

The McLean News

ELEVENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1915

NO. 43

Posts! Posts! Posts! Mountain Cedar

6 ft.
8 ft.
10 ft.

Western Lumber Company

From Over The Panhandle

The 14 year old son of Prof. R. Silvey of Clarendon, died a week as a result of a gunshot wound received while out riding with a small companion.

In the case of the State vs. Hank Haggart, charged with criminal assault on a girl of thirteen, failed to reach a verdict. Haggart was given a life sentence in the first trial. New evidence greatly strengthened the defense and eleven jurors were acquitted.—Amarillo News.

Mr. J. C. Martin and Miss Annie Day, prominent young girls of the Hedley community, were recently united in marriage.

Mrs. Nat P. Jackson, the Smith Lever representative from the A. & M. College, and a demonstrator in Home Economics, spent four days in Armstrong county recently working among the rural women and rural schools.

Two cars of watermelons were shipped last week from Tascosa,

one to Amarillo and the other to Plainview.

Miss Opal Smith Woodley of Shamrock has been selected for membership in the Texas University Dramatic Club, which consists of ten girls, who were selected from a group of seventy applicants.

Larry Rider and Miss Amelia Saunders of Pampa were recently married in Amarillo.

The Pampa News reports five new brick buildings nearing completion with three more contemplated.

Rev. J. W. Storey of Plainview was host to his twenty five stewards at an elaborate six-course banquet at the Ware Hotel Tuesday of last week. Speeches were made along church work, closing with a practical address by L. M. Faulkner on the "Financial end of the business of the church."

Clyde E. Russel and Miss Myrtle Stewart, prominent

District Court In Session

The Honorable District Court of Gray county was regularly convened at the capital Monday morning with District Judge Willis on the bench. A grand jury was empaneled for the term and in his address to them Judge Willis made a strong and intelligent plea for the investigation of all crimes within the county that strike the most serious blows at the foundations of society and commercial life. His charge was short and concise, but included a resume of the principal offences prohibited by statute, and also included a lucid explanation of the duty of the grand jury not only in ferreting out crime but in keeping secret the deliberations and plans of the body.

The petit jury was empaneled and the civil and criminal dockets were called. One case of importance, that of the State versus Earl S. Hurst, was dismissed by motion of the district attorney for reasons filed with the court. Other civil and criminal cases were variously disposed of and the court wound up its work the middle of the week in order to allow the jurors and other court attendants to get back to their various businesses, which at this time of the year is very urgent.

young people of Glazier, were married recently in Canadian.

L. F. Lodlow, president of the Lockney Christian College, has been tendered the Peabody Scholarship at the State University. He was selected out of 700 applicants. The scholarship carries \$1,200 to defray expenses and is the highest honor that any State University can offer.

Miss Lizzie Huber of Miami died at that place last week from an attack of appendicitis. Miss Huber was only twenty three years old and had lived in Miami since just a child.

The Commissioners Court of Swisher county has appointed a landscape gardner to fill and grade the court house yard at Tulia and set it to trees and lawns.

The Amarillo steam laundry guarantees satisfaction. Luke & Vester.

Grain Market Is Slow

Many of the farmers in this immediate vicinity have finished heading their kaffir and are curing it for the market. On account of so much wet weather all fall these crops were slow in maturing and the work of harvesting has been necessarily delayed.

Maize has not yielded as heavily as was expected, probably on account of the excessive rainfall, but kaffir corn is turning out splendidly and Indian corn was never better, the yield making a probable average of thirty bushels to the acre over this section.

The grain market, like the maturing weather, has been slow to materialize and in consequence there is no selling of consequence. Something like seven dollars per ton is the best offer on kaffir and maize and corn is quoted locally about forty cents. It is believed that these prices will show a material advance as the marketing season advances and maize and kaffir will likely reach ten dollars, with corn selling around fifty to sixty cents.

While it is the general opinion that one of the largest grain crops in the history of the United States was produced this year, and that in consequence there will be little demand with a resulting low price, yet there are vast sections of the agricultural portions of the United States that have made practical failures, partly from drouth and partly from excessive rain, and it would be a difficult matter to make a reasonable estimate on the aggregate production of the different grain crops.

Another fact that is portentous with reference to the price of grain is that wheat is selling at better than a dollar a bushel and cotton seed cake, another important feed production, is around thirty five dollars a ton, which is considerably in advance of its usual quotation.

It is barely possible that with the stopping of European shipment of grain and food stuffs the price of these products may remain at their low level, but should we find anything like a normal market abroad the assumption is reasonable that prices will show a material advance before the first of the year.

Certain it is that those farmers who can arrange to do so will profit by holding their grain for a few weeks at least and taking a better than even chance on an increase in price. It is understood that many local men are making arrangements to do this.

It Can't Sting.

In view of the fact that mosquitos have been rather plentiful around the lakes, creeks and other low places since the recent wet season, we give the following recipe for mosquito bites:

"The editor of an Illinois exchange is a public benefactor and when he dies the people of his country ought to erect a monument to the honor of his memory. He has discovered a new way to get rid of mosquitos. He tells you simply to rub alum on your face and hands. When the mosquito takes a bite it puckers his gazoopie so it can't sting. Then it sits down in a damp place, tries to dig the pucker loose, catches its death of cold and dies of pneumonia."



Take A Little Runabout

and compare our goods, quality and price considered. Comparison is the only true test of value and we court it on everything we sell. Your little run about will surely bring you back to our store.

ERWIN DRUG COMPANY

Men need not die again to rise
With resurrection in their eyes,
If but the selfish spirit dies.

We need not wait for birth above
Some dreaming prophet tells us of,
While we have hearts and men need love.

Who thinks a thought for other men,
Who lifts a brother's burden, then
Is with his brother born again.

A resurrection I behold
More tender than the visions old
Of skies of blue and harps of gold—
A resurrection here at hand
The simplest soul can understand.

The men are bearing more and more
The greatest lessons' later lore,
The thing they were created for:

The New Idea, the broader birth,
Turns tears to joy and pain to mirth;
The New Idea girds the earth.

We shall not rise who seek to rise
For our own selves to sainted skies,
While 'round about us sorrow lies.

Nay, we shall rise by kneeling near
Some brother soul with song of cheer—
Shall rise by bringing heaven here.

—Douglass Malloch in the American Lumberman.

Citizens State Bank McLean, Texas

Offers to Depositors every facility which their balances, business and responsibility warrant.

J. S. Morse, President. Clay E. Thompson, Cashier.
W. E. Ballard, Vice Pres. J. M. Noel, Vice Pres.

DIRECTORS

J. M. Noel. L. H. Weab. J. T. Close.

Service and Solidity The Banking Requisites

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

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

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

American State Bank (GUARANTY FUND BANK)

McLean, Texas

D. B. VEATCH, PRESIDENT
GEO. W. SITTER, VICE PRES.
W. H. HOLT, CASHIER
A. G. RICHARDSON, ASST. CASHIER

A. P. CLARK, Jr. JACOB L. HESS.

DIRECTORS.

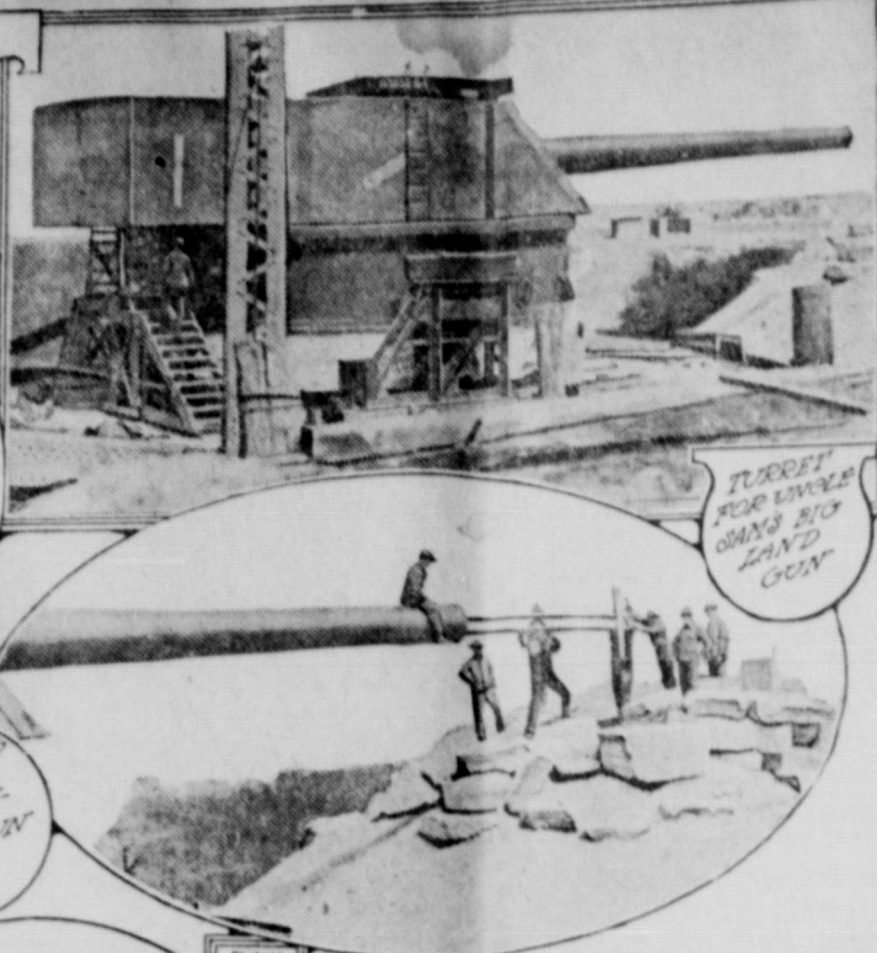
INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

THE ELITE BARBER SHOP

D. N. MASSAY, Prop.
Everything New and Clean. The very best service in tonsorial lines given our customers.

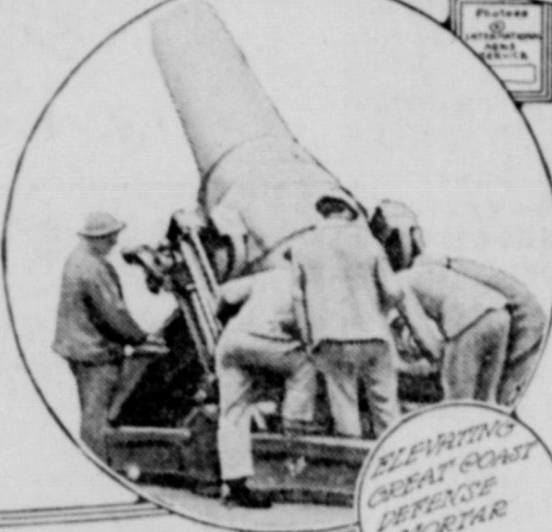
Agents for the reliable
Panhandle Steam Laundry
Next door to Postoffice

