

The McLean News

TENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1914

NO 18

FOR HIS SAKE

START



A BANK ACCOUNT

Through all life's seven ages there is the need of a Bank account, but not through all life's seven ages will there be a chance to open one. While you can start a bank account and keep it alive.

BANK WITH US, A CONSERVATIVE INSTITUTION.

CITIZENS STATE BANK

"GUARANTY FUND BANK"

N. Massay, President
Earl S. Hurst, Cashier

W. E. Ballard, Vice-Pres.
J. L. Crabtree, Vice Pres.

DIRECTORS

J. M. Noel, L. H. Weeb, J. T. Close.

Improve Local Roads

In response to the agitation which has been prevalent with reference to the improving of a stretch of road from this county and the Wheeler county and thereby connecting with the rock with a better highway between the two places, a number of local boosters got busy yesterday and set the ball rolling. The result was that by the evening a sufficient amount of funds had been raised to start the task and putting the road in good condition for mobile travel.

Concerning the necessity for improvement we have the following letter from the Chamber of Commerce at Sayre. The letter was written by J. W. ... chairman of the Quay Road Board at Tucumcari was addressed to Mayor ... at Sayre:

We wish to assist in making a west-to-west highway. We have a road between Amarillo and Tucumcari, a distance

of 126 miles, and our cars make this distance in five hours. We also connected with Santa Rosa, sixty miles southwest of Tucumcari. Santa Rosa is on the Rock Island railroad and is connected by good roads with El Paso, Albuquerque, Las Vegas and Santa Fe.

"If you people will build your road to McLean, Texas, you will have a good road to the east as El Paso is looking after the road to the coast from that point west. I would suggest that you people mark your road by using posts that will stand five feet above the ground and paint them yellow. We are using yellow and set these stakes about fifty feet on each side of the plain traveled roads leading off from our through road.

"Let us hear from you as we want to co-operate with all who are working to the completion of this road."

In view of the fact that thousands of people will go to the Panama Exposition next year overland, the need for this highway is apparent. If such travel, or a great part of it can be directed through this place the resultant advertising will be

worth many times the amount necessary for the building of the road.

So far we are not informed as to whether Shamrock will take the stretch at the Wheeler county line and continue the improvement to their town, but it is likely that they will as this will be the only unimproved piece of road on the entire route.

The people of McLean deserve commendation for the ready manner in which they have responded to this call to civic arms and there is no doubt but that the work undertaken will be finished in a most approved manner.

Below we give a complete list to date of the donations:

Joe Loftin	5.00
J. W. Kibler	5.00
American State Bank	10.00
McLean News	5.00
McLean Auto Co.	5.00
J. N. Phillips	5.00
M. D. Bentley	5.00
C. C. Cooper	5.00
G. W. Sitter	5.00
A. W. Haynes	5.00
Bethel Christian	3.00
Earl S. Hurst	5.00
J. H. Crabtree	2.00
Luther McCombs	5.00
W. R. Patterson	2.00
J. W. Beal	5.00
W. C. Foster	2.00
W. A. Stubbs	2.00
C. E. Donnell	5.00
John Montgomery	3.00
J. R. Hindman	5.00
A. T. Russell	2.00
McLean Hardware Co.	5.00
C. A. Cash	5.00
J. M. Noel	5.00
J. F. Ledbetter	1.50
Jack Hamlin	2.50
Geo. Bourland	2.50
J. C. Wall	2.50
Lee Turner	2.50
John B. Vannoy	2.50
W. T. Wilson	5.00
D. Bassel	1.50
Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.	5.00
Western Lbr. Co.	5.00
Overton Hardware Co.	5.00
Bundy-Hodges	3.00
A. B. Fortner	10.00
D. V. Jay	3.00
C. A. Watkins	5.00
Geo. Weaver	5.00
D. H. Nunn	2.50
C. O. Wolfjin	5.00

For the purpose of taking further steps towards the completion of the task of improving the particular piece of road mentioned there was a mass meeting called at the Odd Fellows hall Monday afternoon at two o'clock

Fine Commercial Printing

PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN YOUR ORDER AT THE NEWS OFFICE.

Lecture On Holy Land

The lecture delivered under the auspices of the Mothers Club by Dr. R. F. Jenkins of Amarillo at the school auditorium on Friday night of last week was fairly well attended and received with enthusiastic appreciation. Dr. Jenkins is a forceful and entertaining speaker and his lecture was spiced with wit, humor and pathos, at the same time giving a faithful portrayal of many interesting things he saw on his trip to the Holy Land. It was the regret of the audience that his time was so limited that he could but skim over the ground and many of the most interesting details he was compelled to omit.

It is hoped that we may at some future time have the pleasure of hearing him pursue the subject further. It is understood that a small sum above the lecturer's expenses was realized by the Mothers' Club, which will be used in furthering the work undertaken by them for the betterment of school conditions.

Clade Davis For Treasurer

We are authorized to include among the announcements this week the name of Clade Davis as an aspirant to the office of treasurer of Gray county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary in July.

Mr. Davis asks us to say that he is seeking the office on his own merits alone and not with any mud to sling at any one. He believes that he is competent to fill the place with satisfaction to all concerned and earnestly asks a consideration of his candidacy. He was raised in this county and is the son of D. C. Davis, one of our substantial plains farmers.

He will appreciate any support or influence that might be exerted in his behalf and promises if possible to see each individual voter between this and the time for the election.

I have rented the old Olive blacksmith shop and have same opened to the public. A share of your patronage is earnestly solicited. I will endeavor to give you prompt and efficient service. Jack Hamlin.

Service and Solidity The Banking Requisites

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

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

CAPITAL \$25,000.00
SURPLUS \$10,000.00

American State Bank

(GUARANTY FUND BANK)
McLean, Texas

D. B. VEATCH, PRESIDENT
W. H. HOLT, CASHIER
GEO. W. SITTER, VICE PRES.
CLAY E. THOMPSON, ASST. CASHIER
A. P. CLARK, JR., J. T. FOSTER,
DIRECTORS.
INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

Bible Study Meeting.

Members of the bible study class of the Methodist Home Mission Society met at the church on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock and report a most enjoyable and interesting meeting. The lesson demanding their attention was the 13th chapter of St. John and they were instructed by Mrs. J. O. Phillips.

We are requested to announce that the next regular meeting will occur next Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at which time they will study the 14th chapter of St. John with Mrs. S. E. Boyett as teacher. It is expressly asked that every member be present on this occasion as there will be business of importance to transact. Members will kindly bear this in mind and make arrangements to be on hand at the stated time.

NIGGERHEAD COAL

We have just received a car load of Colorado Niggerhead Coal—the very best that can be purchased anywhere. If you are expecting to need a load of coal let us show you this. It will please you.

Also have a car load of cement. Phone us your orders or make us a call.

If you are figuring on any kind of a silo we would like to talk it over with you

Western Lumber Company



The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a room near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Wrاندall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"There was nothing left for me to do but that."

"And why did you rob him?"

"Ah, I had ample time to think of all that. You may tell the officers they will find everything hidden in that farmhouse cellar. God knows I do not want them. I am not a thief. I'm not so bad as that."

Mrs. Wrاندall marveled. "Not so bad as that?" And she was a murderer, a wanton!

"You are hungry. You must be famished."

"No, I am not hungry. I have not thought of food." She said it in such a way that the other knew what her whole mind had been given over to since the night before.

A fresh impulse seized her. "You shall have food and a place where you can sleep—and rest," she said. "Now please don't say anything more. I do not want to know too much. The least you say tonight, the better for—both of us."

With that she devoted all of her attention to the car, increasing the speed considerably. Far ahead she could see twinkling, will-o'-the-wisp lights, the first signs of thickly populated districts. They were still eight or ten miles from the outskirts of the city and the way was arduous. She was conscious of a sudden feeling of fatigue. The chill of the night seemed to have made itself felt with abrupt, almost stupefying force. She wondered if she could keep her strength, her courage—her nerves.

The girl was English. Mrs. Wrاندall was convinced of the fact, almost immediately. Unmistakably English and apparently of the cultivated type. In fact, the peculiarities of speech that determines the London show-girl or music-hall character were wholly lacking. Her voice, her manner, even under such trying conditions, were characteristic of the English woman of cultivation. Despite the dreadful strain under which she labored, there were evidences of that curious serenity which marks the English woman of the better classes; an inborn composure, a calm orderliness of the emotions. Mrs. Wrاندall was conscious of a sense of surprise, of a wonder that increased as her thoughts resolved themselves into something less chaotic than they were at the time of contact with this visible condition.

For a mile or more she sent the car along with reckless disregard for comfort or safety. Her mind was groping for something tangible in the way of intentions. Who was she to do with this creature? What was to become of her? At what street corner should she turn her drift? The idea of handing her over to the police did not enter her thoughts for an instant. Somehow she felt that the girl was a stranger to the city. She could not explain the feeling, yet it was with her and very persistent. Of course, there was a home of some sort, or lodgings, or friends, but would he girl dare show herself in familiar haunts?

She found herself wondering why the poor wretch had not made way with herself. Escape seemed out of the question. That must have been clear to her from the beginning, else why was she going back there to give herself up? What better way out of it than self-destruction. She would advise the girl to leave the car when they reached the center of a certain bridge that spanned the river! No one would find her.

Even as the thought took shape in her mind, she experienced a great sense of awe, so overwhelming that she cried out with the horror of it. She turned her head for a quick glance at the mute, wretched face showing white above the robe, and her heart ached with sudden pity for her. The thought of that slender, alive thing going down to the icy waters—her soul turned sick with the dread of it!

In that instant, Sara Wrاندall—no philanthropist, no sentimentalist—made up her mind to give this erring one more than an even chance for salvation. She would see her safely across that bridge and many others. God had directed the footsteps of this girl so that she should fall in with the one best qualified to pass judgment on her. It was in that person's power to save her or destroy her. The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," comes in a broader meaning as she looked at the power that was hers; the slender will.

