

# The McLean News

FOURTEENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1917

NO. 3

## Under New Management

I have leased the Storage and Repair Department of the Gardenhire Garage and will be prepared to take care of your car troubles

## Day or Night

First class repairing—all manner of auto fixtures—you don't have to wait. Day phone 37, night phone 134.

Arthur J. Poncelet

## From Over The Panhandle

H. D. Rucker, who has been a resident of near Hereford for a number of years, has disposed of his ranch and will erect a modern up-to-date apartment building in Amarillo, costing \$50,000. Dr. Rucker selected Amarillo as a permanent home after traveling over the entire United States.

Almost three times as many persons paid their state and county tax in Floyd county January first, 1917, as did in 1915. More than ten thousand jack rabbits have been killed over the panhandle during the last month.

We are glad to note that B. F. Guthrie, editor of the Hereford Standard, is recovering from a long illness.

Henry S. Dye, a citizen of Armstrong county for twenty-four years, died at his home recently.

Joe Cavanaugh, the father of Claude, died at his home in Kansas recently. Twenty-nine years ago he filed on the section of land on which Claude was built.

The post office at Canyon has been raised to the second class, making the salary of the postmaster \$2,000 per year.

Mr. Fred Floyd and Miss Edith Thagard and Mr. J. Arthur McCoy and Miss Marie Halbrook were popular young people of Floydada to be married recently.

A subscription is being circulated in Pampa to raise money to continue the school nine months, there only being enough funds for an eight months term.

## More About The Bonds

I am frequently asked why I so seriously object to paying a 20 cent ad valorem tax to carry a road bond issue and willing to pay a 15 cent special road tax. In the first place out of the 20 cent tax we only get 6 1/3 cents for road purposes the other 13 1/3 cents goes to the bond holder. Whereas in the 15 cent special tax we get every cent of it for road purposes, considerably more than the amount we ever get out of the 20 cent tax and yet we are only paying three fourths as much taxes. This seems to me a sufficient reason but this is not all. When the 15 cent tax has served its purpose and we have collected all funds needed, we can vote it off. Not so with the bonds when we vote them on ourselves they stand as a canker sore to the end of the forty years.

The improvement of the roads in our rural district are of more importance to both the town and the country than the Ozark Trail; there is a common mutual interest between the town and country—the town is almost solely dependent upon the prosperity of the country and the country in a great measure depends upon the economy in handling and marketing their products and good roads in the rural districts work a great factor in accomplishing this end. When we have voted a bonded indebtedness for the Ozark Trail that runs our road tax to almost its limit we will have almost forever blasted the hopes of most of our rural communities of having the condition of their roads improved, except they build their own roads, while they are paying their taxes for the Ozark Trail. I think our town people are making the mistake of their lives in trying to force upon the country people a condition like this.

The most brilliant statesmen we have are now thoroughly recognizing the fact that the expenses of our country, both from a governmental and commercial standpoint rests upon the shoulders of the farmers and stockmen. To illustrate in our case the high taxes incident to the bond issue. Our merchants in town order their goods as cheap as they can buy them, then they figure their expense account and add this to the original cost and then they figure a reasonable margin of profit—but we all know the higher their taxes the higher their expense account will be and the higher their expense account the higher the price of their goods, then who pays the taxes for the Ozark Trail the merchant or the people who buy his goods? So it is with almost every line of business.

So it is with the railroads. The higher the taxes, the bigger the expense accounts and the higher rate of freight they are allowed to charge. But it is not the railroad that is paying the high taxes but rather people who are shipping their stuff over the roads. The stock dealer comes out to our farms and tells us he can give a certain price for our cattle and hogs we complain that there is too much difference between his price and the market price, he tells us it is caused by the high rate of freight. So you see it is not the railroads

nor the stock dealer but the man who raises the stuff that is paying the taxes incident to the bond issue for the Ozark Trail. Nearly every line of business has some avenue through which they can recoupe or off set their taxes except the producer.

When we tell a farmer who has \$6,000 worth of taxable property that his taxes to carry this bond issue will only amount to \$12 per year and through the whole life of the bond will only amount to \$480 and when we tell that is all there is to it and all it will cost him, then we are pulling the veil of delusion over his eyes that he may not see the quagmire into which he is about to dive. Some people seem to think that when we suggest that our people are making a mistake along the line of the bond issue we are alleging willful insincerity. This is a mistake, but I do allege that it is often the case that some of our very best men are led astray as to means and methods by inflated enthusiasm in a good cause.

Some of our friends who favor the bond issue may try to figure to you how some of this loss may be offset by a premium on the bonds or an offset interest on the sinking fund. As the law restricts the securities that can be handled with that kind of fund it is very uncertain whether we would get any and should we get all we could have any possible hope of getting both as to premium and interest, the amount would be so negligibly small in its comparison with the great loss and expense of the bond issue that it would be absolutely insignificant. The payment of our annual installment of sinking funds will not be deducted from the face of the bond and thereby stop that amount of interest. The sinking fund does not save one cent of interest unless invested, and as stated above that is a very uncertain proposition.

A short time ago Mr. Cunningham, engineer for the state highway department of Oklahoma, in delivering a lecture on good roads at Stillwater, cautioned his people against big bond issues until they had more time to inform themselves about other methods of financing road building. It occurs to me that if men of information like this whose business it is to improve the roads of his state can see sufficient danger lurking about the bond issue to caution his people against the same and advise them to consider more other methods of raising road funds, then it is high time the tax payers who have the bills to foot should open their eyes to this fact also. I quote from Mr. George Bishop, associate editor of the Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman:

"During the month of November, 1916, I had the privilege of visiting a county in a neighboring state where some real roads had been built and where perfect maintenance had been provided. These roads had been built a few miles each year with a five mill levy on the property of the county. An organized system of maintenance had been provided with the building of the first year's work. This county was mighty well pleased with results. An adjoining county voted \$200,000 in bonds to build a certain stretch of roads. They barely had money enough to complete the job. They provided no maintenance; the interest and sinking funds on the bonds makes the people sore and having been promised a permanent road they would not stand for the money to keep this road



ERWIN DRUG CO.

## Why Bank With "American First"

It is a strong, careful, liberal, accurate and successful institution.

People find it a growing, active, progressive up-to-date bank in every particular.

It is well equipped, the book-keeping machine the best money can buy, and pronounced the most accurate methods of keeping accounts. This is the first bank in the county to be so equipped.

A semi-burgular and fire proof vault and a model burgular proof safe are at your disposal for your funds, valuables and papers.

Your account will be appreciated by this bank and your interests carefully considered

Every depositor is always a welcome visitor at this bank.

This bank can take care of you through thick and thin, as it has never refused a loan where the security was good and the terms satisfactory.

Its dealings with all customers are absolutely confidential and it is always ready to assist you.

Because the directors and stock holders [the men behind the bank] are successful men, and you know they are money lenders, not borrowers.

The proof of good service is constant growth.

Because we do not believe you can ask for better service than this bank can give you and we ask that you give this bank an opportunity to serve you.

## American State Bank of McLean Safety and Service

## Progressive Conservatism

A Bank can be so "hidebound" in its conservatism as to lose its powers of expansion or, it can be so liberal in its policies as to endanger its solvency.

This bank has tried to strike the happy medium a PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATISM, which combines all the elements of safety, with a policy of liberality without prodigality.

## The Citizens State Bank

Of McLean, Texas

(Guarantee Fund Bank)

A Home Bank Owned By Home People

op. The result was their \$200,000 is gone and their permanent road is in bad shape and getting worse every day. The adjoining county has five good roads leading from the principal business center of the county to the county line; these roads were paid for and no one has felt if they are being maintained and the people have good roads. Some people seem to think that we can vote bonds, buy a good road already made that will last always. There is nothing to it. Lets choose the system that will allow us to grow into the possession of good roads and learn a little of just how to take care of them as we go along."

This quotation I take from an article on good roads by Mr.

Bishop in Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman of Jan. 10, 1917. Mr. Bishop is a man whose interests are identified with the farmer's interests; a man of vast information, broad observation and experience. You can readily see from the quotation given of the two counties investigated by him the one that adopted the direct tax system had lots of good roads, a satisfied people and out of debt. While the one that adopted the bond system had nothing but bad roads, a sore-back people and a burden of bonded indebtedness. Let's take notice and learn without so much hard experience.

C. E. Anderson.

# Happenings in the Metropolis

## Tipping With Wampum Doesn't Go in New York

NEW YORK.—Just at the time when the stock of gold in the United States had reached \$2,636,000,000, which is a large pile, there arrived in New York two belts of wampum, coinage of 1682, with which the Indians down around Eighth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, guaranteed their treaties with William Penn, years and years before the town became famous for its scrapple.

The belts now belong to the Museum of the American Indian. The arrival of these belts has started some talk about what would happen if we were on a wampum financial basis again and the bank roll was in shells. The price of hard clams, out of which much of our 18-cent karat wampum used to be coined, would jump from 40 cents a hundred to a figure that would make a clam worth as much as a pearl.

On the old basis, with 40 fathoms of wampum on deposit to his credit, a man would be on an easy street now. A woman going shopping could wind a few hundred feet of cash around her neck under her furs and snip off as near as she could the price of her purchases at the various counters and see her wampum go dancing on the overhead trolley to the cashier, and after a pleasant wait see a short string of change come back.

