

# The McLean News

ELEVENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1915

NO. 34

## MONEY SAVED

On Winter Coal  
If You Buy Now  
See Us About It

## Western Lumber Company

Car Cement In Transit

## From Over The Panhandle

Higgins is to have its sixth annual fare September 15, 16, 17. A splendid program has been arranged for each day. G. Walker, of Hereford, after a visit to Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, estimates that 50 per cent of the wheat in these states has been destroyed by weather, and predicts that wheat will go to \$1.50 in 60 days. B. Posey and youngest son, Leslie, were killed last Friday evening, at their home four miles north-west of Slaton, the cause of gas formed in a silo following an unsuccessful test of dynamite powder. Two Mexican employes were also victims of the gases. The Canyon State Normal has used its most successful summer's work. A total of 482 students were enrolled during the summer. There will be a two weeks vacation after which the winter session will begin. There is a movement on foot for the establishing of a Junior College at Lockney.

Emmett Barnett of Hereford sold 50 head of spring calves the other day at \$58 per head. There seems to be a general demand all over the Panhandle for feeder hogs. R. R. Wheatley, who has just returned from a business trip to the McLean and Alanreed regions, says that milo maize, kafir corn, cane, and cotton are in great growing conditions.—Daily Panhandle. Reports from all parts of the Panhandle show that there has been an abundance of rain. The Panhandle State Fair, to be held at Amarillo, September 21 to 25th, promises to be the biggest and best in the history of the Panhandle. Miami is to have a \$30,000 Baptist church, contract having been let. Miami has passed an ordinance prohibiting "goosing." Perhaps the council thinks the average Miamian is wild, enough without any prodding.

## Oil Prospects Looming Again

A meeting of citizens at the Odd Fellows Hall Monday night of this week was called for the purpose of listening to a proposition from P. J. Spencer relative to taking further steps in the direction of oil development in this vicinity. There was a fairly good crowd present and the sense of the meeting seemed to favor the undertaking.

In the light of Mr. Spencer's representations it appears that the drilling of the test well by Panhandle Oil and Gas Co., which is composed of local capitalists, was halted at a time, when, had they gone but a few feet further a paying well would have been brought in. It seems that the drilling was stopped on account of the well getting "junked," either intentionally or otherwise, when they were actually in oil sand. Mr. Spencer has had cuttings from the last six inches of the well analyzed by experts and the consensus of opinion coincides with his belief that the oil is there and when the well is cleaned out could be brought in in a few days.

Just what action it is desired the people take in the premises is not yet clear and probably will not be until further communication can be had with different members of the promoting company who are out of the city. The gist of it is that the town subscribe a fund sufficient to defray the expense of a further test and that those donating to the fund be reimbursed with an interest in the production of the well and the various leases that have not expired.

Mr. Spencer, who is the prime mover in the matter of starting the test, has kept in close touch with the drilling of the well and is thoroughly acquainted with every foot of its log. He has also, at various times, consulted with experts and it is reasonable to believe that he has good evidence upon which to base his claim.

It is hoped that some steps looking to the finishing of the test will be taken in the near future, that we may relieve our minds as to the possibility, or impossibility, of developing oil in this vicinity.

As soon as practicable another meeting will be held to go in to the matter further.

## Really, Too Much Rain

Absolutely the latest and most improved variety of hard luck that has manifested itself in the Panhandle—the Texas Panhandle, described by geographers and East Texas newspapers as the great American Desert, is the too abundant crop of rain. Real wet rain that has fallen at regular intervals during the entire season has developed into a habit rather than an occurrence and we now have it three times a day most every day. In consequence the "nubbin" crop is entirely ruined and other farm crops are manifesting distinct growing pains. Truly the harvest will be wonderful, but the watermelon crop is not doing so well on account of cool weather.

## Melon Outlook Disappointing

The first car of melons to be shipped from here this season went out the first of the week. They were loaded by S. O. Cook and were consigned to Central Texas. The outlook just at this time is not so flattering as in former years, in view of the fact that the melons are so late. With the prospects good for early cool weather it is feared the shipping season will be very short and the returns from the crop very light.

## Fruit Crop is Abundant

Many of our orchardists are experiencing much difficulty in disposing of their fruit crop and in consequence peaches are a drag on the local market at twenty-five cents per bushel. Some are disposing of their fruit to a better advantage by hauling to the plains and selling to the farmers and ranchers at retail. The production of peaches and other fruit is increasing in this section with every succeeding year and it is about time the growers looked about them for adequate means of marketing the out put.

We sell for cash. Prices right. C. C. Cook.



## A Little Talk On The Drug Business

To avoid substitution is as essential as to avoid error. We have it and you get it - exactly what you ask for, and we credit you with knowing what you want.

ERWIN DRUG COMPANY

## The Umpire

Suggested by the Burne-Jones painting of an umpire standing over a player who has just slid over the home plate winning run, and calling him out.

A fan there was and he made this prayer  
(Even as you and I)  
Only to murder that robber there—  
We called him the umpire who didn't care  
But the fan-Wow! Didn't he rave and swear!  
(Even as you and I)  
Oh, the hits we made, and the way we played,  
And the work of our infield band—  
All spoiled by an umpire who did not know  
('Twas the wildest kind of a rotten throw)—  
And did not understand.  
A fan there was, and his goods he spent  
(Even as you and I)  
For a sun-baked, uncushioned, twenty-five cent  
Little bleacher seat; but at that, it meant  
Seeing a ball game, and so he went  
(Even as you and I)  
Oh, the game we lost, and the fame we lost,  
And the way those fellows fanned!  
But alas for an umpire who cannot state  
When the player's safe on the old home plate—  
And cannot understand.  
The fan yelled, "Slide you rabbit, slide!"  
(Even as you and I)  
There were two men out, and the score was tied,  
And the throw from center field went wide—  
An owl could have seen it, if he tried—  
(Even as you and I)  
And it isn't defeat or the being beat  
That stings like a red-hot brand,  
But it's being robbed by a man like that,  
Who never did know where he was at,  
And could not understand.

## 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. Weob. J. T. Closs.

## 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

## 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

## Some Marvelous Exhibits at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

Exhibits in Agricultural Palace at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Show Caterpillar Gaining Favor Over Lug-wheeler Tractors in Farm Machinery.

An observer in the Agriculture Palace at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco cannot help noticing in the display of agricultural power machinery, the almost complete supersession of the new design of power tractor, known as the caterpillar, over the cumbersome unstable, high-wheeled engine of a few years ago. There are few of the old models on exhibition, while the caterpillar principle has been applied to almost every type of engine for agricultural purposes.

The caterpillar proper is a heavy sheet metal chain, varying in width from ten inches to two feet according to the weight of the engine, which passes around two heavy sprocket wheels like a belt. These wheels revolving, pass the chain about them, the lower part moving backward, with the weight of the engine resting on the broad surface of the chain between the two sprockets.

An engine of this type can be operated on ground soft enough to mire an ordinary farm wagon.

# The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Bow," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

## SYNOPSIS.

The 3 O' Hearts is the "death sign" employed by Seneca Trine in the private war of vengeance which, through the agency of his daughter, Judith, a woman of violent passions like his own, he wages against Alan Law, son of the man (now dead) who was unintentionally responsible for the accident which rendered Trine a helpless cripple. Alan is in love with Judith and is in turn loved by Rose, Judith's twin and double, but in all else her opposite. Judith vows to compass Alan's death, but under dramatic circumstances she saves her life and so, unwillingly wins her love. Thereafter Judith is by turns actuated by the old hatred, the new love, and jealousy of her sister, Rose. The latter is kidnapped by her father's orders and conveyed to a low dive in the slums of New Jersey, from which Alan rescues her after accidentally setting the tenement on fire.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### Jailbird.

The period of restraint in durance vile suffered by one Thomas Barcus in consequence of conduct riotous, unseemly, and in general prejudicial to the public peace of the New Bedford waterfront at half-past four in the morning, proved in the upshot far more brief than had been fondly hoped, not only by his just judge, but, singularly enough, by the misdeedant himself.

Taking everything gravely into consideration, including a person anything but prepossessing, the judge reckoned that, in default of a fine of one hundred dollars, a ten-day layup for repairs and repentance was not too much to mete out to the prisoner at the bar.

He was sentenced at 10 a. m. and it was little short of 10 p. m. when his post-prandial repose was disturbed by the rattle of a key in the lock of the door to his cell.

Conducted with every evidence of fleetness on the part of his jailers to the office of the warden, he was acquainted with the fact that his fine had been paid by no one less than the judge himself; then present in portly and solicitous person.

"If only you had told me you were a friend of Mr. Digby's," the judge hastened to say as soon as the two were ensconced in the privacy of the judicial limousine. "I would have known better how to guide myself in this unfortunate affair."

"And if you will be good enough to indicate how else I may serve you in his wire, I gather?"

"One moment: I have it here."

"Naturally I'd like a bath and a change of clothes," Barcus pursued while the judicial breast-pocket was being explored; "and I could do with transportation to New York by the first train out of this God-forsaken hole, and—"

"This is what Mr. Digby says," the judge interrupted, laboriously deciphering the message by the light of



The Hydroaeroplane is Forced to Land.

a match: "Please see to immediate release of one Thomas Barcus, probably in jail in your jurisdiction for rioting on waterfront this morning. Pay his fine and instruct him to report to me in New York at earliest feasible hour. Give him all the money he wants and look to me for remuneration—"

"Eh?" Barcus interrupted, sitting up smartly, "what's that last again?"

Patiently the judge repeated the sentence from the message.

"Thanks. Please don't read farther. You might come to something that would spoil it. It's almost too beautiful as it stands," Barcus observed. "Law owes me five thousand or so liquidated damages—but I'll be reasonable. Frisk this burg for a fifth of that sum before train time—and I promise to ask nothing more!"

His private comment was: "I've suspected that this was a fairy-tale all along. Now I know it!"

And this phase of incredulity persisted in coloring the complexion of his mind until the moment, some hours later, when the train connecting

at Providence with the Midnight Express for New York pulled out of New Bedford bearing a transformed Barcus.

Not until a sound night's sleep had topped off the beginning of his rest in jail did Barcus come down to earth.

He demonstrated his return to common sense by making a round breakfast in Grand Central station before looking up the residence of Digby in the telephone directory.

The information he gathered from the voice that answered the name of Mr. Digby over the telephone shook only momentarily Barcus' innate conviction that intimate acquaintance with battle, murder and sudden death was the inevitable reward of association with this friend of his heart.

"Alan being married to Rose Trine in Jersey City at this very minute!" he breathed skeptically as he emerged from the booth memorizing the address of the alleged officiating clergyman. "I don't believe it; it's too sudden."

Forthwith he engaged a taxicab to convey him to Jersey City, at top speed, for an exorbitant reward.

And when, from the forward deck of a ferryboat, he beheld a dense volume of smoke advertising a conflagration on the Jersey shore, not far from the waterfront, he shook a moodily sagacious head.

"If Alan isn't mixed up in that, somehow," he declared, "he's missing a bet for once—and I'm a sorry failure as a prophet of woe and disaster!"

There was as much intuitive apprehension as humor responsible for this remark; witness the fact that, on landing, he risked the delay required to turn aside and have a look at the fire.

It proved to be situated in the heart of a squalid slum—a wretched tenement of the poorest class, whose roof had already fallen in and whose walls were momentarily threatening to go by the time Barcus arrived on the scene.

At a considerable distance from him a small disturbance had broken out—a clamor of protesting voices lifting about the rumor of the mob—as a number of men, case-hardened roughs one and all, began to force their way in a V-shaped wedge through the throng, making toward its very heart, the point on the fire-lines nearest the burning building.

What this meant, Mr. Barcus had not the slightest idea. But his attention was first distracted by the maneuver, then fixed by the face of a man who was following in the hollow of the V—an evil white face that seemed somewhat vaguely familiar, somehow reminiscent of something strange that had happened in the history of Mr. Barcus.

At the same time, at the point where the V had paused, a wild uproar lifted up and, coincidentally, a wilder confusion became noticeable. A cry was audible—"Firebug! Lynch him! Lynch him! Lynch the firebug!"—and at this the mob turned as one man and streamed away in pursuit of an invisible quarry, who chose to attempt his escape by a route directly opposite to that which would have led him within view of Mr. Barcus.

Startled, and of a sudden persuaded that there might have been more in his "hunch" than was sanely to be credited, Barcus started up and was on the point of stepping out of his cab, if with a rather aimless purpose, when he was stayed by sight of that evil white face returning the way it had come—still in the hollow of the flying V, which now made faster progress, thanks to the disorganization of the mob by the chase of the alleged incendiary.

And now, Barcus saw, the man of the white face was not alone. There was someone with him—someone whose head was bent and face concealed, but who seemed to be feminine.

And so, Barcus argued, why might it not be Rose Trine, suffering new persecution at the hands of her unnatural father's creatures?

He was too far away to make sure and attempt any interference; but he pointed White Face out to his chauffeur as the V reached a touring car on the edge of the mob and the woman was lifted in (unresisting and apparently in a dead faint), and when the touring car swung round and picked up its heels, the taxicab of Mr. Barcus trailed it as unostentatiously as if it was a pertinacious shadow.

Ten minutes later, from the rear deck of a ferryboat in midstream—a boat bearing back to New York not only the touring car of White Face, but the cab of Mr. Barcus—the latter gentleman formed one of a small but interested audience witnessing an incident of uncommon character.