A great relief came over Sara Wrاندall. It was as if every nerve, every muscle in her body had reached the snapping point—and suddenly had given way. For a moment her head was weak and power, her head fell forward. In an instant she conquered—but only partially—the sense of awe. Then she visited the how tired she was, how interested she had told on by and guarded often.

brain, how much she had really suffered.

Her blurred eyes turned once more for a look at the girl, who sat there, just as she had been sitting for miles, her white face standing out with almost unnatural clearness, and as rigid as that of a sphinx.

The girl spoke. "Do they hang women in this country?"

Mrs. Wrاندall started. "In some of the states," she replied, and was unable to account for the swift impulse to evade.

"But in this state?" persisted the other, almost without a movement of the lips.

"They send them to the electric chair—sometimes," said Mrs. Wrاندall.

There was a long silence between them, broken finally by the girl.

"You have been very kind to me, madam. I have no means of expressing my gratitude. I can only say that I shall bless you to my dying hour. May I trouble you to set me down at the bridge? I remember crossing one. I shall be able to—"

"No!" cried Mrs. Wrاندall shrilly, divining the other's intention at once.

"You shall not do that. I, too, thought of that as a way out of it for you, but—no, it must not be that. Give me a few minutes to think. I will find a way."

The girl turned toward her. Her eyes were burning.

"Do you mean that you will help me to get away?" she cried, slowly, incredulously.

"Let me think!"

"You will lay yourself liable—"

"Let me think, I say."

"But I mean to surrender myself to—"

"An hour ago you meant to do it, but what were you thinking of ten minutes ago? Not surrender. You were thinking of the bridge. Listen to me now: I am sure that I can save you. I do not know all the—all the circumstances connected with your association with—with that man back there at the inn. Twenty-four hours passed before they were able to identify him. It is not unlikely that tomorrow may put them in possession of the name of the woman who went with him to that place. They do not know it tonight, of that I am positive. You covered your trail too well. But you must have been seen with him during the day or the night—"

The other broke in eagerly: "I don't believe any one knows that I—that I went out there with him. He arranged it very—carefully. Oh, what a beast he was!" The bitterness of that wall caused the woman beside her to cry out as if hurt by a sharp, almost unbearable pain. For an instant she seemed about to lose control of herself. The car swerved and came dangerously near leaving the road.

A full minute passed before she could trust herself to speak. Then it was with a deep hoarseness in her voice.

"You can tell me about it later on, not now. I don't want to hear it. Tell me, where do you live?"

The girl's manner changed so absolutely that there could be but one inference, she was acutely suspicious.

"It is good to feel warm once more," she said, an odd timidity in her manner. "You are very good to me."

They were sitting in Mrs. Wrاندall's bedchamber, just off the little sitting-room. Three or four trunks stood against the walls.

"I dismissed my maid on landing. She robbed me," said Mrs. Wrاندall, voicing the relief that was uppermost in her mind. She opened a closet door and took out a thick eider-down robe, which she tossed across a chair.

"Now call up the office and say that you are speaking for me. Say to them that I must have something to eat, no matter what the hour may be. I will get out some clean underwear for you, and— Oh, yes; if they ask about me, say that I am cold and ill. That is sufficient. Here is the bath. Please be as quick about it as possible."

Moving as if in a dream, the girl did as she was told. Twenty minutes later there was a knock at the door. A waiter appeared with a tray and service table. He found Mrs. Wrاندall lying back in a chair, attended by a slender young woman in a pink eider-down dressing-gown, who gave hesitating directions to him. Then he was dismissed with a handsome tip, produced by the same young woman.

"You are not to return for these things," she said as he went out.

In silence she ate and drank, her hostess looking on with gloomy interest. It was no shock to Mrs. Wrاندall to find that the girl, who was no more than twenty-two or three, possessed unusual beauty. Her great eyes were blue—the lovely Irish blue—her skin was fair and smooth, her features regular and of the delicate mold that defines the well-bred gentilewoman at a glance. Her hair, now in order, was dark and thick and lay softly about her small ears and neck. She was not surprised, I repeat, for she had never known Challis Wrاندall to show interest in any but the most attractive of her sex. She found herself smiling bitterly as she looked.

But who may know the thoughts of the other occupant of that little sitting-room? Who can put herself in the place of that despairing, hunted creature who knew that blood was on the hands with which she ate, and whose eyes were filled with visions of the death-chair?

So great was her fatigue that long before she finished the meal her tired lids began to droop, her head to nod in spasmodic surrenders to an overpowering desire for sleep. Suddenly she dropped the fork from her fingers and sank back in the comfortable chair, her head resting against the soft, upholstered back. Her lids fell, her hands dropped to the arms of the chair. A fine line appeared between her dark eyebrows—indicative of pain.

For many minutes Sara Wrاندall watched the haggardness deepen in the face of the unconscious sleeper. Then, even as she wondered at the act, she went over and took up one of the slim hands in her own. The hand of an aristocrat! It lay limp in hers, and helpless. Long, tapering fingers and delicately pink with the return of warmth.

Rousing herself from the mute contemplation of her charge, she shook the girl's shoulder. Instantly she was awake and staring, alarm in her dazed, bewildered eyes.

"You must go to bed," said Mrs. Wrاندall quietly. "Don't be afraid. No one will think of coming here."

The girl rose. As she stood before her benefactress, she heard her murmur as if from afar-off: "Just about your size and figure," and wondered not a little.

"You may sleep late. I have many things to do and you will not be disturbed. Come, take off your clothes and get into my bed. Tomorrow we will plan further—"

"But, madam," cried the girl, "I cannot take your bed. Where are you to—"

"I shall be busy all day, you will not be disturbed. But leave the rest to me. I shall find a way."

It was nearly three o'clock when she brought the car to a stop in front of a small, exclusive hotel not far from Central park. The street was dark and the vestibule was but dimly lighted. No attendant was in sight.

"Slip into this," commanded Mrs. Wrاندall, beginning to divest herself of her own fur coat. "It will cover your muddy garments. I am quite warmly dressed. Don't worry. Be quick. For the time being you are my guest here. You will not be questioned. No one need know who you are. It will not matter if you look distressed. You have just heard of the dreadful thing that has happened to me. You—"

"Happened to you?" cried the girl, drawing the coat about her.

"A member of my family has died. They know it in the hotel by this time. I was called to the death bed—tonight. That is all you will have to know."

"Oh, I am sorry—"

"Come, let us go in. When we reach my rooms, you may order food and drink. You must do it, not I. Please try to remember that it is I who am suffering, not you."

A sleepy night watchman took them up in the elevator. He was not even interested. Mrs. Wrاندall did not speak, but leaned rather heavily on the arm of her companion. The door had no sooner closed behind them when the girl collapsed. She sank to the floor in a heap.

"Get up!" commanded her hostess sharply. This was not the time for soft, persuasive words. "Get up at once. You are young and strong. You must show the stuff you are made of now if you ever mean to show it. I cannot help you if you fail."

The girl looked up piteously, and then struggled to her feet. She stood before her protectress, weaving like a frail reed in the wind, pallid to the lips.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured. "I will not give you like that again. I dare say I am faint. I have had no food, no rest—but never mind that now. Tell me what I am to do. I will try to obey."

"First of all, get out of those muddy, frozen things you have on."

Mrs. Wrاندall herself moved stiffly and with unsteady limbs as she began to remove her own outer garments. The girl mechanically followed her example. She was a pitiable object in the strong light of the electric. Muddy from head to foot, water-stained and bedraggled, her face streaked with dirt, she was the most unattractive creature one could well imagine.

These women, so strangely thrown together by fate, maintained an unbroken silence during the long, fumbling process of partial disrobing. They scarcely looked at one another, and yet they were acutely conscious of the interest each felt in the other. The grateful warmth of the room, the abrupt transition from gloom and cheerlessness to comfortable obscurity, had a more pronounced effect on the stranger than on her hostess.

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"You may sleep late. I have many things to do and you will not be disturbed. Come, take off your clothes and get into my bed. Tomorrow we will plan further—"

"But, madam," cried the girl, "I cannot take your bed. Where are you to—"

"If I feel like lying down, I shall lie there beside you."

"Yes. Oh, I am not afraid of you, child. You are not a monster. You are just a poor, tired—"

"If I feel like lying down, I shall lie there beside you."

The girl stared. "Lie beside me?"

"Yes. Oh, I am not afraid of you, child. You are not a monster. You are just a poor, tired—"

"Oh, please don't! Please!" cried the other, tears rushing to her eyes. She raised Mrs. Wrاندall's hand to her lips and covered it with kisses.

Long after she went to sleep, Sara Wrاندall stood beside the bed, looking down at the pain-stricken face, and tried to solve the problem that suddenly had become a part of her very existence.

"It is not friendship," she argued, fiercely. "It is not charity, it is not humanity. It's the debt I owe, that's all. She did the thing for me, that I could not have done myself because I loved him. I owe her something for that."

Later on she turned her attention to the trunks. Her decision was made. With ruthless hands she dragged gown after gown from the "innovations" and cast them over chairs, on the floor, across the foot of the bed; smart things from Paris and Vienna; ball gowns, tea gowns, lingerie, blouses, hats, gloves and all of the countless things that a woman of fashion and goes abroad for that purpose and no means indulges herself in when she other to speak of. From the closets she drew forth New York "tailor-suits" and other garments.

Until long after six o'clock she busied herself over this huge pile of costly raiment, portions of which she had worn but once or twice, some not at all, selecting certain dresses, hats, stockings, etc., each of which she laid carelessly aside; an imposing pile of many hues, all bright and gay and glittering. In another heap she laid the somber things of black; a meager assortment as compared to the other.

Then she stood back and surveyed the two heaps with tired eyes, a curious, almost scornful smile on her lips. "There!" she said with a sigh. "The black pile is mine, the gay pile is yours," she went on, turning toward the sleeping girl. "What a travesty!"

Then she gathered up the soiled garments her charge had worn and cast them into the bottom of a trunk, which she locked. Laying out a carefully selected assortment of her own garments for the girl's use when she arose, Mrs. Wrاندall sat down beside the bed and waited, knowing that sleep would not come to her.