It is impossible to put over wampum just at present. Waiters will not take it. At the Majestic hotel a string which had a face value of 60 cents was tendered by a dinner guest as a tip. With it also went a few explanatory remarks. The guest said the idea was to re-establish the good old Indian money in circulation and by degrees have it adopted around town. The waiter said he didn't object to having the plan adopted, but until everybody carried his money on a string he would hold to the two-bit pieces.

## Municipal Marriage Chapel Proves to Be Popular

SINCE the city opened its new marriage chapel, P. J. Scully, who, in his capacity of city clerk, acts as Chief Hymen, has been wrapped in an idealistic dream. Over the fresh beauties of the chapel Mr. Scully beams proudly. Peach and nectarine coloring figures in the side panels. In the ornamentation of the frieze and ceiling the imagination of the decorators to the borough president has run riot. Rosy garlands constitute the frieze. The ceiling ornamentation includes a large wreath of these blossoms, surrounded by gold-colored leaves, with the torches of Hymen placed fairly close together. In the extension, where the brides and bridegrooms enter, there is a rectangle of lilies of the valley. Couples pretty well clog the way to the marriage chapel. Everybody is on the lookout for them in the municipal building, where the chapel is situated. Even the elevator man when he stops at the fateful floor makes a specialty of pausing after announcing "Clerk's office, coroner's office," before he adds "marriage bureau."

A good day in the marriage bureau accounts for between 50 and 60 couples. On one day Mr. Scully's knot-tying proclivities flourished so successfully that 68 happy pairs issued from the chapel. Saturday is a favorite with Jewish couples. They arrive on the half holiday afternoon, are married, and are thus able to open the shop together on Monday without any loss of time.

Everything is so carefully arranged in the marriage chapel. The couples waiting in the ante-room have given their names to an official who calls them into the chapel in turn. The system provides that they shall enter under the lily of the valley decoration, proceed to center under the rose wreath, detour around two princely chairs, bridegroom to the left and bride to the right, and arrive in a standing pose in front of Mr. Scully or P. J. Goodwin, first deputy city clerk, who takes turn and turn about with Mr. Scully in the promotion of matrimony.

## Greenwich Village a Quaint Bit of Gotham

NEAR the heart of Greater New York is a quaint little community that has stubbornly refused to be concerned or even interested in the marvelous development and advancement of the now largest and most prosperous city in the world.

Greenwich village, with its narrow streets, winding alleys and old-fashioned homes and business places, set up a quiet resistance to the onward march of progress that could not be broken down. It has kept its character and individuality and today is the much-sought-for retreat of the artist and seeker after the quaint and curious.

The village of Greenwich has had its tides of prosperity, with the resultant ebb and flow. For a time it shared the fate of the other downtown districts and became the abode of a foreign population. Then the tide turned and a group of artists discovered it. Because it was old and rambling, with a polyglot population, full of little old shops, quiet retreats and crooked passageways, artists, sculptors and writers fell in love with it at once.

They searched out vacant shops and houses and even the stables of a past aristocracy and cleaned and renovated them, but every old window pane, door knocker and quaint porch pillar was preserved. These beauty spots suggested others and the tone of the village rapidly changed. For a time the artists had the place to themselves and enjoyed their quaint restaurants, philosophized in their garrets and talked art in novel little back rooms suggestive of a long-forgotten past. It was truly an artists' retreat. When the seeker for novelty in New York city discovered the quaint village of artists it became necessary to increase the number of basement and backyard restaurants to accommodate the interested visitors.

## Bill Teaches Sister the Bear Hug and Trot

THE bear hug, the bear kiss and the bear trot were displayed for the edification of "Bill" Snyder, keeper of the animals in Central park, when a six-months-old Russian brown bear, looking for all the world like a chow dog, arrived at the park in an automobile.

The bear came from the estate of John D. Crummins at Noroton, Conn., to join his sister, who had been sent to the park two months ago.

The other Russian brown bear, who has been named Sister, was put in the cage with three ordinary brown bear cubs because the weather was bad. When Bill, as the new arrival is called, was first placed in front of the cage he gave two or three questioning sniffs and then began to mutter bear language. Sister, grunting and muttering, came to the bars. Bill stood up on his hind legs and reached his nose through. Sister touched his nose with her own, giving him a great, big, sisterly bear kiss. After that she set up a howling and began walking back and forth as if aching to get out.

"Bill" Snyder's heart was touched; the bears wanted to greet each other, as well-bred brother and sister bear should. He opened the bars and let Sister out to join Bill. They seized each other by the paws, threw their forepaws around each other's waists in a genuine bear hug, and then began dancing about—a sort of bear-trot which, according to Snyder, should be very popular in society this winter.

Bill is the bear who escaped from the country home of Mr. Cummins, at Noroton. The bear when discovered on the estate of the late Seymour Hyde took to the water. Anthony Thompson of Greenwich and Edward Nelson of Chester jumped into a boat and Thompson succeeded in lassoing the bear as it gained Elmer's island.



THEY'RE A LITTLE DAZED BUT HAPPY.

## IN THE HANDS OF THE CENTRAL POWERS



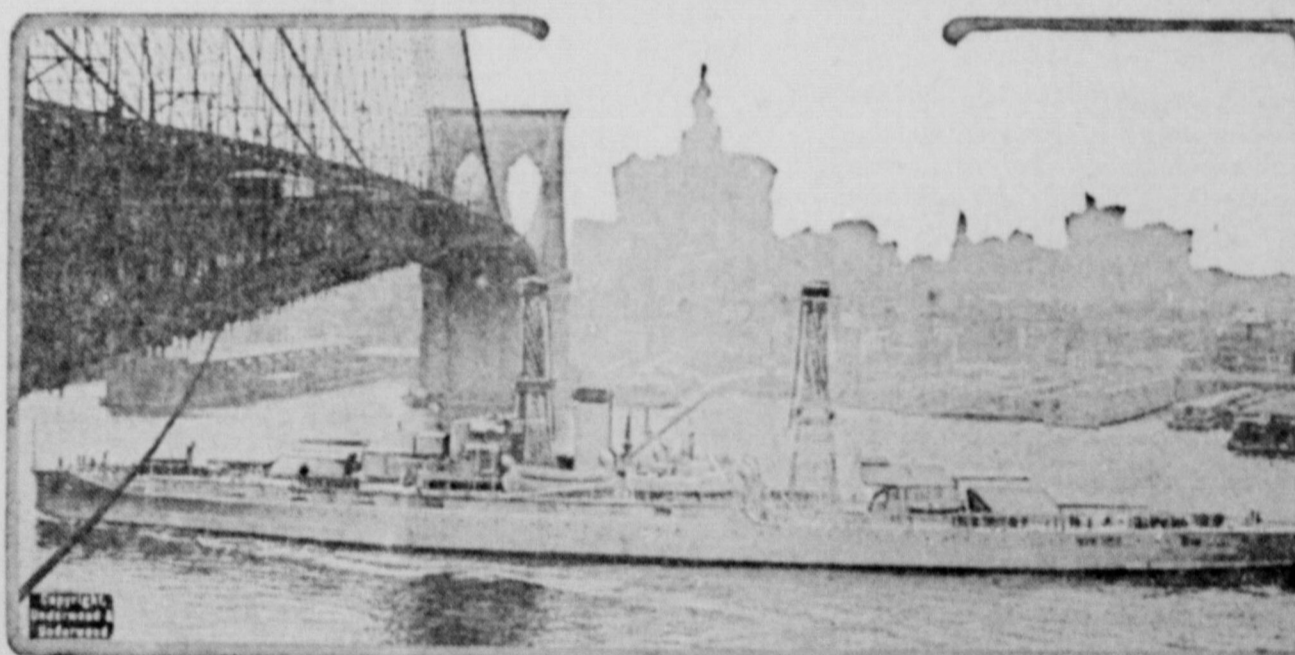
This is the foreign office at Bucharest, the Romanian capital which the armies of the central powers have occupied.

## WASHINGTON SCHOOL CHILDREN SAVE PAPER



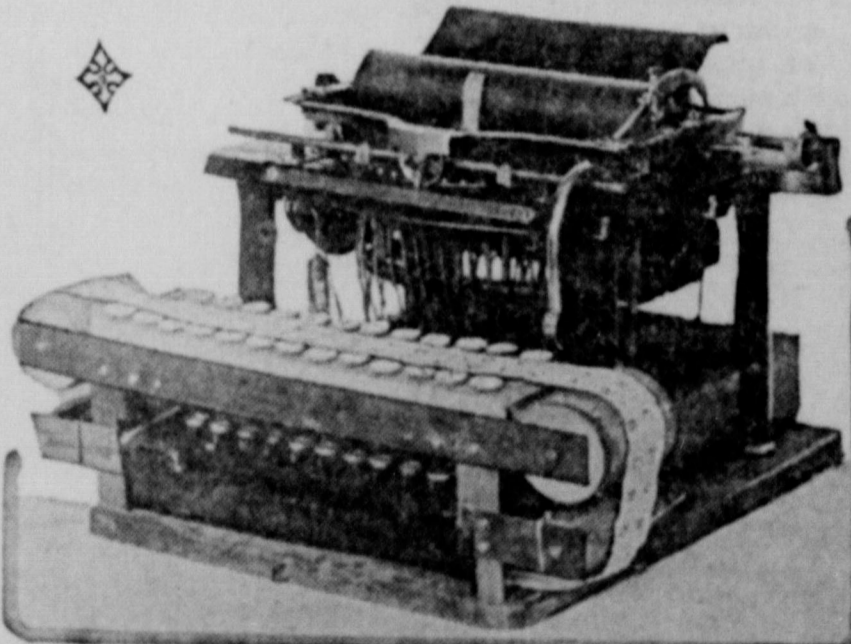
The high cost of print paper has been utilized by Washington school children to swell their fund for municipal playgrounds. They have added several hundred dollars by a few weeks' collections. Each school has designated regular days for bringing old papers.

