for there is keen competition from other quarters. What is destined as the Scenic Highway or southern route is proposed through Oklahoma and the Wichita Mountains and the people along this route are making a very strenuous and concerted effort to interest the promoters of the Ozark Trail in their route. They have their roads already fixed and in fair condition and are in Oklahoma this week to meet Colonel Harvey, head of the promotion association, with a view of showing him the advantages of their proposed route.

It is understood that the final settlement of the road location will not be made until sometime in January, but in the meantime all proposed routes will be inspected and parties from St. Louis and other big towns interested are making tours of the country for this purpose.

If we can get our road widened to sixty feet the matter of putting it in shape through Gray county will be practically settled as County Commissioner Ashby has promised to do the work necessary, and for that reason committees were appointed from the association Friday night to see the property owners along the road with a view to getting their consent to have their fences set back. The citizens of McLean propose to help with the work in order that the expense will be as light as possible.

Wheeler county roads stand in the foreground as the most formidable task along the entire route from Sayre to the plains and it is understood they will make an effort to create a separate road district along the railroad and float a bond issue for the purpose. In the meantime McLean boosters propose to get busy at the county line and work their roads to a distance of three miles, which territory is properly in our trade area.

Concerning the matter of the proposed Highway, the Daily Oklahoman of recent date has the following:

"It is safe to say that more than 10,000 people will be here when the Ozark Trail convention meets this year." Floyd Thompson, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce good roads committee, declared yesterday. "Some very strenuous work will have to be done by the civic organizations to entertain these delegates. Nothing appeals to all classes of people so much as good roads, and we are assured that the coming convention will be worth more in the matter of actual accomplishments than any other which has been held here recently."

Colonel Harvey Coming.

A letter from Colonel Harvey, received yesterday, states that he will be in Oklahoma City September 12 and will at that time set the date for the Ozark Trail convention, which was adjourned from Springheld to meet here before January, 15. It is thought the date selected will be some time in November. Preparations will be made as soon as the date has been decided on for the entertainment of what good road enthusiasts believe will be the largest convention ever held here. All members of the association will be present and in addition the west side of the state will send several hundred boosters.

## A Complete Stock.....

We have just received a car of flour, bran and shorts, also all kinds of fresh groceries.

We have plenty of canned corn, tomatoes, hominy, kroust, beans, in fact, everythings in the can goods line.

...Phone 161...

G. R. Bellenger

J. T. Hicks and Josh Turner returned Saturday from an overland trip to points as far south as San Angelo. While in San Angelo Mr. Turner visited with H. M. Allagood, a former resident of McLean.

Mrs. Lizzie Easterwood has her little nephews, Harold and Bonnie Simmons, in school here this winter.

15,000 bundles of corn fodder, 1 mile east of McLean. Price reasonable. J. W. Brewer, phone 84. 2p

Mrs. C. C. Cooper and children of Endec, N. M. have moved back here for the winter for the benefit of the school.

W. B. Hedrick of Amarillo is spending a few days with his son W. H. on the ranch.

L. C. Coffey and family expect to move into the Sage residence now occupied by T. J. Coffey. On account of ill health Mrs. T. J. Coffey is unable to live here and is now traveling in the hope of regaining her health.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Veatch, Mrs. Raby Hall and Miss Lolene Coffey enjoyed the week end at the W. L. Caldwell home north of town.

Advice from Mrs. C. C. Cook, who has her son, Bob, at a sanitarium at Temple, Texas, is to the effect that he is getting along as well as expected but it will be some time before she can bring him home.

Mrs. Alice McKinley has our thanks for a dollar on subscription.

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Texas

## The Range

# Eternal

There will be a special representative from the factory at my store from September 14 to 20, who will show you why the Range Eternal outlasts, outlooks and outcooks any other Range on the market.

A valuable cook book given to each lady visiting the store during this sale, and a \$10.00 set of Aluminum ware free with each range sold.

Be sure and come in during the sale whether you wish to buy or not, your presence will be appreciated.

## C. S. Rice

Phone 42



# THE LONE STAR RANGER

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

This is a rushing story of the wild border days in Texas in the early seventies, with their desperate contests between outlaws and rangers. Incident after incident crowd upon another—hair-breadth escapes, deeds of thrilling adventures, manly chivalry, and devoted love. The hero is a murderer; a man-killer not by choice but by necessity. His deeds in a wild country rival the deeds of Scotch Highland chiefs which Sir Walter Scott has given us in his great romances. You'll want to follow the fortunes of Buck Duane in "The Lone Star Ranger."

CHAPTER I.

So it was in him, then—an inherited fighting instinct, a driving intensity to kill. He was the last of the Duanes, that old fighting stock of Texas. But not the memory of his dead father, nor the pleading of his soft-voiced mother, nor the warning of this uncle who stood before him now, had brought to Buckley Duane so much realization of the dark, passionate strain in his blood. It was the recurrence, a hundredfold increased in power, of a strange emotion that for the last three years had arisen in him.

"Yes, Cal Bain's in town, full of bad whisky an' huntin' for you," repeated the elder man, gravely.

"But what's he want me for?" demanded Duane. "To insult me again? I won't stand that twice."

"He's got a fever that's rampant in Texas these days, my boy. He wants gun-play. If he meets you he'll try to kill you."

Here it stirred in Duane again, that bursting gush of blood, like a wind of flame shaking all his inner being, and subsiding to leave him strangely chilled.

"Kill me! What for?" he asked.

"Lord knows there ain't any reason. But what's that to do with most of the shootin' these days? Didn't five cowboys over to Everall's kill one another dead all because they got to jerkin' at a quirt among themselves? An' Cal has no reason to love you. His girl was sweet on you."

"I quit when I found out she was his girl."

"I reckon she ain't quit. But never mind her or reasons. Cal's here, just drunk enough to be ugly. He's achin' to kill somebody. He's one of them four-dash gun-fighters. There's a lot of wild cowboys who're ambitious for a reputation. They laugh at the sheriff's an' brag about how they'd fix the rangers. Cal's sure not much for you to bother with, if you only keep out of his way."