He saw a young man, hatless, coatless, almost shirtless, tear down to the edge of one of the Jersey wharves, his heels snapped at by a ravaging rabble, jump aboard a square-rigged vessel which lay moored there, and execute a maneuver of despair by climbing up the rigging in a hopeless attempt to escape his persecutors. They were too many for him, and what worse they were he led by his part

squad of police apparently as grimly bent on compassing the destruction of their quarry as was the mob.

And they swarmed up the rigging after him without a moment's hesitation.

Hotly pressed, the fugitive climbed higher and still higher, until at length he gained the topmost yard; with three policemen not half a dozen feet below him and popping away for dear life, if bappily with the notoriously poor marksmanship of policemen generally.

None the less, there was no telling when some accident might wing a bullet into the young man; and it was evident that he so decided.

For, inching out to the end of the yard, he waved his hand toward his persecutors with a gesture of light-hearted derision that unmistakably identified him as Alan Law to Mr. Barcus, and forthwith dropped to the water, feet foremost.

Alan later took the water neatly, came up uninjured and clearheaded, and without an instant's hesitation struck away toward the middle of the Hudson.

As this happened the police ran to the stern of the square-rigger, unmoored a dory that was riding there, and threw themselves into it.

During the (to Barcus, at least) breathless suspense of that chase, the ferryboat drew stolidly farther and still farther away from the scene. Barcus could not tell whether, as it seemed, the police-laden dory was really overhauling Alan, or whether the illusion of perspective deceived him.

At all events, it seemed a frightfully near thing when the interruption befell which alone could have saved Alan.

Out of the very sky dropped a hydroaeroplane, cutting the water with a long, graceful curve that brought it, almost at a standstill, directly to the head of the swimmer, and at the same time forced the police boat to sheer widely off in order to escape collision. Immediately the swimmer caught



Shook Out a Trey of Hearts.

the pontoon of the hydroaeroplane, pulled himself up out of the water, and clambered to the seat beside the aviator.

Before he was fairly seated the plane was swinging back into its fastest pace.

With the ease of a wild goose it left the water, mounted the long grade of an air lane, described a wide circle above the bluffs of Weehawken, and swept away southward.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### Birdman.

About eight o'clock in the evening of the same day a motorcar deposited at the Hotel Monolith a gentleman whose weather-beaten and oil-stained motor-cap and duster covered little clothing more than shirt and trousers and assorted oddly in the eyes of the desk-clerk with the rather meticulously turned-out guest known to him as Mr. Arthur Lawrence and to the management of the hotel as Mr. Alan Law incognito.

Eventually persuaded, the clerk yielded up the key to Mr. Lawrence's suite of rooms, together with two notes superscribed with the same nom de guerre.

Alan's impatience was so great that he could hardly wait to examine these communications until he was quit of the public eye.

The first proved to be a characteristic communication:

"Dear Ulysses—Thanks for the jail delivery. I got in this morning just in time to motor over to Jersey in hopes of seeing your finish as a bachelor; instead, I was favored by being made an involuntary witness to your spectacular ascent, following your almost equally spectacular high-dive.

"But to business: my time is limited; in half an hour more I am to double in black-face for the purposes of the author of this melodramatic fancy which you, no doubt, call the history of your grande passion.

"I mean to say—well, several things, to-wit: When I saw you snatched out of the North river I was engaged in trailing a pale-faced villain in a motorcar concerning whom you probably know far more than I; he on his part

was busy being a bold, bad kidnaper; Rose was in his power, as we say in such cases. His intentions, however, were nothing more blameworthy than to return her to the arms of her dotting parent. I know, because I sleuthed after 'em, even to the house of Seneca Trine. Later I sleuthed some more, following a furtive young man from the house of Trine to the office of the general manager of the New York Central, where he made arrangements for a special to convey the said Trine and retinue to Chicago and points West.

"I leaves at three this afternoon. I was unable to ascertain whether or not Rose is to participate in this hegra, but I know I shall. On the off-chance of being useful, I have bribed the train crew to let me impersonate the porter. So, should you be moved to follow and succeed in catching up with us and observe anybody who looks rather off-color in the party—don't shoot: the said party will be me.

"Yours for the quiet life.

"TOM BARCUS."

The second note yielded a communication written on notepaper of the simplest elegance in a woman's hand—a hurried scrawl:

"They are taking me West by special train—I don't know where or why. A servant has promised to see that this reaches you. Save me!"

Over this Alan wrinkled an incredulous nose. The hand was the hand of Rose, but the phraseology was not in her spirit. He examined it more closely and thought to detect beneath its semblance of haste a deliberate and carefully guided pen. He picked up the envelope to compare the handwriting of the address with that of the enclosure—and shook out a Trey of Hearts.

This last was covered, as to its face, with a plainly-written message.

"With the compliments of Seneca Trine to Alan Law. We are due in Chicago at eleven tomorrow morning and leave immediately for the Pacific coast via Santa Fe route."

Comparison between this and the

for a single lighted window in the upper tier (but not, he noted, the window to Rose's bedchamber) and one or two lights which he found burning dim in the kitchen offices and other servants' quarters on the lower floor he would have thought the house empty.

He negotiated that last flight of steps which led to the topmost floor with extraordinary stealth, advised thereto by a sound, or rather a series of sustained sounds, which had theretofore been inaudible to him. Possibly they had not till then existed; possibly the man servant whom he found snoring in a chair outside a closed door had not fallen asleep and begun to snore until the moment when Alan set foot upon the lower step of that final ascent.

No sound warned him of the door that opened at his back as he stood watching the sleeping guard. A piercing shriek was the first intimation he received that his presence had been discovered. It served as well to move him instantly into action: a single glance overshooulder showed him the figure of a maid-servant in cap and gown, her mouth still wide and full of sound—and Alan fell upon the guard like a thunderbolt. The man had barely time to jump up and recognize the alarm: then a fist caught him on the point of his jaw, and he returned promptly to deep unconsciousness.

No time now for qualms of compunction on account of the savage ruthlessness of that blow: no time even to search the fellow for a key to the closed door: already the maid was taking the stairs in full flight and cry, four steps and a howl like a warlock's to every jump.

Backing off, Alan took a short run, cleared the prostrate body of the guard with a leap, and fung himself full force against the door, his shoulder striking a point nearest the lock. With a splintering crash it broke inward. Without dignity or decorum he sprawled on all fours into the presence of Judith Trine.

"Poor Mr. Law!" she cried, with a mocking nod, "always disappointed! I'm so sorry—truly I am!"

"Oh, spare me your sarcasm," he begged resentfully. "It's ridiculous enough, this whole mad business—"

"But I am not sarcastic," she insisted with such sincerity that she opened his eyes in wonder. "Believe me, I am sorry for once it is I and not Rose whom you find locked up here! For, you see, I am locked up, by way of punishment—thanks to my having had pity on you once too often—while my father decamps mysteriously for parts unknown—"

"You don't know where he's gone, then?"

"Do you?" she asked sharply.

"In a general way. By special train to the West—"

"Taking Rose?"

"So I'm told."

The woman choked upon her anger, but quickly mastered it.

"He shall pay for this!" she asseverated.

"Your father? I wish him nothing more nor less than your emity," Alan assured her civilly. "But since it seems that he has gone, and Rose with him, if you'll forgive me, I think I'll be going—"

"Alone?"

"Why—yes."

"You wouldn't care for a companion du voyage?" she suggested.

"Oh—really!" he protested.

She held up an arresting hand. "Listen!" she begged.

From the street below came the unmistakable rattle of a policeman's foot on the sidewalk.

"That damned maid!" Alan divined.

"The same," Judith agreed with ominous calm. "Has it struck you that you may have some trouble getting away without my permission?"

"I'm not so stupid as not to have thought of that," he countered.

"Then be advised—and take me with you."

"In what capacity, please? As enemy or ally?"

"As ally—you're right; we can't be friends—until we overtake that special train. After that, by your leave, I'll shift for myself."

"It's not such a bad notion," he reflected; "with you under my eye, you can't do much to interfere—"

"If I promise—" she suggested.

"I'll take your word," he agreed simply. "But you're in for a lot of hardship, I'm afraid. The one way to catch up with your father is by aeroplane—and I've got one waiting."

She nodded intently. "Don't consider me as a woman when it comes to hardship," she hinted obliquely.

"I've no reason to, going on what I know of you."

"Give me one minute to find my coat and hat."

In less than that time she was at his side in the hallway.

The police entered by the front door as the two crept out of the area window.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### Via Air Line.

Not once in the course of the next sixteen hours but a thousand times Alan questioned (and it will readily be allowed, with all excuses) his sanity in permitting himself to be influenced to humor Judith's insistence and make her a party to this wild aerial cross-country dash.

Between whistles the plane flew fast and high, cutting a direct line, as it were, across the eastern and western states.

Chicago they raised as a smudge on the northern horizon about an o'clock in the afternoon; thereafter some little time was lost in descents to ascertain the identity of the many railroad lines that criss-crossed the swimming

landscape. Only at the third did they succeed in picking up the Santa Fe. And it was several minutes later, though still daylight, when they picked up the special train, flying a bunting across the levels.

There was scant room for the special, and it was the train they sought. The cars are not common. Moreover, contrived with considerable care to focus binoculars upon the rear of the car, and caught a faint glimpse of a white-coated figure with black face that was watching the plane in the same manner, that with glasses.

The man in the white coat, Alan assured himself, was positively himself. And hardly had he comforted himself with this assurance when his monodic destiny struck the motor car.

In response to his look of inquiry the aviator merely shook his weary head and muttered the words: "Engine trouble."

Swiftly the earth rose to receive the volplaning mechanism. Under Oscar's admirable handling it settled down



Escape of Alan and Judith.

most without a jar, on the outskirts of a city whose name Alan never learned.

For the biplane was barely a standstill before he was out and running with the giddiness that affects one after long flights, making his way best he might toward the manager's office connected with a train yard immediately adjacent to the spot where they had come to earth.

Lavish disbursements of money were his way against official protest that what he demanded was an impossibility. Within twenty minutes, leaving Coast to follow on when and as best he might, Alan and Judith were spinning through open country in the cab of an engine running light, with only clear track between it and the special.

The several hours that ensued before the rear lights of the special were brought to view were none too many for the task imposed upon Alan of overcoming the scruples of the engineer and fireman.

Another minute, and less than fifty feet separated the two—the special train and the light engine, both hurtling through the light at top speed.

With a word to the engineer Alan crept out along the side of the boiler, with only a greasy handrail and a narrow foothold between himself and what meant death, or something close resembling it, should he be shaken off by the tearing wind and the swaying of the locomotive.

It seemed an hour before he would himself up to the cowcatcher—some within four feet of the rear platform of the special.

On this last he could see a woman's figure indistinctly silhouetted against the light through the door, and beside her a man in a white coat, clinging for dear life to the knob of the door—holding it against the frantic efforts of some persons inside to tear it open.

Another hour of suspense dragged out—or such was the effect—while the light engine with intolerable slowness bridged those four scant feet.

At length it was feasible to attempt the thing. Rose (he could see her strained white face quite plainly now) was half over the rail of the car ahead, ready to jump.

His heart failed him. It was too hazardous a risk. He dared not let her take it.

Something very like a shot sounded from the train and something very like a bullet whistled past his cheek, and proved the signal for several more.

Strangely, that knowledge steadied his nerves. Straining forward and holding on to a bar so hot that it scorched his palm, he offered a hand to the girl on the rail.

Her hand fell confidently into it. She jumped. His arm wound round her as she landed on the platform of the cowcatcher. He heard her breathe his name, then hurriedly passed her between himself and the boiler to the footway at the side. The fireman was waiting there to help her. Alan turned his attention to Barcus.

To his dismay he found that the engine was losing ground. The space was widening rapidly as Barcus released the knob and threw himself over the rail.

By a miraculous, flying leap, the man accomplished that incredible feat and gained the platform.

An instant later ten feet separated the engine from the special, as the engineer applied the brakes.

And this he did none too soon: for at the same time Mayrhoft and another appeared on the rear platform and opened a hot, but, thanks to the widening distance, ineffectual fire.

The engine ground slowly to a halt as the rear lights of the special swept from sight and a hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Novelized V

Author of

SYNOPSIS

Light ward the clo it was the of theatrical to stage a of a vast late middle and rugged ted no humi of its far-f eted, not nea by the flowi ons which n it of way ov

much for th were provid nson and puri ned were simi at is known a it was the en ing with the giddiness that affects one after long flights, making his way best he might toward the manager's office connected with a train yard immediately adjacent to the spot where they had come to earth.

Lavish disbursements of money were his way against official protest that what he demanded was an impossibility. Within twenty minutes, leaving Coast to follow on when and as best he might, Alan and Judith were spinning through open country in the cab of an engine running light, with only clear track between it and the special.

The several hours that ensued before the rear lights of the special were brought to view were none too many for the task imposed upon Alan of overcoming the scruples of the engineer and fireman.

Another minute, and less than fifty feet separated the two—the special train and the light engine, both hurtling through the light at top speed.

With a word to the engineer Alan crept out along the side of the boiler, with only a greasy handrail and a narrow foothold between himself and what meant death, or something close resembling it, should he be shaken off by the tearing wind and the swaying of the locomotive.

It seemed an hour before he would himself up to the cowcatcher—some within four feet of the rear platform of the special. On this last he could see a woman's figure indistinctly silhouetted against the light through the door, and beside her a man in a white coat, clinging for dear life to the knob of the door—holding it against the frantic efforts of some persons inside to tear it open.

