

The McLean News

ELEVENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1915

NO. 31

We Do Appreciate Your Business

Western Lumber Company

See Us For Bailing Ties

From Over The Panhandle

Shamrock, Texas, July 31.—The 10 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hodges, who resides six miles south of town, was bitten by a rattlesnake late yesterday afternoon and died this morning about ten o'clock. The little girl was accompanying her sister out to the mailbox and had walked only a short distance from the house when the snake fastened its fangs in her ankle. Dr. Glazier is maintaining a force of men to work the roads leading out of town.

Glazier now has an up-to-date mill which is running night and day—the firm has also installed an electric lighting system for the town.

The Panhandle Bankers Association which held their meeting last week at Hereford chose Mrs. N. M. as their next meeting place. W. B. Quigley of Memphis, Texas was elected president of the Association. Mrs. Davis sent their Ladies Brass

Band to Hereford and they got what they were playing for.

At the election of July 31st Wichita County went wet by a majority of 531. This insures an oasis in the desert between Ft. Worth and New Mexico for some time to come. The antis were stronger by several hundred votes than at any preceding election.

Laborers are busy at the Rock Island depot and Yards laying the first of the ballast for the Rock Island tracks which has been put down in this City. This is part of the work for which the R R officials recently appropriated three million dollars. The ballast consists of crushed stone.—Amarillo News.

One man killed and four injured, three seriously, when an auto turned turtle just north of Wichita Falls the other day. The dead: Martin McKissick of Randlett, Oklahoma. The injured: Lonnie Griffin, Harry Griffin, T. W. Capps and R. J.

Trading Lively First Monday

Our latest "First Monday" was not so successful as have been former occasions of this kind, especially from a standpoint of attendance, but there was a fairly large crowd and considerable trading going on during the afternoon.

It is our opinion, as heretofore expressed, that these events are valuable to the town from a business standpoint if for nothing else, and it behooves the merchants and citizens generally, if they would continue it, to do something more than merely invite the people here. We should either discontinue the First Monday events or else devote a little time and money towards making them more attractive to the visitor.

Miller. Capps is said to be the most seriously hurt. They were returning to Oklahoma after a visit to Wichita Falls and were traveling at a brisk rate of speed when they plunged an embankment. McKissick was instantly killed.

Higgins will have a fair, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 15, 16 and 17th.

This is Chautauqua week at Canadian, the whole week being devoted to a Chautauqua program which has proved very entertaining and instructive.

The El Mate Company of Shamrock was organized with a capital stock of \$100,000.00 last week.

Work on the New Normal building at Canyon is progressing rapidly.

The citizens of Claude have organized a fire department.

Dr. S. J. Ramsey of Athene, shot himself through the heart with a .38 caliber pistol Wednesday of last week. The coroner's verdict was that he died from a pistol wound, self inflicted, with suicidal intent.

Floyd County is prosecuting those who give checks without funds in the banks and have thus far gotten convictions in each case.

Good five room hose and one half acre of ground in South part of McLean, we and wind mill, for sale or trade for stock. See or phone C. J. Cash. 297c

Picnic Committee Busy

Contrary to our expectations, we are unable this week to publish complete program and other data pertaining to the big two days picnic and celebration that is to be staged in the city park here on the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth of this month.

The committees are at work, however, and as soon as they have completed their preliminary outlines we shall be glad to give the details to the public.

One thing seems certain, we are to have a celebration that will be a credit in every way to the broad spirit of hospitality for which the people of the Panhandle in general, and the McLean country in particular, are noted. There will not only be a varied and interesting amusement program for both days, but there will be countless other features that should attract and please the big crowd we hope to have within our gates on this occasion.

Our local people are all enthusiastic for the celebration and the fact that this will be the first occasion of its kind here for several years would seem to indicate an eagerness on the part of all to make it so successful and generally pleasing as to in a measure, compensate for our past negligence.

The beautiful city park with its dense shade and spacious outdoor larnacle will be utilized for a general rendezvous and it is likely that a speaking program of interest will be arranged for both days.

Other features contemplated will include the providing of stalls and water for stock and visitors who come in buggies and wagons will find accommodations of this character ample. It has also been suggested that agents of different automobiles, tractors and general farm machinery place exhibits for the purpose of showing and demonstrating their wares.