"You mean for me to run?" asked Duane, in scorn.

"I reckon I wouldn't put it that way."



"I'd Never Hang."

Just avoid him. Buck, I'm not afraid Cal would get you. What I'm most afraid of is that you'll kill Bain."

Duane was silent, letting his uncle's earnest words sink in, trying to realize their significance.

"Buck," went on the uncle, "you're twenty-three now, an' a powerful sight of a fine fellow, barrin' your temper. You've a chance in life. But if you go gun-fightin', if you kill a man, you're ruined. The rangers would make you an outlaw. This even-break business doesn't work with them. If you resist arrest they'll kill you. If you submit to arrest, then you go to jail, an' maybe you hang."

"I'd never hang," muttered Duane, darkly.

"I reckon you wouldn't," replied the old man. "You'd be like your father. He was ever ready to draw—too ready. In times like these, with the Texas rangers enforcin' the law, your dad would have been driven to the river. He was killed in a street-fight. An' it

was told of him that he shot twice after a bullet had passed through his heart. Think of the terrible nature of a man, to be able to do that. If you have any such blood in you, never give it a chance."

"What you say is all very well, uncle," returned Duane, "but the only way out for me is to run, and I won't do it. Cal Bain and his outfit have already made me look like a coward."

"Well, then, what're you goin' to do?" inquired the elder man.

"I haven't decided—yet."

"No, but you're comin' to it mighty fast. That terrible spell is workin' in you. You're gettin' cool an' quiet, an' you think deep, an' I don't like the light in your eye. It reminds me of your father."

"I wonder what dad would say to me today if he were alive and here," said Duane.

"What do you think? What could you expect of a man who never wore a glove on his right hand for twenty years?"

"Well, he'd hardly have said much. Dad never talked. But he would have done a lot. And I guess I'll go downtown and let Cal Bain find me."

Then followed a long silence, during which Duane sat with downcast eyes, and the uncle appeared lost in sad thought of the future. Presently he turned to Duane with an expression that denoted resignation, and yet a spirit which showed wherein they were of the same blood.

"You've got a fast horse—the fastest I know of in this country. After you meet Bain hurry back home. I'll have a saddlebag packed for you and the horse ready."

With that he turned on his heel and went into the house, leaving Duane to revolve in his mind his singular speech. That hour of Duane's life was like years of actual living, and in it he became a thoughtful man.

He went into the house and inspected his belt and gun. The gun was a Colt .45, six-shot, and heavy, with an ivory handle. He had packed it, on and off, for five years. Before that it had been used by his father. There were a number of notches filed in the bulge of the ivory handle. This gun was the one his father had fired twice after being shot through the heart, and his hand had stiffened so tightly upon it in the death-grip that his fingers had to be pried open. It had never been drawn upon any man since it had come into Duane's possession. But the cold, bright polish of the weapon showed how it had been used. Duane could draw it with inconceivable rapidity, and at twenty feet he could split a card pointing edgewise toward him.

Duane wished to avoid meeting his mother. Fortunately, as he thought, she was away from home. He went out and down the path toward the gate. The air was full of the fragrance of blossoms and the melody of birds. Outside in the road a neighbor woman stood talking to a countryman in a wagon; they spoke to him; and he heard, but did not reply. Then he began to stride down the road toward the town.

Wellston was a small town, but important in that unsettled part of the great state because it was the trading center of several hundred miles of territory. On the main street there were perhaps fifty buildings, some brick, some frame, mostly adobe, and one-third of the lot, and by far the most prosperous, were saloons. Duane's eye ranged down the street, taking in all at a glance. By the time he reached Sol White's place, which was the first saloon, he was walking slowly. Several people spoke to him and turned to look back after they had passed. He paused at the door of White's saloon, took a sharp survey of the interior, then stepped inside.

The saloon was large and cool, full of men and noise and smoke. The noise ceased upon his entrance, and the silence ensuing presently broke to the clink of Mexican silver dollars at a monte table. All eyes except those of the Mexican gamblers were turned upon Duane. Several of the cowboys and ranchers present exchanged glances. Duane had been weighed by unerring Texas instinct, by men who all packed guns. The boy was the son of his father. Whereupon they greeted him and returned to their drinks and cards. Sol White stood with his big, red hands out upon the bar; he was a tall, rawboned Texan, with a long mustache waxed to sharp points.

"Howdy, Buck," was his greeting to Duane. He spoke carelessly and averted his dark gaze for an instant.

"Howdy, Sol," replied Duane, slowly.

"Say, Sol, I hear there's a gent in town looking for me bad."

"Reckon there is, Buck," replied White. "He came in here about an hour ago. Shore he was some riled an' a-roarin' for gore. Told me confidential a certain party had given you a white silk scarf, an' he was hell-bent on wearin' it home spotted red."

"Anybody with him?" queried Duane.

"Burt an' Sam Outcalt an' a little cowpuncher I never seen before. They all was coaxin' him to leave town. But he's looked on the fowin' glass, Buck, an' he's back for keeps."

"Why doesn't Sheriff Oaks lock him up if he's that bad?"

"Oaks went away with the rangers. There's been another raid at Flesher's ranch. The King Fisher gang, likely, an' so the town's shore wide open."

Duane stalked outdoors and faced down the street. He walked the whole length of the long block, meeting many people—farmers, ranchers, clerks, merchants, Mexicans, cowboys and women. It was a singular fact that when he turned to retrace his steps the street was almost empty. If it was an instinct for Texans to fight, it was also instinctive for them to sense with remarkable quickness the signs of a coming gun-play. Rumor could not fly so swiftly. In less than ten minutes everybody who had been on the street or in the shops knew that Buck Duane had come forth to meet his enemy.

Duane walked on. When he came to within fifty paces of a saloon he swerved out into the middle of the street, stood there for a moment, then went ahead and back to the sidewalk. He passed on in this way the length of the block. Sol White was standing in the door of his saloon.

"Buck, I'm a-tippin' you off," he said, quick and low-voiced. "Cal Bain's over at Everall's. If he's a-huntin' you bad, as he brags, he'll show there."