HOW COAST GUNNERS ARE TRAINED



GRABBING OUT A FOURTEEN-INCH GUN

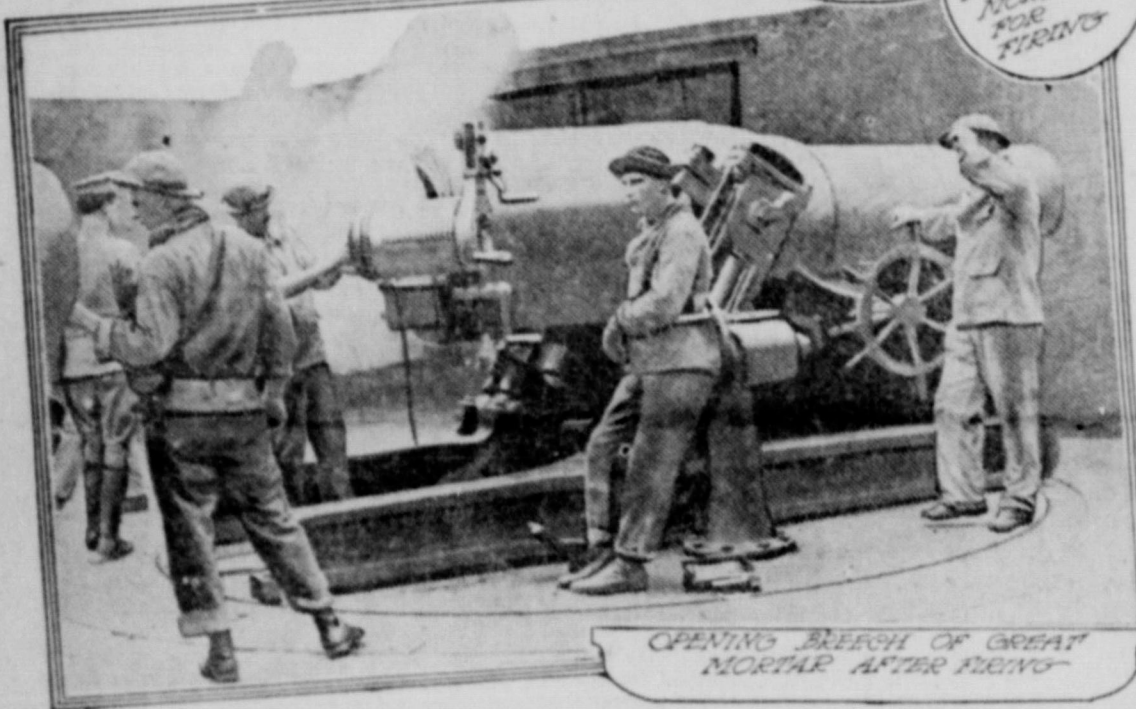
TURRET FOR UNLOADING SANDS BIG GUN



ELEVATING GREAT COAST DEFENSE MORTAR FOR FIRING

It is upon the seaboard guns that the security of the nation will depend should an enemy succeed in crippling our far-flung line, the navy, and drive our dreadnaughts to the cover of the harbors and the protection of the heavy rifles and mortars of the army. The question is, can these seaboard batteries hold a foe at bay?

On our continental shores we have a total of 26 coast defense commands, and 21 of these are located upon the Atlantic littoral. But even though there are fewer stations on the Pacific coast, still those are very formidable. Without considering weapons of eight-inch caliber and under, we already have mounted a total upon our two shores of 372 12-inch mortars, 105 12-inch rifles, and 132 16-inch heavy guns. The strength of the personnel of the coast artillery, according to the latest figures, is 758 officers and



OPENING BREACH OF GREAT MORTAR AFTER FIRING

17,901 enlisted men. This is a shortage of soldiers of 1,429 agreeably to the force authorized by law, and this is an intimation of the extremely heavy work that the men would have to face in case of hostilities, because we are minus a vitally necessary reserve.

The average layman has but the slightest knowledge of the extremely technical character of the Coast Artillery corps, and to be proficient these soldiers receive a many-sided education. Theirs is the task of getting the advantage of the enemy before the foe can locate the position of our guns and mortars, and the whole system of defense is the exact opposite of the way in which a hostile squadron would approach its aggressive task.

From the very beginning of the planning of our existing seaboard batteries the idea of concealment was the first concern. The mortars were designed to be hidden away in pits—each of them holding four of these weapons. The heavy rifles were not to be in plain sight, with their threatening muzzles peering over the crests of parapets. Instead, the disappearing carriage was invented for a mount. These gave the rifles the power to crouch while loading or awaiting service, and then, when the moment for action arrived, to spring up suddenly from behind their embrasures to fire directly at the foe, and by the force of their own recoil to sink from view and into position for reloading.

How is it possible for weapons of this sort to be aimed at their targets? It is commonly known that in naval service the guns are held upon their quays by means of electrically operated mechanisms that swing and elevate the rifles so that the cross hairs of the telescopic sights can be kept right on a moving target even though the sea be rough and the vessel roll. The gun pointers are undisturbed by this motion, and at 12,000 yards and more are able to do some wonderful shooting. But the gun pointers and trainers in the mortar pits and the emplacements of the big rifles do not, themselves, see the enemy. Yet despite this seeming handicap still they are able to do some extraordinarily effective work.

The army gun pointers near New York, with 16-inch disappearing rifles, have been able to fire four shots in a total elapsed time of less than one minute, and these were concentrated upon a target four miles away being towed at the rate of something over five miles an hour. All four shots struck the target and actually passed through a rectangle 24 feet high by 53 feet long. At 4,600 yards the same caliber guns at Fort Monroe scored six hits out of six shots at a moving target. The total elapsed time of the firing was slightly over two minutes, the batteries scoring 1.4 hits per gun per minute.

The science of surveying has made these achievements possible, even though, as has been said, the guns and mortars must be trained and elevated by men who cannot see their targets. It is a well-known theorem in plane geometry that the length of the two sides of a triangle may be found if the length of the base and the degree of the two angles formed by the sides in question with this base are known. In the case of the

coast artillery problem the distant ship of the foe is at the remote tip of the imaginary triangle, and the known base is the span between two observing or range-finding stations. This interval may be a mile or more, and, within some limits, the longer the better for accuracy.

Many have seen from afar at our coast defense stations what seemed to be big bird boxes mounted upon towering tubular supports or web-work of steel. There are always two of them, and officially they are known as the primary and secondary range stations. In each of them, in time of service, there are at least two men. One turns by means of a delicately graduated mechanism a powerful telescope from right to left, and his function is to keep the moving target continually at the point of intersection of two cross hairs in the field of his instrument. His companion reads off at prescribed intervals the angle made by the telescope with the permanent base and the far-away foe.

The same thing is being done at the other range station at the opposite end of the base. A time bell rings at each of these stations every 20 seconds, and at the third stroke the man reading the angular scale telephones that measurement to the plotting room located where the enemy cannot see it and itself in telephonic communication with each gun or mortar division.

In the plotting room a group of men make use of the information coming to them intermittently from the range-finding towers and by a graphic process determine with great nicety the distance off of the steaming foe. The plotting table or board where the information from the observers is applied is a big semicircular affair—the curved edge being graduated to fractions of a degree, while the straight edge or diameter represents on a definite scale the length of the base line between the two spotter towers. At each end of this base line is a pivoted ruler. One is called the primary and the other the secondary—corresponding to the range-finding station with which its operator is in touch by telephone. Here is what follows:

The soldiers at the primary and secondary pivoted rulers or arms bring the free ends toward one another in accordance with the separate angles telephoned to them. A third man operates another ruler called the gun arm, which measures the distance or range of the axis of this triangle. At the word of command from the range officer the observers at the two telescopes bring these powerful instruments to bear in unison upon a chosen part of the remote ship. At the order "Take," the scale reader telephones the figures to the operators at the plotting board. In a few seconds the man in charge there has placed on a large sheet of paper a dot at the point where the two straight edges meet and has marked this pencilled point No. 1.

Again, 20 seconds later, another dot is made where the shifting straight edges meet, and this is numbered 2. Similarly positions are thus recorded for No. 3 and No. 4, and if the distance between these dots is uniform the plotters know that the target is moving at a steady speed and the path dots gives a visible trace of the direc-

tion in which the foe is advancing. As yet none of the weapons has been pointed, nor, if mortars are to be used, even been loaded.

The plotters mark upon his paper a fifth point ahead and in line with the four other dots. This is his "predicted point" where the enemy vessel should be a minute later. In this interval of time it is necessary for the men in the plotting room to do a number of things necessary to make it possible for the weapons to score a hit. The mere range is not enough to know. Let us assume that the foe is to be attacked by means of mortars and that the projectiles are to soar thousands of feet into the air upon their long flight that may take the better part of two minutes before plunging upon the vulnerable decks of the hostile dreadnaught.

It is needful to know how long the shells will be in the air at that range; how far the target will move during the flight of the missiles; how much the path of the projectiles will be influenced by drift due to their own rotation and the effect of the prevailing wind; the exact powder charge that will be needed to propel the shells—this being determined by the range and the state of the atmosphere; and finally, how much ahead the mortars must be aimed in order to allow for these factors. These complications are due to the method of indirect fire employed, and in this particular the mortars are not so accurate as the big rifles and, therefore, are more difficult to handle in order to insure good results. The final point set in the plotting room is No. 6 and two minutes further along than No. 5, the "predicted point," the latter being verified by the angles given by the observers at the spotter stations when the vessel is duly reported at the proper moment.

All of this has taken longer to describe than actual performance calls for, because the error factors which have been just mentioned are tabulated and are quickly worked out graphically by means of cunningly devised apparatus. It must be evident that in an interval of four minutes a big ship 12,000 or 16,000 yards off would not get measurably closer, and once the proper range is found and the mortars loaded the shifting range is quickly verified and the guns set accordingly.