The different committees having in charge the arrangements will greatly appreciate any suggestions that might be made by anyone interested in the success of the occasion, and they will also appreciate your assistance and co-operation.

Died.

T. M. Speed died at his home in McLean, July 30. Mr. Speed was born in Georgia July 8, 1858. He had four brothers living and one dead and three sisters all of whom are dead. He was married to Miss Fannie Thompson in 1883 to this union were born five children two of whom have gone on before the father, the other three, Mrs. Belle Beach, Lon and Dallas Speed and his beloved wife are left to mourn his loss.

Mr. Speed was converted and joined the Baptist church in 1890. He was well known for his hospitality and kindness to all, he ever had a kind word and cheerful smile for all he met and in times of sorrow his strong arm of sympathy and words of comfort were ever offered to the saddened heart.

The wife and children extend their heart-felt thanks to the many friends who have so nobly stood by them in the hour of bereavement.—Contributed.

I am in charge of the Confectionery now and want your trade. Mutt.

Past Service

Our large list of satisfied patrons is the best advertisement we have to the efficient and satisfactory service we employ.

We carry only the purest line of drugs and every prescription is filled with care.

Erwin Drug Company
Drug Sundries and Toilet Articles

To Purchase Mexico Sheep

F. M. Faulkner, J. H. Bodine, W. L. Caldwell and W. A. Stubbs left Wednesday morning for New Mexico where they will spend several days visiting different localities. It is the intention of Messrs. Faulkner and Bodine to purchase a large consignment of sheep, the former about four thousand and the latter about five hundred head, which they will ship here to be fattened for the market.

Mr. Faulkner informs us that he has four hundred acres of cow peas on his farm north of town and Mr. Bodine has in the neighborhood of sixty acres, on which the sheep will be grazed until about ready for market, when they will be finished up on grain.

While a comparatively new industry in this immediate section, sheep feeding has proven quite successful, especially when handled in the manner indicated above. The cow pea is a hardy plant that thrives in this locality and makes an excellent pasture for sheep. Last year Mr. Faulkner pastured something like a hundred acres and the net returns from the venture were very satisfactory. More especially is this true when we consider the fact that the crop requires very little attention and does not have to be gathered.

This will be Mr. Bodine's first venture of the kind and if it proves successful he will probably go into it on a much larger scale next year.

Groceries, a new and fresh line and we want part of your grocery trade. Cash & Son.

Panhandle State Fair

This office is in receipt of the third annual catalogue of the Panhandle State Fair Association, which is now ready for distribution.

In looking over this publication we are struck by the remarks under head of "Introductory," wherein attention is called to the fact that this institution was founded and is to be maintained not as a money-making proposition for its founders, but for the purpose of developing the resources of the country and especially its agricultural interests. There are officers from all sections of the Panhandle, and a study of the catalogue will demonstrate that the interest of all are considered.

There are many special features in the list of premiums offered, particularly in the livestock department, with special reference to the conditions in the Panhandle.

Another feature is the special list of premiums offered by the Amarillo Board of City Development for agricultural products, with the end in view of taking to the Dallas Fair and the International Dry Farming Congress at Denver a notable "Panhandle Exhibit," from which great results for the Panhandle at large may doubtless be expected.

The coming exhibit (September 21 to 25, inclusive) is an event in which all our readers are interested, and we suggest that they write to Mr. J. F. McGregor, Secretary Panhandle State Fair, Amarillo, Texas, for a copy of the catalogue.

Shoes at cost at Cash's.

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.
A. P. CLARK, Jr.
W. H. HOLT, CASHIER
A. G. RICHARDSON, ASST. CHIEF
JACOB L. HESS.
DIRECTORS.
INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

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. Webb. J. T. Cross.

Black Is White

by **GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON**
ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1914, by Dodd, Mead & Company)

CHAPTER I.

The Message From the Deep.

The two old men sat in the library awaiting the unresponsive blue envelope that lay on the end of the long table nearest the fireplace, where a merry but unnoticed bed of coals crackled fiercely in the vain effort to cry down the shrieks of the bleak December wind that whistled about the corners of the house.

There was something maddening in the fact that the envelope would have to remain unopened until young Frederick Brood came home for the night. They found themselves wondering if by any chance he would fail to come in at all. Their hour for retiring was ten o'clock, day in, day out.