Duane crossed the street and started down. Notwithstanding White's statement, Duane was wary and slow at every door. Nothing happened, and he traversed almost the whole length of the block without seeing a person. Everall's place was on the corner.

Duane knew himself to be cold, steady. He was conscious of a strange fury that made him want to leap ahead. He seemed to long for this encounter more than anything he had ever wanted. But, vivid as were his sensations, he felt as if in a dream.

Before he reached Everall's he heard loud voices, one of which was raised high. Then the short door swung outward as if impelled by a vigorous hand. A bowlegged cowboy wearing woolly chaps burst out upon the sidewalk. At sight of Duane he seemed to bound into the air, and he uttered a savage roar.

Duane stopped in his tracks at the outer edge of the sidewalk, perhaps a dozen rods from Everall's door.

If Bain was drunk he did not show it in his movement. He swaggered forward, rapidly closing up the gap. Red, sweaty, disheveled and hatless, his face distorted and expressive of the most malignant intent, he was a wild and sinister figure. He had already killed a man, and this showed in his demeanour. His hands were extended before him, the right hand a little lower than the left. At every step he belted his rancor in speech mostly curses. Gradually he slowed his walk, then halted. A good twenty-five paces separated the men.

"Won't nothin' make you draw, you son-of-a-bitch?" he shouted fiercely.

"I'm waitin' on you, Cal," replied Duane.

Bain's right hand stiffened—moved. Duane threw his gun as a boy throws a ball underhand—a draw his father had taught him. He pulled twice, his shots almost as one. Bain's big Colt boomed while it was pointed downward and he was falling. His bullet scattered dust and gravel at Duane's feet. He fell loosely, without contention.

In a flash all was reality for Duane. He went forward and held his gun ready for the slightest movement on the part of Bain. But Bain lay upon his back, and all that moved were his breast and his eyes. How strangely the red had left his face—and also the distortion! The devil that had showed in Bain was gone. He was sober and conscious. He tried to speak, but failed. His eyes expressed something pitifully human. They changed—rolled—set blankly.

Duane drew a deep breath and sheathed his gun. He felt calm and cool, glad the fray was over. One violent expression burst from him. "The fool!"

When he looked up there were men around him.

"Plumb center," said one.

Another, a cowboy who evidently had just left the gaming table, leaned down and pulled open Bain's shirt. He had the ace of spades in his hand. He laid it on Bain's breast, and the black figure on the card covered the two bullet holes just over Bain's heart.

"When he looked up there were men around him."

CHAPTER II.

When Duane came to the gate of his home and saw his uncle there with a mettlesome horse, saddled, with canteen, rope and bags all in place, a subtle shock pervaded his spirit. It had slipped his mind—the consequence of his act. But sight of the horse and the look of his uncle recalled the fact that he must now become a fugitive. An unreasonable anger took hold of him.

"That d—d fool!" he exclaimed hotly. "Meeting Bain wasn't much, Uncle Jim. He dusted my boots, that's

all. And for that I've got to go on the dodge."

"Son, you killed him—then?" asked the uncle, huskily.

"Yes, I stood over him—watched him die. I did as I would have been done by."

"I knew it. Long ago I saw it comin'. But now we can't stop to cry over split blood. You've got to leave town an' this part of the country."

"Mother!" exclaimed Duane.

"She's away from home. You can wait. I'll break it to her—what she always feared."

Suddenly Duane sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"My God! Uncle, what have I done?" His broad shoulders shook.

"Listen, son, an' remember what I say," replied the elder man, earnestly. "Don't ever forget. You're not to



His Bullet Scattered Dust and Gravel at Duane's Feet.

blame. I'm glad to see you take it this way, because maybe you'll never grow hard an' callous. You're not to blame. This is Texas. You're your father's son. These are wild times. The law as the rangers are laying it down now can't change life all in a minute."

"I'm a murderer," said Duane, shuddering.

"No, son, you're not. An' you never will be. But you've got to be an outlaw till time makes it safe for you to come home."

"An outlaw?"

"I said it. If we had money an' influence, we'd risk a trial. But we've neither. Strike for the wild country, an' wherever you go an' whatever you do—be a man. You can't come home. When this thing is lived down, if that time ever comes, I'll get word into the unsettled country. It'll reach you some day. That's all. Remember, be a man. Good-by."

Duane, with blurred sight and contracting throat, gripped his uncle's hand and bade him a wordless farewell. Then he leaped astride the black and rode out of town.

As swiftly as was consistent with a care for his steed, Duane put a distance of fifteen or eighteen miles behind him. He passed several ranches, and was seen by men. This did not suit him, and he took an old trail across country. It was a flat region with a poor growth of mesquite and prickly-pear cactus. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of low hills in the distance. He had hunted often in that section, and knew where to find grass and water. When he reached this higher ground he did not, however, halt at the first favorable camping spot, but went on and on.

At last he found a secluded spot, under cover of thick mesquites and oaks, at a goodly distance from the old trail. He took saddle and pack off the horse, made a small fire, prepared and ate his supper. This done, ending the work of that day, he sat down and filled his pipe. When night set in and the place seemed all the more isolated and lonely for that Duane had a sense of relief.

It dawned upon him all at once that he was nervous, watchful, sleepless. The fact caused him surprise, and he began to think back, to take note of his late actions and their motives. The change one day had wrought amazed him. He who had always been free, easy, happy, especially when out alone in the open, had become in a few short hours bond, serious, preoccupied. He felt tired, yet had no inclination to rest. He intended to be off by dawn, heading toward the southwest. Had he a destination? It was vague as his knowledge of that great waste of mesquite and rock bordering the Rio Grande. Somewhere out there was a refuge. For he was a fugitive from justice, an outlaw.

This being an outlaw then meant eternal vigilance. No home, no rest, no sleep, no content, no life worth the living! He must be a lone wolf or he must herd among men obnoxious to him. If he worked for an honest liv-

ing, he still must hide his identity and take risks of detection. If he did not work on some distant, outlying ranch, how was he to live? The idea of stealing was repugnant to him. The future seemed gray and somber enough. And he was twenty-three years old.