CHAPTER III.

Hetty Castleton.

At half past six she went to the telephone and called for the morning newspapers. At the same time she asked that a couple of district messenger boys be sent to her room with the least possible delay. The hushed, scared voice of the telephone girl downstairs convinced her that news of the tragedy was abroad; she could imagine the girl looking at the headlines with awed eyes even as she responded to the call from room 414, and her shudder as she realized that it was the wife of the dead man speaking.

One of the night clerks, pale and agitated, came up with the papers. Without as much as a glance at the headlines, she tossed the papers on the table. "I have sent for two messenger boys. It is too early to accomplish much by telephone, I fear. Will you be so kind as to telephone at

seven o'clock or a little after to my apartment?—You will find the number under Mr. Wrاندall's name. Please inform the butler or his wife that they may expect me by ten o'clock, and that I shall bring a friend with me—a young lady. Kindly have my motor sent to Haffner's garage, and looked after. When the reporters come, as they will, please say to them that I will see them at my own home at eleven o'clock."

The clerk, considerably relieved, took his departure in some haste, and she was left with the morning papers, each of which she scanned rapidly. The details, of course, were meager. There was a double-leaded account of her visit to the inn and her extraordinary return to the city. Her chief interest, however, did not rest in these particulars, but in the speculations of the authorities as to the identity of the mysterious woman—and her whereabouts. There was the likelihood that she was not the only one who had encountered the girl on the highway or in the neighborhood of the inn. So far as she could glean from the reports, however, no one had seen the girl, nor was there the slightest hint offered as to her identity. The papers of the previous afternoon had published lurid accounts of the murder, with all of the known details, the name of the victim at that time still being a mystery. She remembered reading the story with no little interest. The only new feature in the case, therefore, was the identification of Challis Wrاندall by his "beautiful wife," and the sensational manner in which it had been brought about. With considerable interest she noted the hour that these dispatches had been received from "special correspondents," and wondered where the shrewd, lynx-eyed reporters napped while she was at the inn. All of the dispatches were timed three o'clock and each paper characterized its issue as an "Extra," with Challis Wrاندall's name in huge type across as many columns as the dignity of the sheet permitted.

Not a word of the girl! Absolute mystery!

Mrs. Wrاندall returned to her post beside the bed of the sleeper in the adjoining room. Deliberately she placed the newspaper on a chair near the girl's pillow, and then raised the window shades to let in the hard gray light of early morn.

It was not her present intention to arouse the wan stranger, who slept as one dead. So gentle was her breathing that the watcher stared in some fear at the fair, smooth breast that seemed scarcely to rise and fall. For a long time she stood beside the bed, looking down at the face of the sleeper, a troubled expression in her eyes.

"I wonder how many times you were seen with him, and where, and by whom," were the questions that ran in a single strain through her mind. "Where do you come from? Where did you meet him? Who is there that knows of your acquaintance with him?"

Her lawyer came in great haste and perturbation at eight o'clock, in response to the letter delivered by one of the messengers. A second letter had

gone by like means to her husband's brother, Leslie Wrاندall, instructing him to break the news to his father and mother and to come to her apartment after he had attended to the removal of the body to the family home near Washington square. She made it quite plain that she did not want Challis Wrاندall's body to lie under the roof that sheltered her.

His family had resented their marriage. Father, mother and sister had objected to her from the beginning, not because she was unworthy, but because her tradespeople ancestry was so remote as his. She found a curious sense of pleasure in returning to them the thing they prized so highly and surrendered to her with such good enough for him; that was their attitude. Now she was returning him to them, as one would return an article that had been tested and found to be worthless. She would have no more of him!

Carroll, her lawyer, an elderly man

of vast experience, was not surprised to find her quite calm and reasonable. He had come to know her very well in the past few years. He had been her father's lawyer up to the time of that excellent tradesman's demise, and he had settled the estate with such unusual dispatch that the heirs—there were many of them—regarded him as an admirable person and—kept his busy ever afterward straightening out their own affairs. Which goes to prove that policy is often better than honesty.

"I quite understand, my dear, that while it is a dreadful shock to you, you are perfectly reconciled to the matter—to the—well, I might say the termination of his troubles," said Mr. Carroll tactfully, after she had related for his benefit the story of the night's adventure, with reservation concerning the girl who slumbered in the room beyond.

"Hardly that, Mr. Carroll. Rejoiced, perhaps, I can't say that I am reconciled. All my life I shall feel that I have been cheated," she said.

He looked up sharply. Something in her tone puzzled him. "Cheated, my dear? Oh, I see. Cheated out of years and years of happiness. I see."

She bowed her head. Neither spoke for a full minute.

"It's a horrible thing to say, Sam, but this tragedy does away with all other and perhaps more unpleasant alternatives; the divorce I have been urging you to consider for so long."

"Yes, we are spared all that," she said. Then she met his gaze with a sudden flash of anger in her eyes. "Do I would not have divorced him—were you understood that, didn't you?"

"You couldn't have gone on for ever, my dear child, enduring the—"

She stopped him with a sharp exclamation. "Why discuss it now? Let the past take care of itself, Mr. Carroll. The past came to an end long before last, so far as I am concerned I want advice for the future, not for the past."

He drew back, hurt by her manner. She was quick to see that she had offended him.

"I beg your pardon, my best of friends," she cried earnestly.

He smiled. "If you will take present advice, Sara, you will let go yourself for a spell and see if you won't relieve the tension under—"

"Tears!" she cried. "Why should I give way to tears? What have I to weep for? That man up there in the country? The cold, dead thing that spent his last living moments without a thought of love for me? Ah, no, my friend; I shed all my tears while he was alive. There are none left to be shed for him now. He exacted his full share of them. It was his pleasure to wring them from me because he knew I loved him. She leaned forward and spoke slowly, distinctly, that he would never forget the words. "But listen to me, Mr. Carroll. It is also known that I loved him. Can you believe me when I say to you that I hate that dead thing up there in Burton's Inn as no one ever hated before? Can you understand what I mean? I hate that dead body, Mr. Carroll. I loved the life that was in it. It was the life of him that I loved, the very appealing life of him. It has gone out of his hands and—well, that is enough I hate the dead body she left behind her, Mr. Carroll."

The lawyer wiped the cool moisture from his brow.

"I think I understand," he said, as he was filled with wonder. "Extraordinary! Ahem! I should say—Ahem! Dear me! Yes, yes—I've never read thought of it in that light."

"I dare say you haven't," she said, lying back in the chair as if suddenly exhausted.

"By the way, my dear, have you breakfasted?"

"No. I hadn't given it a thought. Perhaps it would be better if I had some coffee—"

"I will ring for a waiter," he said, springing to his feet.

"Not now, please. I have a young friend in the other room—a guest who arrived last night. She will come to it when she awakes. Poor thing, I have been dreadfully trying for her."

"Good heaven, I should think she said he, with a glance at the clock door. "Is she asleep?"

"Yes. I shall not call her until you have gone."

"May I inquire—"

"A girl I met recently—an English girl, said she succinctly, and forthwith changed the subject. "There are a few necessary details that must be attended to, Mr. Carroll. That is all I sent for you at this early hour. Mr. Leslie Wrاندall will take charge. Ah! she straightened up suddenly. "What a farce it is going to be!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



She Sank to the Floor in a Heap.

Her lips tightened and her figure seemed to stiffen in the seat.

"Where do you live?" repeated the other sharply.

"Why should I tell you that? I do not know you. You—"

"You are afraid of me?"

"Oh, I don't know what to say, or what to do," came from the lips of the hunted one. "I have no friends, no one to turn to, no one to help me. You—you can't be so heartless as to lead me on and then give me up to—God help me, I—I should not be made to suffer for what I have done. If you only knew the circumstances. If you only knew—"

"Stop!" cried the other, in agony. "The girl was bewildered. 'You are so strange. I don't understand—'"

"We have but two or three miles to go," interrupted Mrs. Wrاندall. "We must think hard and—rapidly. Are you willing to come with me to my hotel? You will be safe there for the present. Tomorrow we can plan something for the future."

"If I can only find a place to stay for a little while," began the other



The Black Pile is Mine, the Gay Pile is Yours!

gone by like means to her husband's brother, Leslie Wrاندall, instructing him to break the news to his father and mother and to come to her apartment after he had attended to the removal of the body to the family home near Washington square. She made it quite plain that she did not want Challis Wrاندall's body to lie under the roof that sheltered her.

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Carroll, her lawyer, an elderly man

of vast experience, was not surprised to find her quite calm and reasonable. He had come to know her very well in the past few

It is Still Fashionable. "Pa, what's poetic justice?" "The former president of a bachelor club being married to a woman who makes him feel that he would rather lose his job than be late for dinner furnishes a pretty fair sample of it."

JUDGE CURED, HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and backache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am all and hearty and weigh about 150 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly, PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan. Correspond with Judge Miller about his wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. W.

It is the easiest thing in the world to bear the aches of another man's illnesses.

WOMEN FROM 45 to 55 TESTIFY

to the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Westbrook, Me. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and had pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends and give you permission to publish my testimonial."

— Mrs. LAWRENCE MARSH, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine.

Manston, Wis. — "At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since."

— Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Make the Liver do its Duty. Nine times in ten when the liver is at the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, Distress After Eating. ALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature. Brewster's Food.



Suffer From Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism

Brewster's Lightning Oil quickly relieves pain. The Hurting and Aching stops instantly. A truly wonderful remedy for those who suffer. It is astonishing how quickly fades away the moment Brewster's Lightning Oil comes in contact with it. Many people are praising it, that you may have no doubt. For Cuts, Burns, Bruises it is simply fine. All Brewster's Lightning Oil in 10c bottles or by mail from Brewster's Medicine Co., Texas.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Farm Wages Rising Faster Than Factory Pay

WASHINGTON—The money wages of farm labor increased about 2.5 per cent during the past year, and about 11 per cent during the past four years. Since 1902 the increase has been about 36 per cent. These estimates are based upon reports of correspondents of the bureau of statistics (agricultural forecasts) of the department of agriculture.