The men in the towers and those in the plotting room are at work all the while. At definite intervals the instructions are sent by telephone from the plotting room to each battery or mortar pit, and lest these vocal directions be misunderstood the figures and orders are visibly reproduced. For this work the telautograph is employed, and thus words and numbers in writing check the telephone calls.

As has been said, there are four mortars in each pit, and as a general thing there are four of these pits at each defense station. In other words, a salvo of 16 high explosive shells can be launched by indirect fire at a foe. If but two of these hit the enemy she would either be destroyed or gravely damaged, because none of her decks would be able to withstand such an assault. In practice the performances of such a battery have been splendid. As a matter of record, one mortar company has fired as many as ten shots in 6 minutes 49 seconds, and in that interval made six hits, while another company has scored eight times out of ten shots during a span of 9 minutes 28 seconds. These mortar projectiles weigh from 800 to 1,000 pounds, and are charged with from 20 to 60 pounds of high explosive.

For the disappearing guns the modus operandi differs in some particulars. The time of flight of the shot is far shorter than in the case of the mortar shell, the powder charge is not varied to suit different ranges, and the state of the atmosphere is not a deciding factor. Therefore, corrections are more easily made, for the rifle, when it does fire, is pointed right at its target. The principal concern of the battery commander is to know the range, and this is telephoned and reproduced by the telautograph at the firing stations.

The battery commander also follows the enemy ship with a telescopic range finder that employs a short vertical instead of a horizontal base. This serves as a check and at each gun there is a telescopic sight which is functioned independent of the weapon—the operator looking over the parapet and following continually the moving quarry. By swinging his telescope horizontally he causes the lateral angle to be indicated at the gun station below, and there the trainer swings the weapon in unison and the elevator raises the muzzle agreeably to instructions from the range-finders.

When the rifles have been loaded and the moment for action arrives these great war dogs rise upon their steel haunches and thrust their muzzles above the heavy parapets of concrete. Instantly there is a thunderous boom—the speeding projectiles are on their murderous mission. Before the thin veil of smoke has been swept aside the guns have sunk behind cover, and but for the momentary flashing of their muzzles there is nothing to show the spotters on the hostile craft where the attacking guns lie.

HER EQUIPMENT.

"That girl is fishing for a husband."
"Then I suppose she uses a beauline in hopes of a good catch."

CALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP! ACTS LIKE DYNAMITE ON LIVER

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Doesn't Make You Sick!

Stop using calomel! It makes you sick. Don't lose a day's work. If you feel lazy, sluggish, bilious or constipated, listen to me!

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile, crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

JUST FORCED TO COME DOWN

Reader Will See That Smith's Reason for Descent Was an Entirely Good One.

Here is a story that was told by Congressman James C. Cantrill of Kentucky the other afternoon in illustrating a remark on the force of necessity:

Recently Smith hired a horse for a canter along the pike, but the animal, having neither a sweet nature nor a great desire to work strenuously, began to buck, and the rider was ungracefully thrown through the air and dropped by the wayside.

"Hello, Smith," smilingly remarked a friend the following day: "I saw you out horsebacking yesterday."

"You did?" responded Smith, beginning to wonder a bit.

"Yes," continued the other, his smile broadening. "What made you drop down so quickly?"

"Case of necessity," answered Smith. "Did you see anything up where I was to hold on to?"

Location.

"What was the weight of that fish you were talking about all summer?"

"Which fish?" inquired the unblinking boaster. "The one I had on my line or the one I only had on my mind?"

The Kind of Stuff.

"That sensational novel of his is selling like hot cakes."

"It's a burning shame!"—Judge.

All things are good to good men.

Wash day is smile day if you use Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore the best made. Adv.

Many houses in France are numbered 12 1/2, in order to avoid the unlucky number of 13.

As a matter of fact, the divorce suit of one of her friends usually interests a woman more than her own married life does.

It sometimes happens that a marriage license furnishes a man with an excuse for trying to drown his troubles.

Tush, Tush!

She—What a lovely view!

He—I'd like it better if you turned your face this way.

He and She.

She—Have you ever read "Lives of the Hunted?"

He—No; what's it about—backsliders?—New York Post.

Speedy at That.

Boss (to new boy)—You're the slowest youngster we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?

Boy—Yes, sir; nobody can get tired as quick as I can.

Mild Way of Saying "You Lie."

Hobbs (telling a tall story)—I assure you, old man, if I hadn't seen it myself I wouldn't believe it.

Dobbs—Then you'll understand why I don't.



Many Positions Carrying Large Salaries

are open today to men in every walk of life. But the men must possess vigorous bodies and keen, active minds.

Success-making mental and physical activity relies largely upon right living wherein the right kind of food plays a most vital part.

In many cases the daily diet lacks certain of Nature's elements essential to energizing and upbuilding the mental and physical faculties. Most white flour products, such as white bread and many other commonly used foods, are in that class.

A food especially designed to offset this lack—

Grape-Nuts

—made of wheat and malted barley, supplies all the nutriment of the grains, including the mineral salts—sturdy builders of brain, nerve and muscle.

Grape-Nuts is thoroughly processed, ready to serve from the package, fresh, crisp and delicious. Then, too, there's a wonderful return of the power to "do" and to "be" for the small energy required in its digestion.

After repeated set-backs thousands have found a change to right eating means forging ahead.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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THE McLEAN NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

Year\$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter May 8, 1906, at the postoffice at McLean, Texas, under the Act of Congress.

Senior League Program.

Song.
Prayer—by the president.
Subject, Personal Work.
Mark 6:34-42; Luke 10:12-12.
Leader—Verda Dean.
Song.
Prayer.
Scriptural examples of personal work—Lula Faulkner.
Excuses for not doing personal work—Maggie Jordan.
Our personal duty as Leaders—Ellen Anderson.
Sentence prayers.
Song.
The importance of each member doing his part—R. S. Ashby.
Short talks by different members.
Closing prayer.

Long Distance Users.

We would respectfully call your attention to the important fact that when you use the long distance wire to any point from McLean the fee is absolutely payable the first of the month without any recourse, and if you delay in settling with us we have to make the payment out of our own pocket to the telephone people. We only get a small portion of these fees, and in no case is our commission large enough to justify us in lending you the money to pay your calls the first of the month. If you want to talk over the long distance wire kindly arrange to pay for it promptly. While the individual amount may be small, the total is considerable each month, and we want you to bear this in mind when talking.

Respectfully,
McLean Telephone Exchange.

Dentistry.

If you are in need of Dental services it will be to your interest to call on Dr. T. B. Jones of Amarillo who will be in McLean from Monday Nov. 15 to Thursday Nov. 18. All work guaranteed and prices reasonable.

Respectfully,
T. B. Jones D. D. S.

Notice.

The State of Texas
County of Gray

To the Creditors of C. C. Cook. You are hereby notified that C. C. Cook, of the County of Gray, on the 18th day of October, 1915, executed a deed of assignment, conveying to the undersigned all his property for the benefit of such of his creditors as will consent to accept their proportionate share of his estate and discharge him from their respective claims, and that the undersigned accepted said trust, and has duly qualified as required by law.

All creditors consenting to said assignment must, within four months after the publication of this notice, make known to the assignee their consent in writing, and within six months from the date of this notice file their claim, prescribed by law, with the undersigned, who resides at McLean, Texas, which is also his postoffice address.

Witness my hand this 18th day of October, 1915.

R. E. DORSEY.

On Thursday of last week at the home of the bride in Erick Oklahoma, the ceremony was performed uniting in marriage Mr. Hulon Collier of Groom and Miss Hallie Smith. Both young people are well known and popular in their respective communities. Mr. Collier is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collier of this city and formerly lived here, having moved to Groom several years ago and identified himself with the State Bank of Groom, of which institution he is now assistant cashier.

His many friends here join with the News in extending sincerest congratulations and best wishes for a happy and prosperous voyage across the matrimonial sea.

Templeton For Re-Election.

We are in receipt of a letter from Hon. R. L. Templeton of Wellington stating that he will again be in the race for Representative of this district. Mr. Templeton has held this office two terms and has represented the district with credit.

He further states that he will make formal announcements the first of the year.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Subject—Foreign Mission Survey.

Leader—Miss Lena Nunn.
Song.
Prayer.
Song.
Introduction—Leader.
Papal fields—Bettie Lee Christian.
Moslem countries—Horace Dean.
Pagan countries—Ethel Cash.
Song.
China—Mervin Burks.
Africa—Ethel Stockton.
Japan—Robert Stokes.
Italy—Mr. Petty.
Mexico—Buford Nunn.
Brazil—Alma Anderson.
Argentina—Maggie Jordan.
Closing words Rev.—Hamilton Prayer.
Come and help us.

We have just unloaded another car of

HOME RULE FLOUR

And can still sell it at the same old price. Remember that we can make you a little better price on lots of 500 pounds or more. This will be our last car of Home Rule Flour—our next car will be that much liked

Peace Maker

Which we will get in about December first. The price of flour is advancing and the old prices will not be in effect by that date. You had better buy a supply now from this car of FRESH Home Rule—Now.

HAYNES GROCERY COMPANY

Study Club Program.

In rooms made cheery with a combination beauty of lovely garden flowers, streaming with golden October sunshine, twelve members of the McLean Study Club met Friday afternoon with Mrs. Denson. A very interesting lesson on "Washington, our Capital; Washington, our president and Washington's Monument" was carried out in full with Mrs. J. L. Crabtree as leader. After the lesson refreshments of chocolate, wafers and fruits were served.

Following is the program for November 5th:
Hostess—Mrs. W. C. Foster.
Leader—Mrs. Homer Crabtree.
Lesson is found in the August number of the Geographic Magazine, 156 to 194.

Subject, Panama Canal.
Roll Call answered with events concerning subject.

In what year was the canal begun by the DeLesseps Co. and why was it a failure?

Why did Stephens and Wallace resign the positions as engineers?

By whose skill was the work a success?

What was the average number of laborers employed in this work?

How this great work was accomplished—Mrs. J. L. Crabtree.

Name the two greatest purposes of the canal.

Why did the states not accept the proposal of the European Nations for an unfortified or neutralized canal?

Lake Gatun.—Mrs. Richardson.

Name the two most dreaded diseases among the laborers during this work.

What were the landslides and why caused?

The Gatun Locks—Miss McCurdy.

To what country did Panama previously belong? In what year did it cede?

Name some of the exports of Panama. What is the population? The capital and the population of the capital?

What was the treaty proclaimed by Roosevelt in 1904?