## PENNSYLVANIA OFF FOR A SPEED TEST



A view of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania just as she poked her nose beneath the Brooklyn bridge spanning the East river. The monster vessel was outward bound from New York navy yard to Rockland, Me., where she was to be put through her speed tests.

## NOVEL CIPHER CODE KEYBOARD



S. T. Larye of Barcroft, Va., has invented an auxiliary keyboard for use on any standard typewriter which is capable of transcribing and translating any message in a manner which makes it impossible, he declares, for anyone other than the person or persons possessing the key to read. The keys of the invention merely operate the keys of the typewriter. An endless belt on which are all the letters of the alphabet, slides between these keys, which are arranged in two rows. The sender of the message begins by moving the tape so as to place a predetermined letter opposite a certain letter on the keyboard. He and his correspondent know which letters are to face each other at the start. Instead of following the keyboard in forming words, the sender follows the tape, striking the key which happens to be opposite the desired letter on the tape. After each letter is made the operator moves the tape a certain number of spaces to the right or left, according to prearrangement.

## ISOLATOR OF CANCER GERM



Dr. Clifford Sater of Cincinnati, who announces that he has isolated the cancer germ. He is shown in his laboratory experimenting on a rabbit. His work occupied many years.

## PERUNA

Compounded of vegetable drugs in a perfectly appointed laboratory by skilled chemists, after the prescription of a successful physician of wide experience, and approved by the experience of tens of thousands in the last forty-five years.

## Peruna's Success

rests strictly on its merit as a truly scientific treatment for all diseases of catarrhal symptoms. It has come to be the recognized standby of the American home because it has deserved to be, and it stands today as firm as the eternal hills in the confidence of an enormous number.

Get our free booklet, "Health and How to Have It," of your druggist, or write direct to us.

The Peruna Company  
Columbus, Ohio

Quite a Feat. "It was a remarkable election in many respects." "Yes, it killed the 'I told you so' tribe to some extent."

Weak, Faint Heart, and Hysteria can be rectified by taking "Renovine," a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.

His Choice. "Old man, you are too close in money matters. Your friends are beginning to classify you as a tightwad." "What does it matter? I'd rather be classified as a tightwad than as a good thing."

## SWAMP-ROOT STOPS SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, remember it is needless to suffer—go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases.

This prescription was used by Dr. Kilmer in his private practice and was so very effective that it has been placed as sale everywhere. Get a bottle, 50c and \$1.00, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

The Old Yellow Pumpkin. How dear to my heart is the old yellow pumpkin, when orchards are barren of stuffing for pies; when peaches and apples have both been a failure, and berries no longer dazzle my eyes. Then fondly I turn to the fruit of the cornfield—the fruit country lads are taught to despise—the old yellow pumpkin, the mud-covered pumpkin, the pot-bellied pumpkin, this makes such good pies.

## HOW TO TREAT DANDRUFF

Itching Scalp and Falling Hair With Cuticura. Trial Free.

On retiring touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. A clean, healthy scalp means good hair and freedom, in most cases, from dandruff, itching, burning, crustings and scalings.

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

Glad Tidings. "Mme. Zira, the fortune teller, must have had some good news for you." "Correct," answered the man who issued from the mystic portals with a broad smile on his face. "I own this shebang, and business is so good she has leased it from me for another six months, rent paid in advance."

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

Indications. "The man we met yesterday is a regular fire-eater." "So I should judge by his supply of hot air."

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVER. Value a Gold in One Day. No.

A pear tree on the farm of J. E. Edgley of Shoemakersville, Pa., one hundred and sixty-three years old, is bearing fruit.

## COTTON

We handle cotton on consignment only and have the finest concrete warehouses with almost unlimited capacity, where your cotton will be absolutely free from all weather damage. Highest classifications and lowest interest rates on money advanced. Write us for full particulars.

GOELMAN, LESTER & CO. The oldest and largest cotton cotton factors in Texas. HOUSTON, TEXAS

# CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATES

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick. I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't grip and they like its pleasant taste.—Adv.



For **PINK EYE** DISTEMPER, CATARRHAL FEVER, AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES. Cures the sick and acts as a preventative for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for broad masses and all others. Best kidney remedy. 50 cents a bottle. 15 a dozen. Sold by all druggists and turf goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturers. Booklet, "Distemper, Cause and Cure," free.

**THERE IS SOMEBODY ELSE**  
One Thing the Average Man and Woman Ought Always to Keep in Mind.

One thing that the average man, and woman, too, ought to remember is that there is somebody else. It is not actual and offensive conceit, it seems to be simply self-absorption, forgetting that there really is anybody else. We have nothing to say against the condemnation of careless and reckless drivers of automobiles. The offenders deserve it all. But nobody knows how many lives are spared every day by the careful drivers. It is customary for foot passengers to step from the sidewalk to the highway without thinking to look up and down the street. Sometimes they do look one way and keep on walking into and across the street with eyes pointed steadily that way. An automobile coming from the other direction is of no more interest than a comet said also to be approaching. If it were not for the obnoxious horns, there would be many more killings than there are. Nobody gets any credit for this. Instead, the horrid horns are condemned as a nuisance. This habit of self-absorption is not limited to people who risk their lives in stepping into the crowded streets. On the regular sidewalk often people turn sharp around without looking to see what or who is coming and it is they who get mad at the collision they produce. When they do not turn they often stop short. Bump follows and it is the bumper who is to blame. Such is life.—Hartford Courier.

**Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's**  
The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

**The Shoe Pinched.**  
A preacher at the close of one of his sermons said: "Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up." Every man, woman and child, with one exception, rose to their feet. "Now, every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception, a career-worn, hungry-looking individual, clothed in his last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position. "How is it, my friend," asked the minister, "you are the only man not able to meet his obligations?" "I run a newspaper," he answered meekly, "and the brethren here who stood up are my subscribers, and—" "Let us pray," exclaimed the minister. Driven by compressed air, a new wrench for factory use saves more than half the time of a hand tool.

**BEWARE OF sudden colds. Take —**  
**HILL'S CASCARA QUININE**  
The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents. At Any Drug Store.

**WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC**  
Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic.  
**APPENDICITIS**  
If you have been threatened or have GALLBLADDER, WINDPIPES, GAS or PAINS in the RIGHT SIDE, write for valuable Booklet of Information FREE.  
W. N. U., Oklahoma City, Mo. 52-1916.

# In Woman's Realm

Pretty and Comparatively Inexpensive Party Frock That May Be Made at Home—Midwinter Millinery of the Latest and Most Approved Types.

Nearly every girl would rather have two or three pretty and inexpensive party frocks than one elaborate and high-priced one, and it is a real triumph for any woman when she contrives to make art out of money in securing beauty in her apparel. It can't always be done, but in party frocks there is the best of chances. And it is much the same in sports clothes. In both, color plays the leading part and both give wide range to

is finished with needlework. This is done with silver thread in long and short stitches, forming silver pyramids about the brim edge. For trimming, a big star cut from moleskin is applied to the crown and brim with long stitches of silver thread. Such a hat may be used instead of the well-beloved black velvet picture hat, and divide honors with it for elegance and distinction. The second hat is a charming little



WHERE ART OUTFRIVALS MONEY.

the fancy of the designer. Material for evening and dance frocks, like those for sports clothes, have a definite character. And the same colors and patterns that appear in silks are copied in inexpensive cottons, so that the clever and original designer can get lovely effects in either. The pretty party gown shown here is made of net, and a net top lace over understip of white taffeta. The underslip is adorned with six narrow ruffles of taffeta about the bottom. Each little ruffle, instead of a hem, has a narrow fringe, made by fraying the silk to the depth of a half inch, and the effect of the frayed edges is very soft and dainty. Two flounces of the net-top lace extend about the sides and front of the dress, but, at the back, a straight panel of net is gathered in at the waistline. Little blossoms, made of ribbon,

sports hat de luxe. The shape of its crown and the delicate gray of the soft felt, make a delightful background for the fascinating landscape which appears to have lit upon the hat with considerable force. Surely nothing less than an earthquake could have produced square clouds, a rickety little house and an animal that might be either a sheep or a cow. A road, such as all five-year-old artists put in their landscapes, wiggles across the foreground, while the background is given over to bushes and birds equal in size. These marvelous things are outlined with colored worsteds and make an adorable hat, whose only other adornment is a binding of fur. An all-round hat—conservative and becoming—belongs in every wardrobe. Nothing could qualify better than the black velvet hat with tam crown and a plume-like band of fur at the left side, which is a piece of sensible and



DISTINCT TYPES IN MIDWINTER MILLINERY.

hang by their stems in a row on each flounce. Every time the dancer moves they are thrown into a gay flutter. The art of the designer shines in them, and in the girle, with big butterfly bow at the back, made of silk shot with silver. There is a wreath of tiny silk roses posed against the girle's and it gives this adorable dress a final touch of dainty elegance. None of the materials used is costly. The tale of winter millinery is nearly told. One sees at tearooms and matinees, in restaurants and along Fifth avenue, hats in satins—sedate and gay (mostly gay)—that bespeak dreams of spring. The models shown include three distinct types of midwinter millinery, all trimmed with fur. For a dress hat there is a graceful sailor shape covered with taupe velvet. The velvet is crushed in soft folds about the crown and laid smoothly on the brim, which

smart headwear. Winter millinery makes an impressive exit after a most artistic performance, with such hats as these. *Julie B. Bromley*  
Pocket Idea. Instead of putting your square patch pockets on your new satin frock at perfectly symmetrical right angles, try applying them in diamond shape. Sew only the two bottom sides of the square to the frock, and button the uppermost point to the frock, so that the result is a pocket with practically two openings. It is surprising what an unusual effect this gives to a frock, especially if fur buttons on the pockets carry out the fur trimming on the frock.