Another hour of suspense dragged out—or such was the effect—while the light engine with intolerable slowness bridged those four scant feet. At length it was feasible to attempt the thing. Rose (he could see her strained white face quite plainly now) was half over the rail of the car ahead, ready to jump. His heart failed him. It was too hazardous a risk. He dared not let her take it. Something very like a shot sounded from the train and something very like a bullet whistled past his cheek, and proved the signal for several more. Strangely, that knowledge steadied his nerves. Straining forward and holding on to a bar so hot that it scorched his palm, he offered a hand to the girl on the rail. Her hand fell confidently into it. She jumped. His arm wound round her as she landed on the platform of the cowcatcher. He heard her breathe his name, then hurriedly passed her between himself and the boiler to the footway at the side. The fireman was waiting there to help her. Alan turned his attention to Barcus. To his dismay he found that the engine was losing ground. The space was widening rapidly as Barcus released the knob and threw himself over the rail. By a miraculous, flying leap, the man accomplished that incredible feat and gained the platform. An instant later ten feet separated the engine from the special, as the engineer applied the brakes. And this he did none too soon: for at the same time Mayrhoft and another appeared on the rear platform and opened a hot, but, thanks to the widening distance, ineffectual fire. The engine ground slowly to a halt as the rear lights of the special swept from sight and a hand. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# The Trey O' Hearts

Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Knoll," "The Black Dog," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

## SYNOPSIS.

Trey of hearts is the "death-stain" on the forehead of the private of vengeance which, through the eyes of his daughter, Judith, a woman who is innocently responsible for the death of her father, is a helpmate to Alan Law, son of the man whose circumstances he saves his life and her precise opposite. Judith vows to compass Alan's death, but under circumstances she saves his life and she is left behind by him when he goes West, taking Rose with him. In the new town, Judith accompanying him, she succeeds in securing a room from Trine's special train.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### Light Engine.

ward the close of that summer's it was the whim of that arch-magician of theatricals whom men call to stage an anticlimax in the of a vast and hilly expanse of late middle western country—a and rugged deck of earth which had no human tenancy within a of its far-fung horizon and was ed, not neatly, rather irregularly, the flowing double line of steel ons which marked the railroad's at of way over the old Santa Fe

much for the stage: the light es were provided exclusively by the on and purple and gold of a por- ous sunset; the properties em- ed were simply a special train and it is known as a light engine.

was the engineer of the special, he started the trouble. After bring- his monster to a full pause, he ed upon his passengers and—not out about plausible excuse—violently in- ted Mr. Alan Law for abuse of his ed his freeman's trustfulness.

They had been engaged, both gentle- as asserted vigorously, for nothing re dangerous than a quick run re the prairies, in furtherance of unspecified plans of Mr. Alan Law d his companion, Miss Judith Trine. er starting out, they had wickedly ed maliciously been bribed by the d Law to put on speed and catch up h the special, in order that he might ecome from the latter a young woman, a bride-to-be and the sister of Miss

But—and here was the grievance— ey hadn't bargained to be shot at th pistols. And precisely that out- e had been put upon them during d subsequent to the moment of res- e.

It was unhappy Mr. Barcus who pre- ated the affair. This gentleman



One of His Arms Was Around Her Shoulder.

was suffering from a severe sprain to his sense of decent pride. In the ser- vice of Miss Rose Trine and her be- trothed, Mr. Law, Barcus had huc- eed his face and hands to the hue of ebony and had garmented himself in the garb of a Pullman porter.

It was the freeman (to be just) who brought the row to a focus by a slight- ing reference to that "shiftless and misbegotten dinge."

He repented quite promptly. Mr. Barcus jumped for his throat with a bellow of rage. The freeman slipped on the cab platform, trod on nothing, and went over backwards, taking Mr. Barcus with him to the ballast.

At almost the same moment Mr. Law, attempting to restrain the en- gineer from going to the assistance of his fellow-worker, ducked in under a vicious swing for his chin, grappled with his foe, tripped him up—and went with him to the ground on the oppo- site side of the locomotive from that occupied by Mr. Barcus and the freeman.

For the next several seconds he was busy indeed keeping his face out of the ballast. The engineer was a

heavy man, but active and infuriated. He fought like a demon unchained. It was all very exciting. Mr. Law was even beginning to enjoy it when he heard a woman shriek. At the same instant revolvers began to pop.

Mr. Law released his foe almost as quickly as he was released. Both rose as one man, to find Judith Trine be- side them, a little smile of excitement playing round her lips as she looked up the track and watched the special slow down to a stop—several persons on the back platform plying busy trig- ger-fingers all the while.

As these last threw open the plat- form gates and dropped to the ballast, still perforating the air with many bul- lets, Mr. Law, Miss Judith Trine, and that late belligerent, the engineer, turned simultaneously and sought the rear of the tender.

On the opposite side they found Rose Trine and Mr. Barcus standing uncertainly above the body of the freeman, who, it appeared, had stunned himself in falling and remained in- sensible.

The appearance of Law and Judith from behind the tender, closely pur- sued by the engineer, who was in turn closely pursued by gentlemen with re- volvers, stirred Barcus and Rose to ac- tion. Alan passed him at a round pace, pausing only long enough to seize Rose and drag her with him toward the special.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### Pullman.

"Come inside," Law suggested, "and introduce me to the brakeman. I pre- sume I've got to fix things up with him."

"If there's really any doubt in your mind as to that," Barcus said, rising, "I don't mind telling you you're right."

He paused as Alan entered the car before him and was greeted by a storm of vituperation that fairly blistered the panels of the Pullman. Mr. Seneca Trine, helpless in his invalid chair, thus celebrated his introduction to the young man whom he had never before seen whose life he had schemed to take these many years.

Alan made no effort to respond, but listened with his head critically to one side and an exasperating expres- sion of deep interest informing his countenance until Mr. Trine was out of breath and vitriol; when the younger man bowed with the slight- est shade of mockery in his manner and waved a tolerant hand to Barcus.

"He has, no doubt," Alan inquired, "his own private cell aboard this car?"

"Yes, suh!" Barcus agreed, aping well the manner of his apparent cast and color. "Ain't dat de proof?"

"Take him away, then," Alan re- quested wearily—"if you please."

"Yes, suh!" Barcus replied, with nimble alacrity seizing the back of the wheeled chair and swinging it round for a spin up the length of the car.

Before Trine had recovered enough to curse him properly, the door to his drawing room was closed and Barcus was ambling back down the aisle.

His grin of relish at this turning of the tables on the monomaniac proved, however, short-lived. It erased itself in a twinkling when Judith shouldered roughly past him, wearing a sullen and forbidding countenance, and flung herself into the drawing room with her father.

The cause of her temper was not far to seek: at the far end of the car Alan was bending solicitously over the chair in which Rose was resting. One of his arms was around her shoulder. Her face was lifted confidently to his.

Barcus mused morosely on his ap- prehension of trouble—a brew, simmer- ing over the waxing fire of that strange woman's jealousy. He didn't like the prospect at all. If only Alan and Rose hadn't been so desperately in love that they couldn't keep away from one another! If only Alan had been sen- sible enough to outwit the woman and leave her behind when he started in pursuit of the special! If only there had not been that light engine in pur- suit—as Barcus firmly believed it must be—loaded to the guards with Trine's unscrupulous hirelings!

No telling when they might catch up!

The fear of this last catastrophe worked together with his fears of Ju- dith to render that night a sleepless night for Barcus. He spent it in a chair one for Barcus. He spent it in a chair when he could watch both the door to the compartment Judith had chosen for her own (formerly Marrophan's quarters) and the endless ribbons of steel that swept beneath the tracks.

But nothing happened. He napped uneasily from time to time, waking with a start of fright, but always to find nothing amiss. Ever Judith stopped behind that closed door, and the track behind was innocent of ever the glare of a pursuing headlight.

He did anything untoward mark the progress of the morning—unless, in- deed, Judith's protracted sessions with her father behind the closed door of the drawing room were to be counted ominous.

Ever since lunch-time the girl had been closeted with her father; Barcus had been getting some well-earned and sorely-needed rest in his quarters;

Alan standing his watch on the obser- vation platform, in company with Rose; and the train booming along through an uncouth wilderness of arid mountains, barren mesas, and sun- stunted flats given over to the desolate genius of sagebrush.

Whatever had been the tenor of the communication between father and daughter, Judith eventually emerged from the drawing room in an ominous temper. Barcus, coming drowsily away from his compartment at the same time, was jarred wide awake by sight of the foreboding countenance she wore; and after a moment of doubt followed her back to the lounge at the rear of the car.

He got there in time to see her at rigid standstill, staring steadfastly at the two figures so close together on the observation platform. But on his appearance Judith shook herself together, snatched up a magazine, and plunged wrathfully into an easy chair, burying her nose between the pages of the publication with every indication of deep interest in its text.

Mr. Barcus, however, had learned the lesson of bitter experience to the effect that the outward bearing of Miss Judith Trine was no sure index to her inward humor—unless, that is, it might be taken to indicate the di- rect contrary of its semblance; though even this was no reliable rule. Reminding himself of this, he there- fore invented a morbid interest in an- other magazine—round the edge of which he kept a wary eye upon the young woman.

For all her exasperation, Judith con- tained herself longer than might have been expected. Her continued show of placidity, indeed, lulled Barcus into a dangerous feeling of security. Per- suaded that she meant to behave, he gradually ceased to watch her as nar- rowly as at first, and lost himself in a morose reverie whose subject was the seemingly permanent mourning into which he had plunged his face and hands for the purposes of his mas- querade—staining them a shade of ebony upon which soap and water and scrubbing had no effect whatever. And he had invented a most exasperating method of revenging himself upon the druggist who had taken advantage of his confidence and sold him the in- eradiable dye—when he was roused by

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

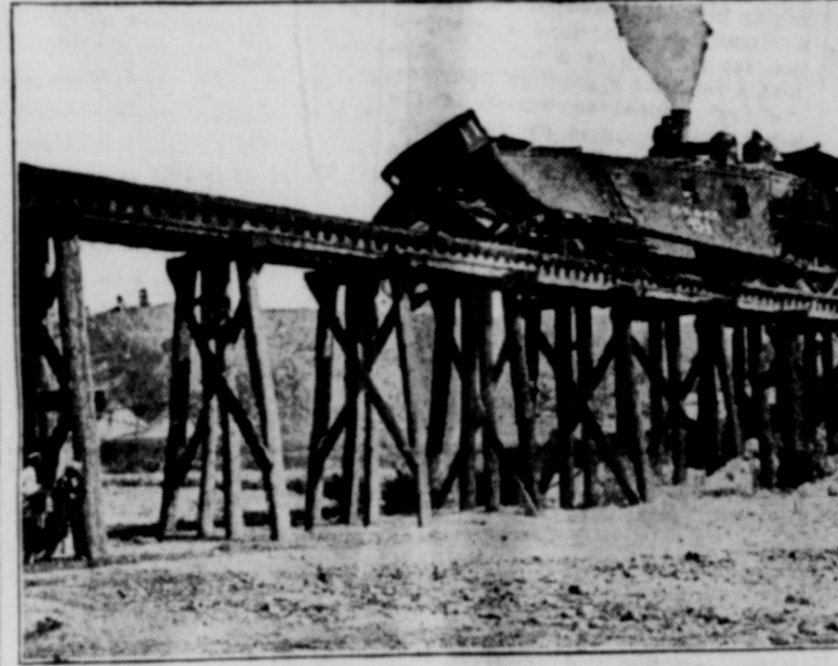
### Hand Car.

"Well!" Mr. Barcus broke a silence whose eloquence may not be translated in print—"can you beat it?"

"Not with this outfit," Alan admit- ted gloomily.

"But—damn it!—we've got to."

"Profanity—even yours, my friend—



Struck the Caboose With a Crash Like the Explosion of a Cannon.

won't make this Pullman move without an engine."

"All the same, we can't stop here like bumps on a log, waiting for that gang of thugs to sail up in the light engine and cut our blessed throats."

Mr. Law answered this unanswer- able contention only with a shrug. Then, stepping out on the forward platform of the Pullman, he cast a hopeless eye over the landscape.

Raw, rugged hills hemmed in the right of way, hills whose vast flanks were covered with dense thickets of mesquite, chaparral, sagebrush and cacti, the haunt of owls and rattle- snakes and—solitude. No way of es- cape from that pocket in the hills other than by the railroad itself.

He lowered his gaze to the tracks and sidling—and started sharply.

"Eh—what now?" Barcus inquired with interest.

"Some thoughtful body has left an old hand car over there in the ditch," Alan replied. "Maybe it ain't beyond service—"

"With me supplying the horsepower, I suppose!"

"Horse ain't the word," Alan cor- rected meticulously; and escaped the other's wrath by dropping down to the ballast and trotting over to the ditch, where the hand car lay.

"Looks as if it might work," he an- nounced. "Come along and lend me a hand."

"Half a minute," Barcus answered, dodging suddenly back into the car.

When he reappeared, after some five minutes, Rose accompanied him, and Barcus was smiling as brilliantly as though nothing whatever was wrong with his world.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, old top," he explained; "but I was smitten with an inspiration. There didn't seem to be any sense in letting the amiable Judith loose upon this fair land, so I found a coil of wire in the porter's closet and wired the handle of the drawing room door fast to the bars across the aisle. It'll take her some time to get out, now, without assist- ing hands."

"Will you be good if I let you out?" "Perfectly." "No mo' shenanigan?" "I promise."

"Word of honor?" "If my word of honor means any- thing to you—you have it." "Well . . ." he said dubiously.

In the same humor he turned and re- leased the knob; promptly Judith opened it wide and swept out into the corridor, her mood now one of really fetching meekery.