Up to half-past nine they discussed the blue envelope with every inmate of the house, from Mrs. John Desmond, the housekeeper, down to the voiceless but eloquent decanter of port that stood between them, first on the arm of one chair, then the other. They were very old men; they could soliloquize without in the least disturbing each other. An observer would say, during these periods of abstraction, that their remarks were addressed to the decanter and that the poor decanter had something to say in return. But, for all that, their eyes seldom left the broad, blue envelope that had lain there since half-past eight.

They knew that it came directly or indirectly from the man to whom they owed their present condition of comfort and security after half a century of vicissitudes; from the man whose life they had saved more than once in those old, evil days when comforts were so few that they passed without recognition in the maelstrom of events. From midocean James Brood was speaking to his son.

Twenty years ago these two old cronies had met James Brood in one of the blackest holes of Calcutta, a derelict being swept to perdition with the swiftness and sureness of a tide that knows no pause. They found him when the drugs were at his lips, and the stupor of defeat in his brain. Without meaning to be considered Samaritans, good or bad, they dragged him from the depths and found that they had revived a man. Those were the days when James Brood's life meant nothing to him, days when he was tortured by the thought that it would be all too long for him to endure, yet he was not the kind to murder himself as men do who lack the courage to go on living.

Weeks after the rescue in Calcutta these two soldiers of fortune and another, John Desmond, learned from the lips of the man himself that he was not such as they, but rich in this world's goods, richer than the Solomon of their discreet imagination. What Brood told them of his life brought the grim smile of appreciation to the lips of each. He had married a beautiful foreigner—an Austrian, they gathered—of excellent family, and had taken her to his home in New York city, to the house in lower Fifth avenue where his father and grandfather had lived before him—the house in which two of the wayfarers after twenty years, now sat in rapt contemplation of a blue envelope.

A baby boy came to the Broods in the second year of their wedded life, but before that there had come a man—a music master, dreamy-eyed, handsome, Latin; a man who played upon the harp as only the angels may play. In his delicious ravings Brood cursed this man and the wife he had stolen away from him; he reviled the baby boy, even denying him; he laughed with blood-curdling glee over the manner in which he had cast out the woman who had broken his heart and crushed his pride; he wailed in anguish over the mistake he had made in allowing the man to live that he might gloat and sneer in triumph. This much the three men who lifted him from hell were able to glean from lips that knew not what they said, and they were filled with pity. Later on, in a rational weakness, he told them more, and without curses. A deep, silent, steadfast bitterness succeeded the violent ravings. He became a wayfarer with them, quiet, dogged, fatal; where they went he also went; what they did, also did he. Soon he led, and they followed. Into the dark places of the world they plunged, for peril meant little to him, death even less. They no longer knew days of privation—he shared his wealth with them; but they knew no rest, no peace, no safety. Life had been a whirlwind before they came upon James Brood; it was a hurricane afterward.

Twice John Desmond, younger than Danbury Dawes and Joseph Riggs, saved the life of James Brood by acts of unparalleled heroism; once in a South African jungle when a lioness fought for her young, and again in India, when single-handed, a horde of Hindus for his comrade lay wounded. Dawes and Riggs, Malayas, crept down the precipice, with five thousand between them and the gorge, to drag him from

a narrow ledge upon which he lay unconscious after a misstep in the night. More than once—aye, more than a dozen times—one or the other of these loyal friends stood between him and death, and times without number he, too, turned the grim reaper aside for them.

John Desmond, gay, handsome and still young as men of his kind go, met the fate that brooks no intervention. He was the first to drop out of the ranks. In Cairo, during a curious period of inactivity some ten months after the advent of James Brood, he met the woman who conquered his venturesome spirit—a slim, calm, pretty English governess in the employ of a British admiral's family. They were married inside of six months. He took her home to the little Maryland town that had not seen him in years.

Ten years passed before James Brood put his foot on the soil of his native land. Then he came back to the home of his fathers, to the home that had been desecrated, and with him came the two old men who now sat in his huge library before the crackling fire. He could go on with life, but they were no longer fit for his cruel hardships. His home became theirs. They were to die there when the time came.

Brood's son was fifteen years of age before he knew, even by sight, the man whom he called father. Up to the time of the death of his mother, in the home of her fathers, he had been kept in seclusion.