## HIGH COST OF LIVING

This is a serious matter with housekeepers as food prices are constantly going up. To overcome this, cut out the high priced meat dishes and serve your family more Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti, the cheapest, most delicious and most nutritious of all foods. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Nebr., for beautiful cook book, telling how to prepare it in a hundred different ways. It's free to every woman.—Adv.

## FINEST OF ROYAL PALACES

Writer Tells of Beauty of Schoenbrunn, Where Emperor Francis Joseph Died.

I have seen the summer and winter palaces of eleven important kings and emperors. Almost any layman after seeing them would vote Schoenbrunn the finest royal spot in which to spend a restful day. That is where old Francis Joseph died. His palace in Vienna looks like a barracks, but Schoenbrunn's surroundings look like a home. Versailles, the product of a Frenchman's fantasy, is far too artificial—the trees too much on one pattern—to appeal to an ordinary mortal. The mikado of Japan has a delightful place at Nikko—in Japan they say if you haven't seen Nikko you cannot say beautiful—but it is much less pretentious than the death palace of one of the longest-reigning monarchs in history.—Girard in Philadelphia Ledger.

**RED CROSS STORY.**  
Red Cross Hall Blue and what it will do seems like an old story, but it's true. Red Cross Hall Blue is all blue. No adulteration. Makes clothes whiter than snow. Use it next washday. All good grocers sell it.—Adv.

**Power of Observation.**  
Even in the pursuit of other studies the power of observation is of parchildren in a school and see how some seem positively incapable of seeing or hearing; they will strain every nerve to copy the exercises on the blackboard, and yet there will be mistakes; they will listen to an explanation and yet when it comes to a repetition it seems as though the sound of the words had never gone further than the mount importance. Watch a class of outer ear; in fact, they cannot study because they have never learned to take the first step in that direction through training of the senses. All knowledge, you know, comes through the senses, and the more widely open we throw these doors the more knowledge we may hope to have come streaming in to enlighten the mind.

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

**Harvard Students Pay Bills.**  
Testimony to the truth of the statement that Harvard students are as a rule reliable in the matter of payment of bills, is given in the report of the Co-Operative society. "The society loses very little through uncollectable accounts," runs the report, "in spite of the fact that by far the larger part of its sales are on credit. During the past year, in a total business of \$445,000, the entire amount written off the books as uncollectable was \$212.23."

**Safety Guaranteed.**  
The Nervous Old Lady—You won't run away with me, will you?  
The Cabby—Lor' bless you, mum—no; why, I've a wife and eight kids at one a'ready.—London Sketch.  
Scotland has a factory where only women are employed.

# Seasonable Medicine

As Winter approaches it is advisable to help Nature maintain the highest possible standard of health

## TRY HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

When a safe tonic, appetizer and stomach remedy is needed

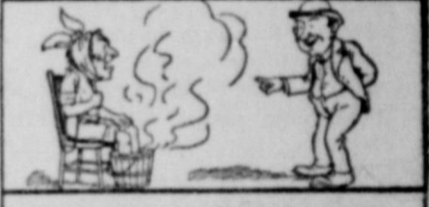
His Little Joke.  
"Why did Flubdub call his home 'Llama villa'?" Did he make his money in Peru?"  
"Oh, no. He merely says it has an 'L' that it doesn't need."

**THAT GRIM WHITE SPECTRE.**  
Pneumonia, follows on the heels of a neglected cough or cold. Delay no longer. Take Mansfield's Cough Balsam. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

**The Only Possible Reason.**  
The girl with red lips may not know just how red they are. Possibly her mother has so many other things to do that she hasn't time to clean the daughter's mirror.

**Added a Cipher.**  
"Why did you add to that story I told you about my war bride profits?"  
"I added nothing."  
"That's just it. I told you I cleared \$500 and you made it \$5,000."

**Higher Education.**  
Mrs. Brown called at the home of Mrs. Jones to talk over the fashions and things, and somewhere about the sixty-fifth lap of the conversation the caller referred to the young daughter of the host. "By the way, dear," remarked Mrs. Brown inquisitively, "where is Minnie? I haven't seen her for an age."  
"Minnie is at college," proudly responded the fond mother, and then added: "And I am so worried about her. I haven't had a letter for nearly two weeks."  
"There is where you make a mistake," was the prompt rejoinder of Mrs. Brown. "Instead of letting her go to college why don't you send her to one of those correspondence schools?"



**Boschee's German Syrup**  
For 51 years has been the quickest, safest, and best remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and sore throat. It acts like magic soothing and healing the lungs, the very first organs to get out of order when one catches cold. 25c and 75c. sizes at all Druggists and Dealers. Keep a bottle always handy.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**  
Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms  
900 Drops  
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN  
Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.  
A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy.  
Facsimile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.  
At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS  
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

THE McLEAN NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

Year .....\$1.00

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

Bond Issue Is Favored

I do not write this article for the sake of argument but just to give some reasons and figures relative to the proposed bond issue. Let us see in the first place about what it will cost to float and pay \$25,000 bond issue redeemable on or before forty years. Figuring it on a straight forty year basis it would amount to \$75,000, but let us look at it from another point of view.

Forty year straight does not allow anything for increase in the rendition. In 1905 the county's rendition was about one and a half million, if I mistake not. In 1916 it was three million, six hundred thousand, an increase of two million one hundred thousand. In 1905

this commissioners precinct (No. 4) had perhaps one third of the amount which would be five hundred thousand and in 1916 about a million. Then you see it would take a 20 cent levy on the hundred dollar valuation to pay the bond issue, but it has doubled since 1905 and it is reasonable to suppose it will double in the next ten years. Say it only increases one third then it would redeem the bonds in twenty years at 20 cents on the \$100 valuation. To prove this 20 cents on \$100 valuation on \$1,000,000 for one year would be \$2,000, for ten years it would be \$20,000. Then you will have paid \$12,500 interest on the bonds and \$7,500 on the face of the bonds, leaving \$17,500 yet to be paid. Then say in this first ten years the rendition has increased to \$1,500,000 to tax at 20 cents on the \$100 valuation for one year would be \$3,000 and

for ten years would be \$30,000. The interest for the second ten years would be \$12,500 then \$30,000 minus \$12,500 would leave \$17,500, the amount due on the bonds, having paid \$7,500 the first ten years. So the bonds would be redeemed in twenty years at a cost of \$50,000, not allowing that you get any interest on the \$7,500 that accumulated for the bonds in the first ten years.

Then knowing what it will cost to issue the bonds and pay them, which is \$50,000 (not counting premium and interest on sinking fund which would make it less) the next proposition would be, will we get face value for money paid out? Commissioners precinct No. 4 is fifteen miles square, or about 225 sections of land, 640 acres to the section, making about 144,000 acres of land and I believe that \$25,000 expended on the roads in this precinct would increase the value of the land at least 40 cents per acre, and 144,000 acres at 40 cents per acre would be \$57,600. I admit that it would increase the value of some land more than it would some other and some men say, "why should I pay tax to build another community." That is the intention of the law that "no man shall live unto himself." For illustration: You pay a school tax whether you have a child or not to attend school.

Let us say A has 640 acres of land four miles from town rendered to the country at \$5 per acre, making a valuation of \$3,200. A 20 cents on the \$100 valuation would be \$640 per year for taxes and in forty years would be \$256. I believe that \$25,000 expended on roads in this precinct would increase the value of that section more than \$256, not allowing that the bonds redeemed sooner.

I do not write this in answer to any one's argument but simply state things as I see them. If I am not correct in my figures I am open for correction any time. Am not content in any one for differing from me and am glad that most of them are fair minded men and their neighbors, but sorry to say that some or at least one has embarrassed the bond issue and said I was a "poor renter and had no business with the office of commissioner." But am glad that the constitution guarantees me the right of citizenship and I was issued into this citizenship full fledged, legitimately and without my own consent and when a "renter" cannot be a citizen of America then I will tip my hat to her and bid her adieu.

One word as to the Ozark Trail, that does not interest me farther than that I think the most travelled roads should have the most money and I believe this is the intention of the law and should this bond issue carry I will do my best to distribute it equally and farther believe that the majority of my constituents so understand.