"Thank you so much!" she laughed into his face of deconfiture; and drop- ping him an ironic curtsy, she turned forward and swung into the drawing room occupied by Trine.

"Wonder what she put that on for?" he speculated, with reference to the ankle-long Pullman wrapper which Ju- dith had seen fit to don during her period of captivity. "Heaven knows it's hot enough without wearing more clothing than decency demands . . . But you never can tell about a wom- an . . . I bet a dollar I've made a blithering ass of myself—letting her loose at all!"

He took his doubts aft, communi- cating them to Alan and Rose.

And his long conference with Alan and Rose on the observation platform afforded Judith ample opportunity in which undetected to suborn the train crew to treachery.

Whether she did or not, this is what happened in the course of the next hour: the special was forced to take a sidling to make way for the California limited, east-bound; and when this had passed, the engine of the special coughed apologetically and pulled swiftly out, leaving the Pullman stalled on the siding.

From the rear of the tender the brakeman and fireman waved affecting farewells to the indignant faces of Alan and Barcus when they showed in the front doorway.

Somewhere far back along the line a locomotive hooted mournfully.

"It's got to!" Alan replied, helping Rose aboard. "If we can only get out of sight before they get here—"

"Don't worry," Barcus advised: "that's a freight whistle."

"Maybe you can distinguish the whistle of a freight from that of a pas- senger train—I don't say you can't; but I'll take no chances on your judg- ment being good. Hop aboard here if you're coming with us!"

Slowly the hand car stirred on its grease-hungry and complaining axles; slowly it gathered momentum and surged noisily up the track as Alan and Barcus, on opposite sides of the hand-lebar, alternately rose and fell back; slowly it mounted the slight grade to the bend in the track, rounded it, lost sight of the stalled Pullman on the siding and began to move more swiftly on a moderate down grade.

Behind it the thunder of an ap- proaching train grew momentarily in volume, lending color to the theory of Mr. Barcus that what they had heard had been the whistle of a freighter rather than of the light engine. But just as Alan was about to advocate leaving the tracks and taking the hand car with them, to clear the way for the train, its rumble began to diminish, grew less and beautifully less, and was stilled.

"What do you make of that?" Alan panted across the racking bar.

"The obvious," Barcus returned. "The freight has taken the sidling to wait for some other through train to pass. We'll have to look sharp and be ready to jump."

The grade became a trace more steep; the car moved with less reluc- tance.

"Let go," Alan advised: "it'll coast down the balance of this incline—and we'd better save our strength."

But they had barely regained their breath and mopped the streaming sweat away from their eyes when a second whistle, of a different tone, startled both back to their task.

Catching the eye of Barcus Alan nodded despairingly.

"Afraid it's all up with us now," he groaned; "that sounded precisely like the whistle of the light engine."

"Sure it did!" Barcus agreed. "It wouldn't be us if we had any better luck. The saints be praised for this grade!"

For all its age and decrepitude the hand car made a very fair pace at the urge of the two who rose and sagged again without respite on either side the hand-lebar; and the grade was hap- pily long, turning and twisting like a snake through the hills.

A little grace was granted them, moreover, through the circumstance (as they afterward discovered) that the light engine had stopped at the sidling long enough to couple up Trine's Pullman—thus automatically ceasing to be a light engine, and becoming a special.

It was fully a quarter of an hour be- fore the growing rumble of the latter warned the trio on the hand car, just as it gained the end of the grade and addressed itself to a level though tor- tuous stretch of track.

And at this point discovery of the switch of a spur line that shot off southward into the hills furnished Alan with his independent inspiration.

Stopping the hand car after it had jolted over the frogs, he jumped down, set the switch to shunt the pursuit off to the spur, and leaped back upon the car.

Hardly had they succeeded in work- ing the hand car up round the shoulder of the next bend when the special took the switch without pause and the roar of its progress, shut off by an inter- vening mountain, was suddenly stilled to a murmur.

But even so, there was neither rest for the weary nor much excuse for self-congratulation; the rumble of the special was not altogether lost to hear- ing when the thunder of the freight replaced and drowned it out.

Of a sudden, releasing the hand-le- bar, Alan stood up and signed to Barcus to imitate his example.

"Well—" this last panted, when he had obeyed.

"Jump off—leave the hand car where it is—they'll have to stop to clear it off the track."

"And then?"

"I'll buy a lift from them if it takes my last dollar in the world," Alan promised. "It's our only hope. We can't keep up this heartbreaking busi- ness forever—and it can't be long be- fore Trine and Marrophan discover their mistake!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### Caboose.

For once, in a way, it fell out pre- cisely as Mr. Law had planned and prayed.

Constrained to pull up in order to re- move the obstruction from the track, the train crew of the freight choked down its collective wrath on being pre- vented with a sum of money. In the hopes of further largesse it lent its common car to Alan's well-worn tale, which had so frequently proved useful in similar emergencies, of an eloping couple pursued by an unreasoningly vindictive parent; and had its hopes rewarded by the price Alan bargained to pay in exchange for exclusive use of the caboose as far as the next town.

So that it was not more than ten minutes before Rose was settled to rest in such comfort as the caboose af- forded, while Alan and Barcus sat within its doorway and smoked.

Neither he nor any other aboard the freight suspected for an instant that, in the box car next forward of the ca- boose, a woman in man's clothing lay perdue, now and again chucking impishly to herself in anticipation of the time and the event she was blind-

with such patience as she could ter.

The whistle of a locomotive of taking the freight sounded the sign for her to take action on her charis- tic plan.

Rising, she glanced out of the open door. A curve in the track below the freight, laboring up a steep grade, en- abled her to catch a glimpse of a head- light, followed by a string of lighted windows, indicating a single car: the special, beyond a doubt.

Without hesitation, since the train was not running at speed, she dropped out to the ballast, wheeled smartly about, caught the handbar at the end of the box car as it passed and swung herself up between it and the caboose.

A trifle later the freight gained the summit of the grade and began to run more smoothly.

Climbing to the top of the box car she peered keenly through the gloam- ing, which was not yet so dense that she might not discern two heads pro-



Judith Uncoupling the Caboose.

truding from the window of the spe- cial's engine, one on either side.

At a venture, she snatched off her coat and waved it wildly in the air.

An arm answered the signal from one window of the pursuing locomo- tive.

Marrophan, of course!

She turned and peered ahead. The freight was approaching a trestle that spanned a wide and shallow gully.

So much the better!

Dropping down again between the cars, she set herself to solve the prob- lem of uncoupling the caboose.

In this she was successful just as the last car rolled out on the trestle

Its own impetus carried the caboose to the middle of the trestle before it stopped.

As this happened, Alan and Barcus, already warned of an emergency by the slowing down of the car, and for some time alive to the fact that the special was again in pursuit, leaped out upon the ties and helped Rose to alight.

Already the last of the freight was whisking off the trestle, its crew thus far unconscious of their loss.

And behind them the special was plunging forward at unabated speed.

There was no time to execute their plan of the first desperate instant—to run along the ties to safety on the solid earth: the distance was too great; they could not possibly make it.

With common impulse the two men glanced down to the bottom of the gully, then looked at each other with eyes informed by common inspiration.

Barcus announced in a breath: "Thirty feet—not more."

Barcus shrugged: "I can try. We might as well—even if I can't."

While speaking, he was lowering himself between the ties.

"All right," he announced briefly.

With a word to Rose, Alan slipped down beside Barcus, shifted his hold to the body of the latter, and climbed down over him until he was supported solely by the grasp of his two hands on Barcus' ankles.

Instantly Rose followed him, slip- ping like a snake down over the two men till she in turn hung by her grasp on Alan's ankles, then released her hold and dropped the balance of the distance to the ground, a scant ten feet, landing without injury.

A thought later Alan dropped lightly to her side, staggered a trifle, recovered and dragged her out of the way.

Barcus fell with a heavy thump and went upon his back, but demonstrated his lack of injury by immediately pick- ing himself up and joining the others in a mad scramble for safety.

Overhead the special engine, hur- tling onward like some titanic bolt, struck the caboose with a crash like the explosion of a cannon. It collapsed upon itself like a thing of pasteboard.

That it had been constructed of more solid stuff was abundantly proved by the shower of timbers, splin- ters and broken iron that rained about the heads of the fugitives.

For all that, the gods smiled upon them for their courage; they escaped without a scratch.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MCLEAN NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year ..... \$1.00

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

The Picnic Scores Success

In spite of the hard rain of the day before and the cloudy and threatening weather Wednesday morning the basket picnic held at the tabernacle was in every possible sense a success. The attendance was far in excess of what had been anticipated and the big jolly crowd seemed to enjoy every phase of the day's attractions, which began at eleven o'clock with an address by Reuben M. Ellerd of Plainview, who is a candidate to succeed John H. Stephens in the United States Congress. Mr. Ellerd is a forceful and entertaining speaker and made a most favorable impression upon those who could hear his talk above the din of whistles and other noise makers of the children.

At the noon hour a most stupendous basket dinner was served under the shade of the trees and it was enjoyed to the fullest possible extent by the great crowd of participants.

After noon the visitors were favored with an address by the Hon. J. Marvin Jones of Amarillo, Mr. Jones also being a candidate for the United States Congress from this district. The young man is a polished and entertaining talker and his remarks were received with distinct approval by his hearers.

Music by the local band, augmented by several members of the Erick band, was a most pleasing feature of the day's program and the home aggregation showed themselves worthy of unstinted applause by reason of the advancement they have made during the short time they have been organized.

At three-thirty the ball game between the local team and the Erick bunch was called by Ross Biggers and Eugene Peppard and there followed nine in-

nings of first class ball playing. Except for one or two occasions when the home boys went to pieces slightly the game was practically errorless, the final score being five to nothing in favor of the visitors.

After the ball game came the tournament race in which there were six entries as follows: Clyde and Toad Cash, Ollie Pearce, Alan Wilson, Carl Hefner and Culberson Bogan. In the finish it was found that Alan Wilson, Clyde and Toad Cash had tied for first place and they ran off the tie, Alan winning. The two Cashes dividing second money.

Other attractions of the day was a wild west show, the moving picture show, giving the Passion Play, and various games of ball throwing, etc.

On the whole the occasion was an enjoyable one and McLean is proud to have been able to extend this manner of hospitality to her many guests.

A Jolly Picnic.

A pleasant outing was enjoyed Tuesday of last week on the River at the Loyd place north of town the occasion being in honor of Roger Francis and Mrs. Isabell Petty's birthday.

The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Petty, Messrs. Roy Ledbetter, Roger Francis, Clarence Bellenger and Misses Ethel, Myrtle and Ina Ledbetter, Grace Francis, Edith Stockton and Gladys Rowles of Ochiltree.

The morning was spent in gathering plums and grapes and then came the noon hour and a delicious spread of goodies was laid to which all did justice. The afternoon was spent in various forms of amusement. On the return trip home, just at sunset, all stopped and a nice lunch was indulged in and all hoped to see many more days as pleasant as this one.

One of Them.

Homer West returned from an extended stay in New Mexico the first of the week.

WHY SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF LEADING FARMERS.

Why should women vote? That is the question that is ringing from ocean to ocean and reverberating from the Canadian boundary to the Mexican border. It is the mission of a newspaper to give the news and the action of the Texas Farmers' Union in opposing woman's suffrage when that question was recently before the Texas legislature is significant as representing the attitude of the organized plowmen. We reproduce in part the argument presented by Hon. W. D. Lewis, president of the Texas Farmers' Union, in opposing the bill: "It is gratifying to note that it is not the farmer's wife who is clamoring for the ballot. She is too busy trying to make happier homes, molding the minds of future citizens and sharing with her husband the cares of life to indulge in political gossip. The ballot will give her no relief from drudgery, give no assistance in clothing the children or bring to the home additional comforts, conveniences or opportunities in life. It is, as a rule, the city woman promoted to idleness by prosperity, who is leading the suffragette movement.

"From many standpoints, perhaps a woman has as much right to vote as a man. So has she as much right to plow as a man; she has as much right to work in a factory as a man; she has as much right to shoulder a musket as a man, but we would rather she would not do so from choice and we regret that necessity oftentimes compels her to earn a living by engaging in gainful occupations. We do not consider misfortune a qualification for suffrage or a business accident a reason for granting franchise. We are opposed to woman at the ballot box the same as we are opposed to woman in the field, in the factory or in the army and for the self-same reasons. We had rather see her plant flowers than sow wheat; gather bouquets than pick cotton and rear children than raise political issues, although she may have as much right to do one as the other.

Opposed to Unsexing Humanity.

"Sex qualification for suffrage may have its apparent inconsistencies. No general rule adjusts itself perfectly to all conditions. It is a favorite argument advanced by the proponents of woman's suffrage that many cultivated and noble women are far more capable of intelligently exercising sovereignty than a worthless negro, but the South never was anxious for negro suffrage, and while culture and refinement, and even morality, are desirable virtues, they are not the only qualifications for franchise.

"The primary, inherent and inseparable fitness for suffrage is supporting a family. The plow handle, the forge and the struggle for bread afford experience necessary to properly mark the ballot. Government is a great big business and civilization from the very beginning assigned woman the home and man the business affairs of life.

"There has been much freakish legislation enacted during the past decade that no doubt appeals to woman's love for the ridiculous, but to undertake to unsex the human race by law is the height of legislative folly and a tragedy to mankind.

"We are opposed to the equal rights of woman—we want her to ever remain our superior. We consider woman's desire to seek man's level the yellow peril of Twentieth Century civilization.