But what was the matter with the light of his campfire? It had taken on a strange green luster and seemed to be waving off into the outer shadows. Duane heard no step, saw no movement; nevertheless, there was another present at that campfire vigil. Duane saw him. He lay there in the middle of the green brightness, prostrate, motionless, dying. Cal Bain!

That haunting visitation left Duane sitting there in a cold sweat, a remorse gnawing at his vitals, realizing the curse that was on him. He divined that never would he be able to keep off that phantom. He remembered how his father had been eternally pursued by furies of accusing guilt, how he had never been able to forget in work or in sleep those men he had killed.

The hour was late when Duane's mind let him sleep, and then dreams troubled him. In the morning he bestirred himself so early that in the gray gloom he had difficulty in finding his horse. Day had just broken when he struck the old trail again.

He rode hard all morning and halted in a shady spot to rest and graze his horse. In the afternoon he took to the trail at an easy trot. The country grew wilder. Bald, rugged mountains broke the level of the monotonous horizon. About three in the afternoon he came to a little river which marked the boundary line of his hunting territory and followed it upstream.

In this kind of travel and camping he spent three more days, during which he crossed a number of trails, and one where cattle—stolen cattle, probably—had recently passed. He followed the road until a late hour, when, striking the willow brakes again and hence the neighborhood of the river, he picked his horse and lay down to rest. But he did not sleep. His mind bitterly revolved the fate that had come upon him. He made efforts to think of other things, but in vain. Every moment he expected the chill, the sense of loneliness that yet was ominous of a strange visitation, the peculiarly imagined lights and shades of the night—these things that presaged the coming of Cal Bain. Doggedly Duane fought against the insidious phantom. He kept telling himself that it was just imagination, that it would wear off in time. Still in his heart he did not believe what he hoped. But he would not give up; he would not accept the ghost of his victim as a reality.

Gray dawn found him in the saddle again, headed for the river. Half an hour of riding brought him to the dense chaparral and willow thickets. These he threaded to come at length to the ford. Once upon the opposite shore, he reined in his horse and looked darkly back. This action marked his acknowledgment of his situation; he had voluntarily sought the refuge of the outlaws; he was beyond the pale.

The trail led into a road which was hard packed and smooth from the tracks of cattle. He doubted not that he had come across one of the roads used by border raiders. He headed into it, and had scarcely traveled a mile when, turning a curve, he came point-blank upon a single horseman riding toward him. Both riders wheeled their mounts sharply and were ready to run and shoot back. Not more than a hundred paces separated them. They stood then for a moment watching each other.

"Mawlin', stranger," called the man, dropping his gun to his hip.

"Howdy," replied Duane shortly.

They rode toward each other, closing half the gap, then they halted again.

"I seen you ain't no ranger," called the rider, "an' shore I ain't none."

He laughed loudly, as if he had made a joke.

"How'd you know I wasn't a ranger?" asked Duane curiously. Somehow he had instantly divined that this horseman was no officer, or even a rancher trailing stolen stock.

"Wal," said the fellow, starting his horse forward at a walk. "A ranger'd never git ready to run the other way from one man."

He laughed again. He was small and wiry, slouchy of attire, and armed to the teeth, and he bestrode a fine bay horse. He had quick, dancing brown eyes, at once frank and bold, and a coarse, bronzed face. Evidently he was a good-natured ruffian.

Duane acknowledged the truth of the assertion, and turned over in his mind how shrewdly the fellow had guessed him to be a hunted man.

"My name's Luke Stevens, an' I hail from the river. Who're you?" said this stranger.

Duane was silent.

"I reckon you're Buck Duane," went on Stevens. "I heard you was a bad man with a gun."

This time Duane laughed, not at the doubtful compliment, but at the idea that the first outlaw he met should know him. Here was proof of how swiftly facts about gun-play traveled on the Texas border.

"Wal, Buck," said Stevens, in a friendly manner. "I ain't presumin' on your time or company. I see you're headin' fer the river. But will you stop long enough to stake a feller to a bite of grub?"

"I'm out of grub and pretty hungry myself," admitted Duane.

"Been pushin' your hoss, I see. Wal, I reckon you'd better stock up before you hit that stretch of country."

He made a wide sweep of his right arm, indicating the southwest, and there was that in his action which seemed significant of a vast and barren region.

"Stock up?" queried Duane, thoughtfully.

"Shore. A feller has jest got to eat. I can rustle along without whisky, but not without grub. That's what makes it so embarrassin' travelin' these parts dodgin' your shadow. Now, I'm on my way to Mercer. It's a little two-bit town up the river a ways. I'm goin' to pack out some grub."

Stevens' tone was inviting. Evidently he would welcome Duane's companionship, but he did not openly say so. Duane kept silence, however, and then Stevens went on.

"Stranger, in this here country two's a crowd. It's safer. I never was much on this lone-wolf dodgin', though I've done it of necessity. It takes a mighty good man to travel alone any length of time. Why, I've been that sick I was jest achin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a pardner any day. Now, maybe you're not that kind of a feller, an' I'm shore not presumin' to ask. But I jest declare myself sufficient."

"You mean you'd like me to go with you?" asked Duane.

Stevens grinned. "Wal, I should smile. I'd be particular proud to be braced with a man of your reputation."

"See here, my good fellow, that's all nonsense," declared Duane, in some haste.

"Shore I think modesty becomin' to a youngster," replied Stevens. "I hate a brag. Buck, I don't know much about you. But every man who's lived along the Texas border remembers a lot about your dad. I jest heard that you was lightnin' on the draw, an' when you cut loose with a gun, why the figger on the ace of spades would cover your cluster of bullet holes. That's the word that's gone down the border. Now, Buck, I'm not a spring chicken, an' I've been long on the dodge. Maybe a little of my society won't hurt you none. You'll need to learn the country."

There was something sincere and likable about this outlaw.

"I dare say you're right," replied Duane, quietly. "An' I'll go to Mercer with you."

Next moment he was riding down the road with Stevens. Duane had



Both Riders Wheeled Their Horses Sharply.

never been much of a talker, and now he found speech difficult. But his companion did not seem to mind that. He was a jocular, voluble fellow, probably glad now to hear the sound of his own voice. Duane listened, and sometimes he thought with a pang of the distinction of name and heritage of blood his father had left to him.