Whatever the voters decide about the bond, I say amen, too, but I am a good roads booster at all times.

R. N. Ashby.

A Woman Tar ff Commissioner.

Rumors from Washington that the President may appoint Miss Lila Tarbell a member of the tariff commission are interesting in many ways. Such an appointment would be a recognition of competence irrespective of sex. Miss Tarbell is no ignoramus in economics, and has devoted particular attention to our tariff and its workings. Her articles on that subject were not of a sort to give joy to the hide-bound protectionists, but revealed genuine

We have mailed statements to All of our delinquent subscribers during the past month. Most of them responded promptly, for which we thank them, however, a few have not. If you are still delinquent please attend to it at your very earliest convenience.

skill in marshaling statistics and extracting their true meaning. That she would bring a specially trained mind to the work of the tariff commission could not be denied. And think of the advantage of having a woman on the commission! Tariff taxes closely affect house-keeping; all housekeepers are women; so there you are! Even the high protectionists ought to be glad to have Miss Tarbell on the commission. They cannot have forgotten how the McKinley tariff brought disaster to the Republican party—largely a fine explanation was at the time because the women did not understand the blessings which the low tariff conferred upon them. A woman commissioner might prevent another such calamity.—New York Evening Post.

A Sad Death

Their many friends were deeply grieved Wednesday morning to learn of the death of Kitty, ten year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee Turner, which occurred at six o'clock after a brief attack of appendicitis. The child had been complaining since Saturday but her condition was not considered serious. During the night prior to her death Mr. Turner had been up several times and held her in his lap as she was suffering and could not sleep. About four o'clock she said she believed she could go to sleep and he laid her on the bed, lying down beside her. Mrs. Turner watched by her bed for awhile and then called Mr. Turner saying the child was worse. He again took her in his lap, where he held her until she passed away at six o'clock.

Funeral services were conducted Thursday afternoon by Rev. Goodwin and the last remains were laid to rest in the local cemetery. Many beautiful floral offerings and many kind words of sympathy and love bespoke the deep feeling of friends and neighbors who endeavored to console the stricken family in their irreparable loss.

Two brothers who were away arrived for the funeral. J. W. Turner, who lives near Miami, and Josh Turner, who is connected with the Coldwater National Bank at Coldwater, Kan.

The Dort Design French Type Motor

A high-speed motor, created to the smallest detail by the brain of the best European-trained engineer we could engage—M. Ethenne Planche. It is unique for stamina and dependability and has mechanical features that are the marvel of the foremost automobile designers—such as dual exhaust, combined clutch-and-brake, aeroplane fan, infallible Westinghouse start and electric equipment, independent cooling of cylinders, and similar superiorities.

Power Pre-Eminent

The Dort climbs and travels to the limit of one's desires. Its flexibility has made it a ladies' favorite. In traffic, for instance, drivers of the fair sex find the combination of clutch and brake a welcome relief. No need to take the right foot from the accelerator, hence no "stalling." And a pick-up that spells safety—always in critical places. The of the Dort is ever on tap with a reserve power that keeps you out of accidents and obviates late arrival.

D. N. Massay Agent

Special Sale

Boots and Men's Underwear January 18th to 31st Inclusive

Boots

\$12.00	Boots	8.95
\$10.00	Boots	7.75

Men's Union Suits

1.50 Unions for	1.15
1.25 Unions for	.85
1.00 Men's underwear, per suit	.75

Sweaters

2.00	Sweaters	1.15
1.50	Sweaters	.90
1.00	Sweaters	.65

McLean Shoe Store

Nifty

I am not going to tell you that I have the niftiest looking store in town, but I do want you to know that you will find it the niftiest stock. Why anything you want in the way of groceries can be found and of the very best grades and lowest prices. Remember I specialize on

Canned Goods

(I get them by the car load)

Also I appreciate your trade and will show my appreciation in a substantial manner—not just words.

G. R. Bellenger

Be Not Deceived

by the statement that foreign trees are as good as home grown. If you want an orchard that will give you satisfaction, make sure by buying your stock from the

Plainview Nursery Plainview, Texas

## Local Happenings

Items of Interest About  
Town and County

Sale—300 pounds of meat  
ins. 4 cents per pound, at  
eat market 2c

Poland China Boar ser-  
ve S B Fas. 4 miles north  
n. 2p

and Mrs. Kiah Hodges of  
were visitors in the city  
book

Sale—New milk cow  
and calf. S B Fas. 2p

S H Ruddy entertained a  
of ladies at a "spend  
y" Wednesday.

and cabbage, and it's fine.  
dy & Biggers.

Ms. Nunn visited in Ama-  
recently.

sweet potatoes are fine—  
and Biggers.

Speed of Papa was a  
where the latter part of  
week.

Wheat and pan cake  
Bandy & Biggers

Clark of Shamrock was  
yesterday on business

Best cranberries you ever  
"Eat more cranberries"—  
y & Biggers.

Frances Ford and Grace  
in "Peg O The Ring"  
y night at the Pastime  
re.

and A square. At the  
office.

road traffic has not been de-  
so far on account of the  
y snow.

ee tickets to the largest  
ly Saturday night at the  
me Theatre. Come and  
y pa, ma, brother, sister,  
dpa, grandma, in fact bring  
the family to see Peg O The  
y Saturday night.

rs. J A Haynes and children  
returned from Petersburg,  
es, where they attended the  
rat of Mrs. Haynes' father,  
W R Carr.

G Richard-on has sold  
Holt home to T. J. Coffey.  
will take possession in a  
t time. Mr Coffey's mother  
acts to make her home with

Peg O The Ring is the great-  
est circus serial shown. Come  
out and bring the children, it  
will be educational and interest-  
ing to them.

A J Patton, T. F. & P. A.  
of the sunset lines of Ft Worth,  
was in the city Wednesday.

For Sale—Cotton seed cake  
and meal. Geo W. Sitter. 2c

Will pay best of prices for all  
poor sows and shoats, weighing  
100 pounds and better.—George  
Cook.

An excellent season will be  
the result of the heavy snow  
this week. Wheat was never  
better over the entire Panhan-  
dle.

Just received car of stock  
sait—plenty of plain and sul-  
phurized block, 25 50 and 100 lb  
sacks. Also Michigan Meat  
Sait—Bundy & Biggers.

Fred Stockton of Bethany,  
Okla., and Frank Stockton of  
Austin will remain at home since  
the death of their father

One of the heaviest snows in  
this section for the past four  
years is now on the ground  
Snow began falling Sun-  
day and the entire week has  
been cold.

A little son was born to Mr  
and Mrs J A Ashby on Sunday  
14 h.

Miss Monie Foster narrowly  
escaped a serious accident last  
Sunday when she was run over  
by a Ford runabout driven by  
Miss Eva Biggers. She was  
badly bruised about the face  
and body. Doyle is filling her  
place in the public school this  
week.

### Church of Christ.

W. W. Brewer of Clarendon,  
will preach Sunday at eleven  
and Sunday night at the Church  
of Christ in McLean. He will  
also preach at the Back school  
house at 3:30 o'clock in the  
afternoon. A cordial invitation  
is given to every one to attend  
these services.

Thoroughbred Hereford bulls  
for sale. See them in pen at  
McLean Geo Bourland, phone  
121. Sp

For Sale—Either a span of  
mules or a horse and mare with  
harness and choice of 2 good  
wagons. Will give time but  
must be good note. W C Cheney

All those that pay school tax  
will please see me at the Cit-  
izens State Bank. T W Henry.

### Milk in Winter.

Why do your cows give less  
milk in winter than they do in  
summer? Just because nature  
does not supply them with  
grasses and green food. But we  
have come to the assistance of  
Dame Nature with B. A. Thomas  
Stock Remedy which contains  
the very ingredients that the  
green feed supplies in season,  
only, of course, in a more high-  
ly concentrated form. We  
guarantee that this remedy will  
make your cows give more milk,  
and better milk, with the same  
feed.—McLean Hardware Co.

### Phone Subscribers Notice.

I expect to get out a new  
phone directory this month and  
will ask that you see me at once  
and let me get your name.  
John W. Kibler

### Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they  
cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cat-  
arrh is a blood or constitutional disease,  
and in order to cure it you must take in-  
ternal 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 phy-  
sicians in this country for years and is  
a regular prescription. It is composed of  
the best tonics known, combined with  
the best blood purifiers, acting directly on  
the mucous surfaces. The perfect combina-  
tion of the two ingredients is what pro-  
duces such wonderful results in curing  
catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.  
\*Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Posted.

Take notice that no hunting  
will be allowed on my section  
south of town—keep out or take  
the consequences. I will prose-  
cute to the fullest extent of the  
law.  
J. P. Reeves.

Those from a distance to at-  
tend the funeral of J. R. Stock-  
ton were Mr. and Mrs. U S  
Lovejoy of Dallas, Mr. Will  
Lovejoy of Oklahoma City, W L  
Stockton of Vinyard, Texas,  
Mr. and Mrs. Roger Francis of  
Ochiltree and Miss Grace Fran-  
ces of Boydston. All have re-  
turned to their homes.



THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and  
bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures  
diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheuma-  
tism 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 re-  
ceipt 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. E. W. Hall, 225 Olive Street,  
St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv. r

### A Word to Butter Makers.

I have tried in vain to find a  
market for country butter and  
20 cents delivered is the best  
offer I can get. But I can hand-  
the cream at as good or better  
price than you are realizing now  
for your butter. If you have a  
separator it is better, but if not  
skim your milk by hand and I  
will pay you for whatever it  
will test the only difference is  
you will lose just a little more  
milk.

I would be glad to hear from  
every one who is interested  
along this line so as I may gather  
some idea as to how to handle  
the situation.

Respectfully,  
Will Langley.

Another daily passenger train  
will soon be put on to Lubbock  
over the Santa Fe.

Sunday afternoon Childrens  
experienced the most disastrous  
fire in a number of years, the  
total loss reached about \$25,000.

\$300 worth of improvements  
is being made on the Glazier  
school, \$300 comes from the  
state and the balance by public  
subscription.

### To Whom it May Concern.

I would like to meet at West-  
ern Lumber Co. Office Saturday  
January, 20 at two thirty. Any  
one interested in Dairy cattle  
and a better means of diversifi-  
cation that will be for the better  
ment of our town, community  
and all parties interested.

Lee VanSant.

### Bids.

Notice is hereby given, that  
in accordance with Title 44, and  
Chapter 2 thereof of the Revis-  
ed Civil Statutes of the State of  
Texas, (1911 Edition) notice is  
hereby given, that the com-  
missioners' Court of Gray coun-  
ty, Texas will convene at the  
Court house thereof, in the town  
of LeFors on Tuesday, the 13th,  
day of February, 1917, to receive  
sealed bids, filed on or before  
the first day of said term, from  
any Banking Corporation, As-  
sociation or individual Banker  
in Said County, desiring to act  
as Depository of the funds of  
said County for a term of two  
years, beginning April 9th, 1917.

All bids should be accompa-  
ned with certified check in the  
sum of \$75.00.

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

Given under my hand, at of-  
fice in LeFors, Texas, this Janu-  
ary 17th, 1917.

T. M. WOLFE,

County Judge, Gray County,  
Texas.

**GOOD POSITION**  
Secured or Your Money Back  
If you take the Dragoon Training, the  
training that business men desire. You  
can take it of college or by mail. Write to-day  
DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE  
Box 761, Amarillo, Texas

### John Robert Stockton

John Robert Stockton was  
born in Stockton Valley, Ken-  
tucky, July 30, 1857. In 1867 he  
moved to Montecello, Ky., from  
which place he came to Texas  
ten years later settling in Wise  
county.

Brother Stockton united with  
the Christian church at seven-  
teen years of age and was con-  
verted and united with the  
Methodist church at Chico, Tex-  
as, in the summer of 1900. He  
was married to Miss Lee Love-  
joy Jan. 8, 1879. To this union  
nine children were born, five  
boys and four girls, all of whom  
with their mother, are living  
and were present. Besides these,  
one brother, W. L. Stockton of  
Vinyard, Texas, and one sister,  
Mrs. Sue Warren of Rigliand,  
N. M., remain to mourn his  
departure.

Brother Stockton died in sub-  
lime peace Jan. 12, 1917, of  
pneumonia after only a few  
days illness. Among his last  
words he said: "I have always  
tried to live right and have no  
regrets. I am ready to go." He  
asked all present to meet  
him in heaven and left a like  
message for his absent children  
and loved ones.

### Card Of Thanks.

We take this method of ex-  
pressing our appreciation of the  
many kind deeds done and ten-  
der words spoken for and to us  
in our bereavement over the  
loss of our beloved husband,  
father and brother, and for  
which we shall always cherish  
as coming from his many friends  
and loved ones.  
Mrs. J. R. Stockton and family.

### Posted.

The public is hereby warned  
that no hunting or otherwise  
trespassing on my place 4 miles  
east of McLean will be allowed.  
Please keep off.

Raymond Kacheihoffer.

For Sale—Four good work  
mules. See M D Kimbro, Mc-  
Lean, Texas. 2p

I have secured the agency for the  
**Chevorelet Automobile**

and will be glad to demon-  
strate this little car to you. It  
is one of the best little cars  
made and only costs you

**\$550 delivered**

Can you beat it? See or phone

**Roy Hicks**  
**Alanreed Texas**

We Sell The  
**Ford**

That reliable little machine that  
meets the needs of every auto driver  
and at a price that you can afford.

Complete line of

**Ford Accessories**

Oils, Gasoline, tires and all kinds  
of auto fixtures.

**McLean Auto Co.**  
Luther McCombs, Mgr.

Men's Shoes  
Men's Work Trousers  
Men's Underwear  
Men's Hose  
Men's Ties  
Men's Shirts  
Men's Suspenders

In fact most anything for the  
men.

**Buddy-Hodges Mer. Co.**

**D. N. Massay**

Dealer in Real Estate and Rental Property  
A List of Your Property Solicited

**McLean Texas**

## Windmills

Get The

## Deempster

back geared, center lift windmill,  
and you will have something that  
will not only give you satisfaction,  
but be a constant pleasure as well.

**Well casing, pipe  
and succorod**

Let me figure your bills

**C. S. Rice**

Hardware And Furniture

Phone 42

# The Turmoil

By  
**BOOTH TARKINGTON**

(Copyright 1914, by Harper & Brothers)

### SYNOPSIS.

Sheridan's attempt to make a business man of his son Bibbs by starting him in the machine shop ends in Bibbs going to a sanitarium, a nervous wreck. On his return Bibbs is met at the station by his sister Edith. He finds himself an inconsiderable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He sees Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door. The Vertreeses, old town family and impoverished, call on the Sheridans, newly-rich, and afterward discuss them. Mary puts into words her parents' unspoken wish that she marry one of the Sheridan boys.

Here is a young woman, one of the poor aristocrats, deliberately setting forth to capture a rich husband. Perhaps Mary will honestly fall in love with Jim Sheridan, and be happy in her marriage. Do you think she is waging her "warfare" in a manner that will bring her success?

### CHAPTER V.

It was a brave and lustrous banquet; and a noisy one, too, because there was an orchestra among some plants at one end of the long dining room, and after a preliminary stiffness the guests were impelled to converse—necessarily at the tops of their voices. The whole company of fifty sat at a great oblong table, a continent of damask and lace, with shores of crystal and silver running up to spreading groves of orchids and lilies and white roses—an inhabited continent, evidently, for there were three marvelous, gleaming buildings; one in the center and one at each end, white miracles wrought by some inspired craftsman in sculptural feng. They were models in miniature, and they represented the Sheridan building, the Sheridan apartments, and the pump works. Nearly all the guests recognized them without having to be told what they were, and pronounced the likenesses superb.

The arrangement of the table was visibly baronial. At the head sat the great Thane, with the flower of his family and of the guests about him; then on each side came the neighbors of the "old" house, grading down to vassals and retainers—superintendents, cashiers, heads of departments, and the like—at the foot, where the Thane's lady took her place as a consolation for the less important. Here, too, among the thralls and bondmen, sat Bibbs Sheridan, a meek Banquo, wondering how anybody could look at him and sat.

Nevertheless, there was a vast, continuous eating and the talk went on with the eating, incessantly. It rose over the throbbing of the orchestra and the clatter and clinking of silver and china and glass, and there was a mighty babble.

And through the interstices of this clamorous Bibbs could hear the continual booming of his father's heavy voice, and once he caught the sentence, "Yes, young lady, that's just what I did for me, and that's just what I'd do for my boys—they got to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before!" It was his familiar flourish, an old story to Bibbs, and now joyfully declared for the edification of Mary Vertrees.

It was a great night for Sheridan—the very crest of his wave. His big, smooth, red face grew more and more radiant with good will and with the simplest, happiest, most boyish vanity. He was the picture of health, of good cheer, and of power on a holiday.

He dominated the table, shouting jokey questions and ralleries at everyone. His idea was that when people were having a good time they were noisy; and his own additions to the hubbub increased his pleasure, and, of course, met the warmest encouragement from his guests. He kept time to the music continually—with his feet, or pounding on the table with his fist, and sometimes with spoon or knife upon his plate or a glass, without permitting these side-products to interfere with the real business of eating and shouting.

"Tell 'em to play 'Nancy Lee'!" he would bellow down the length of the table to his wife, while the musicians were in the midst of the "Toreador" song, perhaps. "Ask that fellow if he don't know 'Nancy Lee'!" And when the leader would shake his head apologetically in answer to an obedient shriek from Mrs. Sheridan, the "Toreador" continuing vehemently, Sheridan would roar half-remembered fragments of "Nancy Lee," naturally mingling some Bizet with the air of that uxorious tribute.

No external bubbling contributed to this effervescence; the Sheridan's table had never borne wine, and more because of timidity about it than conviction, it bore none now. And certainly no wine could have inspired more turbulent good spirits in the host. Not even Bibbs was an ally in this night's happiness, for, as Mrs. Sheridan had said, he had "plans for Bibbs"—plans which were going to straighten out some things that had gone wrong.

So he pounded the table and boomed "chose" of old songs, and then, for

getting these, would renew his friendly ralleries, or perhaps, turning to Mary Vertrees, who sat near him, round the corner of the table at his right, he would become autobiographical. Gentlemen less naive than he had paid her that tribute, for she was a girl who inspired the autobiographical impulse in every man who met her—it needed but the sight of her.