"Woman is the medium through which angels whisper their messages to mankind; it is her hand that plants thoughts in the intellectual vineyard; it is through her heart that hope, love and sympathy overflow and bless mankind. Christ—the liberator of woman-kind—was satisfied to teach the lessons of life and He was a man. He chose to rule over human hearts and refused worldly power and men followed after Him, women washed His feet, little children climbed upon His knees and the Ruler of the universe said that in Him He was well pleased. Can woman find a higher calling?"

McLean Druggist Pleases Customers

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

Stayed—Black and white spot pig, weighing about 50 pounds. Owner will please call and get it. J. L. Collier.



You are Cordially Invited

To call and see the beautiful new Fall and Winter Styles of the Victor Ladies Tailoring Company, Chicago, who make a specialty of—

Women's High Class Made-to-Measure Suits, Coats, Dresses and Skirts made as you want them according to your measurements to fit your figure stylishly, in any style and material of your selection or of your own your own material.

Also a complete line of Ready-to-Wear Coats, Furs, Dresses, Waists, Petticoats, Misses' and Children's Cloaks, Dresses, etc.

Our garments are especially noted for perfection in fit, fine workmanship and materials and our prices are decidedly lower than those usually charged elsewhere.

Come and enjoy the pleasure and advantage of selecting your new fall suit or other garment from a complete variety of the newest styles and materials, such as are shown only in the large cities.

Our services and assistance will cost you nothing, and you will be delightfully interested in looking over the line, whether you wish to buy or not.

Mrs. W. T. Wilson

Agent for Victor Ladies Tailoring Company, Chicago, Phone 127. Prompt service, perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed and prices always the LOWEST.

Warning.

On account of the reckless disregard for the ordinance regulating speeding within prescribed limits in the city of McLean, it will be necessary to adopt strenuous methods to stop this practice and the public is hereby warned that such violations must be stopped. Anyone caught driving recklessly through the streets will be prosecuted accordingly.

J. T. Foster.

Child Slightly Hurt.

Charles, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Jordan, narrowly missed being dangerously hurt when he fell from a loose plank in the barn to the ground last Tuesday. He was knocked lifeless for the time but soon recovered and, other than a few slight bruises, is suffering no ill effects.

What Bill Did.

Bill Turner was a farmer, He labored all his life; He didn't have no schoolin', And neither did his wife. But Bill was built for business, And made the wheels go round, And left a healthy fortune When they put him under ground. He was always taking chances— Paid a hundred for a bull; His neighbors called him crazy, But he left a stable full Of cows that broke the record, Making butter by the ton. An' Bill got his picture printed In the Squeedunk Weekly Sun. He had new fangled notions Of making farming pay; He even bought a fool machine To help him load his hay. The neighbors fairly snorted When they saw the bloomin' thing— Said Bill would never make it work, It wasn't worth a ding! Bill didn't say a word, And didn't care a darn, 'Bout what they said, for slick as grease His hay went in the barn An hour before a thunder storm Came sailing out that way, And caught his neighbors in a pinch And spoiled his new mown hay. Bill's neighbors put their milk in cans, And set 'em in a tank; Bill skimmed his milk with a machine, And turned it with a crank. Smith chops his wood with an old ax; Bill used some saws and gasoline— An hundred cords a day, With another blamed machine! Today Bill's wife rides in a car And dresses up in silk; Smith's wife rides in a wagon, And keeps on skimming milk. —Ex.

Read the News.

Dead

Wallace, the little eight year old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sims that was so seriously hurt last week by being dragged by a cow, passed away early Saturday morning, after every ministrations within the power of medical skill and kindly nursing had proven futile. The funeral services were conducted at the Methodist church by the Rev. J. T. Howell at five o'clock Saturday afternoon and the little body laid to rest in the local cemetery.

The News joins heartily with the hosts of friends of this good family in extending sincere sympathy in their sad hour of distress. May He who, alone, can administer adequate comfort in this bitter trial, be with them to cheer us our sincere prayer.

Notice.

We, the undersigned merchants, wish to announce that in the future we will make deliveries in the city only between the hours of 8 and 11 a. m., and 2 and 5:30 p. m. We will receive orders at any time and deliver them during the delivery period. Would thank our customers to take note of this arrangement and help us to enforce it, as it will save us time and money and insure you a better delivery service.

Very truly,  
Bundy-Hodges Merc. Co.  
C. C. Cook.  
Haynes Gro. Co.  
J. W. Beall.  
C. A. Cash and Son.

For Sale—Ear corn. Will deliver at 75 cents or 70 cents my barn 1 1/2 miles northwest Alanreed. I. D. Shaw, Le orders at American State B

Mrs. A. E. Gething and of Northfork attended the picnic here Wednesday.



It's A Long Hard "PULL"

to make "both ends meet" for the man who has the greatest returns for every dollar spent.

Our prices on lumber will prove that we are our best to make the job easier for you.

We are carrying a complete stock—don't fail to inspect it when you are in market for anything of the line.

Bundy-Hodges Merc. Co. (Incorporated)

LABOR SAVED

This Is What They Say

Monday—Had to scrub our old kitchen floor. It was hard and tiresome work, and yet the floor did not look clean.

Tuesday—Had our kitchen floor painted with LOWE BROTHERS HARD DRYING FLOOR PAINT. It took only a short time and was easier than I expected.

Friday—Went over the kitchen floor with the dust mop. No more backbreaking scrubbing for me. Just a light mopping makes the floor look clean and pin.

Lowe Brothers Hard Drying Floor Is The Best Made

Try it—get a color card—for sale by

Cicero Smith Lumber Company

Phone 3

# Local Happenings

## Items of Interest About Town and County

Formative for ice cream. Palace Drug Store.

Miss Ruby Cook has returned on a visit with friends at Wichita Falls.

Lon Speed and Wife of Pampa were down the first of the week for a visit with his mother.

The Free Sewing Machine is the best. McLean Hdw.

Mr. Steele president of the Bank of Groom, was among the business visitors in the city the first of the week.

A Needle Threader free with every dollar purchase at the Palace Drug Store.

Attorney R. E. Underwood of Amarillo transacted legal business here yesterday.

A good leather baby buggy nearly new, cost \$16.50, will sell for \$5.00. Mrs. V. H. Rollins.

Charlie Cook of Pampa visited relatives here the middle of the week.

Thread your needle in the dark—a threader free at the Palace Drug Store.

Leo Stockton of Crafton, Tex., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stockton.

Shipment of glassware and queensware just arrived. McLean Hardware Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Aldus of Shamrock came over in their car Wednesday for a visit with their parents.

Peaches—25 and 50 cents per bushel. Plums, 50 cents per bushel. At the Orchard. Phone T. C. Landers. Heald. 2c

Jeff Earp returned from the Plains Tuesday to take care of his big confectionery business during the picnic.

Special cut prices on baled hay for the next two weeks. 6.00 per ton at meadow or \$7.20 delivered. D. B. Veatch. 2p

Mrs. L. W. Wilson and children of Mobeetle attended the Woodman Unveiling here Sunday. They were guests in the Callihan home while here.

For Sale—A few thorough bred Poland China Gilts, weight about 135 pounds each. Price \$10.00. Phone A. E. Gething, 66 three shorts and one long. 1c

W. H. Barnes has our thanks for subscription favors.

J. W. Beall will pay you five cents for all your clean syrup buckets with lids.

J. W. Mayfield has our thanks for subscription favors.

George Wise has been spending a few days in New Mexico the past week prospecting.

If you have an entertainment or a gathering, phone the News about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Cash have returned from a trip through New Mexico.

Mrs. Sianda Manning left Wednesday for Illinois where she will make her home in the future.

Vacuum Washers do the work easier. See them at McLean Hdw. Co.

Dr. Mauping of Rowlett, Texas, was here this week visiting with friends and looking after realty holdings.

Louis Morse and wife are here for a visit with the J. S. Morse family. They expect to spend the winter here.

I have a few pieces of furniture that I would like to sell at a real bargain. Mrs. S. H. Bundy.

J. D. Brown of the Hotel O'Dell has severed his connections with that institution and gone to San Francisco where he will make his future home.

A large crowd of pleasure seekers from Erick and other nearby towns took in the picnic at this place Wednesday.

Herman Glass has returned from the harvest fields and will visit his parents here a short time before entering the W. T. S. N. College for the winter.

Lost—Between Alanreed and LeFors, Sunday July 18th, a vest containing important receipts. Finder will please return to this office or to W. W. Adams, LeFors, Texas. 2p

Mrs. E. G. Doran and children left for their home in Shreveport, La., Wednesday night after a visit here with Mrs. Doran's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cooke.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Newton and son, Roy, were here from Dodsonville the middle of the week for a visit at the B. F. Newton home.

Misses Maude and Hattie Thompson returned the latter part of last week from an enjoyable visit to the Exposition.

I need a few more laundry customers. Phone me and I will call for your laundry. Vester Cooke.

I will Clean and press your suit for \$1.25. Vester Cooke.

Ben Moore of Amarillo was among the visitors in the city the first of the week.

Walter Caldwell made a business trip to Hereford the first of the week where he purchased another load of sheep.

S. H. Bundy, who has recently moved to Rogers, Ark., was here the first of the week helping with the arrangements for moving the family.

J. B. Hext and wife left the first of the week for Portales, N. M., where they will make their home. We regret to lose this good family but wish for them happiness and prosperity in their new home.

J. F. Harbert of Canadian, formerly a citizen of McLean, was here this week shaking hands with his many friends.

Ed Johnson and family of Norman, Okla., attended the picnic here Wednesday.

J. A. Beard and family of Eastland county are visiting their sister, Mrs. J. T. Foster and family.

My books are at the Erwin Drug Store. Please call there and settle your account.

C. E. Donnell, M. D.

A. B. Gardenhire this week closed the deal conveying two sections of land in Wheeler Co., to M. D. Ware of Vernon. Mr. Ware will probably move here in the near future and make it his home.

Prof. and Mrs. L. H. Potts returned the first of the week from Austin, where they have been spending the summer at the University. They are getting things ready for the opening of the local school next Monday.

W. H. Bates and W. H. Holt returned Sunday from a trip to Kansas City and other points in Missouri. While away Mr. Bates bought a herd of full blood Hereford cows which he will ship to his ranch here.

Miss Alma Watkins returned Monday from San Diego, California, where she has been visiting with relatives for the past six weeks. While away Miss Watkins visited the Fair at San Diego and San Francisco and also many places of interest en route.

Mrs. R. H. Collier, Mrs. Martindale, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hedrick, Gilbert Hedrick of Amarillo and Miss Mary Nolan of Pennsylvania motored from Amarillo Friday of last week and spent the week end at the Dorsey home.

Misses Lula Dilbeck and Birdie Salee spent Wednesday here enroute from Vega to Delhigh, Okla., where they will conduct a Holiness meeting.

Geo. Bourland and wife of Goleta, Cal., arrived here the first of the week and will again make this their home.

T. J. Coffey left Wednesday for the northern markets where he will buy his big fall and winter stock of drygoods.

Mrs. Wilmuth Sherrard of Mexhoma, Okla., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Rowden.

The Million Dollar Mystery will be solved soon. Electric Theatre.

Dr. J. A. Hall of Shamrock will be in McLean, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 9th, 10th and 11th, to do dental work.

Miss Ninvah Glass is enjoying a visit from her cousin, Miss Howard, of Greenville, Texas.

T. A. Beatty returned to his home at Waxahachie Sunday after a ten day's visit with the Geo. P. Wilson family.

Trey O'Hearts Tuesday and Thursday nights. Electric Theatre.

Our picture business is getting better all the time and we are going to make more improvements. Electric Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Tanner of Mexhoma, Okla., are here for a visit with the D. J. Rowden and J. W. Sherrard families.

Mrs. J. S. Morse yesterday received a card from Woodard advising that her sister, Miss Lettie Bogan, who has been seriously ill, is steadily improving.

At her pretty home in the west part of town Friday afternoon of last week, Mrs. W. A. Stubbs made a charming hostess for the 500 Club. Enough ladies were present to fill three tables and many games were enjoyed. The hostess served delicious iced refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Henderson and two children of Canadian have been guests of the W. B. Upham family this week.

Miss Allwine of Lufkin, Texas, arrived Wednesday night and will visit Mrs. Luther McCombs for a few weeks before opening her school in the Graycey neighborhood.

FOR SALE. One Johnson corn binder at a bargain. S. O. Cook, McLean, Texas.

From now on I will deliver milk once a day. Can take a few more regular customers. Phone me your order. A. H. Carver.

Carver and King are now handling the ice business and will deliver in any quantity you want. The ice house is at the same place.

Dare to be true! Nothing can need a lie!

A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

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.

To Exchange—320 acres all farm land, improved, six miles southeast of Sayre, county seat of Beckham county, Okla. Flat sand loam land. Loan, \$1750, 6 percent interest 5 years yet. Fenced and crossed fenced, 4 room house, barn, well and windmill, 80 acres in cultivation balance in good grass. Want 40 acres improved close to McLean Alanreed or Shamrock. Or would consider good city property. (The owners of the 320 acres is two old people and cannot handle this amount of land)

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 surfaces. 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 tannin 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. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Fremont, Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, also The Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Tell the News who tis visiting you.

Fresh candies, fruits, cigars, etc., can be found at Mutt's.



New York was treated to an interesting sight the other day when Sperry, in his stabilized flying boat, swooped across the bay and circled around a big harbor dredge.

To our people in the windows of our New York office, this performance had an interest aside from the spectacular. Sperry was using Texaco Motor Oil; the dredge was using Texaco Crater Compound—and to complete the circle, the very building in which our offices are situated gave another instance of Texaco service.