How many miles distance will the canal save between New York and San Francisco?

The Panama of today—Mrs. W. C. Foster.

Is the canal really completed?—Discussion.

Geo. P. Wilson is this week enjoying a visit from his brother, Tom Wilson, whom he had not seen before in twenty-five years. Mr. Wilson came here from Styles to deliver a bunch of sheep to F. M. Faulkner and while here learned that his brother lived here.

Missionary Notes.

The Methodist Ladies Auxiliary met Tuesday afternoon at the regular hour with twelve members present. This being a business meeting the report of each officer was promptly given. Next Tuesday will be study day, the lesson will include the 11th and 12th chapters of Acts. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Supt. Publicity.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Massay announce the arrival of a little granddaughter, Dorothy Minnis, at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Winnie Massay at Whitesboro, Tex., on the 24th inst. They expect to pay the little miss a visit in the near future.

J. F. Harbert of Canadian was here recently and sold his place in the south part of town to J. P. Welch of Spur, Texas. J. A. Welch of the same place has also moved here and is located in one of the Crabtree cottages.

The gentlemen have charge of the Sitter Blacksmith Shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Earp were surprised by a party of friends Saturday night who called for the purpose of administering a miscellaneous shower and enjoying the hospitality of their newly founded home. A splendid musical program was enjoyed and the hostess served refreshments.

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Monday's SPECIALS

12 yards of good bleached Domestic For\$1.00
Special lot of Ladies' House Dresses Worth \$1.00 and \$1.50, For......75

Men's Suits

A 10 per cent discount given on all Men's Suits

\$25.00

Save your duplicate bills and when you get \$25.00 worth bring them in and get a beautiful rug free. Call and look our stock over—A big line to select from and we guarantee to save you money.

T. J. COFFEY

-HALLO'EEN- Entertainment

Tomorrow (Saturday) Night there will be an entertainment given at the school building under the direction of the Mothers Club, proceeds to be applied on equipment for the building. Everybody is invited to come and have a good time.

A Ghost Receiving Line
The Witches' Drill
The Goblins' Party
The Ghost Parade
Songs, Recitations, Choruses
Fortune Tellers
Peanut, Pop Corn and Candy booths

Will be some of the things to entertain you. The program will be "spooky" throughout and the building will be decorated in keeping with the occasion and lighted with pumpkins.

Come and bring your children and enjoy this festal occasion.

Admission 10 Cents

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About
Town and County

The ghosts will walk at the school house Saturday night.

Suits cleaned and pressed. Luke & Vester.

Dallas Speed of Pampa was here the latter part of the week.

A car load of cocoanuts today. Earps Confectionery.

Miss Grace Earp is spending the week in Shamrock.

Mrs. E. F. Barnes of Alanreed is a business visitor here Friday.

Born on the 19th inst. a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Jackson.

Don't forget Luke when you need a shave.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Marshal are the parents of a baby boy born the 20 inst.

Fresh cocoa nuts at Earps. Ask for them.

The small son of Sidnah Kunz who had his arm broken several days ago is reported as getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Koons lost an infant baby on the 24th inst.

New lot of fresh cocoa nuts at Earps.

Geo. Colebank last Saturday shipped a couple of cars of sheep to the Fort Worth market.

For Sale—Span mules, about 15 1/2 hands high—price \$75. J. T. Thompson.

Culberson Bogan was among those who attended the Dallas fair the first of the week.

You are under no obligation to buy, but see our samples before ordering a suit. Luke & Vester.

Born on the 23rd inst. to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blakney of Alanreed, a baby girl.

On the 24th inst. a little boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Outhouse.

The first cocoa nuts of the season—at Earps Confectionery.

Grandma Rogers of Wheeler is here for a visit with the W. P. Rogers and A. P. Rippy families.

Celebrated Their Twenty-fifth Wedding Anniversary, October 16, 1915



Mr. and Mrs. James W. Burrow

See the ghosts, witches and goblins tomorrow night.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Dorsey visited relatives in Amarillo Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Criss and Miss Violet Kenrick of Alanreed were visitors in the city Saturday.

Miss Grace Francis, who is teaching school near Groom visited home folks Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Ruby Cook of Groom visited her parents here the latter part of last week.

Miss Floy Glass, first assistant of the Alanreed school, visited her parents here the latter part of the week.

Mrs. W. P. Grant and two children of Amarillo were guests in the C. A. Watkins home the latter part of last week.

Mesdames C. H. Rowe and D. B. Veatch and Misses Flossie and Maybelle visited friends in Alanreed Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cheney have been spending this week in Canyon, guests of the DaVault family.

Did you ever have your fortune told? There will be several gypsies at the school house Saturday night.

Let us show you our samples on made to measure suits, we can save you money. Luke & Vester.

Phone us the news—tell us where you are going, where you have been and who it is visiting you.

J. H. Brewer of Hansford county is here visiting at the home of his son, W. W. Brewer. The gentleman will perhaps locate in this vicinity.

George Hopper of Midlothian, Texas, has been in the city several days visiting the G. P. Wilson family. He is also prospecting.

Just received a car load of McCormick and Deering corn Binders. McLean Hardware Company.

Had you stopped to think how many new people were moving into our midst and how many new places were being improved?

For Trade for cattle or hogs—The Jack Hindman place in the north part of town. See J. R. Hindman at the hotel.

Homer Crabtree shipped a car of hogs to Oklahoma City Saturday of last week. He accompanied the shipment, returning Monday.

Four good blooded brood sows that will farrow in about three or four weeks. For sale by W. W. Overton 1 mile southeast of McLean. Box 195

There will be a Hallo'een entertainment at the school building Saturday night, the 30th. Everyone is invited to attend, an admission of 10 cents will be charged.

Rev. Sam Erwin has been visiting relatives here this week. He goes from here to the Holiness College at Bethel, where he is an instructor.

A. Stanfield and J. W. Grogan shipped a car of calves to Wichita the latter part of last week. Mr. Stanfield went with them, returning Tuesday.

John Valencik of Heald this week delivered to Roy Williams of Shamrock forty head of fine calves, which he had recently sold him.

Services were held Sunday and Sunday night in the Nazarine church under the direction of S. R. Jones. We are informed that Dolphus Wadley will fill the pulpit next Sunday.

Mrs. Burkhalter has returned to her home at Rising Star, Texas, after a several month's visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. Lee Turner.

To trade for good farm—Brick store building 25x70 feet. Clear of debt. Rented at \$300. a year at Roby, Texas. County seat town. Address J. S. Carter, Longworth, Fisher county, Tex. 2c.

Dr. Ponder and family of Jack county have moved here for the purpose of making this place their home. For the present they are living in the Orr cottage.

O. W. Latson of Childress has closed a deal with D. N. Massay for the west half of Section 90. Mr. Latson's father and family will move on the place this fall.

W. B. Upham is foreman of the grand jury at LeFors this week. Others from here serving on the grand jury are J. W. Skidmore, J. A. Ashby and W. A. Dogherty.

I have bought out the interest of Mr. King and will hereafter conduct the restaurant, meat and ice business, but will no longer deliver milk. Your patronage will be appreciated. A. H. Carver, phone 16

Rev. R. F. Hamilton and N. J. Nunn left yesterday for the Twitty community in Wheeler county, where they will attend the Fifth Sunday Meeting of the Baptist church. Both gentlemen have important subjects on the program.

Friends will be glad to learn that Mrs. W. L. Wilson has sold her farm near Mobeetie and has bought the Heibrich place, four miles west of McLean, and will move back here as soon as her crop is harvested.

Earl S. Hurst was here this week from Meigs, Ga., looking after business matters. Mr. Hurst was formerly cashier of the Citizens State Bank and has many friends here who were glad to see him again.

AGAIN

BLING GIRL

We call your attention to the fact that Monday, November 1st

"FIRST MONDAY"

And that we invite you to pay our little city a visit on that date

Special Inducements

As a special inducement for you to come our Merchants will make attractive prices on reasonable goods for that day only. If you have any trading to do it will pay you to come on that day.

Auction Sale

We want to make this the best "Auction Day" we have ever had. If you have anything at all to sell—Livestock, household goods, implements, or anything else you don't need, bring it along and put it in the sale.

Ladies Are Specially Invited

To Our Friends And Customers

If our yard was in your front yard would it be much more convenient to you?

We are putting up hitch posts to hitch your teams to. We are going to build feed boxes to feed your teams in.

We will load your lumber and coal for you and try in every way to show you our appreciation of your patronage.

We are looking for a car of Niggerhead Lump and also a car of the nut coal to arrive on any train and would be glad to furnish you your winter's supply.

Come see us when in town as we like good company.

Red picket fence on hand to crib your corn and maize in.

Barb wire, posts, lumber and all kinds of building material.

Yours to please,

**Cicero Smith
Lumber Company**

Phone 3



Have just received a lot of

**Women's Shoes
Children's Shoes
Cow Boy Boots**

Give Us A Trial

McLean Shoe Store

Notice

I will begin buying grain November 1st. I thank you for your past business and will appreciate your future business.

**W. P. Dial
By George Weaver.**

For Cash

After November 1, 1915 we will close our books and will do business absolutely on the cash basis. Please keep this in mind and do not ask us for credit. Remember that we positively will meet anybody's cash price—for the cash.

Also it is the time of year when bills should be paid—we must pay ours—and we want those who owe accounts at this store to settle them up at once. We can better accommodate you if you will do your part. We have done our share in carrying you over the dull time of year and now it is time for you to do your's.

Your business has always been appreciated by us and we solicit a continuance of it. Make our store your headquarters.

Respectfully,

Cash & Son



**This is a
Guarantee of
"Extra Service"**

THE Federal trade-mark is an assurance of highest quality in tires. It signifies the most durable combination of rubber and fabric, tough laminated tread, extra thick side-walls as protection against rut and curbstone wear, and the remarkable Double-Cable-Base construction.

**FEDERAL
Double-Cable-Base Tires**

are free from rim-cutting, tube-pinching, side-wall blow-outs just above the rim, and the danger of blow-offs. The exclusive Federal Double-Cable-Base construction positively prevents these four common costly and annoying troubles.

The Federal "Rugged Tread" is a genuinely scientific non-skid tire.

Plain and Rugged Treads. All styles and sizes.