There had been deliberate purpose in the methods of James Brood in so far as this unhappy child was concerned. When he cast out the mother he set his hand heavily upon her future. Fearing—even feeling—the infernal certainty that this child was not his own, he planned with machiavellian instinct to hurt her to the limit of his powers and to the end of her days. He knew she would hunger for this baby boy of hers, that her heart could be broken through him, that her punishment could be made full and complete. He sequestered the child in a place where he could not be found, and went his own way, grimly certain that he was making her pay! She died when Frederick was eight years old, without having seen him again after that dreadful hour when, protest-

ing her innocence, she had been turned out into the night and told to go whither she would but never to return to the house she had disgraced. James Brood heard of her death when in the heart of China, and he was a haggard wreck for months thereafter. He had worshipped this beautiful Viennese. He could not wreak vengeance upon a dead woman; he could not hate a dead woman. He had always loved her. A few years after his return to New York he brought her son back to the house in lower Fifth avenue and tried, with bitterness in his soul, to endure the word "father" as it fell from lips to which the term was almost strange.

The old men, they who sat by the fire on this wind-swept night and waited for the youth of twenty-two to whom the blue missive was addressed, knew the story of James Brood and his wife Matilde and they knew that the former had no love in his heart for the youth who bore his name. Their lips were sealed. Garrulous on all other subjects, they were as silent as the grave on this. They, too, were constrained to hate the lad. He made not the slightest pretense of appreciating their position in the household; to him they were pensioners, no more, no less; to him their deeds of valor were offset by the deeds of his father; there was nothing left over for a balance that score. He was politely courteous; he was even kindly dis-

tributed their vagaries and whims; he endured them because there was nothing else left for him to do. But, for all that, he despised them—justifiably so, no doubt, if one bears in mind the fact that they signified more to James Brood than did his long-neglected son.

The cold reserve that extended to the young man did not carry beyond him in relation to any other member of the household so far as James Brood was concerned. The unhappy boy, early in their acquaintance, came to realize that there was little in common between him and the man he called father. After a while the eager light died out of his own eyes and he no longer strove to encourage the intimate relations he had counted upon as a part of the recompense for so many years of separation and loneliness. It required but little effort on his part to meet his father's indifference with a coldness quite as pronounced; he had never known the meaning of filial love; he had been taught by word of mouth to love the man he had never seen, and he had learned as one learns astronomy—by calculation. He hated the two old men because his father loved them.

The patient butler, Jones, had made no less than four visits to the library since ten o'clock to awaken them and pack them off to bed. Each time he had been ordered away, once with the joint admonition to "mind his own business."

"But it is nearly midnight," protested Jones irritably, with a glance at the almost empty decanter.

"Jones," said Danbury Dawes, with great dignity and an eye that deceived him to such a degree that he could not for the life of him understand why Jones was attending them in pairs, "Jones, you ought to be in bed—bed, do you—both of you. What you mean, sir, by coming in—here this time of night disturbing—"

"You infernal ingrate," broke in Mr. Riggs fiercely, "don't you dare to touch that bottle, sir. Let it alone!"

"It's time you were in bed," pronounced Jones, taking Mr. Dawes by the arm. Mr. Dawes sagged heavily in his chair and grinned triumphantly. He was a short, very fat old man.

"Take him to bed, Jones," said Mr. Riggs sturdily. "He's drunk and—utterly useless at a time like this. Take him along."

"Who the dev—hic—! are you, sir?" demanded Mr. Dawes, regarding Mr. Riggs as if he had never seen him before.

"You are both drunk," said Jones, succinctly.

The heavy front door closed with a bang at that instant and the sound of footsteps came from the hall—a quick, firm tread that had decision in it.

Jones cast a furtive, nervous glance over his shoulder.

"I'm sorry to have Mr. Frederick see you like this," he said, biting his lip. "He hates it so."

The two old men made a commendable effort to stand erect, but no effort to stand alone. They linked arms and stood shoulder to shoulder.

"Show him in," said Mr. Riggs, magnificently.

"Now we'll find out what was in telegram of briny deep," said Mr. Dawes, spraddling his legs a little farther apart in order to declare a stanch front.

"It's worth waiting up for," said Mr. Riggs.