For in this carefully-run power plant, one of the largest isolated plants in New York City, Texaco Engine Oils lift the friction load and keep the big bearings cool.

Do you wonder we were impressed?

Here were Texaco Products used on land, and water, and in the air—used on the light, powerful engine of the aero—on the heavy Corliss engines and dynamos downstairs—and as a protection against wear and salt water on the cables of the dredge.

In each case we were able to meet the condition with a lubricant exactly suited to the purpose. We can do the same for you in engine room, mill, or machine shop, on tractor, or in harvester—wherever oil is needed. There is a Texas Company agent near you. Let him tell you which oil you need.

The Texas Company  
General Offices, Houston, Texas

Card of Thanks.  
To the many friends who so nobly came to our assistance in our recent trouble and death of our darling boy, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks and appreciation.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sims and children.

The members of the local Nazarene church are soliciting donations for the building of a Church building. They recently purchased a sight from the townspeople.  
J. D. Shaw of Alanreed was a business visitor in the city the latter part of last week. Tell the News who 'tis visiting you.

**Billiken SHOES**

☛ We handle everything in the shoe line.  
☛ We GUARANTEE our shoes.  
☛ Give us a trial.

McLean Shoe Store

We have just received a car load of hard and soft wheat flour. Also big supply of shorts and mill-run bran. Complete stock of groceries.

**Haynes Grocery Company**

**Low Round Trip Fares**  
Daily to  
**Corpus Christi**  
The Gulf Summer Resort of Texas

Delightful bathing, fishing, camping. Excellent Hotel facilities. Tickets good for ninety days.

**Best Reached VIA M. K. & T. RY.**  
Through San Antonio

Double daily fast trains, carrying chair cars, sleepers, dining cars. Stopover of one day allowed at San Antonio both going and return trips

Ask your local agent for the reduced rates via the "Katy" thru San Antonio, or write  
**W. G. CRUSH, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT**  
DALLAS, TEXAS.



**Oklahoma Directory**  
**Lee-Huckins**  
 OKLAHOMA CITY  
 FIREPROOF  
 450 Rooms 300 Baths  
 Rates: \$1 and upwards

**ADRUCO** Standardized  
**CRESYLENE COMP.**  
 LIVE STOCK DIP AND DISINFECTANT  
 AT ALL DRUGGISTS

**PASEVITCH FOR**  
**HOTOGRAPHY**  
 205 1/2 W. MAIN OKLAHOMA CITY  
 The finest postcards in the state \$1.00 a dozen.

**Films Developed** 10c a Roll  
 Any Size  
 Film packs, any size, 10c; Prints up to and including 24x36, 30x40, 35x45 and 45x60, 50x70, 56x84, 66x108, 84x112, 108x144, 126x168, 144x192, 180x240, 216x288, 252x336, 300x400, 360x480, 420x560, 480x640, 540x720, 600x800, 660x880, 720x960, 780x1040, 840x1120, 900x1200, 960x1280, 1020x1360, 1080x1440, 1140x1520, 1200x1600, 1260x1680, 1320x1760, 1380x1840, 1440x1920, 1500x2000, 1560x2080, 1620x2160, 1680x2240, 1740x2320, 1800x2400, 1860x2480, 1920x2560, 1980x2640, 2040x2720, 2100x2800, 2160x2880, 2220x2960, 2280x3040, 2340x3120, 2400x3200, 2460x3280, 2520x3360, 2580x3440, 2640x3520, 2700x3600, 2760x3680, 2820x3760, 2880x3840, 2940x3920, 3000x4000, 3060x4080, 3120x4160, 3180x4240, 3240x4320, 3300x4400, 3360x4480, 3420x4560, 3480x4640, 3540x4720, 3600x4800, 3660x4880, 3720x4960, 3780x5040, 3840x5120, 3900x5200, 3960x5280, 4020x5360, 4080x5440, 4140x5520, 4200x5600, 4260x5680, 4320x5760, 4380x5840, 4440x5920, 4500x6000, 4560x6080, 4620x6160, 4680x6240, 4740x6320, 4800x6400, 4860x6480, 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### PASTURE SHEEP IN CORN TO ADVANTAGE



Sheep Are of Much Advantage in Pasturing Off Weeds in Corn After Cultivation Has Ceased.

Those who have a flock of sheep, or who purchase lambs for fall fattening, can pasture them to advantage in late summer and all through the fall in cornfields. If the corn is not infested with summer grasses and weeds it will be necessary to plant cowpeas, rye or some other catch crop between the rows of corn. Where the cornfield is large and the flock of sheep or lambs small there will be no need of planting any special crop between rows, as there will be enough feed for the animals in chance weeds and herbage among the corn and along the fences.

Last summer we had a cornfield in which were a few weeds of several kinds and considerable crabgrass and foxtail, says a Missouri writer in *Farm Progress*. A small flock of sheep and lambs was turned into this field in August and we found that neither the lambs nor the sheep ate any of the corn blades worth considering, and they did not bother the ears of corn in the least. But they eagerly ate the weeds and summer grasses, cleaning

the soil of undesirable growth between the rows of corn and mowing the fence rows till they looked like a clean lawn.

Where corn is not to be cut for fodder or silage, but husked in the field, it can be pastured heavily with sheep and lambs in late summer and through the fall. Of course, where there are no weeds or grass for the animals to eat, they will eat the lower blades of corn, stripping the stalks up as far as they can reach. Old sheep will sometimes disturb and destroy the ears after they have cleaned the field of weeds and grass, but not till then. Lambs cannot reach the ears on corn of standard height.

Cowpeas planted in corn at the last cultivation make an excellent feed for fattening sheep and lambs, the peas being a legume and furnishing protein for flesh building. This method of pasturing sheep not only furnishes clean, healthful, shady pasture for the animals, but it cleans the field of many plant pests and fertilizes the soil evenly.

### FURNISH HOGS SOME SHADE IN SUMMER

**Farmer Who Is Not Supplied With Trees Has Quite Difficult Problem to Solve.**

The hog needs a shade in the hot summertime. Without it he will be reduced in flesh very rapidly. Heat is a great flesh reducer, and the blistering rays of the sun will trim down the hogs very rapidly. The man who is fattening his hogs is very liable to lose some of them if they must be exposed to the burning rays of the midday sun during the hot season.

The farmer who lives in a timbered country will have no trouble in providing shade for his hogs. On one farm there was a 40-acre tract of wooded land. Here the hogs were kept in the summer. They had the shade to protect them from the sun, and a cooling spring came from under a ledge of rock and flowed down the branch, so they had sufficient pure water in which to wallow.

It is the man on the prairie who is troubled with the shade question. An ideal shade for hogs is provided by a man who had no tree on his place except a few in his yard. He had constructed a long shed out of cheap lumber, opening to the north. His fine Poland-China hogs were stretched out in a long line beneath the shelter of the shed, enjoying protection from the hot rays of the midday sun.

A man had better construct a shed and cover it with straw than to let his hogs suffer.

### STUDY EACH COW IN EVERY DAIRY HERD

**Greatest Good Not Always Derived in Eliminating the Unprofitable Animals.**

It is a fact, and there is evidence of it, that it is a good plan to weigh and test the milk of each individual cow; but it is a far better plan to take each cow in the herd and make a careful study of her and investigate to see if she has reached the limit of her production. By weighing and testing the milk some rather surprising results have been found in many of our dairy cows.

The greatest good that has been derived is not alone in eliminating the unprofitable cow, but rather in awakening to the importance of studying the individuals in each herd.

When you find a cow that is not yielding a desired profit, see if she is not capable of better things before condemning her.

Watch the scales and reward her with each increase of milk, and you will oftentimes find that her limit will be far above what you had at first thought. Be fair to the cow and give her a chance.

**Loss Among Turkeys.**  
 The fatality among young turkeys in nine cases out of ten is caused by want of due care during the earliest stages of existence. In dry or wet grounds, in fact any dampness, induces rheumatism of the joints, etc.

### UNPROFITABLE LAND LIKE BOARDER COWS

**Low Yielding Acres Are Often Fatal to Successful Farming—Drainage Favored.**

The United States department of agriculture sends out a bulletin from which this article is taken:

We hear many uncomplimentary things about the unprofitable dairy cow—the boarder cow that is supported from the profits of the remainder of the herd. On many farms the unprofitable dairy cow is not by any means the only boarder. Low yielding acres, like boarder cows, are often fatal to successful farming.

Our farm survey records show that area of poorly drained, compact, sour soils, or soils low in humus greatly reduce net profits and are a frequent cause of minus labor income. Sometimes these records show that as much as 30 per cent of the entire farm acreage does not produce enough to pay its way.

One farm on which we recently took records has 40 acres of poorly drained land that in its present condition is practically worthless. Twenty-five dollars per acre spent in drainage will make this 40-acre tract the equal of any in that district, and good land is selling there at \$150 per acre.

The successful business man tries to weed out all unprofitable enterprises and to expand those that pay a profit. Unprofitable acres cannot always be disposed of as rapidly as boarder cows, but usually they can be improved until they become profit-bearing. If the income from such land cannot be increased, it is quite possible that the labor spent upon it can be reduced until the income at least pays the cost of labor.

### MAKING PROFIT BY GIVING HOGS WHEAT

**Interesting and Instructive Results in Swine Feeding Obtained in Kentucky.**

The Kentucky experiment station obtained 98 cents to \$1.16 a bushel for wheat by feeding it to hogs last year when hogs were selling at \$7 a hundredweight. If hogs had sold for \$5 a hundredweight the return would have been \$1.25 to \$1.33 a bushel. Manifestly it will not be profitable to feed wheat to hogs as long as it is selling at present prices but when it drops to the figures paid last year at harvest it will be more profitable to feed it than to sell it provided the prices paid for hogs are satisfactory.

It ordinarily is estimated that ground wheat has about the same feeding value as ground corn. The price of corn, therefore, is a factor which should be considered when deciding whether to feed or sell the wheat. The Kentucky experiments show also that ground wheat returned 7 to 19 cents more a bushel than soaked wheat. The results of the experiment are described in detail in Bulletin No. 190 which can be obtained by writing to the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment station, Lexington, Ky.

### TAKE PLEASURE IN HAGGLING

Tibetans Will Not Be Denied the Joys That Accrue From the Sense of Bargaining.

"Mornin' time, bargain time!" calls out one of the peddlers by the wayside in Tibet cheerfully as he sees you returning from a glimpse of the snows at sunrise. You bid him come to you, and from one of the innumerable pockets concealed in his voluminous robe he will produce a perfect little jade cup, or a Tibetan coffee pot or gold, copper and precious stones, or perhaps a huge lump of rough turquoise hewn to look like a couch with a tiny gold Buddha reclining on it.

Then comes the bargaining, in which he and all his friends take part against your single self.

It can all be done by signs and smiles and patience and in the long run you will get some things well worth having at a very reasonable price.

But you must have no false pride about bargaining. It is an elementary part of these people's nature, and the joy of selling will leave them forever when the day of haggling is done.

**Beat Milton's Record.**  
 Student—I read that Milton spent fifteen days on one page when writing "Paradise Lost."  
 Convict—That's nothing. I have been on one sentence six years.—*Brooklyn Star.*

**No Doubt.**  
 Teacher—Mary, can you tell me how Noah's ark was lighted?  
 Mary—Yeassum, with ark lights.

Never do a thing gratis today that someone is likely to pay you to do tomorrow.

**The Way Out.**  
 "Sometimes I think," remarked the timid young man in the parlor scene, "that if I—er—had money I would—er—get married."

"Well," suggested the dear girl who was occupying the other end of the sofa, "why don't you try and—er—borrow some?"

**Slander.**  
 Slander, sir! You do not know what you are disdaining. I have seen the most respectable persons almost overwhelmed by it. . . . At first like a swallow before the storm, very softly (pianissimo) it murmurs and purrs and sows in its course poisoned arrows. It is on somebody's mouth, and softly, softly (piano, piano), it glides slyly into your ear. The evil is done. It is born, it creeps, it walks; and with growing power (rinforzando) it goes from mouth to mouth diabolically. Then, all of a sudden, I can't tell you how, you see slander straighten up, hiss, swell and grow tall before your very eyes. It springs, stretches its wings, whirls, envelops, seizes, carries off; it flashes lightning, it thunders and becomes a hue and cry, a public crescendo, a universal chorus of hatred and proscruption. Who, indeed, could stop it!—*Beaumarchais.*



## A Summer Vacation At Home

Avoid needless work, especially hot cooking, and plan to get all possible rest and leisure.

There are many ways. For instance, a hot breakfast is uncalled for in summer. There's no excuse for early morning cooking with Post Toasties in the house.

Nothing will please husband and children better than a bowl of crisp, delicious

# Post Toasties

with cream or good milk.

There is pleasure in serving this dainty food and you start the day without work or worry.

With Toasties in the pantry it takes but a moment to prepare a breakfast or lunch that pleases all—you save time and temper.