McLean Hardware Company

ACK IS WHITE
THE GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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BY DOUGLASS
AND COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic tells Lydia Deemond, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage, and orders Mrs. Deemond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, to prepare the house for an immediate home-coming. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son, Lydia and Mrs. Brood met in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood is startled by the appearance of Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant. She makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Deemond and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearance and disappearance, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawson and Biggs. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. He killed a woman who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on. She tells him that he still loves his dead wife, whom he drove from his home, through her. Yvonne Yvonne plays with Brood, Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, madly jealous, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son, and that he has brought him up to kill his happiness at the proper time with this knowledge. Frederic takes Lydia home through a heavy storm and spends the night at her mother's house.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"She was jealous. She admitted it, dear. If I don't mind, why should you incur—"

"Do you really believe she—she loves the governor enough to be as jealous at all that?" he exclaimed, a curious gleam in his eyes—an expression she did not like.

"Of course I think so," she cried, emphatically. "What a question! Have you any reason to suspect that she does not love your father?"

"No—certainly not," he said in some confusion. Then, after a moment: "Are you quite sure this headache of yours is real, Lyddy? Isn't it an excuse to stay away from—Yvonne, after what happened last night? Be honest, dear."

She was silent for a long time, weighing her answer. Was it best to be honest with him?

"I confess that it has something to do with it," she admitted. Lydia could not do anything but truthful.

"I thought so. It's—it's a rotten shame, Lyddy. That's why I want to talk to her. I want to reason with her. It's all so perfectly silly, this misunderstanding. You've just got to go on as you were before, Lyddy—just as if it hadn't happened. H—"

"I shall complete the work for your father, Freddy," she said quietly. "Two or three days more will see the end. After that, neither my services nor my presence will be required over there."

"You don't mean to say—" he began, unbelievably.

"I can think of them just as well here as anywhere else. No; I shan't annoy Mrs. Brood, Freddy." It was on the tip of her tongue to say more, but she thought better of it.

"They're going abroad soon," he ventured. "At least, that's father's plan. Yvonne isn't so keen about it. She calls this being abroad, you know. Besides," he hurried on in his eagerness to excuse Yvonne, "she's tremendously fond of you. No end of times she's said you were the finest—" Her smile—an odd one, such as he had never seen on her lips before—checked his eager speech. He bridled. "Of course, if you don't choose to believe me, there's nothing more to be said. She meant it, however."

"I am sure she said it, Freddy," she hastened to declare. "Will she be pleased with our—our marriage?" It required a great deal of courage on her part to utter these words, but she was determined to bring the true situation home to him.

He did not even hesitate, and there was conviction in his voice as he replied. "It doesn't matter whether she's pleased or displeased. We're pleasing ourselves, are we not? There's no one else to consider, dear."

Her eyes were full upon his, and there was wonder in them. "Thank you—thank you, Freddy," she cried. "I—I knew you'd—" The sentence remained unfinished.

"Has there ever been a doubt in your mind?" he asked, uneasily, after a moment. He knew there had been misgivings and he was ready, in his self-abasement, to resent them if given the slightest opening. Guilt made him arrogant.

"No," she answered simply.

The answer was not what he expected. He flushed painfully.

"I—I thought perhaps you'd—you'd got a notion in your head that—" He, too, stopped for want of the right words to express himself without committing the egregious error of letting her see that it had been in his thoughts to accuse her of jealousy.

She waited for a moment. "That I might have got the notion in my head you did not love me any longer? Is that what you started to say?"

"Yes," he confessed, averting his eyes.

"I've been unhappy at times, Freddy, but that is all," she said, steadily. "You see, I know how honest you

really are. I know it far better than you know it yourself."

He stared. "I wonder just how honest I am," he muttered. "I wonder what would happen if—But nothing can happen. Nothing ever will happen. Thank you, old girl, for saying what you said just now. It's—it's the bully of you."

He got up and began pacing the floor. She leaned back in her chair, deliberately giving him time to straighten out his thoughts for himself. Wiser than she knew herself to be, she held back the warm, loving words of encouragement, of gratitude, of belief.

But she was not prepared for the impetuous appeal that followed. He threw himself down beside her and grasped her hands in his. His face seemed suddenly old and haggard, his eyes burned like coals of fire. Then, for the first time, she had an inkling of the great struggle that had been going on inside of him for weeks and weeks.

"Listen, Lyddy," he began, nervous. "Will you marry me tomorrow? Are you willing to take the chance that I'll be able to support you, to earn enough—"

"Why, Freddy!" she cried, half starting up from the couch. She was dumfounded.

"Will you? Will you? I mean it," he went on, almost arrogantly.

He was very much in earnest, but alas, the fire, the passion of the impetuous lover was missing. She shrank back into the corner of the couch, staring at him with puzzled eyes. Comprehension was slow in arriving. As he hurried on with his plea she began to see clearly; her sound, level brain grasped the insignificance of this sudden decision on his part.

"There's no use waiting, dear. I'll never be more capable of earning a living than I am right now. I can go into the office with Brooks any day and I—I think I can make good. God knows I can try hard enough. Brooks says he's got a place there for me in the bond department. It won't be much at first, but I can work into a pretty good—what's the matter? Don't you think I can do it? Have you no faith in me? Are you afraid to take a chance?"

She had smiled sadly—it seemed to him reprovingly. His cheek flushed. "What has put all this into your head, Freddy, dear?" she asked shrewdly.

His eyes wavered. "I can't go on living as I have been for the past few months. I've just got to end it, Lyddy. Yes; don't understand—you can't, and

"I will see who it is," she said, and arose. Two red spots appeared in his cheeks. Then it was that she realized he had been waiting all along for the bell to ring; he had been expecting a summons.

"If it's for me, please say—say I'll—" he began, somewhat disjunctedly, but she interrupted him.

"Will you stay here for luncheon, Frederic? And this afternoon we will go to— Oh, is there a concert or a recital—"

"Yes, I'll stay if you'll let me," he said, wistfully. "We'll find something to do."

She went to the telephone. He heard the polite greetings, the polite assurances that she had not taken cold, two or three laughing rejoinders to what must have been amusing comments on the storm and its effect on timid creatures, and then:

"Yes, Mrs. Brood, I will call him to the 'phone."

There isn't any use in trying to explain the—"

"I think I do understand, dear," she said, quietly, laying her hand on his. "I understand so completely that there isn't any use in your trying to explain. But don't you think you are a bit cowardly?"

"Cowardly!" he gasped, and then the blood rushed to his face.

"Is it quite fair to me—or to yourself?" He was silent. She waited for a moment and then went on resolutely. "I know just what it is that you are afraid of, Freddy. I shall marry you, of course. I love you more than anything else in all the world. But are you quite fair in asking me to marry you while you are still afraid, dear?"

"Before God, I love no one else but you," he cried, earnestly. "I know what it is you are thinking and I—I don't blame you. But I want you now—good God, you don't know how much I need you now. I want to begin a new life with you. I want to feel that you are with me—just you—strong and brave and enduring. I am adrift. I need you."

"If you insist, I will marry you to-

morrow, but you cannot—you will not ask it of me, will you?"

"But you know I love you," he cried. "There isn't any doubt in your mind, Lyddy. There is no one else, I tell you."

"I think I am just beginning to understand men," she remarked enigmatically.

He looked up sharply. "And to wonder why they call women the weaker sex, eh?"

"Yes," she said so seriously that the very smile died on his lips. "I don't believe there are many women who would ask a man to be sorry for them. That's really what all this amounts to, isn't it, Freddy?"

"By jove!" he exclaimed, wonderingly.

"You are a strong, self-willed, chivalrous man, and yet you think nothing of asking a woman to protect you against yourself. You are afraid to stand alone. Wait. Five minutes—yes, one minute before you asked it of me, Freddy dear, you were floundering in the darkness, uncertain which way to turn. You were afraid of the things you could not see. You looked for some place in which to hide. The flash of light revealed a haven of refuge. So you asked me to—marry you tomorrow." All through this indictment she had held his hand clasped tightly in both of hers. He was looking at her with a frank acknowledgment growing in his eyes.

"Are you ashamed of me, Lyddy?" he asked. It was confession.

"No," she said, meeting his gaze steadily. "I am a little disappointed, that's all. It is you who are ashamed."

"I am," said he, simply. "It wasn't fair."

"Love will endure. I am content to wait," she said, with a wistful smile. "You will be my wife no matter what happens? You won't let this make any difference?"

"You are not angry with me?"

"Angry? Why should I be angry with you, Lyddy? For shaking some sense into me? For seeing through me with that wonderful, far-sighted brain of yours? Why, I could go down on my knees to you. I could—"

He clasped her in his arms and held her close. "You dear, dear Lyddy!" Neither spoke for many minutes. It was she who broke the silence.

"You must promise one thing, Frederic. For my sake, avoid a quarrel with your father. I could not bear that. You will promise, dear? You must."

His jaw was set. "I don't intend to quarrel with him, but if I am to remain in his house there has got to be—"

"Promise me you will wait. He is going away in a couple of weeks. When he returns—later on—next fall—"

"Oh, if it really distresses you, Lyddy, I'll—"

"It does distress me. I want your promise."

"I'll do my part," he said, resignedly. "And next fall will see us married, so—"

The telephone bell in the hall was ringing. Frederic released Lydia's hand and sat up rather stiffly, as one who suddenly suspects that he is being spied upon. The significance of the movement did not escape Lydia. She laughed mirthlessly.

"I will see who it is," she said, and arose. Two red spots appeared in his cheeks. Then it was that she realized he had been waiting all along for the bell to ring; he had been expecting a summons.

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"Yes, Mrs. Brood, I will call him to the 'phone."

CHAPTER XIII.

Two Women.

Frederic had the feeling that he slunk to the telephone. The girl handed the receiver to him and he met her confident, untroubled gaze for a second. Instead of returning to the sitting-room where she could have heard everything that he said, she went into her own room down the hall and closed the door. He was not conscious of any intention to temporize, but it was significant that he did not speak until the door closed behind her. Afterwards he realized and was ashamed.

Almost the first words that Yvonne uttered were of a nature to puzzle and irritate him, although they bore directly upon his own previously formed resolution. Her voice, husky and low, seemed strangely plaintive and lifeless to him.

"Have you and Lydia made any plans for the afternoon?" she inquired. He made haste to declare their intention to attend a concert. "I am glad you are going to do that," she went on. "You will stay for luncheon with Lydia?"

"Yes. She's trying to pick up that thing of Foverelli's—the one we heard last night." There was silence at the other end of the wire. "Are you there?"

"Yes."

"I will be home for dinner, of course. You—you don't need me for anything, do you?"