CHAPTER III.

Late that day, a couple of hours before sunset, Duane and Stevens, having rested their horses in the shade of some mesquites near the town of Mercer, saddled up and prepared to move.

Do you believe that Buck did the wrong thing by running away from home? Doesn't it seem that he could have proved self-defense and saved himself from the outlaw life?



### Boy Who Does His Duty and a Little More Is the One Who Gains Success

By CHARLES M. SCHWAB



What are the things that lead to success? Here are a few of them:

One should rely on himself. Self-reliance is the noblest expression of manhood.

Make yourself indispensable. Don't look at the clock.

Win the confidence of your employer. Work for him as if you were working for yourself. You will then be appreciated and promoted.

Be sure of your facts. Otherwise you will lose the esteem of your superior.

Marry early. Have a home of your own.

A man who is not susceptible to encouragement will never succeed.

A college education is not necessary for a business man. What is necessary is to start at the bottom of the ladder and work up.

Every man should read and study in his spare hours.

No success is built on influence. You must win your position for yourself.

Then there is another big thing that is essential—you must do what you are employed to do a little better than anybody else does it. Everybody is expected to do his duty, but the boy who does his duty and a little more than his duty is the boy who is going to succeed in this world.

You must take an interest in what you are doing and it must be a genuine interest.

### Tell People of "Ship Shortage" and Fear of Ship Subsidy Will Disappear

By C. LOUIS ALLEN of New York

We love to talk in glittering, high-sounding generalities about export trade. We study Spanish conjugations, pore over atlases, and advertise. In fact, we do everything but build ships, the one absolutely essential thing to the establishment of an export trade. We make speeches about ship subsidy at merchants' association banquets, and that's about as far as it goes. We haven't taken the first steps to translate the term ship subsidy into an understandable business proposition for the American public, nor to tell the idea to the farmer, the merchant, and the laboring man. These still regard ship subsidy as just another little scheme to make some sort of a present to the "plutes."

Talk to these people in their own language. Use words and ideas that they understand, and you will have no trouble in securing their support for deserving measures. Car shortage sends a chill down every farmer's back. It makes him feel the mortgage tightening round his neck. So if we will just drop the term ship subsidy and talk to the American people in terms of "ship shortage," it will understand. Convince the people of the peril to our commerce in ship shortage. Make them understand just what will happen to American industries if a dearth of shipping ties our hands at the close of Europe's war—at a time when the biggest and sharpest contest in which the world trade has ever grappled will be on. Through salesmanship our desperate need of shipping may become vitalized and energized into a moving force that will place upon the high seas an adequate American merchant marine.

### Decline of Merchant Marine Pathetic Chapter in History of United States

By REPRESENTATIVE J. C. LINTHICUM, of Maryland

There is no more pathetic chapter in the legislative history than that of our merchant marine. At the close of the Revolutionary war our forefathers found that 75 per cent of our oversea commerce was being carried in foreign vessels, and, with the ability and foresight which characterized them, immediately set about to transfer that control to where it properly belonged. This they succeeded in doing by reducing the duty on all imports in American vessels 10 per cent, fixing a tonnage tax of only six cents a ton on American vessels, of 30 cents on American-built foreign vessels, and 50 cents a ton on foreign-built, foreign-owned vessels. Through this method they so stimulated American shipping that within five years American ships were carrying 90 per cent of our foreign commerce. Thus we were rescued from foreign competitors and succeeded in placing the trade in the hands of American ship owners.

Then a later generation, feeling that our position was so secure that nothing could wrest from our grasp the control of the seas, and not satisfied with carrying 90 per cent of the commerce, so modified our laws as to remove the preferential duties, and in our efforts to capture the remaining 10 per cent we lost the 90 per cent we had been able to secure. Since that time we have seen, through competition with the subsidized lines of Great Britain and other foreign countries, our shipping decline until we carry in American bottoms a very small per cent of our foreign commerce.

### Many a Man Has Shipwrecked His Life and His Soul That He Might Die Rich

By REV. ARTHUR H. KAUB, of Chicago

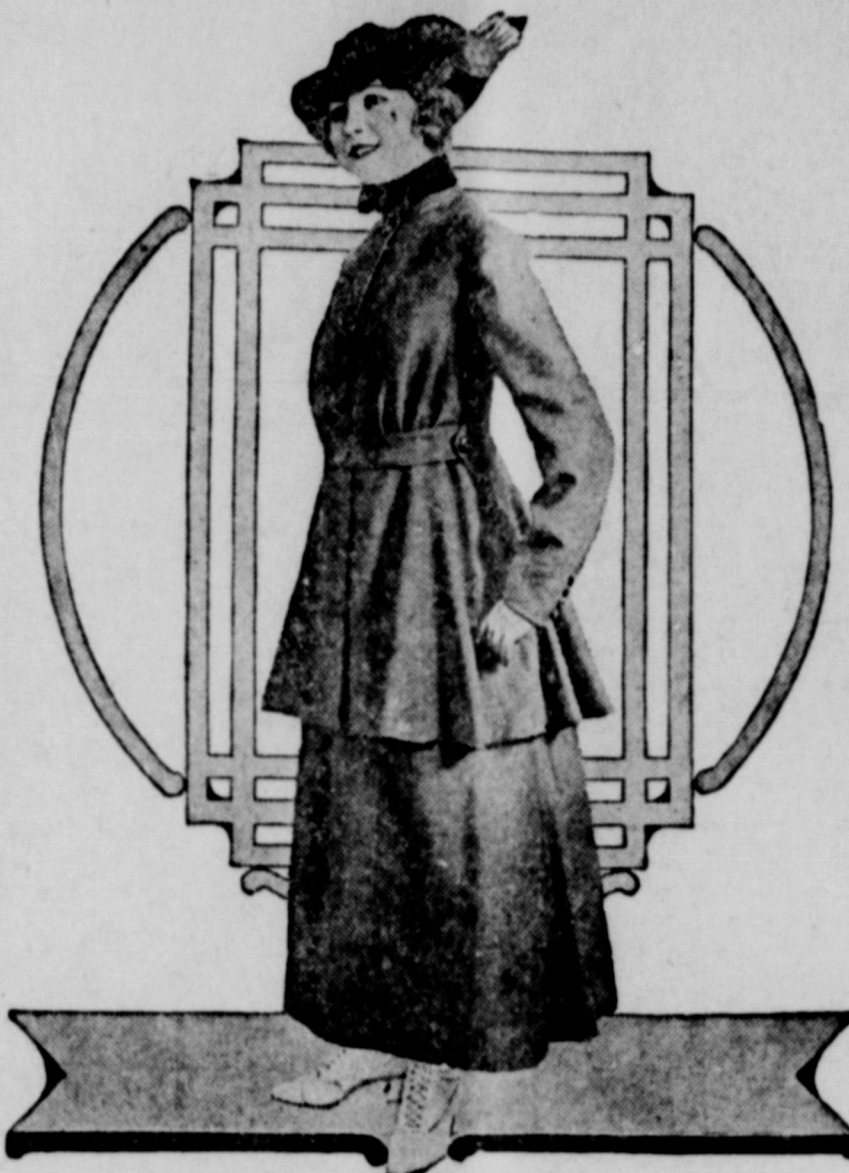
What a mighty sepulcher is the ocean! What an uncounted multitude have died at sea and found the foaming wave their winding sheet. Of all the millions that are strewn over those unfathomable channels, the majority of them came to an untimely death by shipwreck.