Order a package of Post Toasties from your grocer and start on your home

**Libby's Hot Weather Meats**

Veal Loaf, to serve cold; Cooked Corned Beef, select and appetizing; Chicken Loaf, Ham Loaf and Veal Loaf, delicately seasoned; Vienna Sausage, Genuine Deviled Ham and Water Sliced Dried Beef for sandwiches and dainty luncheons.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago**

### REASON FOR THE MUSTACHE

**In Evidence as Having Been Worn by British Soldiers as Measure of Military Necessity.**

The correspondent who writes in a contemporary suggesting that the British war office authorities should insist on soldiers being clean shaven instead of ordering them to wear mustaches, might have alleged that the influence in the adoption of the mustache of the British army. The idea was first borrowed from a batch of Austrian officers quartered with some of our troops on the South coast during the Waterloo campaign. It was then taken up by the guards, who very much resented any attempt on the part of mere line regiments to follow the new fashion. The winter campaign in the Crimea led our men to grow full beards for warmth, and these, modified into flowing whiskers ("Piccadilly weepers," as they came to be called) on their return to London, were long regarded as the mark of the man of fashion.—*London Chronicle.*

**Might Have Been Worse.**  
 Flatbush—Wasn't that awful Nero to be playing his fiddle while Rome burned?  
 Bensonhurst—It might have been a good deal worse.  
 "How so?"  
 "Why, the old man might have played the bagpipes."

**Women are acting as street cleaners in Cardiff, Wales.**

### A Modern Incubus

"Poor Dobbie! He was the victim of an unfortunate automobile accident yesterday."

"Goodness! What happened?"

"He fell into casual conversation with a smooth-tongued person who turned out to be an automobile salesman and sold him one."

### Repatee

"Did I make myself plain, sir?"  
 "Oh, no, madam. Nature made a thorough job of that for you."

And some people make us tired—because we can't run fast enough to get away from them.



## The Meat For Summer

isn't beef, pork or mutton, but the true life-giving meat of wheat.

Warm weather calls for lighter diet, and a true grain food best answers every purpose of comfort and activity, not only for the business man but for everybody.

# Grape-Nuts

with cream or good milk for breakfast ten days, then take note. Such a breakfast puts one in fine fettle and

## "There's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts is a wheat and barley pure food unlike other cereals in that it affords the valuable phosphates of the grains necessary for the daily rebuilding of brain, nerve and muscle tissue.

Economy, too, plays a part; and Grape-Nuts is convenient—ready to eat direct from the package.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere



# WITH BARN FULL OF STOCK

Don't Look Much Like Hard Times in Western Canada.

A Meyer, who left one of the best farms in Minnesota, probably because he got a good price for his best farm, and left for the Canadian west, writes to his local paper, the Independent. His story is well worth repeating. He says:

"To say I was greatly surprised when I reached Saskatchewan and Alberta would be expressing it mildly. In a country where so much suffering is reported, I found everyone in good circumstances, and especially my friends who have left Clearwater and Polk counties. They all have good homes and those who were reported to have sold their stock through lack of feed, I found with their barns full of stock, and it did not look very much like hard times. They have from 160 acres to two sections of the best land that can be found. Those that left here two or three years ago have from 100 to 400 acres of good crops this year. Prospects for a bumper crop are good. It is a little cold now, but nothing is frosted, either in gardens or fields. Land can be bought quite cheaply here from those who volunteered their services in the European war. Here are certainly the best opportunities for securing a good home with a farm and independence in a short time. Before I left I heard that prices were so high. Flour was reported at \$12 per bushel and it is \$4.25 here. In the west the groceries can be purchased nearly the same as in Minn. The article that I found higher is kerosene at 35 cts per gallon. When I saw the land I wondered why people do not live where they prosper enough from the soil to make a comfortable living. We visited T. T. John Dahlis, W. J. and R. D. Martin Halmen, Ole Halvorsen, A. Walker and Geo. Colby, all in Bagley. We found well and prosperous farmers who wished to be referred to all their Bagley friends." (Sgd.) A. MEYER.—Advertisement.

**Perfectly Natural.**  
So you were a witness in a law case?  
"Yes."  
Did the opposing attorney bother you much?  
Not at all. He kept interrupting so much that it seemed I was at the telling my story and he was trying to get me to go on.

**Going to an Extreme.**  
Biggins has an idea that he can conquer the universe.  
"Yes. I understand he is training a dog to do it."  
How do you mean?  
He was never in the office."

**Why He Failed.**  
I understand his marriage was a failure.  
"Yes; he tried to run it the way he runs his business."  
How do you mean?  
He was never in the office."

**Giving Him the Hee Haw!**  
"How do you happen to be called Jack?"  
"Oh, it's just a nickname. Why?"  
"I didn't know but it was a revelation."

**Conversational Discretion.**  
People are not supposed to tell all they know," said the cautious person.  
"No," replied Miss Cayenne, "especially in these days of popularized science."

**In Self-Defense.**  
"Applicant—Be youse th' gint wot wot wot for a porter, sor?"  
"Hotel Proprietor—Yes, but I stated the ad that all applications must be made by mail."  
"Applicant—Faith, an' do youse 'ink a fadder lookin' loik a female, sor?"

**Going the Limit.**  
"What is your opinion of government ownership?"  
"It's a great idea," replied Senator Blum. "If the government owned anything and had to pay all its taxes a lot of my constituents would be better satisfied."

**Sympathy.**  
"Gray—The window in my hall is stained with glass in it."  
"Green—Too bad! Can't you do anything that'll take the stains out?"  
"The Newcomer."  
"Gray—It has its father's hair."  
"Green—I am glad it's being kept in family."  
"Gray—An' it has its mother's voice."  
"Green—Lord help it!—Life."

**Proper Classification.**  
"Brown Snowball (a Methodist)—Is all a soljah in de army ob de navy?"  
"Panger—Yassah. Ah's a membah of de Baptist church."  
"Brown Snowball—Den yob all ain't in de army; yob's in de navy."

**Drawing the Line.**  
"It is the sincerest flattery," replied Mr. Cumrox. "But I don't like to have a stenographer make mistakes in grammar."—De Free Press.

## BEST SOILS FOR FIELD PEAS

Clay Loams, if Well Supplied With Lime, Are Best Adapted—Fall Plowing Recommended.

Field peas will grow on a variety of soils. Clay loams, if well supplied with lime, are best adapted, but excellent crops are grown on stiff clays. Light, sandy or gravelly soils are not so suitable for raising crops of seed since they are too likely to dry out. Mucky soils produce a large growth of vine, but the yield of grain is small. While field peas do best where they have an abundance of moisture, overly wet soils are entirely unsuited to the crop.

Fall plowing is to be recommended as it allows early sowing the following spring, which is most desirable in this country. Field peas can be sown with a grain drill or broadcast by hand. If sown for peas it is best to seed in drills twenty-eight to thirty inches apart, which permits horse cultivation in the early stages of growth. In this case forty to fifty pounds of seed is enough to sow an acre. If wanted for fodder or green manuring it is best to sow broadcast and use from eighty to one hundred pounds of seed to the acre. The depth of sowing varies from two to four inches, being deepest on light soils.

If the land has not been plowed in the fall the seed can be broadcasted immediately after plowing. The seeds fall into the depressions between the furrows and are usually well covered by the harrowing. Peas are very hardy and the fear of rotting in the ground is not considered. The majority of growers sow in April, although a pea-hay crop can be obtained if sown as late as July. Early sowing is best, giving a full season for maturing the crop.

When early sowing is made in drills thirty to forty pounds of seed to the acre make a crop that covers the ground and produces good tonnage. If late sowing is made, sixty to eighty pounds is advisable, as the crop does not come to maturity so early. Thick sowing will aid in choking out weeds.

Peas on dry land are profitable, not only from the standpoint of the seed and forage secured, but in the effect upon the soil. In one instance on the plains wheat grown on land which had been in peas made 25 bushels to the acre. Wheat on adjoining land which had not grown peas made only eight bushels that year. The peas is a legume, and is able to increase the nitrogenous fertility of the soil.

**IS NURSE CROP ESSENTIAL?**  
Decided Difference of Opinion Among Growers of Alfalfa—Reduces Baking and Blowing.

(By JAMES MARSHALL, Colorado Experiment Station.)

There is a decided difference of opinion among growers of alfalfa concerning the relative value of a nurse crop. Many are of the belief that a nurse crop is essential to a good stand of alfalfa, while others are of the opinion that a nurse crop is unnecessary. As a rule, on sandy lands that are subject to blowing, or on heavy lands which have a tendency to bake, a nurse crop may be of benefit, as it reduces blowing or baking.

Oats and barley make the best nurse crops because they shade the ground the least. They should be seeded at the rate of from thirty to forty pounds to the acre. These should be cut for hay so as not to shade the alfalfa plants too long.

Unless the soil is subject to blowing or baking it is not advisable, as a general rule, to use a nurse crop. Under dry-land conditions a nurse crop should never be used, as the moisture supply is too limited to sustain two crops at one time.

**FEED SOUR MILK TO CHICKS**  
Stimulates Growth of Younger Ones and Tends to Increase Egg Production in Laying Flock.

(By N. E. CHAPMAN.)

Farmers and poultry raisers should feed sour skim milk constantly, at least after chicks are a few days old. It will stimulate their growth. It also increases egg production in the laying flocks.

Numerous experiments have demonstrated that skim milk and curds, or cottage cheese, are among the most stimulating feeds for poultry of all kinds, except very young chicks.

Many claim that sweet milk is much safer until the chicks are at least a week or ten days old.

There is a constant supply on nearly every farm and it should be universally used for the farm flock.

**FATTENING STOCK ON GRAIN**  
Main Thing to Have High Grade of Live Stock, the Kind That Will Give Greatest Returns.

The dry farmer has a certain amount of grain that can be most profitably disposed of by feeding. This can be done in the winter. Experiments are showing that the large amount of grain formerly fed to animals is not necessary and is unadvisable, so that considerable stock can be fattened on a comparatively small amount of grain. The main thing necessary is to have a high grade of live stock, the kind that will give the greatest returns.

**Agricultural Products.**  
It is not probable that agricultural products are going to be raised in too large quantities. Both population and rate of consumption are increasing.

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

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

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

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

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 60-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you can have your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick.

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

## NOT A MATTER OF FIGURES

Number of Churches or Synagogues Seem to Be Relatively Little Moment.

"Is it progress to go to church or not to go to church?" asks Dr. Ernest C. Richardson of Princeton university. Thereupon he answers the question in this wise: "What is almost the last word that can be spoken on universal progress at the present stage of affairs was once spoken by that most gracious and polished author of the most scholarly 'Life of Our Lord,' Dr. Samuel J. Andrews, apropos of this very matter.

"An enthusiastic apostle of Christian endeavor in a quiet library reading room was holding forth in noisy conversation on the wonderful progress of the church in these later times.

"Why, just think of it," he cried, 'there are twelve hundred churches (if it was twelve hundred) in the city of Philadelphia alone today; twelve hundred churches, just think of it!'

"Doctor Andrews looked up from his book at the strenuous declaimer and remarked quietly, 'And there were eight hundred synagogues (if it was eight hundred) in Jerusalem at the time when Jesus Christ was crucified.'"

**HAIR OR NO HAIR?**  
It is Certainly Up to You and Cuticura. Trial Free.

Hot shampoos with Cuticura Soap, followed by light dressings of Cuticura Ointment rubbed into the scalp skin tend to clear the scalp of dandruff, soothe itching and irritation and promote healthy hair-growing conditions. Nothing better, cleaner, purer.

Sample each free by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**Too True.**  
Bill—It has been estimated that the heat received in a year by the earth from the sun is sufficient to melt a layer of ice 100 feet in thickness covering the globe.

Jill—And yet we have to go hacking at it on the sidewalk with an old hatchet, just the same."

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

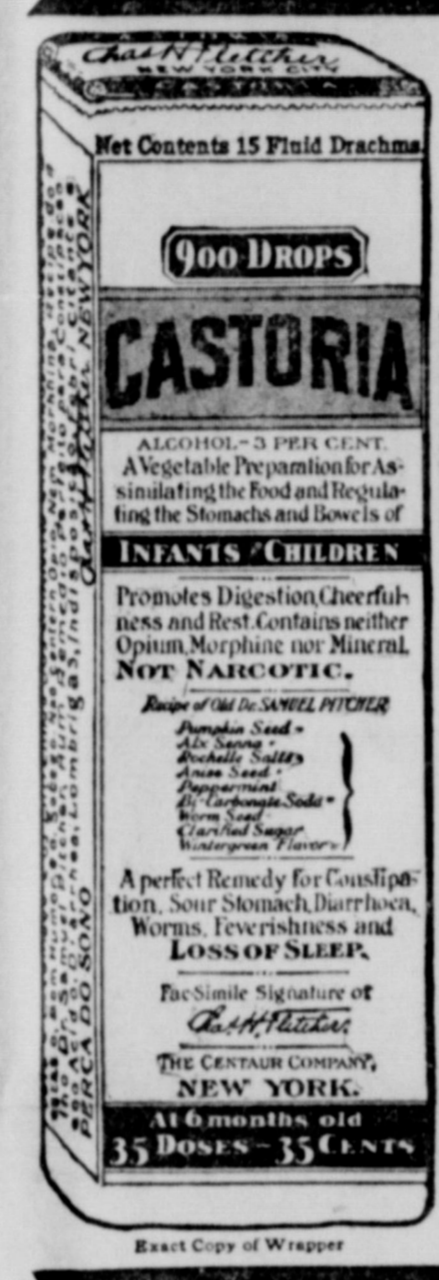
**Gave Him Pause.**  
Wife—Henry, you really must have the landlord come and see for himself the damage the rain did to our ceiling.  
Hub—I can't without letting him see the damage the children have done to the rest of the house.

**In Far-off India.**  
In some unknown manner a little sample of Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh found its way into an interior village of India. It was its own agent, and from that small beginning a steady trade has developed and each succeeding shipment has been larger. Adv.