"Absolutely," said his staunch friend, Frederick Brood, appearing in the door, stopping short just inside the heavy curtains. There was a momentary picture, such as a stage director would have arranged. He was still wearing his silk hat and top-coat, and one glove had been halted in the process of removal. Young Brood stared at the group of three, a frank stare of amazement. A crooked smile came to his lips.

"Somewhat later than usual, I see," he said, and the glove came off with a jerk. "What's the matter, Jones? Rebellion?"

"No, sir. It's the wireless, sir."

"Wireless?"

"Briny deep," said Mr. Dawes, vaguely pointing.

"Oh," said young Brood, crossing slowly to the table. He picked up the envelope and looked at the inscription. "Oh," said he again, in quite a different tone on seeing that it was addressed to him. "From father, I dare say," he went on, a fine line appearing between his eyebrows.

The old men leaned forward, fixing their blue eyes upon the missive.

"Let's hear the worst, Freddy," said Mr. Riggs.

The young man ran his finger under the flap and deliberately drew out the message. There ensued another picture. As he read his eyes widened and then contracted; his firm young jaw became set and rigid. Suddenly a short, bitter exclamation fell from his lips and the paper crumpled in his hand. Without another word, he strode to the fireplace and tossed it upon the coals. It flared for a second and was wafted up the chimney, a charred, leathery thing.

Without deigning to notice the two

old men who had sat up half the night to learn the contents of that wonderful thing from the sea, he whirled on his heel and left the room. One might have noticed that his lips were drawn in a mirthless, sardonic smile, and that his eyes were angry.

"Oh, Lordy!" sighed Danbury Dawes, blinking, and was on the point of sitting down abruptly. The arm of Jones prevented.

"I never was so insulted in my—"

hegan Joseph Riggs, feebly.

"Steady, gentlemen," said Jones. "Lean on me, please."

CHAPTER II.

Various Ways of Receiving a Blow.

James Brood's home was a remarkable one. That portion of the house which rightly may be described as "public" in order to distinguish it from other parts where privacy was enforced, was not unlike any of the richly furnished, old-fashioned places in the lower part of the city, where there are still traces left of the Knickerbockers and their times. This was not the home of men who had been merely rich; it was not wealth alone that stood behind these stately investments.

At the top of the house were the rooms which no one entered except by the gracious will of the master. Here James Brood had stored the quaint, priceless treasures of his own peculiar fancy—exquisite, curious things from the mystic East, things that are not to be bought and sold but come only to the hand of him who searches in lands where peril is the price.

Worlds separated the upper and lower regions of that fine old house; a single step took one from the sedate Orient to the very heart of the West and the languorous, seductive East. In this part of the house, James Brood, when at home for one of his brief stays, spent many of his hours in seclusion, shut off from the rest of the establishment as completely as if he were the inhabitant of another world.

Attended by his Hindu servant, a silent man named Ranjab, and on occasions by his secretary, he saw but little of the remaining members of his rather extensive household. For several years he had been engaged in the task of writing his memoirs—so called—in so far as they related to his experiences and researches of the past twenty years.

His secretary and amanuensis was Lydia Desmond, the nineteen-year-old daughter of his one-time companion and friend, the late John Desmond, whose death occurred when the girl was barely ten years of age.

Brood, on hearing of the man's death, immediately made inquiries concerning the condition in which he had left his wife and child, with the result that Mrs. Desmond was installed as housekeeper in the New York house and the daughter given every advantage in the way of education. Desmond had left nothing in the shape of riches except undiminished love for his wife and a diary kept during those perilous days before he met and married her. This diary was being incorporated in the history of James Brood's adventures, by consent of the widow, and was to speak for Brood in words he could not with modesty utter for himself. In these pages John Desmond was to tell his own story, in his own way, for Brood's love for his friend was broad enough even to admit that he was to share his life in retrospect with Desmond and the two old men as he had shared it with them in reality.

Lydia's room, adjoining her mother's, was on the third floor at the foot of the small stairway leading up to the proscribed retreat at the top of the house. There was a small sitting-room of the two old chambers, given over entirely to Mrs. Desmond and her daughter. In this little room, Frederick Brood spent many a quiet happy hour. The Desmonds, mother and daughter, understood and liked the lonely boy who came to the big house soon after they were themselves installed. His heart, which had many sores, expanded and glowed in the warmth of their kindness and affection; the plague of unkindness that was his by absorption gave way before this unexpected kindness, not immediately, it is true, but completely in the end.