Wages of farm labor tended upward during the decade of the seventies; they were almost stationary during the eighties, and declined from 1892 to 1894, since which time they have steadily tended upward. Farm wages now, compared with wages during the eighties, are about 55 per cent higher; compared with the low year of 1894, wages are now about 67 per cent higher. The current average rate of farm wages in the United States, when board is included, is, by the month, \$21.38; by the day, other than harvest, \$1.16; at harvest, \$1.57. When board is not included, the rate is, by the month, \$30.31; by the day, other than harvest, \$1.50; by the day, at harvest, \$1.94.

Wages in different sections of the United States vary widely, averaging highest in the far western states and lowest in the South Atlantic states. For instance, the monthly rate, without board, is \$56.50 in Nevada; \$54 in Montana, and \$51 in Utah; but \$17.90 in South Carolina, \$19.60 in Mississippi, and \$20.20 in Georgia. The highest state average, \$56.50, is thus seen to be 3.2 times higher than the lowest rate, \$17.90.

The money wages of farm labor have increased relatively more than wages for labor in city manufactures during the past 20 to 30 years. A comparison of the average of wages per employe in manufacturing industries, as reported by the censuses of 1910, 1900 and 1890, indicates that the wages of such employes increased 22 per cent in ten years (1900 to 1910), and increased only 23 per cent in the 20 years; the increases in farm labor wages were approximately 37 per cent in the ten years and about 55 per cent in the 20 years. This relative gain of rural upon urban wages acts automatically upon the movement from country to city.

Animals Run to Cover at Blast Warning Shout

"FIRE in the hole!" This shout of warning is well understood by employes of construction companies engaged in blasting work. It means there will be an explosion. Every man near by drops his pick or shovel and runs for shelter. Now, would you believe animals have learned the meaning of this warning? If you doubt it go out to the Zoological Gardens and see for yourself.

There a tunnel through solid rock, completely under the garden, is being made for the extension of a sewer through to Chevy Chase.

It has taken four months to cut 1,050 feet. Two shifts of men, each working eight hours, cut from 10 to 12 feet every 15 hours. The tunnel begins at the Rock creek loop of the Capital Traction railway lines and runs directly north. It is six feet wide and six and one-half feet high. Not a grain of dirt has been struck since the tunnel was started. Every inch has been through the toughest of blue granite.

Twelve men work in the day shift and 11 at night. At one point the tunnel is only 25 feet beneath the surface, but as it nears the center of the park it sinks to a depth of 185 feet.

Now back to the "fire in the hole" warning. When a blast is ready the shout is given and the workmen rush out of the tunnel to safety. The ground rumbles and shakes. Sentinels at the mouth of the tunnel send along the warning by yelling "fire in the hole."

During the first few weeks of the work the animals paid little attention to the shout, but were frightened at the rumbling beneath them. Now they have learned the meaning of the cry.

The foxes, the prairie dogs, and the guinea pigs run to their holes; the lion roars his disapproval, the elephant gets in one corner of his house and stays there until the earth ceases to rumble; the beavers dive off in the water and hide to their caves beneath the banks, while the grizzly bear beats it for his tavern beneath a cliff of jagged rocks; the peacock struts a little, then trembles in fear; and the monkey clings in terror to the bars of his cage. The alligators and the snakes care not, for they sleep all winter and nothing disturbs them.

Are Squirrels Superior to Men as Engineers?

MAN is a mighty clever creature if he does say it himself, but when it comes to engineering he simply isn't in it with a squirrel. Here's the proof: In the good old summer time, etc., the Smithsonian grounds are so many acres of grass and trees and trees and trees—and sparrows.

One day last winter the acres were white and deep and smooth, as if the weather man had sheeted and tucked them in.

Across one stretch of sparkling crustiness which is a lawn underneath a squirrel kangarooed with such irresponsible activity that a kind-hearted government clerk who was homing from work paused to consider the cruelty of nature in leaving so helpless a creature to starve—not being able to eat snow like Gen. G. at Valley Forge.

But the squirrel wasn't caring. It just leaped over the glazed white until—with a sudden, decisive stop—it poked its nose in the snow and burrowed down until only the end of its tail showed above the hole.

Then it came to the surface with a nut between its teeth and kangarooed back to where it came from.

Oh, yes, dear man, you can dig Panama canals and root out tunnels, and harness a wilderness, and bridge canyons and rivers, and all that, but—

There isn't one of you on top of the earth, or under it, who can—or ever could—locate, first lick, a nut buried beneath a waste of snow without a guide of some sort to go by. That's what you couldn't!

And yet, some learned gentleman with sections of the alphabet tagged to his name is sitting off somewhere this very minute writing a book to prove that animals lack intelligence.

Honeymooners Enjoy Ride in Senate Tunnel Auto

AUTOMOBILE honeymooning in the senate subway was inaugurated by a pair of newlyweds, with economy as their watchword and ingenuity as their guide, in a search for thrills. From the capitol to the senate office building runs a tunnel, equipped with automobiles for the transportation of senators. Young chauffeurs pilot the cars in this damp passageway, which boasts no scenery but long strings of incandescent lights.

Despite the romantic repellence of the place, a gaily bedecked bride and her lord boarded one of the cars at the office building end of the tube and "cooed" as it spun along to the capitol landing.

"Capitol," said the chauffeur. "All out." The happy pair never moved.

"Let's ride back, George!" exclaimed the bride. "Isn't it thrilling?" Back they rode, and for half an hour they whirled back and forth, while the chauffeur smiled and senators chuckled.

"Wasn't it grand?" chirped the bride, as George dizzily helped her from the car after the fifteenth spin.

Traveler's Cape a Great Boon



WHEN a long journey is to be undertaken, or where there is a prospect of globe-trotting ahead, there is one garment that may be depended upon for comfort and for style; it is the traveler's cape. It has taken the place of the old-fashioned shawl and is the same reliable companion which does duty on all sorts of occasions and helps out in all sorts of emergencies.

These capes and combinations of capes with other garments have been designed in several ways. When made of a material of medium weight the cape is often part of a loose-fitting coat, and is detachable and fastened to the undergarment at the collar. In heavier fabrics the cape is cut in one with the coat and is shorter, extending about to the knees. Or cape fronts of the same length as the coat are fastened in at the side seams and are shaped to accommodate themselves to the shape of the coat. This special variety is intended for the sea trip more particularly.

The convenience of a cape like that shown in the picture is evident. It may be worn over the coat-suit or as an extra garment over a separate coat, or without any other wrap under it, depending upon the amount of protection the wearer needs. It is easily kept presentable and is never out of fashion. Such garments are made of the best grade of fabrics used for outer wraps and made in the most substantial manner, as they are likely to be subject to rough wear.

The cape illustrated is made of blue broadcloth in the brightest of navy blue and is trimmed with flat white

braids. Black braid is a wiser choice for a long journey, because it doesn't require cleaning very often. A heavy quality of cloth is chosen, and is shrunk before the cape is cut. Besides broadcloth there are other serviceable cloths that answer the purpose for a traveling cape, but none quite as good looking. Cravanette and the several waterproofed fabrics, like serge and cheviot, are to be considered, and the choice governed by the needs or taste of the individual.

The broadcloth cape is lined with a substantial woolen fabric, as a rule in a plain color or in dark plaid. Large bone buttons and strong buttonholes provide the fastening, and a part of the meager decoration which is permissible in the traveler's cape.

A new field for usefulness for the cape has been developed since the automobile has become a part of the paraphernalia of life. It is the extra garment to be taken along and to be relied upon to meet weather changes. It and the extra veil might be included in the long list of accessories which go with the machine. For the cape fits all figures and is as much a family affair as the old-time shawl. In time the owner becomes attached to a cape, as to a reliable friend. There are very few among the short-lived garments of today which can ever possess the charm of association possible to a cape. When it is made all this is to be considered. It must be ample, long enough to almost cover the figure, well put together, and always in a stable color. Strong and dark blues have proved themselves the best choice.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Foundation Waist of Net



ONE of the plain waists of net is shown here, ready for draping with lace, or chiffon, or voile, or taffeta, or any of the thin fabrics that are used to help make up the fancy waists for dressy wear. There is a plain underwaist of net, without sleeves, supporting a second plain waist with sleeves. A narrow double frill of plaited net finishes the neck and extends down the front. A similar frill finishes the sleeves.

These waists are very handy for the home dressmaker, saving time and making a foundation for the construction of either separate waists or bod-

ices, as the wearer may desire. Lace and chiffon veils, as well as piece goods are used effectively in draping them. Printed ribbons, chiffons and voiles, and plain thin fabrics are used over them.

It is best to buy them ready made, as they are cheap and net is difficult to handle by the amateur dressmaker.

The foundation waist of net is a plain and not a graceful garment, but it provides a convenient support for the waist which the home dressmaker wishes to make for herself. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

HUSBAND SPENT EVERYTHING

In an Effort to Bring Wife's Troubles to End, and Finally Succeeds.

Myra, Ky.—Mrs. Sarah Branham, of this town, gives out the following statement for publication: "I am 37 years of age, and suffered untold agony with womanly troubles for 11 years. For 7 years, I was all run down, and was told that I could not live. My husband spent everything he had, but I got only temporary relief.

A merchant recommended Cardui, the woman's tonic, to my husband, and he got me 5 bottles at one time. I began taking it, and before the first bottle was gone, I began to feel better.

I took all of the 5 bottles, and I am today as sound and well as any woman, and fat and hearty."

Such testimony as the above, which is given unsolicited, speaks for itself. Can't you see, lady reader, that you are doing yourself, your family, your friends, an injustice by not, at least, trying Cardui, if you suffer from any of the many ailments so common to women?

Cardui is composed of pure, harmless, vegetable ingredients, which act in a gentle, natural way on the weakened womanly organs, helping build them back to permanent strength and health.

Cardui has helped thousands of other women. Why not you?

Ask your druggist. He knows about Cardui.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request. Adv.