**Possibly the hardest way to achieve publicity is to walk from coast to coast to secure it.**

Every woman's pride, beautiful, clear white clothes. Use Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

When a man is down and out he is about all in.



## Children Cry For



**What is CASTORIA**  
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher.*  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**No Speed Marvel.**  
"Is your hired man about th' place, Erzy?"  
"No. I sent him to th' cross roads to fetch th' mail."  
"I see a cloud o' dust down th' road. Mebby that's him comin' now."  
"Tain't likely. I don't s'pose he ever moved fast enough in his hull life to raise a cloud o' dust."

For the big and little burns in cooking and baking, keep Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh near for quick relief. Adv.

Walt Mills says that you can tell whether a man is married by the way he shuts a door.

**Let Them Go Cheap.**  
Lady (in furniture store to new clerk)—Where are those handsome sideboards that you had last week?  
Clerk (embarrassed)—Oh, I—er—I shamed them off day afore yesterday, ma'am.—Life.

**Her Identity.**  
"Yonder girl's a daisy."  
"She isn't, for I know her, and she's a black-eyed Susan."

For wire cuts use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

It is the opinion of those who have had experience along that line that gratitude is the rarest thing.

Women are now eligible to become notaries in North Carolina.

## WE STAND FOR SHORTER HOURS FOR WOMEN

**COTTON BOLL—White**  
**KING NAPHTHA—Yellow**  
Laundry soaps. Made especially for hard waters. Pure and economical. Save your clothes—not the dirt.

**WATER LILY—It Floats**  
A white, sweet, refreshing soap for toilet and bath is made for particular people.

Splendid for washing laces, flannels and woollens. Will not shrink clothes.

**FREE** valuable, handsome, useful premiums.  
Send for premium list now.  
We share our profits with you

**PRODUCTS MANUFACTURING CO.**  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

**Paxtine**  
A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed  
**For Douches**  
In the local treatment of woman's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. See large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No 32-1915.



**Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands**  
She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you can make with wheat around \$1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands. The climate is healthy and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

G. A. COOK  
125 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.  
Canadian Government Agent.

**Exactly.**  
"How did you come to run up your cottage?"  
"Oh, that's another story."

The opportunities that go astray are usually those that strike other people instead of coming to us.

**Tutt's Pills**  
enable the dyspeptic to eat whatever he wishes. They cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give appetite, and DEVELOP FLESH.  
Dr. Tutt Manufacturing Co. New York.

# You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 1.00, retail.

**Notice.**  
The Revival Services under the management of the Methodist Church will begin next Sunday morning at the Tabernacle, with Rev. J. T. Hicks, Presiding Elder, in the pulpit. We invite you, fellow Christian, to help us, not to build up the Methodist Church, but to bring about a genuine revival in our town.  
J. T. Howell, Pastor.

**Notice, Real Estate.**  
I am going to revise my list of real estate and would be glad to have your property listed with me.  
I expect to push the real estate business this fall and want to get my list complete at once. See me as soon as possible.  
D. N. MASSAY

**Anarchists and Murderers.**  
The twenty-five men who took Leo Frank from the Georgia prison farm and hanged him are both anarchists and murderers. They are anarchists in that they defied the authority of the State and they are murderers in that they have taken a life which had not been forfeited according to a decision reached by legal protest. It argues nothing to say that they believed Frank deserving the fate they meted out to him. It was not for them to pass judgment.

**The Livable Town.**  
Why are so many country towns going backward? During the past 10 years 650 towns in a middle western state have decreased in population. The rural districts of another have lost 180,000 people. Practically every other middle western state has suffered in the same way, and it is believed that shortly every state east of the Rocky mountains will face this condition. At the same time every large city in these states has shown a remarkable growth in population. This indicates that the young people of the rural districts and small towns are dissatisfied with conditions, and gravitate to the larger towns because of the pleasure and better living conditions they hope to find there.

**THE O'DELL HOTEL**  
Denson & Brown, Props.  
Cafe, Meat Market and Ice House in connection  
EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS

**Notice.**  
Anyone wanting to see something good in Registered Hereford Heifers will do well to see

me. I have just brought these heifers back from Missouri and all of them will bring calves by Christmas. Some of these heifers are for sale.  
J. B. PASCHALL

Until we make our small towns attractive we cannot hope to hold the young people. There must be amusements for them. We must stop the continual nagging, the passage of narrow laws, the constant fretting of the older people who see in the pleasure of youth eternal damnation and the end of morality. Times change, and with them goes the narrowness of puritanism. In years gone by dancing was condemned. Now dancing is recognized as a healthful pastime. It is encouraged, or should be. If the young people desire to dance the new dances, why not let them? The old people of today, if they dance at all, wait and two-stepped; where their grandfathers and grandmothers danced the square and minuet. Simply because a fad is new, it is not necessarily immoral. Encourage the young people in all the harmless amusements of the day, regardless of what you did when young or what your parents taught you to do. This is a new generation we are trying to keep in the small towns, and youth demands its play. Be broad and liberal. Narrowness in teaching or by law can only result in disrespect for authority and law; in making harder the lives of those who don't think as we do or in driving them entirely out of the community and to those places where they can have some freedom of thought and action. Ex-

**\$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 apparatus 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

**DELINQUENT TAX LIST**

List of lands and lots delinquent on March 31st, 1914, for taxes of 1913 only, in Gray County, Texas. (Reported under the provisions of Section 10, Chapter 103, of the laws of 1897)

Owner	Abst. No.	Survey No.	Original Grantee	Acres Delinquent	Taxes
Geo. Berry	434	121 E4	I. & G. N. R. R. Co.	320	\$53.16
J. R. Benton	821	84	J. R. Henry	640	17.43
J. R. Benton	46	113 E4	B. S. & F.	320	16.72
A. H. Hargroves	1028	42 SW1/4	T. A. Bradley	120	6.40
A. B. Keahy	468	155	I. & G. N. R. R. Co.	640	119.81
C. C. Keplinger	48	117 SW1/4	B. S. & F.	160	13.02
R. D. Leeper	246	137 N4	I. & G. N. R. Ry. Co.	320	23.84
J. H. Saunders	416	103	"	20	3.55
S. S. Thomas	415	102	"	24	55.52
J. W. Lewis	415	102	"	5	1.54
Unknown	486	173	"	160	11.09
"	423	110	"	640	40.28
"	425	112	"	320	32.03
"	427	114	"	6	.69
"	280	205	H. & G. N. Ry. Co.	320	16.19
"	1253	55	"	101	4.91
"	1000	14	"	640	19.80
"	331	18	I. & G. N. Ry. Co.	320	9.86
"	362	49	"	8	8.48
"	1033	19	H. & G. N. R. R. Co.	200	5.94
"	1323	1	Lee Butler	40	.97
"	1324	1	W. D. Christopher	160	3.87
"	498	5	B. & B.	160	4.93

**CITY PROPERTY**

Owner	Town	Lot	Block	Division	Taxes
Unknown	Pampa	20-24	5		\$15.40
"	Pampa	10-12	21		20.17
"	Alanreed	16-18	35		4.62
"	"	20	21		2.33
"	"	21	21		1.54
"	"	22	21		2.33
"	"	23	21		2.33
"	"	24	21		2.33
"	"	1	26		.79
"	"	2	26		.79
"	"	7	3 SS		.79
"	"	9	3 SS		.79
"	"	7	2 SS		.79
"	"	8	2 SS		.79
"	McLean	3	37		2.50
"	"	W1/2	F		4.95

List of Lands and Lots delinquent on March 31st, 1915, for the taxes of 1914 only, in Gray County, Texas. (Reported under the provisions of Section 10, Chapter 103, Laws of 1897)

Owner	Abst. No.	Survey No.	Original Grantee	Acres Delinquent	Taxes
E. P. Brown	1120	66	W. D. Oliver	21	\$15.06
Mrs. C. A. Clark	68	65	H. & G. N. R. R. Co.	210	14.53
R. E. Johnson	24	W1/2 173	B. S. & F.	320	8.98
C. H. Myers	1260	237	H. & G. N. R. R. Co.	101	4.98
W. H. Patton	404	91	I. & G. N. Ry. Co.	5	6.98
R. S. Rogers	487	E4 SW1/4 174	"	5	5.02
J. Stephens	1261	187	"	1344	5.94
Miss E. V. Talley & Beng.	362	W1/2 49	"	13.88	16.66
Mrs. S. R. Walker	84	17	"	640	10.91
S. P. Gamble	75	1.9	H. & G. N. R. R. Co.	640	1.63
Ellie Isbell	404	91	I. & G. N. Ry. Co.	1.63	2.19
Ellie Isbell	415	102	"	1.41	1.41
R. E. Smith	462	SW1/4 149	"	160	7.85
R. E. Smith	462	N1/2 NW1/4 141	"	80	4.20
George Truelsen	1270	37	"	240	4.09
Marvin Williams	316	SW1/2 3	I. & G. N. Ry. Co.	160	6.10
Unknown	331	4	"	640	17.95
"	317	4	"	160	8.98
"	376	63	"	160	3.64
"	379	57	"	390	17.48
"	486	173	"	160	7.85
"	344	31	"	640	17.95
"	473	160	"	116	6.69
"	399	86	"	160	6.52
"	440	127	"	139	11.09
"	1246	229	H. & G. N. R. R. Co.	202	7.61
"	309	85	"	160	6.89
"	135	49	"	640	19.30
"	144	67	"	320	5.15
"	160	27	"	101	4.34
"	127	33	"	640	9.77
"	174	7	"	160	6.86
"	97	43	"	640	9.77
"	280	205	"	320	12.63
"	1033	68	W. W. Breeding	200	8.53
"	808	12	F. Eirng	320	8.18
"	522	183	D. & P. Ry. Co.	258	15.71
"	498	5	B. & B.	160	4.49
"	1040	14	Siler Faulkner	640	8.18
"	1039	48	Siler Faulkner	640	8.18
"	1237	2	M. Christopher	128	2.05
"	1113	124	W. B. Holland	640	10.30

**CITY PROPERTY**

Owner	Town	Lot	Block	Division	Taxes
U. known	McLean	17	25		\$2.99
"	"	I and 2	88		.43
"	"	I-10	101		21.74
"	Alanreed	I and 2	45		2.91
"	"	10-18	44		4.21
"	"	I-9	53		7.01
"	Pampa	10-12	21		11.88
"	McLean	All	5		8.45
"	"	Part of 6-10	25		2.13
"	"	I 1-5 acres	F		4.23
"	"	1 acre	14		.86
"	Pampa	4	31	McLaughlin	.35
"	Alanreed	N1/2 61	29		1.13
"	"	2	F		.71
"	"	I-4 15-18	29		16.12
"	Pampa	19	5		7.1
"	"	10-12	26		3.50
"	"	13-14	5 SS		7.01
"	"	1-4	6 SS		4.20
"	McLean	19	25		.86
"	"	5	24		.86
"	"	"	21	McLaughlin	.68
"	"	"	19	"	.68
"	"	"	13	"	4.26
"	"	"	13	"	2.13
"	"	"	13	"	3.41
"	"	"	E4 C	Christian	2.55
"	"	10	110	"	.21
"	"	9	"	"	.21

ment on him. In passing and executing judgment they put themselves in an attitude of rebellion against the Government of Georgia. The position of Georgia is even more unenviable now than when it seemed likely that it would permit the execution of one concerning whose guilt there was large room for doubt. That stigma now attaches to it, and with deeper hue than if it had permitted his execution in legal manner. The stigma cannot be wholly removed in any case. The world will continue to think of Georgia as a State which has permitted the execution of a man concerning whose guilt the evidence was so far from conclusive that the Governor was mover to intervene in his behalf. But if the stigma that has been put on Georgia cannot be wholly removed, it can be made less black by hunting out and hanging the men who have murdered Leo Frank. The most that Georgia can ask is that the world suspend judgment as to the degree of its culpability until it shall have time to deal with the murderers who have defied its authority. —Dallas News.



**TEXAS WONDER**  
THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, diabetes, gravel, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from this and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2908 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv. •

**SEE AMERICA FIRST**  
TWO FARES  
FOR ONE FARE  
**\$50.00**  
Round trip McLean to San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and low round trip fares to various destinations in the North-west. Optional routes going and returning.  
Tickets on sale daily March 1st to November 30th. Return Limit Three Months.

**STOP OVERS**  
and side trips at many points of interest. You can also—  
**GO ONE WAY—**  
RETURN ANOTHER SERVICE  
is what you want  
**WE HAVE IT**  
VIA  
**Rock Island**

D. H. NUNN Local Agent.  
Geo. S. Pentecost, G. P. A. Fort Worth, Texas.

**Germs Of Death**  
lurk in poor and cheap meats.  
Inferior meats produce much distress, sickness and death.  
Our interest prompts us to sell only the best of guaranteed meats.  
Your interest prompts you to buy from us.  
Let's make it a community of interests. It will be our mutual advantage.

**Denson & Brown**  
Sam: What did Rastus git married to, Efe?  
Efe: Lawd knaws, nigger, he kep right on workin.  
Fruit jars at the McLean Hardware Co.  
Boxes of candy at cost. Palace Drug Store.

**Church Directory**  
**Methodist Church.**  
Cordially invites you to all its services.  
Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 2d, 1st and 5th Sundays morning and night; Groom 4th Sunday, morning and night; Alanreed 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Heald 3rd 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, every Sunday. Women's Missionary Society 2:30 p. m. every Tuesday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. J. T. HOWELL, Pastor.

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

**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**  
ABSTRACTER AND CONVEYANCER  
Fire and Tornado Insurance  
McLean, Texas

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