The dinner seemed, somehow, to center about Mary Vertrees and the jocund host as a play centers about its hero and heroine; they were the rubicund king and the starchy princess of this spectacle—they paid court to each other, and everybody paid court to them. Down near the sugar pump works, where Bibbs sat, there was audible speculation and admiration. "Wonder who that lady is—makin' such a hit with the old man." "Must be some heiress." "Heiress? Golly, I guess I could stand it to marry rich, then!"

Edith and Sibyl were radiant; at first they had watched Miss Vertrees with an almost haggard anxiety, wondering what disastrous effect Sheridan's pastoral gaieties—and other things—would have upon her, but she seemed delighted with everything, and with him most of all. She treated him as if he were some delicious, foolish old joke that she understood perfectly, laughing at him almost violently when he bragged—probably his first experience of that kind in his life. It enchanted him.

As he proclaimed to the table, she had "a way with her." She had, indeed, as Roscoe Sheridan, upon her right, discovered just after the feast began. Since his marriage three years before, no lady had bestowed upon him so protracted a full view of brilliant eyes; and, with the look, his lovely neighbor said—and it was her first speech to him—

"I hope you're very susceptible, Mr. Sheridan!"

Honest Roscoe was taken aback, and, "Why?" was all he managed to say.

She repeated the look deliberately, which was noted, with a mystification equal to his own, by his sister across the table. No one, reflected Edith, could imagine Mary Vertrees the sort of girl who would "really flirt" with married men—she was obviously the "opposite of all that." Edith defined her as "thoroughbred," a "nice girl," and the look given to Roscoe was astounding. Roscoe's wife saw it, too, and she was another whom it puzzled—though not because its recipient was married.

"Because!" said Mary Vertrees, replying to Roscoe's monosyllable. "And also because we're next-door neighbors at table, and it's dull times ahead for both of us if we don't get along."

Roscoe was a literal young man, all stocks and bonds, and he had been brought up to believe that when a man married he "married and settled down."

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the gentleman at her left, the name "Mr. James Sheridan, Jr." And from that moment Roscoe had little enough cause for wondering what he ought to reply to her disturbing coquetries.

Mr. James Sheridan had been anxiously waiting for the dazzling beauty to "get through with old Roscoe" and give a bachelor a chance. "Old Roscoe" was the younger, but he had always been the steady wheel-horse of the family. As their father habitually boasted, both brothers were "capable, hard-working young business men." Physically neither was of the height, breadth or depth of the father. Both wore young business men's mustaches, and either could have sat for the tailor-shop lithographs of young business men wearing "rich suitings in dark mixtures."

Jim, approving warmly of his neighbor's profile, perceived her access of color, which increased his approbation. "What's that old Roscoe saying to you, Miss Vertrees?" he asked. "These young married men are mighty forward nowadays, but you musn't let 'em make you bluish."

"Am I blushing?" she said. "Are you sure?" And with that she gave him ample opportunity to make sure, repeating with interest the look wasted upon Roscoe. "I think you must be mistaken," she continued. "I think it's your brother who is blushing. I've thrown him into confusion."

"How?"

She laughed, and then, leaning to him a little, said in a tone as confidential as she could make it, under cover of the uproar, "By trying to begin with him a courtship I meant for you!"

This might well be a style new to Jim; and it was. He supposed it a nonsensical form of badinage, and yet it took his breath. He realized that he wished what she said to be the literal truth, and he was instantly snared by that realization.

"By George!" he said. "I guess you're the kind of girl that can say anything—yes, and get away with it, too!"

She laughed again—in her way, so that he could not tell whether she was laughing at him or at herself or at the nonsense she was talking; and she said:

"But you see I don't care whether I get away with it or not. I wish you'd tell me frankly if you think I've got a chance to get away with you?"

"More like if you've got a chance to get away from me!" Jim was inspired to reply. "Not one in the world, especially after beginning by making fun of me like that."

"I mightn't be so much in fun as you think," she said, regarding him with sudden gravity.

"Well," said Jim, in simple honesty, "you're a funny girl!"

Her gravity continued an instant longer. "I may not turn out to be funny for you."

"So long as you turn out to be anything at all for me, I expect I can manage to be satisfied." And with that, to his own surprise, it was his turn to blush, whereupon she laughed again.

"Yes," he said, plaintively, not wholly lacking intuition, "I can see you're the sort of girl that would laugh the minute you see a man really means anything!"

"Laugh!" she cried, gayly. "Why, it might be a matter of life and death! But if you want tragedy, I'd better put the question at once, considering the mistake I made with your brother."

Jim was dazed. She seemed to be playing a little game of mockery and nonsense with him, but he had glimpses of a flashing danger in it; he was but too sensible of being outclassed, and had somewhere a consciousness that he could never quite know this giddy and alluring lady, no matter how long it pleased her to play with him. But he mightily wanted her to keep on playing with him.

"Put what question?" he said, breathlessly.

"As you are a new neighbor of mine and of my family," she returned, speaking slowly and with a cross-examiner's severity, "I think it would be well for me to know at once whether you are already walking out with any young lady or not. Mr. Sheridan, think well! Are you spoken for?"

"Not yet," he gasped. "Are you?"

"No!" she cried, and with that they both laughed again; and the pastime proceeded, increasing both in its gaiety and in its gravity.

Observing his continuance, Mr. Robert Lamborn, opposite, turned from a lively conversation with Edith and remarked covertly to Sibyl that Miss Vertrees was "starting rather picturesquely with Jim." And he added, languidly, "Do you suppose she would?"

For the moment Sibyl gave no sign of having heard him, but seemed interested in the clasp of a long "rope" of pearls, a loop of which she was allowing to swing from her fingers, resting her elbow upon the table and following with her eyes the twinkle of diamonds and platinum in the clasp at the end of the loop. She wore many jewels. She was pretty, but hers was not the kind of prettiness to be loaded with too sumptuous accessories, and jeweled head-dresses are dangerous—they may emphasize the wrongness of the wrong wearer.

"I said Miss Vertrees seems to be starting pretty strong with Jim," repeated Mr. Lamborn.

"I heard you." There was a latent discontent always somewhere in her eyes, no matter what she threw upon the surface to cover it, and just now she did not care to cover it; she looked sullen. "Starting any stronger than you did with Edith?" she inquired.

"Oh, keep the peace!" he said, crossly. "That's off, of course."

"You haven't been making her see it this evening—precisely," said Sibyl,

all as at him steadily. "You've talked to her for—"

"For heaven's sake," he began, "keep the peace!"

"Well, what have you just been doing?"

"Sh!" he said. "Listen to your father-in-law."

Sheridan was booming and braying louder than ever, the orchestra having begun to play "The Rosary," to his vast content.

"I count them over, la-la-tum-tedum," he roared, beating the measures with his fork. "Each hour a pearl, each pearl tee-dum-tum-dum—What's the matter of all you folks? Why'n't you sing? Miss Vertrees, I bet a thousand dollars you sing! Why'n't—"

"Mr. Sheridan," she said, turning cheerfully from the ardent Jim, "you don't know what you interrupted! Your son isn't used to my rough ways, and my soldier's wooling frightens him, but I think he was about to say something important."

"I'll say something important to him if he doesn't!" the father threatened, more delighted with her than ever. "By gosh! If I was his age—or a widower right now—"

"Oh, wait!" cried Mary. "If they'd only make less noise! I want Mrs. Sheridan to hear."

"She'd say the same," he shouted. "She'd tell me I was mighty slow if I couldn't get ahead o' Jim. Why, when I was his age—"

"You must listen to your father," Mary interrupted, turning to Jim, who had grown red again. "He's going to tell us how, when he was your age, he made those two blades of grass grow out of a teacup—and you could see for yourself he didn't get them out of his sleeve!"

At that Sheridan pounded the table till it jumped. "Look here, young lady!" he roared. "Some o' these days I'm either goin' to slap you—or I'm goin' to kiss you!"

Edith looked aghast; she was afraid this was indeed "too awful," but Mary Vertrees burst into ringing laughter.

"Both!" she cried. "Both! The one to make me forget the other!"

"But which—" he began, and then suddenly gave forth such stentorian trumpeting of mirth that for once the whole table stopped to listen. "Jim," he roared, "if you don't propose to that girl tonight I'll send you back to the machine shop with Bibbs!"

And Bibbs—down among the retainers by the sugar pump works, and watching Mary Vertrees as a ragged boy in the street might watch a rich little girl in a garden—Bibbs heard. He heard—and he knew what his father's plans were now.

### CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Vertrees "sat up" for her daughter, Mr. Vertrees having retired after a restless evening, not much soothed by the society of his Landseers. But Mrs. Vertrees had a long vigil of it.

She sat through the slow night hours in a stiff little chair under the gaslight in her own room, which was directly over the "front hall." There, book in hand, she employed the time in her own reminiscences, though it was her belief that she was reading Madame de Remusat's.

Her thoughts went backward into her life and into her husband's; and the deeper into the past they went, the brighter the pictures they brought her—and there is tragedy. Like her husband, she thought backward because she did not dare think forward definitely. What thinking forward this troubled couple ventured took the form of a slender hope which neither of them could have borne to bear put in words, and yet they had talked it over, day after day, from the very hour when they heard Sheridan was to build his new house next door. For—so quickly does any ideal of human behavior become an antique—their youth was of the innocent old days, so dead of "breeding" and "gentility," and no craft had been more straitly trained upon them than that of talking about things without mentioning them. Herein was marked the most vital difference between Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees and their big new neighbor, Sheridan, though his youth was of the same epoch, knew nothing of such matters. He had been chopping wood for the morning fire in the country grocery while they were still dancing.