A Change. "Did Caesar's disposition change much during his life?" asked the professor.

"Well," answered the bluffing student, "he had a lot more Gaul when he died."

Natural.

Belle—Is that girl's hair naturally curly?

Neil—Yes, natural result of the curling iron.

KIDNEYS CLOG UP FROM EATING TOO MUCH MEAT

Take Tablespoonful of Salts if Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.—Adv.

Haw-Haw!

City Guy—What kind of a dog do you call that?

Farmer—That's a huntin' setter.

City Guy—Whaddaya mean, huntin' setter?

Farmer—He hunts bones, and then sets and eats 'em.—Yale Record.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

She Made Up a Mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to Bring Back Color, Gloss, Thickness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any store for "Sage's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair—

strand at a time—hair disappears—United States army beautification department has found it to be a

phone line the than a ton of

Many #B gardens

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.

WE OBJECT.

There is some disposition to move the Canyon Normal school to some other town other than Canyon. This would not be fair as Canyon put up her money for the original building, and she was in no wise responsible for the fire. We think to move the school from Canyon would be an outrage and a prostitution of justice. Let the Normal be rebuilt, and let Canyon continue to enjoy the continuous location of the school as her just right. The people of West Texas will not approve of any attempt to remove this school, as its present location was won in a fair and honorable fight.—Lockney Beacon.

We have no knowledge of any attempt at moving the normal from Canyon, but if such a move is contemplated the people of the Panhandle should rise in a body and condemn it. Canyon City is the home of the Normal, so designated by reason of a tremendous financial sacrifice, and to remove that institution from her midst would be nothing short of highway robbery.

We have all along expressed an admiration for President Wilson and his policy of "watchful waiting" with reference to Mexico, believing that to rush into an untimely conflict with that troubled nation would entail the loss of many lives and the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars with little hope of making matters better, but after announcing to the world that the American flag had been insulted and that reparation must be made by Dictator Huerta, and going so far towards enforcing this demand as to land troops in Mexico and precipitate bloodshed, and then calmly backing up and turning the matter over to a bunch of South Americans, the president has "tore his clothes" with us. It is evident that Huerta has been

playing diplomatic rings around this government and he seems to be able to insult the flag, call us names, hand us a wallop in the eye and then run and hide and stick his tongue out at us. We would not like to be classed as a "Jingo", but after taking the decisive steps that this government did we would like to see our national dignity upheld.

Probably President Wilson feared that Uruguay would go on the warpath and subjugate the United States.

Tom Ball clubs have been organized in hamlets, towns, villages and cities all over the state. Why not McLean take such a step? Are there any Ball fans in this vicinity?

With a good roads association, an oil test well tunneling into the bowels of the earth and first class moving picture show in full swing, McLean's outlook is much brighter than in former times.

It is gratifying to the News to note the ready manner in which our citizens are taking hold of the good roads campaign. We have been agitating this proposition for months and years and that it is taking definite shape augurs well for persistent and stickitative publicity.

Hilton R. Greer, for some time managing editor of the Amarillo Daily News, representative from his district in the state legislature and recently elected, president of the Panhandle Press Association, has been plucked from the flowering West by a greedy corporation and will hereafter be associated with the Dallas Evening Journal in the capacity of assistant editor. We are glad to note the gentleman's promotion (as we suppose it is a promotion) but the Panhandle country will miss him sorely. His

place is being filled on the News by P. E. Boesen, a veteran daily newspaper man of Amarillo, and a man of such capabilities as will be necessary to keep that splendid little paper on the high road of journalism and moving steadily towards success.

Another Call.

For several weeks we have had a notice before you—in the McLean News—asking that you call and settle your account. In that request we did not say you had to settle with the cash, but said that we preferred the "cash way". We have also mailed you written statements in which we have insisted that you come in and settle. Now inasmuch as many have given the matter no attention, we presume that you have understood that the only way we care to settle is the "cash way". Not so. If you cannot pay us now give us your note, payable some time between now and January 1, 1915. Our intention has been and is to get all accounts prior to February 16th square, either by cash or note. Please show enough appreciation of our favors to answer this call.

To those that have so readily responded to our request for settlement we wish to extend hearty thanks and assure you that the new firm will be pleased to extend to you in the future such as favors as may be in their power render. We will also appreciate your continued patronage.

Respectfully,
McLEAN HARDWARE CO.

Promise of Big Yield

Canadian, Texas—The recent rains in this section of the state have been abundant and according to reports received here the wheat crops in the counties of Hemphill, Ochiltree, Lipscomb, Roberts, Gray and Wheeler are expected to be the largest ever harvested in this part of Texas. The rains have so advanced the growth of this product that a full crop is practically assured and a number of large wheat farmers think with a little more rain a record crop will be gathered. Other crops have also benefited from these precipitations.

Schools Will Close Today

The local schools will come to a close today, finishing up an eight months term that has been most successful in every department. At the auditorium tonight the commencement exercises of the graduating class will be held and the public is invited to attend.

During the term just drawing to a close the entire faculty have exerted themselves with unabated zeal for the advancement of each individual pupil and we are pleased to say there has been a very general spirit of co-operation among the patrons, making possible the excellent results obtained by the pupils.

The largest graduating class that has ever come from this school will be handed their diplomas tonight and the patrons of the institution will feel a pardonable pride in this fact. Six young ladies and seven young men have finished the prescribed high school course and stand ready for other worlds to conquer. The following is the roster of graduates:

Misses Floy Glass, Maude Gardenhire, Vita Heasley, Susie Beall, Lillie Guill and Grace Hamilton and Messrs. Wayland Floyd, Andrew Jordan, Raymond Glass, Leo Wadley, Bryant Henry, Edgar Newton and Roy Richardson.

Below we give the program as announced for the commencement exercises tonight:

Chorus—Class.
Salutatory—Grace Hamilton.
Class Song.
Class History—Leo Wadley.
Prophecy—Susie Beall.
Piano Solo—Floy Glass.

TEXAS FACTS

MINERALS.

Practically every mineral known to the geological world is found in Texas.

Compared with other states, we rank twenty-third in mineral production.

We produce 19 minerals in commercial quantities.

Texas' available coal supply is valued at \$10,000,000,000 more than all the farm property of the United States.

The first commercial mining in Texas was in 1882. Since then, the mines, wells and quarries of the state have yielded products valued at \$227,000,000.

The Texas mines produce \$20,000,000 annually.

Texas mine employes receive \$5,000,000 annually in salaries and wages.

The mining industry of Texas represents a capital investment of \$20,000,000.

Thirty-five thousand people are dependent on the Texas mining industry for a living.

NATURAL GAS.

The gas wells of Texas produce a million dollars a year.

There are 70 active gas wells in Texas that produce 5,500,000,000 cubic feet of gas annually.

We have 416 miles of gas mains which were constructed at a cost of \$2,500,000.

Twenty-five Texas cities are furnished gas from the Texas fields.

Our natural gas area is one of the largest in the United States and covers 130 square miles of territory.

Texas ranks eighth with other states in natural gas production.

Our natural gas industry is yet in its infancy and many new fields are being discovered.

Once More

We call your attention to the fact that our store is plumb full of feed stuffs, piled all over the place. Just unloaded a full car of

Bran, Shorts and Corn Chops

Also we have a complete line of everything in the way of groceries, fresh and of the best quality.

A. CASH & SON

Class Will—Roy Richardson.
Presentation—J. L. Upham.
Quartet—Grace Hamilton, Lillie Guill, Wayland Floyd and Andrew Jordan.

Valedictory—Andrew Jordan.
Address to Graduates.
Presentation of Diplomas.
Chorus—Class.

On tomorrow (Saturday) night the members of the class will present a play at the auditorium entitled "Diamonds and Hearts." They will make a small charge for admission and everyone is invited to attend. Constantly rehearsing the play for the past several weeks, they have gotten it up in first class shape and those who witness its presentation will no doubt be well repaid.

On Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, at the Methodist church, Dr. Slover, president of the Clarendon College, will deliver the baccalaureate sermon.

Senior League Program.

(Anniversary Day).
Subject—Extending the frontier of the kingdom.

Song.
Prayer.
I John 1:43-48—Ellen Anderson.
Acts 8:4-8—Ethel Cash.

They Do.

Well, the boys and girls who attend your school certainly do well." That is a remark we hear on every side. Talk to the men and the women in business in the city yourself.

We take boys and girls from grammar or high school, give them a few months of training, and send them out to a hundred and one different kinds of positions where they "make good" and rapidly advance to the highest positions obtainable.

Why, we have girls out of school only three or four years, earning \$20 to \$25 per week as private secretaries, and boys with the same grade of education, but with energy, enthusi-

Acts 26:40—Ethel Duncan.

Song.
Where are the frontiers of the kingdom—Anna Lou Bodine.
How may the frontiers be extended?—Andrew Jordan.
Song.

A suggestion offered—Beth Christian.

History of the Epworth League—Rev. J. T. Howell.
Song.

Roll call.
Leader—Pearl Newton.

Died.

Sunday afternoon at three o'clock Rev. J. T. Bryson preached the funeral service over the remains of Mrs. Mary E. Mary of this city, who passed away on Saturday afternoon about three o'clock. Interment was made in the local cemetery.

Mrs. Mary has resided in McLean for a number of years and for the past several months has been confined to her bed with a lingering illness that at last claimed her as its victim. She leaves a daughter, Clanda, and a sister, Mrs. Curtis, with whose friends the News joins in extending deep sympathy in the sad loss of mother and sister. Peace be to her ashes.

asm and action, evidenced in every fibre of their make-up, as perintending branch houses, general managers of manufacturing plants, cashiers in banks—LEADERS in their respective fields.

Of course our boys and girls do well.

Bear in mind that no school in the state is better prepared to teach you practical business than the Bowie Commercial College, besides your expenses here are very little more than one-half what they would cost you elsewhere. Remember that you will be doing one year from today that you are not prepared to do.

Free! Free! Free!

A Boston Cooking Cup will be given free to every lady buying a 25 ounce can of Health Club Baking Powder from your groceryman anytime after April 24th.