By nature he was slow to respond to the advances of others; his life had been such that service accounted for all that he received from others in the shape of respect and consideration. He was prone to discount a friendly attitude for the simple reason that in his experience all friendships were marred by the fact that their sincerity rested entirely upon the generosity of the man who paid for them—his father. No one had loved him for himself; no one had given him an unselfish thought in all the years of his boyhood.

At first he held himself aloof from the Desmonds; he was slow to surrender. He suspected them of the same motives that had been the basis of all previous attachments. When at last he realized that they were not like the others, his cup of joy, long an empty vessel, was filled to the brim and his happiness was without bounds. They were amazed by the transformation. The rather stolid, unapproachable lad became a once so friendly, so dependent, that he did not even know the state of reticence, his very joy might have made a nuisance of him. He followed Mrs. Desmond about in very much the same spirit that inspires a hungry dog who watches her with eager, half-faded eyes; he was on her heels for fifty of the

time. As for Lydia, pretty little Lydia, he adored her. His heart began for the first time to sing with the joy of youth, and the sensation was a novel one. It had seemed to him that he could never be anything but an old man.

It was his custom, on coming home for the night, no matter what the hour may have been, to pause before Lydia's door on the way to his own room at the other end of the long hall. Usually, however, he was at home long before her bedtime, and they spent the evenings together. That she was his father's secretary was of no moment. To him she was Lydia—his Lydia.

For the past three months or more he had been privileged to hold her close in his arms and to kiss her good-night at parting! They were lovers now. The slow fuse of passion had reached its end and the flame was alive and shining with a radiance that enveloped both of them.

On this night, however, he passed her door without knocking. His dark, handsome face was flushed, and his teeth were set in sullen anger. With his hand on the knob of his own door, he suddenly remembered that he had failed Lydia for the first time, and stopped. A pang of shame shot through him. For a moment he hesitated and then started guiltily toward the forgotten door. Even as he raised his hand to sound the loving signal, the door was opened and Lydia, fully dressed, confronted him. For a moment they regarded each other in silence, she intently, he with astonishment not quite free from confusion.

"I'm—I'm sorry, dearest—" he began, his first desire being to account for his oversight.

"Tell me what has happened? It can't be that your father is ill—or in danger. You are angry, Frederick; so it can't be that. What is it?"

He looked away sullenly. "Oh, it's really nothing, I suppose. Just an unexpected jolt, that's all. I was angry for a moment—"

"You are still angry," she said, laying her hand on his arm. She was a tall, slender girl. Her eyes were almost on a level with his own.

"Don't you want to tell me, dear?"

"He never gives me a thought," he said, compressing his lips. "He thinks of no one but himself. God, what a father!"

"Freddy, dear! You must not speak—"

"Haven't I some claim to his consideration? Is it fair that I should be ignored in everything, in every way? I won't put up with it, Lydia! I'm not a child. I'm a man and I am his son. God, I might as well be a dog in the street for all the thought he gives to me."

She put her finger to her lips, a scared look stealing into her dark eyes. Jones was conducting the two old men to their room on the floor below. A door closed softly. The voices died away.

"He is a strange man," she said. "He is a good man, Frederick."

"To everyone else, yes. But to me? Why, Lydia, I—I believe he hates me. You know what—"

"Hush! A man does not hate his son. I've tried for years to drive that silly notion out of your mind. You—"

"Oh, I know I'm a fool to speak of it, but I—I can't help feeling as I do. You've seen enough to know that I'm not to blame for it either. What do you think he has done to all of us?"

She did not answer. "Well, I'll tell you just what he said in that wireless. It was from the Lusitania, twelve hundred miles off Sandy Hook—relayed, I suppose, so that the whole world might know—sent at four this afternoon. I remember every word of the cursed thing, although I merely glanced at it. Send the car to meet Mrs. Brood and me at the Cunard pier Thursday. Have Mrs. Desmond put the house in order for its new mistress. By the way, you might inform her that I was married last Wednesday in Paris. It was signed James Brood, not even 'father.' What do you think of that for a thunderbolt?"

"Married!" she gasped. "Your father married?"