"No," she said. Then, with a low laugh: "You may be excused for that day, my son. Your father and I have been discussing the trip abroad."

"I thought you—you were opposed to going."

"I've changed my mind. As a matter of fact, I've changed my heart."

"You speak in riddles."

She was silent for a long time.

"Frederic, I want you to do something for me. Will you try to convince Lydia that I meant no offense last night when I—"

"She understands all that perfectly, Yvonne."

"No, she doesn't. A woman wouldn't understand."

"In what way?"

There was a pause. "No woman likes to be regarded as a fool," she said at last, apparently after careful reflection. "Oh, yes; there is some-

thing else. We are dining out this evening."

"You and I?" he asked after a moment.

"Certainly not. Your father and I. I was about to suggest that you dine with Lydia—or better still ask her over here to share your dinner with you."

He was scowling. "Where are you going?"

"Going? Oh, dining. I see. Well," slowly, deliberately, "we thought it would be great fun to dine alone at Delmonico's and see a play afterward."

"What play are you going to see?" he cut in. She mentioned a Belasco production. "Well, I hope you enjoy it, Yvonne. By the way, how is the governor today? In a good humor?"

There was no response. He waited for a moment and then called out: "Are you there?"

"Good-by," came back over the wire.

He started as if she had given him a slap in the face. Her voice was cold and forbidding.

When Lydia rejoined him in the sitting-room he was standing at the window, staring across the courtyard far below.

"Are you going?" she asked, steadily.

He turned toward her, conscious of the telltale scowl that was passing from his brow. It did not occur to him to resent her abrupt, uncompromising question. As a matter of fact, it seemed quite natural that she should put the question in just that way, flatly, incisively. He considered himself, in a way, to be on trial.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "You did not expect me to forget, did you? He was uncomfortable under her honest, inquiring gaze. A sudden anger against himself took possession of him. He despised himself for the feeling of loneliness and homesickness that suddenly came over him.

"I thought—" she began, and then her brow cleared. "I have been looking up the recitals in the morning paper. The same orchestra you heard last night is to appear again today at—"

"We will go there, Lyddy," he interrupted, and at once began to hum the gay little air that had so completely charmed him. "Try it again, Lyddy. You'll get it in no time."

After luncheon, like two happy children they rushed off to the concert, and it was not until they were on their way home at five o'clock that his enthusiasm began to wane. She was quick to detect the change. He became moody, preoccupied; his part of the conversation was kept up with an effort that lacked all the spontaneity of his earlier and more engaging flights.

Lydia went far back in her calculations and attributed his mood to the promise she had exacted in regard to his attitude toward his father. It occurred to her that he was smarting under the restraint that his promise involved. She realized now, more than ever before, that there could be no delay, no faltering on her part. She would have to see James Brood at once. She would have to go down on her knees to him.

"I feel rather guilty, Freddy," she said, as they approached the house. "Mr. Brood will think it strange that I should plead a headache and yet run off to a concert and enjoy myself when he is so eager to finish the journal—especially as he is to sail so soon. I ought to see him, don't you think so? Perhaps there is something I can do tonight that will make up for the lost time." She was plainly nervous.

"He'd work you to death if he thought it would serve his purpose," said Frederic, gloomily, and back of that sentence lay the thought that

made it absolutely imperative for her to act without delay.

"I will go in for a few minutes," she said, at the foot of the steps. "Are you not coming, too?"

He had stopped. "Not just now, Lyddy. I think I'll run up to Tom's flat and smoke a pipe with him. Thanks, old girl, for the happy day we've had. You don't mind if I leave you here?"

Her heart gave a great throb of relief. It was best to have him out of the way for the time being.

"Well—so long," he said, diffidently. "So long, Lyddy."

"So long," she repeated, dropping into his manner of speech without thinking. There was a smothering sensation in his breast.

He looked back as he strode off in the direction from which they had come. She was at the top of the steps, her fingers on the electric button. He wondered why her face was so white. He had always thought of it as being full of color, rich, soft and warm.

Inside the door, Lydia experienced a strange sinking of the heart. "Is Mr. Brood at—" she began, nervously. A voice at the top of the stairway interrupted the question she was putting to the footman.

"Is it you, Lyddy? Come up to my room."

The girl looked up and saw Mrs. Brood leaning over the banister rail. She was holding her pink dressing-gown closely about her throat, as if it had been hastily thrown about her shoulders. One bare arm was visible—completely so.

"I came to see Mr. Brood. Is he—"

"He is busy. Come up to my room," repeated Yvonne, somewhat imperiously.

As Lydia mounted the stairs she had a fair glimpse of the other's face. Always pallid—but of a healthy pallor—it was now almost ghastly. Perhaps it was the light from the window that caused it, Lydia was not sure, but a queer, greenish hue overspread the lovely, smiling face. The lips were red, very red—redder than she had ever seen them. The girl suddenly recalled the face she had once seen of a woman who was addicted to the drug habit.

Mrs. Brood met her at the top of the stairs. She was half-dressed. Her lovely neck and shoulders were now almost bare. Her hands were extended toward the visitor; the filmy lace gown hung loose and disregarded about her slim figure.

"Come in, dear. Shall we have tea? I have been so lonely. One cannot read the books they print nowadays. Such stupid things, al—e—"

She threw an arm about the tall girl and Lydia was surprised to find that it was warm and full of a gentle strength. She felt her flesh tingle with the thrill of contact. Yes, it must have been the light from the window, for Yvonne's face was now aglow with the iridescence that was so peculiarly her own.

A door closed softly on the floor above them. Mrs. Brood glanced over her shoulder and upward. Her arm tightened perceptibly about Lydia's waist.

"It was Ranjab," said the girl, and instantly was filled with amazement. She had not seen the Hindu, had not even been thinking of him, and yet she was impelled by some mysterious intelligence to give utterance to a statement in which there was conviction, not conjecture.

"Did you see him?" asked the other, looking at her sharply.

"No," admitted Lydia, still amazed. "I don't know why I said that."

Mrs. Brood closed her boudoir door behind them. For an instant she stood staring at the knob as if expecting to see it turn—

"I know," she said. "I know why you said it. Because it was Ranjab." She shivered slightly. "I am afraid of that man, Lyddy. He seems to be watching me all of the time. Day and night his eyes seem to be upon me."

"Why should he be watching you?" asked Lydia, bluntly.

Yvonne did not notice the question. "Even when I am asleep in my bed, in the dead hour of night, he is looking at me. I can feel it, though asleep. Oh, it is not a dream, for my dreams are of something or someone else—never of him. And yet he is there, looking at me. It—it is uncanny."

"An obsession," remarked Lydia, quietly. "He never struck me as especially omnipresent."

"Didn't you feel him a moment ago?" demanded Yvonne, irritably.

The other hesitated, reflecting. "I suppose it must have been something like that." They were still facing the door, standing close together. "Why do you feel that he is watching you?"

"I don't know. I just feel it, that's all. Day and night. He can read my thoughts, Lyddy, as he can read a book. Isn't— isn't it disgusting?" Her laugh was spiritless, obviously artificial.

"I shouldn't object to his reading my thoughts," said Lydia.

"Ah, but you are Lyddy. It's different. I have thoughts sometimes, my dear, that would not— but there! Let Sit down here beside me. No tea? Give me for what I said to you last night?" she asked, sitting down beside the girl on the chaise longue.

"It was so absurd, Mrs. Brood, that I have scarcely given it a moment's thought. Of course I was hurt at the time. It was so unjust to Mr. Brood. It was—"

"It is like you to say that," cried Yvonne. "You are splendid, Lyddy. Will you believe me when I tell you that I love you? That I love you very dearly, very tenderly?"

Lydia looked at her in some doubt,

and not without misgivings. "I should like to believe it," she said, noncommittally.

"Ah, but you doubt it. I see. Well, I do not blame you. I have given you much pain, much distress. When I am far away you will be glad—you will be happy. Is not that so?"

"But you are coming back," said Lyddy, with a frank smile, not meant to be unfriendly.

Yvonne's face clouded. "Oh, yes, I shall come back. Why not? Is this not my home?"

"You may call it your home, Mrs. Brood," said Lyddy, "but are you quite sure your thoughts always abide here? I mean in the United States, of course."

Yvonne had looked up at her quickly. "Oh, I see. No, I shall never be an American." Then she abruptly changed the subject. "You have had a nice day with Frederic? You have been happy, both of you?"

"Yes—very happy, Mrs. Brood," said the girl, simply.

"I am glad. You must always be happy, you two. It is my greatest wish."

Lydia hesitated for a moment. "Frederic asked me to be his wife—tomorrow," she said, and her heart began to thump queerly. She felt that she was approaching a crisis of some sort.

"Tomorrow?" fell from Yvonne's lips. The word was drawn out as if in one long breath. Then, to Lydia's astonishment, an extraordinary change came over the speaker. "Yes, yes, it should be—it must be tomorrow. Poor boy—poor, poor boy! You will marry, yes, and go away at once, al—e!" Her voice was almost shrill in its intensity, her eyes were wide and eager and anxious.

"I— Oh, Mrs. Brood, is it for the best?" cried Lyddy. "Is it the best thing for Frederic to do? I—I feared you might object. I am sure his father will refuse permission—"

"But you love each other—that is enough. Why ask the consent of anyone? Yes, yes, it is for the best. I know—oh, you cannot realize how well I know. You must not hesitate." The woman was trembling in her eagerness. Lydia's astonishment gave way to perplexity.

"What do you mean? Why are you so serious—so intent on this—"

"Frederic has no money," pursued Yvonne, as if she had not heard Lydia's words. "But that must not deter you. It must not stand in the way. I shall find a way, yes, I shall find a way. I—"

"Do you mean that you would provide for him—for us?" exclaimed Lydia.

"There is a way, there is a way," said the other, fixing her eyes appealingly on the girl's face, to which the flush of anger was slowly mounting.

"His father will not help him—if that is what you are counting upon, Mrs. Brood," said the girl coldly.

"I know. He will not help him, no."

Lydia started. "What do you know about—what has Mr. Brood said to you?" Her heart was cold with ap-

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You and I?" He Asked, After a Moment.



"Will You Marry Me Tomorrow?"



"No, I Shall Never Be an American."

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Practical Study of Science of Physics

By Prof. Frank Goeder, Denver, Colo.

A middle-aged man sitting on the doorsteps with a thoughtful expression on his face was asked the following question: "Why do you sit and sit; what are you doing?" The ready reply was, "Just living, that is all."