Be Sure to Get Your Cup

It leaves nothing to chance
It measures your baking perfectly
It insures perfect baking

We guarantee every can of Health Club Baking Powder to give perfect satisfaction or your money will be returned to you by your groceryman and you may keep the cup with our compliments. Bring your labels to the Overton Hardware Co., write the name of your groceryman on the back of the label and get your cup. All groceryman carry Health Club Baking Powder.
Respectfully yours,

Layton Pure Food Company

"NIG"

Is a black percheron stallion, five years old, weighs about 1600, and is an excellent animal. Fee \$10.00.

MAJOR

Is a Mammoth black jack, 15 hands high and weighs about 1500 pounds. He is the sire of the big Faulkner mules that took blue ribbon at the Fort Worth Stock Show. Fee \$12.50.

The above animals will make the 1914 season at my barn in the northwest part of town.

TERMS—\$2.50 cash when service is had and balance when colt is born or when mare is traded or removed from county. Will guarantee colt to stand and suck.

S. B. Christian, Owner.

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About
Town and County

George Garner has purchased a new Ford automobile.

A fresh supply of tankage at the McLean Hardware Co.

A city to grow and prosper must have real live boosters.

Kwitcherkikkin is the place for your laundry. H. F. Lankford.

W. R. Veale was in Amarillo yesterday on business.

Periodicals and magazines of all kinds. Jeff Earp.

W. A. Stubbs has received his new automobile—a Ford.

See Bill Upham for crushed kafir heads. Priced right.

The war cloud is still hanging out there seems to be a rift.

We guarantee our oil stoves. Try one. Overton Hardware Co.

W. C. Foster visited at LeFors Wednesday.

W. C. Cheney was a business visitor to Clarendon this week.

For fresh jersey butter call Mrs. W. Brewer.

Boosting is one of the mightiest forces in civilization.

Gasoline has taken a tumble and was selling at 13c yesterday.

A man without a good word for his city should be exiled.

Miss Nora Beall visited friends in Amarillo the first of the week.

Dr. Donnell went to Amarillo Tuesday for surgical treatment.

C. A. Watkins and family visited at Clarendon Tuesday.

J. W. Kibler visited at the Bates ranch Tuesday.

King Pin and Crack-a-Jack clothes are the best. H. F. Lankford.

A special road tax should be levied in this precinct if there is any way to go about it.

Stoneware, we have it; jugs, jars, urns, crocks and flower pots. McLean Hardware Co.

M. D. Bentley went down to LeFors yesterday to attend a good roads meeting.

Cleaning and pressing a specialty. Call for and deliver. H. F. Lankford.

Dreaming a town into a city is possible; you must boost and build it into one.

We are never too busy to give you prompt and careful attention. Everything in season and prices in reason. Eagle Cafe.

We do all kinds of tin work on short notice. Leave us your orders. McLean Hardware Co.

W. W. Mars is here from Fort Worth to look after business interests.

Do you want a tombstone or marble work? Call on S. A. Cobb at Northfork, Texas.

C. J. Cooper of Lamar county has been here for a visit with the family of his son, C. C. Cooper.

Fruit tree salesman wanted. Salary or commission paid. Write C. M. Stone, Clarendon, Texas.

Sam Hodges returned the latter part of last week from a trip to Hot Springs.

Look at our oil stoves, take one and try it. If not satisfactory bring it back. Overton Hardware Co.

Clay Thompson was a business visitor to Amarillo the first of the week.

Get one of those new Perfection oil cook stoves and enjoy life. McLean Hardware Co.

Bob Cook returned Friday from an extended stay with relatives at Shamrock.

Give us a call and let us demonstrate to you our splendid confectionary service. Jeff Earp.

Patriotism is accelerated by improved highways and pauperism is encouraged by bad ones.

Money to loan on improved farms at 8 per cent interest. W. A. Askew, Amarillo, Texas.

The strictest business policy should be applied in road construction.

G. R. Jones of Amarillo was among the business visitors here the first of the week.

Mrs. A. R. Guill of Byers, is here for a visit with relatives and to attend the graduating exercises.

J. H. Whitley has the thanks of the News for a subscription renewal this week.

The initial drilling on the oil test well was commenced Wednesday of this week.

The rich and poor are equally blessed when they travel over good roads.

W. A. Stubbs, Homer Crabtree and George Garner went over to Miami yesterday.

A. W. Haynes was in Amarillo the first of the week to have an eye treated.

Have you visited our ice cream parlors and tried our service? We are better than ever prepared to handle the lady trade. Give us a trial. Jeff Earp.

Tramps set a box car afire Wednesday night but it was soon extinguished by the section crew.

Clade and Mel Davis were here from the Pampa country Friday and Saturday.

In another column will be found the announcement of Clade Davis for treasurer of Gray county.

This week we carry the announcement of Tillman Sugg for public weigher.

One day this week there were twelve tramps in town. Coxey's army must have scattered on him.

Miss Pearl Newton has resigned at the post office and accepted a position with the News.

John Deere Listers cannot be beat for good service. We still have a few on hand. McLean Hardware Co.

R. S. Thompson has received his new '37' Buick automobile and initiated it by smashing a fender on a telephone post.

Call at the Eagle Cafe and let us show you how anxious we are to please you and serve you to your satisfaction.

Sheriff Denson was over from the capital the first of the week seeing the voters and shaking hands with friends.

Screen doors! Screen doors!! Fly time is about here. We have screen doors and screen wire. McLean Hardware Co.

We are glad to note that S. A. Cousins is again able to be out after a three weeks' confinement to his home with blood poison.

Buy your wife a Motor washing machine and make her happy. They do the work with ease. Overton Hardware Co.

T. N. Holloway and family have returned from White Deer and will make their home for the present at Heald.

Say, when are you going to have that photograph taken? We are prepared to do the work. Willis Bros., successors to Tracy Willis.

Uncle Sam Kunkel and M. H. Kinard went over to White Deer the latter part of last week to haul the household effects of T. N. Holloway to Heald.

C. O. Wolfen of Amarillo was a business visitor here the first of the week. He is an enthusiastic good roads booster and subscribed five dollars to the local fund for road building.

J. A. Lee left Tuesday for Aspermont in response to a telegram announcing a devastating cyclone in that vicinity, the home of his parents. The storm swept the town of Peacock entirely off the map, but there were no fatalities.

A. B. Fortner got his hand severely cut Monday morning when a piece of barbed wire which he had stretched broke and slipped through the hand. While the hurt is not serious it has been very painful.

The News—one year—\$1.00.

DON'T SWELTE

Over a Hot Cook Stove all Summer

—Buy You a

"MODEL OIL STOVE"

And save one-half of your fuel bill and have a cool house at the same time. They are guaranteed. It costs you nothing to try one and if you are not satisfied bring it back. Nuff sed.

Overton Hardware Company

Successors to S. O. COOK

New Picture Show Opens

A big crowd of spectators were guests of J. C. Wall on Tuesday night of this week to witness the formal opening of his motion picture theatre which has been in course of construction for the past several weeks. The new picture machine together with the other fixtures has been placed and the "Grand Theatre" is once more the center of activity among the show going population.

This new enterprise is a valuable addition to the town and Mr. Wall has fitted up an establishment that is second to none. The auditorium is arranged with an inclined floor on which he has placed the very latest style of opera chairs—the folding kind—and they are so arranged that each individual can set his seat at any angle that might please him.

A complete system of electric lights have been installed, including foot lights for the stage. The current for the lights as well as the power for the big picture machine is furnished by a gas engine and dynamo. The picture machine is of the very latest type used in the larger cities.

Mr. Wall announces that as quickly as possible he will get on the regular film circuit and have the very best pictures that are made. He will give a show every night in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson entertained the graduating class and a few of their friends on Monday evening. Many interesting games were played and refreshments were served.

Revival Opens Next Sunday

We are informed by the pastor, R. F. Hamilton, that the revival meeting formerly announced in these columns will commence at the church on next Sunday night, assisting the pastor will be Rev. J. J. Ward of Velma, Okla., who is reputed to be a most interesting and able preacher.

For the present at least the services will be held at the church but in case the crowds grow to such an extent that the building will not comfortably accommodate them the meeting will be changed to the tabernacle.

The public is cordially invited to attend these services and especially the singers of the city are requested to assist with the choir work. There is no announcement as to when the

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale—Pure bred Seabright bantam. Phone 54 Roy Richardson.

For Sale—The Electro-Chemical ring, for rheumatism, asthma, neuralgia and diseases caused by acid in the blood. Sold on a guarantee. No benefit—money refunded. R. L. Parcel, agent.

For Sale—Good milk cows. See Bon Fogg.

For Sale—Two one-year-old male calves. See John Duyer.

For Sale—One good coming 8-year old mule, 15 1/2 hands high, also good pair of aged mules. Will sell any or all worth the money or will trade the pair for mule colts. W. A. Dougherty, Phone 52-2.

For Sale—Several head of stock mares and young horses. Will give fall time. See me for horse bargains. W. P. Vermillion, on Waldron place.

For Sale—A few head of good milk cows. Will sell cheap. T. J. D'Spain.

For Sale—A good barn at a reasonable price. If interested phone 132 or 48.

For Sale—Second hand farm implements. Will take second prices. Frank Face on O'Dell farm.

For Sale—Three good mules worth the money. Inquire of R. S. Jordan, phone 69-2.

For Sale—Clean alfalfa seed at \$8.00 per bushel. A. O. Willoughby, Texola, Okla.

meetings will close, but it will probably continue for at least two weeks.

Sugg For Pub. Weigher

We are authorized to present to the voters of this precinct the name of Tillman Sugg as a candidate for the office of Public Weigher, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary in July. Mr. Sugg has made his residence here for years and is well and favorably known to practically all the voters of the precinct. He is honest and conscientious and in every way capable, filling the office without partiality or favoritism and asks that a careful consideration be given his candidacy.

The oldest newspaper now being published in Texas is the Galveston News. It was established in 1843.