"Put the house in order for its new mistress," he almost snarled. "That message was a deliberate insult to me, Lydia—a nasty, rotten slap in the face. I mean the way it was worded. Just as if it wasn't enough that he had

gone and married some cheap girl or a miserable foreigner or something—"

"Freddy! You are beside yourself. Your father would not marry a cheap show girl. You know that. And you must not forget that your mother was a foreigner."

His eyes fell. "I'm sorry I said that," he exclaimed, hoarsely.

Lydia, leaning rather heavily against the door, spoke to him in a low, cautious voice.

"Did you tell Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs?"

He stopped short. "No! And they waited up to see if they could be of any assistance to him in an hour of peril! What a joke! Poor old beggars! I've never felt sorry for them before, but, on my soul, I do now. What will she do to the poor old chaps? I shudder to think of it. And she'll make short work of everything else she doesn't like around here, too. Your mother, Lydia—why, God help us, you know what will just have to happen in her case. It's—"

"Don't speak so loudly, dear—please, please! She is asleep. Of course, we—we shan't stay on, Freddy. We'll have to go as soon as—"

His eyes filled with tears. He seized her in his arms and held her close. "It's a beastly, beastly shame, darling. Oh, Lord, what a fool a man can make of himself!"

"You must not say such things," she murmured, stroking his cheek with cold, trembling fingers.

"But why couldn't he have done the fine, sensible thing, Lydia? Why couldn't he have—have fallen in love with—with your mother? Why not have married her if he had to marry someone in—"

"Freddy!" she cried, putting her hand over his mouth.

She kissed him swiftly. Her cheek lay for a second against his own and then, with a stifled good-night, she broke away from him. An instant later she was gone; her door was closed.

The next morning he came down earlier than was his custom. His night had been a troubled one. Getting his own woes—or belittling them—he had thought only of what this news from the sea would mean to the dear woman he loved so well. No one was in the library, but a huge fire was blazing. A blizzard was raging out-of-doors. Once upon a time, when he first came to the house, a piano had stood in the drawing-room. His joy at that time knew no bounds; he loved music. For his years he was no mean musician. But one evening his father, coming in unexpectedly, heard the player at the instrument. For a moment he stood transfixed in the doorway watching the eager, almost inspired face of the lad, and then, pale as a ghost, stole away without disturbing him. Strange to say, Frederick was playing a dreamy waltz of Ziehrer's, a waltz that his mother had played when the honeymoon was in the full. The following day the piano was taken away by a storage company. The boy never knew why it was removed.

He picked up the morning paper. His eyes traversed the front page rapidly. There were reports of fearful weather at sea. The Lusitania was reported seven hundred miles out and in the heart of the hurricane. She would be a day late.

He looked up from the paper. Mrs. Desmond was coming toward him, a queer little smile on her lips. She was a tall, fair woman, an English type, and still extremely handsome. Here was an honest beauty that had no fear of age.

"She is a stanch ship, Frederick," she said, without any other form of greeting. "She will be late but—there's really nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worrying," he said confusedly. "Lydia has told you the news?"

"Yes."

"Rather staggering, isn't it?" he said with a wry smile. In spite of himself he watched her face with curious interest.

"Rather," she said briefly.

"I suppose you don't approve of the way I—"

"I know just how you feel, poor boy. Don't try to explain. I know." "You always understand," he said, lowering his eyes.

"Not always," she said quietly. "Well, it's going to play hob with everything," he said, jamming his hands deep into his pockets. His shoulders seemed to hunch forward and to contract.

"I am especially sorry for Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs," she said. Her voice was steady and full of earnestness. "Do they know?"

"They were up and about at breakfast, poor souls. Do you know, Freddy, they were starting off in the blizzard when I met them in the hall!"

"The deuce! I—I hope it wasn't on account of anything I may have said to them last night," he cried, in genuine contrition.

She smiled. "No. They had their own theory about the message. The storm strengthened it. They were positive that your father was in great peril. They were determined to charter a vessel of some sort and start off in all this blizzard to search the sea for Mr. Brood. Oh, aren't they wonderful?"

He had no feeling of resentment toward the old men for their opinion of him. Instead, his eyes glowed with an honest admiration.

"By George, Mrs. Desmond, they are great! They are men, bless their hearts. Seventy-five years old and still ready to face anything for a cause! It does prove something, doesn't it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Patient Butler, Jones, Had Made Four Visits to the Library.