Too many people go through the world without seeing the beauty and the wonderful side of life, but are just living, seemingly there is nothing that they can do.

Why not start to thinking, when there is so much to be done? Ask yourself some questions and proceed to answer them and be surprised at the outcome.

It seems to me there is no better subject that will start the young man or woman to thinking and develop that dormant phase of life than the study of the science of physics.

I have studied this country and have taken an interest in the American fine arts, literature and music. No country can record as many pianos as this, but, to my sorrow, in frequenting all classes, I very seldom have the good fortune to hear good music in the homes.

Do away with ragtime, the disgrace of music. The verses applied to ragtime are even more vulgar, more immoral than the music.

The public, the press and music publishers should endeavor to popularize the refined American composers, just as Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler popularized MacDowell in Europe.

Observations Made by the Astronomer

By S. L. Macdonald, Colorado Agricultural College.

probably is not aware that at the principal observatories of the country astronomical observations are made on every clear night for the express purpose of regulating an astronomical clock with the greatest exactness, and that from the information based on these observations, on every day at noon an electric signal is flashed to all parts of the country, by which timepieces are set to the second.

The astronomer gives us the distance from San Francisco to Manila, from London to Melbourne. He has not only measured and mapped the surface of the earth, but has given this planet a definite setting in the universe.

Take Lead in Art and Literature

By Dr. A. L. ALLEN, New York

There is no line of industry or art in which America will not benefit because of the European war, but we are likely, I fear, to overlook the great opportunity that offers to take the lead in art and literature.

Now is the time when we can take the lead. We have too long been followers. Europe will be too busy after the war rebuilding her broken nations to think of art or literature or music.

Eat Less Meat and More Vegetable Food

By Charles A. Appleman, Portland, Ore.

The law of compensation applies to everything. Ever since the meat supply began to decrease and the price of beef and mutton to go up, there have been unusually heavy fruit and grain crops.

The food value of fruit never has been really understood by the general public. Outside of the sirup, the food value of fruits is quite as high, if not actually higher, than that of meats.

Probably the greatest waste in food products in this country occurs because of improper methods of gathering and marketing. This applies particularly to berries and to many vegetables, and notably to eggs.

Never be hasty in arriving at conclusions. The fellow you look upon as the missing link may be a gentle husband and father.

Every farmer, when he sows wheat, is an optimist and doesn't realize it.

TRANSCONTINENT WIRELESS PHONE

ANOTHER TWENTIETH CENTURY MIRACLE SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED

FROM ARLINGTON TO FRISCO

American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Navy Department Announce Completion of Long Distance Experiments.

Washington.—Wireless telephone communication across the continent was accomplished for the first time last week when experiments extending over several months culminated in successful transmission of the human voice by radio from the great naval plant at Arlington, Va., across the continent to the station at Mare Island, Cal., 2,560 miles away.

The experiments were conducted by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in co-operation with the navy radio service and the Western Electric Company. Secretary Daniels, announcing the result predicted that further developments of wireless telephony would make great changes in long distance communication both for military and naval service in commercial usage.

"The fact that the voice can be transmitted on a land wire and automatically transmitted to a voice radio transmitter," said Secretary Daniels, "holds out hope that persons inland should readily be put in touch by telephone with others at sea through some central transmitting station."

This latest triumph of the telephonic art was under the direct supervision of John J. Carty, chief engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who, with an able corps of engineers and scientists, had been working for some time on the problem both from the standpoint of wire and wireless transmission.

Mr. Carty stated that the results achieved here outdistance anything heretofore accomplished. He believes talking across the continent has greater difficulties than talking across the Atlantic, for transmission over water is much easier than over land, particularly in view of the formidable mountain ranges to be crossed on the continent.

"Telephone messages," Mr. Carty says, "were transmitted with success from Arlington, Va., to the Isthmus of Panama, where they were received at the government radio station by one of his engineers and by the naval officers in charge, who telegraphed back their contents. At San Diego, also where one of the telephone engineers was located at the naval radio station, wireless telephone speech from the telephone and naval army of officials at Washington was received. Talking across the Atlantic by means of this new system is now but a matter of installing the necessary apparatus."

"The wireless telephone's great value will be to supplement and extend the telephone service wire system in those situations where it is impossible to string wires, and its use over wide expanses of water, desert etc., opens up attractive fields to the imagination, especially when some way is found to overcome the well known disturbances which interfere so much with all wireless communications, whether telephone or telegraph. In spite of this, however, the value of wireless telephony can hardly be estimated and it is sure to be helpful beyond expression in making a neighborhood of nations."

Germany Still A Poor Letter Writer. Washington.—Germany has failed to satisfy the request of the United States that the stinking of the Arabic with a loss of American lives be disavowed and liability for the act assumed by the imperial government. This became known after a conference between President Wilson and Secretary Lansing at which the latter submitted a note given him in New York by Count Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador. No announcement was made after the White House conference.

THREE PRIME ESSENTIALS IN HOG RAISING



First Prize E-mail Yorkshires.

(By S. C. MILLER.) There are three essentials for health, thrift, and gain to be considered in the management of hogs, in order to obtain the best results; these are clean food, pure water, and dry, comfortable sleeping places.

The food of the pig should be as clean as for any other farm animal—that is, it should not be mixed or contaminated with any substance that contains no food value. Dirt and filth taken into the stomach along with food, impair digestion and reduce the gain; they also affect the appetite and general health of the pig. Then, too, a considerable part of the food consumed is required to develop energy to separate and expel the indigestible matter.

It is a law of nature that the excrement of all animals is poisonous to themselves, and while pigs may profitably follow cattle, it is of vital importance that their food be not contaminated with their own excrement. This means that pigs should never be fed on the ground in a yard or pen where their own excrement abounds. Feeding on the meadows or pastures, moving about from place to place is a good way in summer. In the winter, of course, feeding from the cribs is necessary, and to insure cleanliness at that time, there should be a feeding floor which should be cleaned after every feed.

Over 40 per cent of a fat pig is water and a reduction of water supply below the natural requirements, will reduce the gain just as surely as a reduction of food will. Well or spring water is better than water from ponds or streams. Standing, or stagnant water about the barns or lots should not be tolerated. Pigs should have

clean, pure water always at hand, day and night; they drink but little at a time, yet often, and if it is not always accessible, they will not get as much as is required for normal development.

Anything that can be done to increase the comfort of the pigs will, as a matter of course, add to the gain and profit in feeding.

Good care of pigs means good breeding, good feeding, constant watchfulness, more labor, closer attention to little details, and finally, more dollars in the pocketbook.

Feed the old and young sows separately, as the old ones may hurt the younger ones, and they will get more than they should. The mature sows are more desirable, but it is always necessary to grow a few gilts to replace some of the older ones.

Breeders should prize above all others those big, growthy, long-bodied, rather loosely made young sows, no matter if they have big ears and rather coarse heads.

As a general proposition the pig of 200 to 250 pounds is what every grower should aim at, and it is the pig that pays both killer and feeder better than any other.

USE OF SPRAY FOR PROTECTING STOCK

Flies Are Very Troublesome to Farm Animals, Especially Nervous Dairy Stock.

At this season flies are very troublesome and are a source of much bother among stock, especially the nervous dairy cattle. A preventive in the form of a spray should be used. There are a number of methods sometimes recommended for this purpose, some of which are supposed to keep flies off the animal by virtue of their bad odors or greasy nature, and some which are supposed to be sprayed on to kill the flies. Considerable doubt exists as to the benefits to be obtained from using any of these treatments, or as to the relative value of the different ways of combating flies.

For spraying the backs of cattle at milking time, there is possibly nothing more reliable than kerosene emulsion. The following recipe given by the United States department of agriculture is one of the best ways of making this: Dissolve one-half pound hard soap in one gallon of hot water, and while still at near boiling point, add two gallons of kerosene, and emulsify by use of a force pump or agitator of some kind. Dilute with water, one part emulsion to eight parts water, and use as a spray, dip or wash.

SOME DAIRY COWS ARE HARD TO MILK

One Remedy Recommended Is to Oil Teat Freely to Soften Skin, Then Use Force.

(By R. M. WASHBURN.) Some cows are naturally hard to milk; others are made hard by weak-handed milking. A woman or child with hands not strong enough for milking causes a cow to become hard for anyone to milk.

To cure such a cow, oil the teat freely before starting to milk, so that the oil will work into and soften the skin. Then milk the cow with as much force as possible, squeezing hard. This treatment will usually cure an ordinary hard milker.

Once in a great while it is necessary to cut the muscle surrounding the inside of the teat with a lancet-like knife. This, however, is very likely to ruin the cow if not done with great care to avoid cutting too much and causing permanent leakage.

It also makes a sore which is painful to the cow at the time of milking, and if done when the cow is not giving milk, the wound grows together and the muscle becomes tighter than before.

GOOD METHODS OF PRESERVING EGGS

Solution Recommended Is One Part Water Glass to Ten Parts of Pure Water.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.) There are several good methods of preserving eggs but the water glass method is best. Water glass can usually be purchased at a local drug store for less than \$1 a gallon, making the cost about one cent for each dozen eggs.

The receptacle used should be an earthenware jar of from five to ten gallons. The eggs should be placed in the jar each day, when gathered, as the fresher the egg the better it will keep. Care should be exercised to see that none of the eggs is cracked, or the whole jar of eggs may be spoiled in a short time.

The jar should be placed in a cool cellar, a piece of oiled paper or some other water-proof cover should be placed over to prevent evaporation. If this is not done, any eggs that appear above the liquid will spoil rapidly. The eggs should be kept at least two inches below the surface of the liquid.

ROUGHAGE IS NOT RELISHED BY HOGS

Doubtful Whether Animals Will Consume More Than Grain and the Softer Parts.

The digestive apparatus of the hog does not permit it to consume large quantities of roughage, and corn silage does not as a rule prove a very satisfactory feed. However, some of our readers have fed silage to hogs and have reported good success, but it is doubtful whether the hogs will consume more than the grain and the softer parts when being properly fed.

Silage in some cases proves a desirable addition the winter ration and will give good results when fed with care to brood sows. Legume silage is to be preferred to corn silage for this purpose.

Moldy or spoiled silage is not good for any animal and hogs are no exception to this rule. If they are being fed a sufficiency of other feed there would probably be but little danger in allowing them to pick over the spoiled silage.