It was after one o'clock when Mrs. Vertrees heard steps and the delicate clinking of the key in the lock, and then, with the opening of the door, Mary's laugh and, "Yes—if you aren't afraid—tomorrow!"

The door closed, and she rushed upstairs, bringing with her a breath of cold and bracing air into her mother's room. "Yes," she said, before Mrs. Vertrees could speak, "he brought me home!"

She let her cloak fall upon the bed, and, drawing an old red-velvet rocking chair forward, sat beside her mother, after giving her a light pat upon the shoulder and a hearty kiss upon the cheek.

"Mamma!" Mary exclaimed, when Mrs. Vertrees had expressed a hope that she had enjoyed the evening and had not caught cold. "Why don't you ask me?"

This inquiry obviously made her mother uncomfortable. "I don't—" she faltered. "Ask you what, Mary?"

"How I got along and what he's like."

"Mary?"

"Oh, it isn't distressing!" said Mary. "And I got along so fast—" She broke off to laugh; continuing then, "But that's the way I went at it, of course. We are in a hurry, aren't we?"

"My dear, I don't know what to—" "What to make of anything!" Mary finished for her. "So that's all right! Now I'll tell you all about it. It was

she said, "It seems to me— I look like I'm afraid—"

"Say as much of it as you can, mamma," said Mary, encouragingly, "can get it, if you'll just give me a keyword."

"Everything you say," Mrs. Vertrees began, timidly, "seems to be the air of— It is as if you were saying to— to make yourself—"

"Oh, I see! You mean I sound as if I were trying to force myself to tell him."

"Not exactly, Mary. That was quite what I meant," said Mrs. Vertrees, speaking direct untruth with perfect unconsciousness. "But you see that—that you found the latter part of the evening at young Mrs. Sheridan's unentertaining—"

"And as Mr. James Sheridan was there, and I saw more of him than a dinner, and had a horribly stupid time in spite of that, you think I—" And then it was Mary who left the deduction unfinished.

Mrs. Vertrees nodded; and though both the mother and the daughter understood, Mary felt it better to make the understanding definite.

"Well," she asked, gravely, "is there anything else I can do? You and papa don't want me to do anything that distresses me, and so, as this is the only thing to be done, it seems it's up to me not to let it distress me. That's all there is about it, isn't it?"

"But nothing must distress your mother either."

"That's what I say!" said Mary, cheerfully. "And so it doesn't. In all right." She rose and took her cloak over her arm, as if to go to her own room. But on the way to the door she stopped, and stood leaning against the foot of the bed, contemplating a threadbare rug at her feet. "Mother, you've told me a thousand times that it doesn't really matter whom a girl marries."

"No, no?" Mrs. Vertrees protested, never said such a—"

"No, not in words; I mean what you meant. It's true, isn't it, that marriage really is 'not a bed of roses, but a field of battle'? To get right down to it, a girl could fight it out with anybody, couldn't she? One man as well as another?"

"Mary, I can't bear for you to talk like that." And Mrs. Vertrees lifted pleading eyes to her daughter—eyes that begged to be spared. "It sounds—almost reckless!"

Mary caught the appeal, came to her, and kissed her gayly. "Never fret, dear! I'm not likely to do anything I don't want to—I've always been to thorough-going a little pig."

She gave her mother a final kiss and went gayly all the way to the door this time, pausing for her postscript with her hand on the knob. "Oh, the one that caught me looking in the window, mamma, the youngest one—"

"Did he speak of it?" Mrs. Vertrees asked, apprehensively.

"No. He didn't speak at all, that I saw, to anyone. I didn't meet him. But he isn't insane, I'm sure; or if he is, he has long intervals when he's not. Mr. James Sheridan mentioned that he lived at home when he was 'well enough'; and it may be he's only an invalid. He looks dreadfully ill, but he has pleasant eyes, and it struck me that if—if one were in the Sheridan family—she laughed a little ruefully—she might be interesting to talk to sometimes, when there was too much stocks and bonds. I didn't see him after dinner."

"There must be something wrong with him," said Mrs. Vertrees. "They'd have introduced him if there weren't."

"I don't know. His father spoke of sending him back to a machine shop of some sort; I glanced at him just then and he was pathetic-looking enough before that, but the most tragic change came over him. He seemed just to die, right there at the table!"

"Mr. Sheridan must be very unfeeling."

"No," said Mary, thoughtfully. "I don't think he is; but he might be uncomprehending, and certainly he's the kind of man to do anything he once sets out to do. But I wish I hadn't been looking at that poor boy just then! I'm afraid I'll keep remembering—"

"I wouldn't," Mrs. Vertrees smiled faintly, and in her smile there was the remotest ghost of a genteel roguishness. "I'd keep my mind on pleasanter things, Mary."

Mary laughed and nodded. "Yes, indeed! Plenty pleasant enough, and probably, if all were known, too good—even for me!"

And when she had gone Mrs. Vertrees drew a long breath, as if a burden were off her mind, and, smiling, began to undress in a gentle reverie.

### CHAPTER VII.

Edith, glancing casually into the "ready-made" library, stopped abruptly, seeing Bibbs there alone. He was standing before the pearl-framed and gold-lettered poem, musingly inspecting it. He read it:

**FUGITIVE.**  
I will forget the things that sting:  
The lashing look, the barbed word,  
I know the very hands that sting  
The stings at me had never stirred  
To anger but for their own scars.  
They've suffered so, that's why they strike.  
I'll keep my heart among the stars  
Where none shall hurt it. Oh, like  
These wounded ones I must not be,  
For, wounded, I might strike in turn!  
So, none shall hurt me. Far and free  
Where my heart flies no one shall harm.

Does it seem to you that Edith Sheridan has enough fine stuff in her soul to write such verse—even though it was written when she was seventeen and now she's past twenty and rather hard?



"Why Don't You Ask Me?"

paused reflectively, continuing, "Edith's interested in that Lamborn boy; he's good-looking and not stupid, but I think he's—" She interrupted herself with a cheery outcry: "Oh, I mustn't be calling him names! If he's trying to make Edith like him I ought to respect him as a colleague."

"I don't understand a thing you're talking about," Mrs. Vertrees complained.

"All the better! Well, he's a bad lot, that Lamborn boy; everybody's always known that, but the Sheridans don't know the everybodies that know. He sat between Edith and Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan. She's like those people who wondered about 'sat up' at the last time we went—dressed in ballgowns; bound to show their clothes and jewels somewhere! She flatters the father, and so did I, for that matter—but not that way. I treated him outrageously!"

"Mary!"

"That's what flattered him. After dinner he made the whole regiment of us follow him all over the house, while he lectured like a guide on the Palestine. He gave dimensions and costs, and the whole 'blin' of 'em listened as if they thought he intended to make them a present of the house. What he was proudest of was the plumbing and that Bay of Naples panorama in the hall. He made us look at all the plumbing—bathrooms and everywhere else—and then he made us look at the Bay of Naples. He said it was a hundred and eleven feet long, but I think it's more. And he led us all into the ready-made library to see a poem Edith had taken a prize with at school. They'd had it printed in gold letters and framed in mother-of-pearl. But the poem itself was rather simple and wistful and nice—he read it to us, though Edith tried to stop him. She was modest about it, and said she'd never written anything else. And then, after a while, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan asked me to come across the street to her house with them—her husband and Edith and Mr. Lamborn and Jim Sheridan."

Mrs. Vertrees was shocked. "Jim!" she exclaimed. "Mary, please—"

"Of course," said Mary. "I'll make it as easy for you as I can, mamma. Mr. James Sheridan, Jr. We went over there, and Mrs. Roscoe explained that 'the men were dying for a drink,' though I noticed that Mr. Lamborn was the only one near death's door on that account. Edith and Mrs. Roscoe said they knew I'd been bored at the dinner. They were objectionably apologetic about it, and they seemed to think now we were going to have a 'good time' to make up for it. But I hadn't been bored at the dinner, I'd been amused; and the 'good time' at Mrs. Roscoe's was horribly, horribly stupid."

"But, Mary," her mother began, "is—is—" And she seemed unable to complete the question.

"Never mind, mamma, I'll say it. Is Mr. James Sheridan, Jr., stupid? I'm sure he's not at all stupid about business. Otherwise— Oh, what right have I to be calling people 'stupid' because they're not exactly my kind? On the big dinner table they had enormous icing models of the Sheridan building—"

"Oh no!" Mrs. Vertrees cried. "Surely not!"

"Yes, and two other things of that kind—I don't know what. But, after all, I wondered if they were so bad. Well, then, mamma, I managed not to feel superior to Mr. James Sheridan, Jr., because he didn't see anything out of place in the Sheridan building in sugar."

Mrs. Vertrees' expression had lost none of its anxiety and she shook her head gravely. "My dear, dear child,"

Does it seem to you that Edith Sheridan has enough fine stuff in her soul to write such verse—even though it was written when she was seventeen and now she's past twenty and rather hard?

(TO BE CONTINUED)