We are like the ships upon the sea, and for us, as for the ships, there are many dangers on the wide sea of life. Many a Christian who started prosperously on his voyage to heaven has made shipwreck of his faith and never reached the haven.

One of the greatest dangers which has wrought such havoc to so many souls is the desire for riches. A ship carrying an immense amount of gold was wrecked. All on board were safely rescued from the sinking of the ship except one sailor, who had been seen on deck filling his pockets with coins. When told that the ship was sinking under him, he answered that he had always lived a poor man and was determined to die rich. Many another beside that poor sailor has shipwrecked his life, his soul, his honor, that he might die rich.

## In Woman's Realm

Fall Modes Show a Conservative and Beautifully Tailored Suit That Is Becoming to Both Slender and Stout Figures—Slips of Satin and Taffeta to Be Worn Under Sheer Frocks of M.dsummer Wardrobe.



SERGE STREET SUIT FOR FALL

The first of the new ready-made suits for fall are making their appearance before "the trade." That is, merchants throughout the country are looking over the sample lines of manufacturers. So far there is little change in the lines of street suits from those of the past season. Many of the new models show an increased length of skirt, and coats also are somewhat longer. The inspiration of many smart models appears to come from the Russian blouse—and this is a matter for gratitude.

In the conservative and beautifully tailored suit shown above, a model has been evolved that is becoming to both slender and stout figures. The coat is neatly adjusted over the shoulders and vague in fit about the waistline with a full and long plume. A very clever management of the underarm portion gives a trim look to the figure. The sleeves are plain and long.

The skirt is plain with overlapped seam at the front and plaits at each side. It is strictly tailored with faultless machine stitching as a finish. In harmony with it are the plain belt at back and front of the waistline and the large bone buttons that fasten the coat. Smaller buttons of the same kind are set in a row of four on each cuff.

Serge is the favorite material for fall suits although the other standard weaves of cloth are not neglected. Except for the velvet turnover on the collar it is the only fabric used in the suit shown. There is a surmise that skirts may be narrower as the season grows older, but no one

knows. A conservative suit like that above need not concern itself in the matter.

There are slips of satin and taffeta—both washable—to be worn under the sheer frocks that form so important a part of the midsummer wardrobe. But many women prefer slips or petticoats of muslin, that are exquisitely clean and fresh-looking with each return from the laundry. They are thin enough to be cool and thick enough to provide sufficient covering. Sometimes a plain petticoat or slip of net is worn over them, if the frock is sheer enough to be transparent. This is merely by way of making an airy background for lingerie or other gauzy dresses.

The newest petticoats are cut moderately wide in three or four gored shapes so that there will be little fullness about the waist. They are finished with flounces not too much trimmed with embroidery or lace. In many of them, as in the two pictured above, the flounces are made of batiste, ambrie, organdie or other thin cotton and shaped with a flare, so that their

fullness is managed in the shaping rather than by gathers. These flounces are edged with embroidery or lace and joined to the petticoat with wide heading in the usual way. The heading carries the indispensable ribbon which has come to stay and adds so much of charm to the lingerie of today.

Underneath the flounces the bottom of the petticoat is finished with a plain or scalloped ruffle or with lace insertions and edgings. They are gathered over a tape at the waist. In finishing the flounce with lace the edge is cut in scallops and turned under in a very narrow hem which is stitched down over the lace edging as shown in the petticoat at the right. But where a scalloped embroidery is used the scallops are cut out, leaving a little of the plain material to turn under. This edge is then basted to the edge of the shaped flounce and stitched down, after which the flounce is trimmed away from under the scallops.

Crepe and chiffon blouses being designed for the autumn openings are being tucked crosswise back and front and on the insides of the sleeves. This gives a becoming fullness across the bust and provides quite a novel outline for long sleeves.

Very smart women are wearing for riding, black and white checked trousers with black coats, and occasionally is seen in white trousers with a black and white shepherd's-plaid coat having a bright red vest.

Fringe trimmed parasols are being shown among the new things for spring, the fringe being of silk or worsted, fully four inches wide and in matching or brilliantly contrasting colors.

Massage to be efficacious, must be gentle, firm, regular and accomplished with a rotary upward motion of the finger tips, except about the eyes. In middle life, massage must also be accomplished with a lump of ice.

Hand-painted fans are in vogue for the hot days. They are huge pointed affairs of dyed palm leaves, with a futuristic design of apples or flowers or birds or just plain futurism on the outside.

## INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

### New York's Police Have a Money-Making Machine

NEW YORK.—New York's crime curiosity shop, which is located at police headquarters, gets some queer tools of the underworld. Probably the most curious thing now in the possession of the property department is a "money-making machine," and despite the fact that a child ought to detect it as a fraud, it fooled many, and others like it were sold before the fakers were caught.

The machine, composed mostly of tin, is about two feet high, one and a half feet wide and a foot in depth. At the top is a cover which can be removed, and an inner compartment is lined with black velvet. On each side there is a small storage battery connected with a toy dynamo in the bottom of the machine, while other wires connect with switches a small red electric light and an automobile gauge. The dupe who is anxious to purchase a machine to make money easily is shown the contrivance and then asked which he would like to see made, \$1, \$2 or \$5 bills? He makes his choice, and then, while a confederate diverts his attention for a minute, a new \$1 is placed in a compartment in the cover and hidden by a piece of tin covered with velvet to match that in the machine, and held in place by springs.

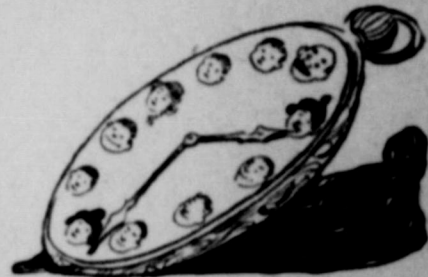
The operator, who has noted the number of the bill, then informs the victim that he has made \$1 bills up to a certain number, that which he announces being one figure under that of the concealed bill. Then he takes a piece of paper of the exact size of a bill and puts it in a developing tray, into which he pours what are supposed to be chemicals. The liquids, no doubt, are colored water, though the names never would appear in a laboratory. When the paper has been thoroughly soaked it is wrapped in tissue paper to deaden the sound which might be made by the falling false bottom, put in the machine, the cover put in place and the machinery started. The hand on the gauge moves, the machinery buzzes, and after the various switches have been used to heighten the effect the red light is made to burn, showing that the new money has been made. Then the springs in the cover are touched, and as it is lifted off the soaked paper has disappeared and nothing but the brand new \$1 bill with the proper number upon it is to be seen.

### St. Joseph Man Tells the Time by Family Faces

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—The flight of the hours is marked on the dial of C. W. Humbert's watch by the faces of his ten children and by his own face and the face of his wife. Tiny photographs are set in the dial in place of the Roman numerals. Every time Mr. Humbert—who is a grading contractor of St. Joseph—looks at the time he sees his whole family.

He is one o'clock and his wife is two. The children are arranged in the order of their birth, beginning at three o'clock with Carl, who is thirty-four, and continuing through Calvin, Albert, Bertha, Glen, George, Eva, Robert, Vernon and little twelve o'clock Edith, who is three and the youngest of the family. The watch was made especially for Mr. Humbert several years ago, and he is so used to it that he can tell the exact time at a glance. He arises at Albert o'clock in the morning, has luncheon at half past Edith and is usually home by Bertha.

If he refers to the watch a score of times throughout the day he is reminded each time of his loved ones and there is little chance that he will ever forget his family in the rush of business. The idea of putting the family in the watch occurred to him as a sentimental novelty, unlike anything he had ever heard of. His work as a grading contractor carries him out of town frequently, but he reports he is not so lonely as he used to be since he feels that he can take a glimpse at his youngsters any time he cares to without attracting outside attention.



### Watermelon Cabarets Are the Rage in Dallas

DALLAS, TEX.—Away with the inspiring cocktail! Watermelon cabaret's the thing in Dallas! While the big green melons come rolling in by train and farm wagon, the younger set and the older set, too, participate in nightly revels and afternoon watermelon dansants in the downtown district. For the democracy of watermelon be it said, that the "parlors" know no lines of caste.

The craze began with a whoop with the start of the watermelon season. One astute concessionaire from an amusement conceived the idea of selling watermelons at ten cents a slice in surroundings similar to regular cafes.

He bought barrels of sawdust, dyed it green and sprinkled it about his floor to simulate grass. Then he installed a tinkly-um-tum piano with a convenient slot for nickels, rolled in a stock of melons and threw wide the doors.

Dallas took to the idea at once and it has now spread to scores of cities in the Southwest. Theatergoers, shoppers and the well-known tired business man paused, with memory parading before their eyes the vision of watermelon days gone by, and stopped to patronize the place.

The store's success spurred other business men to follow the pioneer watermelon cafe owner. Other similar resorts sprang into being until the streets today are conveniently dotted with them.

All the old-time left hooks and right jabs are fair in consuming watermelon in public. The approved rules, however, forbid grappling with the fruit, contestants being expected to preserve a neutral territory between themselves and the berry.

The watermelon cabaret will stay in the Southwest so long as the melon supply holds out. And the best of it all is that physicians approve the disipation.

### How a Gotham Bully Picked on the Wrong Man

NEW YORK.—Into a Broadway car there came a bedazzling specimen of masculine fashionableness. From his crisp straw hat to his perfectly polished boots he typified the latest edition of "What well-groomed men are wearing." He carried a walking stick that was expensive and beautiful to behold. In fact, he was a cherubic ovely looking man. Having run out of adjectives—here goes for the punch a yarn.

A big beetle-browed man, puffing from the exertion of chasing the car, sat down beside the sartorial wonder. He moved over just a trifle.

"What's the matter, sport, 'frail 'll soil you?" said the newcomer.

"No. Not at all," said the lovely man quietly. Silence between them for several blocks. But the roughneck was doing something out of his usual line—thinking.

Finally he turned about toward his neighbor. "You dudes make me sick, suppose you've got a powder puff on you somewhere."

Then it happened. The well-dressed man laid down his newspaper, rasped the annoyance by the scruff of the neck, landed two blows between the eyes, dragged him to the door of the car, rang the bell for a quick stop and kicked him off—just like that.

Then he returned to his newspaper. A curious person followed him to an office in Longacre square. He entered a door on which was lettered in gold: "Physical Culture Expert."



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## TENT SHOW NOW IN McLEAN That Always Brought Rain.