Colts Must Be Kept Fat. Draft colts particularly must have full feed, and they must be kept fat from the first.

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book 'Wisdom for Women,' and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."—Mrs. JOHN TETREAULT, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.



Massena, N. Y.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it 'Anemia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."—Miss LAVISA MYRES, Box 74, Massena, N. Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dizziness, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

On the Contrary. "Employed in the steel works, are you? Don't you find your job fearfully hot in the summertime?" "Oh, no, you see I work in the chilled steel department."

STOP THAT HACKING COUGH. Mansfield (formerly Hungarian) Cough Balsam heals the inflamed and lacerated membranes and quiets the tickling nerves that lie underneath the infected portions. Invaluable for babies. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

The names of many men never appear in print except as contestants for the "booby" prizes.

Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when stooping, or a dull, all-day back ache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise, and so we are becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths from kidney disease than in 1800, is the story told by the 1910 census. If annoyed with a bad back and irregular kidney action, modify the bad habits and use Doan's Kidney Pills.

An Oklahoma Home. S. R. Hunter, 1216 W. Mansur, Okla. says: "My kidneys were in bad shape and my back was terribly lame and painful. At night the pain was so bad I could hardly sleep. My bladder was inflamed and the kidney secretions passed in pain. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health and I have been free from kidney trouble during the past two years."

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

BLACK LEG. LOSSES CURELY PREVENTED by Cutler's Blanking Pills. Low-priced, fresh, containing no harmful Western stimulants, because they are given where other remedies fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. In-dose shape. Blanking Pills \$1.50 50-dose shape. Blanking Pills 4.50

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Grey or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 per jar.

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

INVEST \$10 to \$50, opportunity to realize two to \$12. Thousands of wealthy stock. Write GIBBON, 78 University Bldg., Boston, Pa.

AT THE MELROSE

As we are not going to handle the articles quoted below, we make you these very low prices.

- 3 10-cent tablets for 25 cts.
 - 6 5-cent tablets for 25 cts.
 - 7 5-cent pencils for 25 cts.
 - 12 2-cent pencils for 25 cts.
 - 24 1-cent pencils for 15 cts.
 - 3 5-cent pens for 10 cts.
 - 4 10-cent pens for 25 cts.
 - 15-cent whisk brooms for 10 cts.
 - 2 5-cent tops for 05 cts.
 - 10-cent goggles for 05 cts.
 - 25-cent goggles for 15 cts.
 - 50-cent goggles for 25 cts.
 - 2 10-cent drinking cups for 10 cts.
 - 75-cent shaving brushes for 50 cts.
 - 10-cent crochet holders for 05 cts.
 - 25-cent dominos for 20 cts.
 - 50-cent dominos for 40 cts.
 - 4 Instrument strings for 05 cts.
 - 10-cent-visiting cards for 05 cts.
 - 35-cent boxes of stationery for 25 cts.
 - 50-cent boxes stationery for 35 cts.
 - 7 05-cent bottles of ink for 25 cts.
 - 7 05-cent bottles of paste for 25 cts.
 - \$1.00 safety razors for 75 cts.
- Marbles at half price

You cannot afford to Miss These Bargains

Subscription Time

The time of year has come when we expect to collect all delinquent subscriptions. If your name is on this side of our rolls, please do not forget us.

We Need The Money

The McLean News

Buys Interest Alanreed Bank

It has been authentically announced that Charles Hedrick has bought the interest of D. B. London, Cashier of the Bank of Alanreed, and will take active control at once.

Mr. Hedrick has had several years of experience in the Banking business and his many friends in this part of the Panhandle will be glad to have him again make this his home.

We understand Mr. London will move to Arizona.

Have You Any.

If you have any articles about your premises you want to dispose of put a want ad in the News. Good second-hand furniture, farming tools, and other equipment are always salable and it costs but a cent a word to let the people know what you have to offer. Every week some one reports a ready sale of some article advertised in our paper.

A Birthday Dinner.

One of the swellest dinners of the season was given Sunday, October 24th at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dougherty at their home seven miles north of town, the affair being the birthday anniversary of their daughter, Dolores. The dinner was prepared by Mrs. Dougherty and she was assisted in serving by Mrs. Clark. After dinner the young people went kodaking.

The party consisted of the following: Misses Julia Foster, Alma Anderson, Blanch Mayfield, Allie May Rice, Thelma Rogers, Bessie and Bettie LeChristian and Velda and Cretelov; Messers. Lucius Rogers, Charles Cousins, Curley Crockett, Harlan, Coyett Burrows and Mr. Turman.

The honoree received many beautiful presents. The party departed at 6:30 wishing Miss Dolores many more happy birthdays.

—Contributed.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Statement.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc. required by the act of August 29, 1912, of the McLean News, published weekly at McLean, Texas, or October 1, 1915.

Editor, A. G. Richardson, McLean, Texas.

Managing Editor, A. G. Richardson, McLean, Texas.

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Publisher, Mrs. A. G. Richardson, McLean, Texas.

Owners: A. G. Richardson.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

A. G. Richardson, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of Oct. 1915.

W. H. Holt, Notary Public, Gray County, Texas. (Seal)

Cake and Meal.

I have for sale Cake and Meal. See me or Albert Haynes for price, etc.

Geo. W. Sittler.

Auto casings, tubes and patches at McLean Hardware.

TELL CHILDREN THE TRUTH

Writer Sees Evil in Deception or Effort at Concealment of the Facts of Life.

It is the parents' duty to answer the child's inquiry in a simple, yet truthful manner. A mother's greatest opportunity for helping her child through the perilous times of its experience is in commanding the child's confidence, as a counselor encouraging frequent conferences. Goethe says: "Only to the pure and true does nature resign herself and reveal her secrets." While the child's mind is still pure is the time to explain the wonderful works of nature.

Explanations of the origin of the life of animals and plants given to the pure, uncontaminated mind of a child are accepted by the child only in a pure way as a very wonderful thing. In the same manner can the child be impressed with the function and hygiene of the sex organs and warned of the danger of disobeying nature's laws. These facts, taught them before their powers of reasoning are too well advanced, and more especially before their sex instinct is developed sufficiently to stimulate activity, will be accepted as the fundamental facts.—W. F. Martin, M. D., in Good Health.

PUTTING UP THE BLACKBERRY

Expert Tells of Various Ways of Preparing the Delicious Fruit for Winter.

This is the time, cook says, to put up blackberries for next winter. For blackberry marmalade mash the berries, cook them in their own juices until thoroughly heated, then press through a sieve to remove the seeds. Return the pulp to the fire with one-half the amount of sugar as pulp, and boil rapidly for 25 minutes, stirring constantly.

For blackberry jam, weigh the berries, put them in a preserving kettle and mash well. Let them boil for 20 minutes, removing any scum that rises. Add three-quarters of a pound of the berries, and let boil ten minutes, or until as thick as liked.

To spice blackberries put one cupful of vinegar in a porcelain kettle with two cupfuls of sugar, two and a half pounds of blackberries and one tablespoonful each of allspice, cinnamon and cloves, tied in a bit of muslin. Bring to a boil, then skim out the blackberries, boil the sirup for one hour, put back the berries and let boil for 15 minutes, then put in jars and cover tightly.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Scribbles—I called upon the editor of Blank's magazine with a little poem this morning. I found him very ill.

Prosely—Indeed! Is his condition critical?

Scribbles—Worse than critical; its positively abusive.

EVASION.

"I guess we'll have to get a roulette wheel for Crimson Gulch," said Three Finger Sam.

"Aren't there games enough?" "Yes. But a reformer came around an' got a lot of the boys to promise they'd never touch another card."

HIS POSITION IN THE MATTER.

"Can I sell you some hair tonic?" asked the bald-headed barber.

"Why do you try to sell me hair tonic when you need it yourself?"

"I'm a horrible example of what will happen if you don't take care."

AN INFERENCE.

Omar—Is she intellectual?

Heiny—I don't know; but the indications are unfavorable.

Omar—How's that?

Heiny—She's unusually pretty.

OPPOSING ARGUMENTS.

"Why can't those two men agree in their dispute?"

"Well, you see, the skinny one's arguments are too thin, and the big fellow's are too fatuous."

JUST SO.

"What's this?"

"The menu for the lawyers' banquet tonight."

"Ah, the bill of particulars."

Read the News.

THE O'DELL HOTEL

J. S. Denson, Prop.

Cafe, Meat Market and Ice House in connection

EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS

\$25.00 REWARD

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

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

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

RESTAURANT

We have opened up a restaurant in connection with our hotel and are prepared to serve the short order trade at all hours.

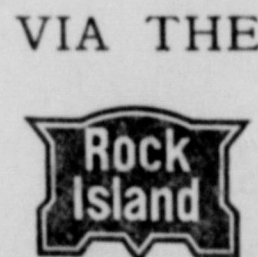
Will serve regular dinners in the restaurant at the same rate as the hotel dining room—35 cents. Our meals will be the very best the market affords.

A part of your trade will be appreciated.

HOTEL HINDMAN

Direct Line

Quick Service To Memphis Oklahoma City Dallas Ft Worth And All Points North and East



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John B. Vannoy

Optician and Jeweler

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

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

McLean Druggist

Pleases Customers

Erwin Drug Co. reports customers greatly pleased with the quick action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika. This simple remedy drains the old foul matter from the bowels so thorough that one spoonful relieves almost any case of constipation, sour or gassy stomach. It is so powerful that it is used successfully in appendicitis. Adler-ika never gripes and the instant action is surprising. Erwin Drug Co.

Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 3rd, 1st and 5th Sundays morning and night; Groom 4th Sunday, morning and night; Alanreed 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Eldersedge 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m. Junior and Senior Epworth Leagues at 2:30 and 3:30 p. m., respectively, ever Sunday. Woman's Missionary Society 2:30 p. m. every Tuesday. Prayer meeting ever Wednesday night. J. T. HOWELL, Pastor.

Baptist Church.

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

Presbyterian Church.

Shamrock, 1st Sunday and Sunday night; Groom, 2nd Sunday and Sunday night; McLean, 3rd and 4th Sunday and Sunday night; Gracey School House 5th Sunday and Sunday night. Come and invite your friends. Sunday school at McLean at 10:00 o'clock each Sunday. V. H. ROLLINS, Pastor.

Nazarene Church.

Services Second and Fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young people's meeting at 4 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. The public is invited. S. R. Jones.

WANT A DRAY

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

PHONE 126

W. R. PATTERSON

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McLean, Texas

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