The Circulation of Texas newspapers is 5 papers per family, per issue.

There are 57 foreign publications issued in Texas.

The combined circulation of Texas publications is 5,000,000 per issue.

Thirty-five Texas papers issue Sunday editions.

In 1850 Texas had 5 tri-weekly and 29 weekly papers.

Colonist Tickets

TO

California

AND

Northwest

Tickets on sale daily March 15th to April 15th. Optional routes and liberal stop-overs. Best of accommodations.



Take advantage of this very low rate and see the long heard of Northwest country. For fares and particulars inquire of

D. H. NUNN

Local Agent.

TEXAS FACTS

TEXAS HAS—

More cotton land than any country on the face of the earth.

The largest State Agricultural Fair in the world.

Largest cotton seaport in the world.

Largest inland port cotton market in the world.

Largest farmers' organization in the world.

The first state-wide advertising bureau ever established in the world.

The largest cattle feeding plant in the world.

Longest reinforced concrete viaduct in the world.

The largest cotton seed oil mills in the world.

The world's leading crude oil exporting port.

The longest pipe line in the United States.

The longest interurban system in the Southwest.

The largest United States army post.

Longest telephone line in the United States.

Largest Rose gardens in the world.

In the Hollow of Her Hand

New and thrilling story by George Barr McCutcheon.

Started last issue. Don't fail to read the first installment.

St

First in Everything

First in Quality
First in Results
First in Purity
First in Economy

and for these reasons
Calumet Baking Powder is first in the hearts of the millions of housewives who use it and know it.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition,
Chicago, Illinois
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1911.



NOT MADE BY THE TRUST
CALUMET
BAKING POWDER
CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO.
CHICAGO

Don't save money when you buy cheap or inferior baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

AN THEY WERE LOOKING FOR

Luck Was Good to Youngsters Eager for the Delights of the Moving Picture Theater.

"Going in?" queried the small boy timidly. His question was put to the elderly pedestrian. Behind the boy came other boys, all peering eagerly into the pedestrian's puzzled face. They hung to his footsteps until he had himself, a little further on, in the midst of a numerous crowd of youngsters. Each boy clamored for the pedestrian to accept a five-cent piece.

"What is all this?" demanded the pedestrian sharply. "We are too young to go in alone," interposed a ready spokesman. "If you will buy our tickets for us we can go in with you." Then came a sudden light and the man smiled broadly. He went to the ticket window of an adjacent moving-picture theater, where he used to count faces. "Nine tickets," he said. "There is a law against children," objected the ticket man. "Are those the people with you?" "They are," declared the old man. "Come on, boys—going in!"

It's easy to be happy; all you have to do is be foolish.

A Sure Favorite

—saves the housewife much thankless cooking—

Post Toasties

The factory cooks them perfectly, toasts them to a delicate, golden-brown, and sends them to your table ready to eat direct from the sealed package.

Fresh, crisp, easy to serve, and

Wonderfully Appetizing

Ask any grocer—

Post Toasties

HERON HAS FAULTS

Will Ruthlessly Murder Young Moorhens or Mallards.

Bird That Has Figured in Many Historical Incidents of the Past and of Whom Many Fables Are Told.

Lewistown, England.—Much is to be said in favor of the heron, but he has his faults, for he will ruthlessly murder young moorhens or mallards, which are not his legitimate prey. He will carry this practice to the extent of actually swimming out into deep water to catch the young birds, and these when caught are swallowed whole in the same manner as he would treat a fish, for the heron, like the hawk and owl, disgorges the indigestible portions of his food in the form of pellets. My two herons joined forces one day and between them speared a young mallard to death, aged about six weeks, and as it was too large to swallow whole, and not knowing apparently how to tear it to pieces, they were quite unable to eat it. When about three months old they could swallow whole a one-pound fish, a truly remarkable performance when one considers that a full-grown heron only weighs about three pounds! Fish of any size had to be swallowed head first, and I found that anything, such as a piece of meat, not wedge shaped, caused them considerable trouble, even though of no great size; fish also were not easily swallowed unless previously dipped in water to further their sliding propensities. Herons are said to be long-lived, but owing to their inborn tendencies towards murder I had to give mine away, so I had no chance of testing the accuracy of that statement, though I must say I can well believe it, as they seem to be extraordinarily hardy birds.

The heron was a bird that figured largely in past days, and many are the fables quoted about him, one of the strangest being perhaps the following: It was said that if you were to rub the fat from the thigh of a heron on to your bait you insured yourself a



Young Heron.

good day's fishing, for the scent from its legs was supposed to attract the fish and thus enable him to catch his prey more easily!

If you wish to tame a young heron successfully it should be kept apart from other birds, at any rate from those smaller than himself, or he will quickly become domineering and quarrelsome; also in a place where he can be often handled and see plenty of people, otherwise he will soon become shy and wild, for, unlike the wild geese or raven, which when wild are his equals in wildness and cunning but once tamed remain tame, given the ordinary attention, herons seem to show little or no affection for their owner, but, however, quickly distinguish him from a stranger.

In conclusion, I think the heron with careful handling has great possibilities as a pet—and when I say pet I do not mean merely a plumed bird, restless in captivity, but a bird which will stay with you unpinioned and of his own free will. Why should not some enterprising person attempt to train the heron to fish for his master, like the cormorants of the Chinese? In any case, put him where you will, he will always be one of the most ornamental of birds, be it in pond, garden or lawn, and none is easier to feed and keep in health.

Curfew Law in New York Town.
Pathogue, N. Y.—Curfew law prevails here. In the winter, children under ten must be home by seven o'clock; those under fifteen at eight. In the summer the limit is moved up an hour and a half in each case.

Is Champion Dog Catcher.
Hackensack, N. J.—Joseph Dalle, twenty-three, has been hailed as New Jersey's champion dog catcher. He has caught and asphyxiated 1,025 canines.

Laborer Heir to Fortune.
Chicago.—John Reese, a laborer, received a cablegram from his old home in Bohemia, notifying him that he was the sole heir to an estate worth \$160,000.

SPRING FEVER IS HEALTHY

It Indicates Fresh Hopes and Renewed Buoyancy of Spirit.

How wonderfully tight the spring wander-lust for the countryside grips one!

Spring fever, with all of its healthfulness, is the harbinger of fresh hopes and a buoyancy of spirit.

I noticed a passenger on a Detroit-Chicago train the other day who had started out on his trip with the evident intention of becoming deeply taken with one of the best sellers, that he might shorten the trip between the two cities. You have done the same thing yourself.

But his book had been cast aside. He had read only a few pages. His interest in it had lagged.

From the car windows he was counting the fields now bare of snow. The ditches were carrying away the water and the still less sluggish creeks were now streams bearing the overflow to the rivers. The farmer, in his shirt sleeves, was repairing the fences after the winter drifts; the cattle showing proof of a winter's stabling and now heading here and there toward the meadows, seeking the new-green patches of grass; the farm help, in field and stubble, was putting into repair this and that necessary feature, here looking after his plow and there his harrow, and on all sides were scenes which reminded the traveler that spring was here, at last!

As the train sped onward and glimpses of the painter as he worked on the weather-beaten buildings were revealed, the interest of the tourist was aroused and, when I asked him the reason, he answered: "Spring is here and I feel its blood flowing!"

The truth was, that like many others, he was planning the work he was to do the coming summer. He was going out to the farm—his farm in Western Canada. He had his wells to dig, his horses to get into shape, his grain implements to fix up, his seed grain to prepare, and other details for the land that was ready to receive it. His was what might be termed an "unrest"—to get to the farm!

Thousands in Western Canada today are making the preparations that this interested man contemplated. Their summer fallows are ready for the wheat, their spring plowing is being attended to, fences are being rebuilt or being put into repair; indeed, the entire country is one great hive of industry.

Railroads are in readiness to take care of a great rush of settlers, those charged with the reception of whom are prepared to extend every courtesy and thus meet the rush with judgment and without the least friction. Thus, the enjoyment of the opening of spring is fully met.

At many of the stations throughout many of the middle western states, trains of settlers' effects are in readiness to move to Western Canada. Not only in these states are scenes of this kind to be witnessed, but, also, on either coast and throughout the eastern states there is the same activity among those going to Western Canada this spring. The crops have been heavy and all reports are that the winter was enjoyable; also, that the prospects for a satisfactory year were never better. There is plenty of land yet to be had by homesteading or otherwise. Adapted, as Western Canada is, to small grain farming, it is especially adapted to cattle raising and many of the farmers are placing small and large herds, as their individual means will permit.

The illustrated literature sent out by the Canadian government agents tells the truth clearly and the inquirer should send for a copy and if you be one of those who has an ambitious interest, you may be the gainer by a perusal of such information—straight, cold facts in themselves.—Advertisement.

Nap in a Nutshell.
Marks—Are you reading this new history of the Napoleonic tragedy that's being printed?

Parks—No. To me the tragedy of Napoleon may be summed up in two lines. The divorce of Josephine was the prelude; Elba the interlude, and his last battle the Waterloo.

Bell Never Stops Tolling.
A bell in a temple in North China has been kept ringing for a century. A tax is levied in the district for paying relays of ringers to work incessantly day and night.

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

When our own fingers close on graft it generally feels like a reward of merit.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the brightest and fastest. Adv.

Common sense can prove an alibi in most cases.

At the Auction.
Stranger—May I bid?
Auctioneer—Certainly, sir.
Stranger—Then I bid you good day.

If Sealed in a Bottle it couldn't be more Dust Proof, Dirt Proof, Impurity Proof!



The new
"SEAL OF PURITY"

keeps out dampness—water—even the air. Everything undesirable is kept completely away from the fresh pure beneficial dainty inside.

So give constant and delicious aid to your teeth, digestion, breath and appetite with the gum with the "Seal of Purity."



BUY IT BY THE BOX

for 85 cents at most dealers. Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages. They stay fresh until used.

Chew it after every meal

Be SURE it's clean, pure, healthful WRIGLEY'S.

Look for the spear.