### Interesting Talk by James R. Bonheur About His Traveling Experiences with the Show.

September 4th, an old-time cowboy and plainsman of this town, N. J. Miller, came into the News office and showed a member of Mrs. Richardson's the force, a circus book called: "Troupers of the Golden Mascot," and Miller said, "It's pretty dry, boys, but won't be about the time this show gets into McLean; you mark what I'm telling you," and he pointed out the chapter the News is permitted to print below. September 10th the heaviest rain since the drought began last June, started at McLean as if the flood gates of heaven had opened in the sky, to deluge the parched fields as Miller had predicted. Just read the story:

#### A SOMEWHAT STRANGE COINCIDENCE

It was recorded as a curious fact that wherever the yellow wagon show appeared rain fell, even in the driest places. This was often commented on during the season of 1891 while on tour thru Kansas. The blazing heat of the July sun sapped the smaller streams and destroyed the vitality of the prairie grass. The trees along the dried up channels of small creeks dropped their leaves at every fitful breeze and some of the less vigorous variety died from the effect of the long continued drought. But torrents of rain actually followed the appearance of the show in these drought-stricken districts where not a drop of rain had fallen for months. Considerable publicity was given this fact by the newspapers and the ever alert press agent in advance of the show seized the golden opportunity to boost the exhibition by sending the stories broadcast until it came to pass that the yellow wagon show was looked upon as a genuine mascot and harbinger of good times in the afflicted districts. Unbelieving skeptics declared the newspaper assertions were just "pure gas," and this declaration was not at all erroneous. The gas that was made for projecting moving pictures seemed accountable for the rain which invariably fell when the gas was allowed to mix with the air by accident or design.

#### AMUSING INSTANCE OF THE SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

At Beaumont, Kansas, the merchants had been reading the stories in the illustrated papers, furnished by the enterprising advance man. The drought and the rain producing gas were the only topics of conversation of a week previous to the arrival of the show. When it did arrive and the camping place was come to, the merchants joined the town boys to watch the yellow wagons give forth their dust soiled crew. The big tent went up with great celerity while the cooks unloaded wash pans and coffee dishes, kindled fires and the camp began to take on the freshness and glitter which might had rubbed off. Then they saw the moving picture machine unloaded, and all the paraphernalia of the gas making outfit followed.

"There's the thing we've bin readin' 'bout," said one.

"O'course 'tis; but it's all a tarnation humbug!" laughed a gray haired merchant, as they gathered around to see how it was done, while the gas maker began screwing the various pipes together and connecting them to the retort.

"You musn't think because we're a bit curious that we're goin' to take stock in this yer rain makin' thing," continued the gray haired merchant, who seemed to think he ought to be back attending to business at the store, "instead of foolin' 'round investigatin' a new fangled dodge gotten up by a swindling show feller to hood-wink the public."

Another said:

"We ain't had rain here for over eight weeks and if they can make it rain I'd be mighty glad of it."

All this time the gas tank was rapidly filling up with the elastic fluid. The retort was almost at a white heat and the chemicals inside were melting like snow in a furnace. The charge must have been larger than usual but the indicator seemed clogged and was moving rather slow.

"Make it rain, did you say?" sneered the gray-haired merchant. "Bah! They kain't do it. They ain't no mortal man that can make it rain."

#### A LARGE QUANTITY OF GAS ESCAPED.

Just then the clogged indicator suddenly broke away and flew around to 100. The crowd saw the startled look of the operator as he quickly shut off the flow and hastened to release the pent up surplus in the overloaded retort. The retort was dangerously full of compressed gas, which blew off with a loud roar like escaping steam. This startled the gray haired merchant and threw the crowd into the utmost confusion. In the panic that ensued the poor old gentleman lost his hat and came near losing his balance. He was quickly helped to his feet and suddenly remembered some pressing business requiring immediate attention at the store.

"Come back; it's all over!" yelled the operator, laughing at the crowd who were giving him a wide berth.

"Take yer word for it," panted the gray haired merchant, never once looking around.

"Don't forget the rain?" cried the operator, strongly emphasizing the word, tickled at the commotion produced by the still hissing gas.

"It'll rain pitchforks with sawlog handles," yelled Sig. Tyson, a clown, chuckling impishly.

Curiously enough as every citizen of Beaumont will truthfully aver, the clear afternoon sky began to darken with rapidly approaching clouds. A few moments of anxious watching and orders were given to pull down every stitch of canvas, even to the horse tent. The work was happily accomplished just as a head wind struck the show lot. Torrential rain and hail, fell doing much damage to windows in the town. Eighty acres of growing flax owned by Frank Reed was mowed slick and clean by the hail an swept away to part unknown. The hurricane redoubled after a lull at nightfall, breaking down shade trees, wrecking frail houses and overturning topheavy show wagons unsecured by deeply driven stakes. It was not until after midnight that the rain subsided leaving the ground in a bad condition for traveling.

#### RECKONED IT WAS NO FAKE.

A voice sounding distant in the heavy gloom of dawn, startled the gas maker lining up with the wagons moving with difficulty from the rain sodden camp. It was the gray haired merchant, out thus early with farewell greeting.

"Say, stranger, I reckon that new fangled rain making o' yours is no fake. Ye brought rain sure's seat. But, say, when you'r makin' gas agin, fer ther Lord's sake, don't let out so tarnation much. You cum' mighty nigh blowin' the hull town away!"

"Notwithstanding the many hardships, there is a fascination in following a wagon show," said Bonheur, reminiscently. Because of the fact that the appearance of this show in any part of the country suffering with drought was followed usually by rain this show became known as the "rainmaker." That was in days before Bonheur Brothers used an electric light plant to light their tent. Since this later innovation the change made little difference. The show is unable to shake off its old reputation as a "rainmaker," given it by the magazine writer F. S. Barde, of Guthrie, Oklahoma. At its first performance in Texas this year: after a protracted nine weeks drought at Hansford, a tremendous rain fell and the show, loaded to pull out for Ocheltree was held back till late in the afternoon on account of the welcome deluge.

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### Church Directory

#### Methodist Church.

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

#### Baptist Church.

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

#### Nazarene Church.

Services Second and Third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young people's meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. The public is invited. S. R. Jones.

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