UNREASONABLE THING TO ASK

Thirsty Tourists Inclined to Be Fickle Should Visit Ireland During the Winter Months.

Two New York men were touring Ireland last summer by automobile. On a hot July afternoon they came to an inn. Stopping, they went into the bar. A red-cheeked peasant girl was the barmaid. The travelers ordered Irish and soda. The girl served them and went on with her interrupted work of wiping the bar. One of the men tasted his drink and found it tepid.

"I say, my girl," he said, "won't you please put some ice in these drinks?"

Her mouth went wide open and the mopping cloth was poised in mid-air. Amaze held her silent for a moment. Then she found tongue in a hurry.

"Ice, is it? And who the—ever heard of ice in July?"

Whereupon she fell to polishing again.

Canal Comment.
"Charley dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "they are having a great deal of agitation about the big canal, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know, I sometimes think it might have been better if we had been content with the old-fashioned canals where all the talking was done by the man who was driving the mule."

Wrong Label.
Grocery Clerk—What is it, auntie?
Colored Aunt—Missus sent me for two cans of medicated milk.

Wasted Effort.

Miss Dixon, a charming society girl, had spent the entire summer in trying to elevate the simple country people with whom she was boarding. When she was about to leave, she said:

"Goodby, Mr. Ingersoll, I hope my visit here hasn't been entirely without good results."

"Sartin not," replied the old farmer, "you've learnt a heap since you first come; but, by heck! you was about the greenest one we ever had on our hands."—National Monthly.

At Campaign Headquarters.
Campaign Manager—What's become of all this anti-railroad literature?
Campaign Clerk—It's gone to seed.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

Some women believe that husbandless marriages would be far more satisfactory.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

Is Equally Valuable as a General Strengthening Tonic, Because It Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds Up the Whole System.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic, the formula is printed on every label, showing that it contains the tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills, Fever, Weakness, General Debility and Loss of Appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. For grown people and children. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

DEFIANCE STARCH

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

Soda Fountain

Soda Fountain: We have made up ready for prompt shipment 6, 8, 10, 12 and 20 ft. front system, pump service outfits, new and slightly used, at a big saving in price on easy monthly payments. The Grosman Co., Inc., Dallas, Tex.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

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

\$3.00 A DAY and Over Paid Men and Women

(over 21 years of age) for distributing advertising matter in their districts. If you have had any kind of selling experience we can make you a \$100.00 OFFER. Write immediately for territory. Address Room 120, Great Northern Building, Chicago, Ill.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, Mo. 15-1914.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours Is fluttering or weak, use **RENOVINE.** Made by Van Vleet-Manfield Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price 50c.

THE
McLEAN

That's the Way to Start
Neighborhood Improvement

Neighborhood Improvement begins at home. Beautify your house and its surroundings and the influence upon the neighbors will soon make a wonderful improvement on your street.

Little Blue Flag
High Standard
LIQUID PAINT

is the paint to use. The "Little Blue Flag" on the can assures you of best results.

Look your house over carefully and decide whether or not it needs painting now. Be the first to begin improvement and not the last.

We have color cards showing attractive combinations. There is one for you free—come in and ask for it.

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

White Deer Notes.

We are needing rain to stop the sand from running the wheat.

Mrs. Campbell of Gosson is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes.

Dr. and Mrs. Sam Goodner visited at Pampa Monday.

E. H. Gaines visited friends in Amarillo Monday.

Mr. Harvey shipped 31 cars of cattle to Kansas Friday.

Mrs. Fayette Radtke visited at J. M. McCoy's Friday.

Mrs. J. D. Edgar visited at Pampa Monday.

School closed Friday with a good attendance. This closes one of the most successful schools the writer has taught for many years.

Everybody's literary was a grand success Friday night, with a good program. We have decided to discontinue the society until school begins in September.

In conclusion I want to express my thanks to all the good people of White Deer for their untiring support rendered us while we have been in their midst, and we were made to rejoice to hear so many pleasant express themselves as well

pleased with our work in the school room. We regret very much that we could not accept an invitation to take the school again with an increase in salary and on operation. We trust White Deer will be able to secure good teachers for the next term and also have their new building ready. If I were going to teach any more I am sure I could not better myself by leaving. I think all of the White Deer people again and trust their prospects will always be brighter. Also wish to thank the McLean News for printing my locale and being so faithful in sending us the News. We will make our future home at Heald, Texas. Messrs. Sam Knackie and Milo Kinard came up to invite us back today.

JOSATHAN.

Revival.

We are requested to announce that there will be a revival meeting commence at the tabernacle on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in June by the congregation of the Church of Christ. Elder W. P. Skarage of Vernon will do the preaching. The public requested to bear in mind the opening date.

FRED

My Arabian and Black Hawk stallion will make the season of 1914 at McLean. Fred is a beautiful red and white spotted animal six years old and is a sure foal getter.

TERMS

\$10.00 to insure living colt. \$2.50 must be paid when service is had and the balance when colt is born. In case mare is traded or removed from the county fees will be immediately due. In case live colt is not born cash payments will be returned.

Geo. Hayden, Owner.

BEN HUR

Gorman Coach Stallion, dark bay, 16 hands and one fifth high, weight 1400 pounds. Has size, substance, quality good looks and is A 1 ip every respect. Fees: \$10.00.

STAR STATE

No. 2357—Black Spanish Jack, 15 1/2 hands high, weight 1000 pounds; winner of sweepstakes Dallas and San Antonio. The best in the Panhandle. Fees: \$12.50.

The above stock will make the season of 1914 one mile south and half mile east of McLean on the A. P. Clark farm.

Terms: I guarantee living colt but not to stand and suck. If mare is traded or removed from country I must have my money. \$2.50 of fee must be paid when service is had and the balance when the colt is born.

JOE CLARK

TEXAS FACTS

MANUFACTURING.

Texas has 7,000 factories.

There are 300 new factories built per year in Texas.

The capital investment in Texas manufacturing enterprises is \$214,879,000.

Texas factories employ 70,230 wage earners.

The annual production of the Texas factories is valued at \$272,806,000.

One and six-tenths per cent of the population of Texas is engaged in manufacturing.

Texas ranks seventh in factory output and first in opportunity for new enterprises compared with other states.

The annual per capita factory creation of Texas is \$23.00.

We have one manufacturing enterprise to every 450 people.

Fifty per cent of the factories of Texas are owned by individuals, 30 per cent by corporations and 20 per cent by firms.

There are 3,000 steam and 800 gas engines in Texas factories. We also have 3,454 electric, 1 water motor and 31 water wheels supplying power.

Less than 1 per cent of the factory wage earners of Texas are under 24 years of age.

To operate Texas factories one year requires a million tons of coal, two hundred thousand cords of wood, three and one-half million barrels of oil and a hundred million cubic feet of gas.

Only 3,882 women work in the Texas factories.

The prevailing hours of labor in Texas factories are 54 per week.

Announcements

We are authorized to make the following announcements for office in this county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary:

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE:
F. P. GREEVER.
NEWTON P. WILLES.

FOR SHERIFF:
J. S. DENSON.
W. S. COPPELAND.
G. E. CASTLEBERRY.
S. L. BALL.

FOR CLERK:
C. L. UPHAM.
T. J. D'ESPAIN.
D. W. OSBORNE.

FOR ASSESSOR:
A. E. DOUCETTE.
J. B. (Joe) FOX.
J. B. PASCHALL.
J. H. SAUNDERS.
T. J. McCLAIN.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE:
SILER FAULKNER.
C. S. RICE.

FOR TREASURER:
HENRY THUT.
CLADE DAVIS.

FOR PUBLIC WELDER:
CARL OVERTON.
A. W. WILLARD.
TILMAN SUGG.

\$50.00 Reward.

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

Boatman Bank,
By A. B. Gardenhire.

PATENTS

OVER 55 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS ETC.

Scientific American.

MUNN & Co. 364 Broadway, New York

READ THIS

McLean Texas August 14-12.

We the undersigned Druggist of McLean are selling Hall's Texas Wonder and recommend it to be the best Kidney Bladder and Rheumatic remedy we have ever sold.

ARTHUR ERWIN
T. M. WOLFE.
A TEXAS WONDER

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

\$25.00 REWARD

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

Penal code, Art. 284: If any person shall intentionally break, cut, pull or tear down, unfasten, or in any other manner injure any telegraph or telephone wire, post, machinery or other accessory appurtenance to any telegraph or telephone line, or in any way willfully obstruct or interfere with the transmission of any message along such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or by fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Elite Barber Shop

W. M. MASSAY, Prop.

EVERYTHING NEW
But The Barbers

Agents for that GOOD Laundry—Panhandle Steam
Next Door To The Postoffice

HOTEL HINDMAN

Rates \$2.00 Per Day

Best Accommodations Special Rates to
in the City Weekly Boarders

All Meals 50c—Children 25c

J. R. Hindman, Proprietor

Why dont you
BATHE

Our Bath Tub is at your disposal
We are the real Tonsorial Artasts. Try us.

City Barber Shop

BEE EVERETT, Prop.

W. R. PATTERSON

ABSTRACTER
AND
CONVEYANCER

Fire and Tornado Insurance

McLean, Texas

WANT A DRAY

See W. D. Sims when you want anything moved. Careful handling of everything entrusted to our care.

PHONE 126

Posted.

All parties are hereby warned not to hunt, fish or otherwise trespass on the property of the undersigned. Violation of this notice will be vigorously prosecuted.

Henry Thut,
George Thut,
Clem Davis,
W. H. Bates & Son,
J. E. Williams,
C. A. Price,
G. H. Saunders.

McLean Auto Company

Supplies and Accessories
Vulcanizing

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF REPAIRING

Hupmobile Agency Phone 83 Service Cars

Don't FORGET

That it is time to begin to think about a SILO for this year's crop, and remember there is a right kind and a wrong kind. We sell the COMMON SENSE—the right kind. The kind that don't blow down, dry out or swell up. The kind that gives absolute satisfaction. Study about this and come to our office and let's talk it over.

Yours for good crops and a most prosperous year.

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.
McLean, Texas