"Tell Me What Has Happened."

MARKE

The dairy c with a market brother makes market will cor as soon as the attract the ers and the c gradual shifting in Omaha, St. Werth of other western towns ward again w and the beef c the western far factor in the m The "beef at ew, must be i tion center in of dairying to able stage, but the big steer a at the million their way to Chisholm trail er trails famo writes Joseph Farm Progress cow is a mo head, than the is certainly fa the big steer work.

It is said th 200 beef steer of labor that v tending to a ducers gone and the fatter

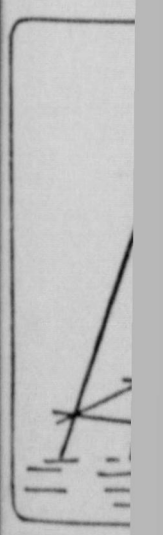
TO CURE

Rack, Show with, I

Does Not See Rains Wh They Shi and A

Hay caps c for the curing gins friend tion their use ful. This co others who l as for other l

A more ge curing cowpe this section il lustrated he of sixfoot pi small poles. Three of ther gether to fo

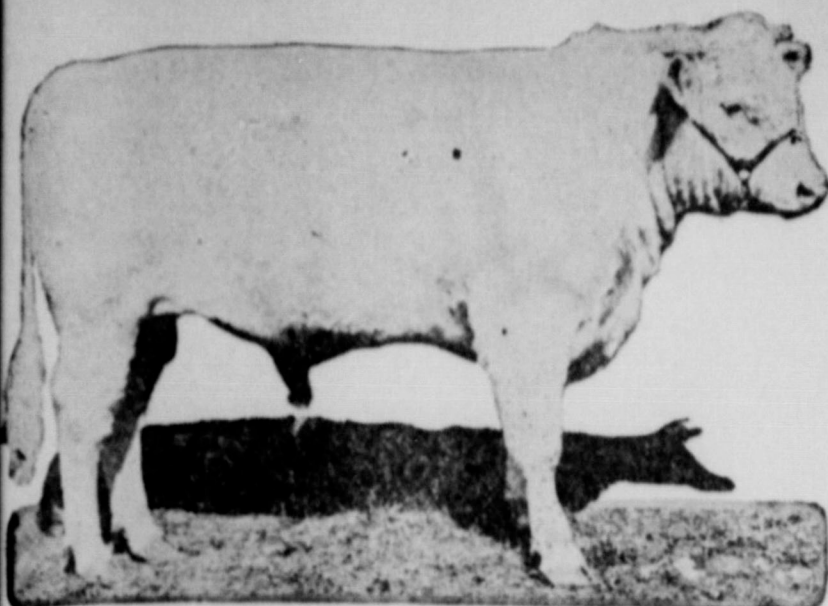


Rack for

two of the s ether at e across the i make a "co in the illus these frame hay piled ov wiled a li cured. I h way in very scarcely see rains when writes E. H Board's De signed, I be periment st many farm should last really be ti of the way.

In ordina never found cowpea has say lumps in the swa raked into fairly dry, it will cure three days should not longer than will dry th to shatter

MARKET WILL COME TO THE BIG STEER



The Shorthorn is a Profitable Beef Type.

The dairy cow must be provided with a market, but the dairy cow's brother makes his own market. The market will come to the big steer just as soon as there are enough like him to attract the attention of the packers and the canners.

be made highly profitable. The man who goes into it, however, should make up his mind that he must be prepared to grow a good percentage of his steers and not rely entirely upon feeders to be picked up on the markets.

ALFALFA ON DRY LAND

To Get Plant Started Abundant Supply of Water Is Needed.

Weeds Are Especially Detrimental to Development of Crop—Where Winter Seasons Are Mild It May Be Seeded in Fall.

Alfalfa is a heavy consumer of moisture and is suitable as a dry land crop only because of its deep rooting system. But it must be borne in mind that roots will not penetrate in ground where there is no moisture.

In places where the winter season is mild and the ground is not heated by winter freezing and thawing, it may be seeded in the fall, but if there is danger of winter freezing it must be seeded as early as possible in the spring.

Cultivate between the rows. Some do this just as they would cultivate corn. Others cultivate right over the rows. In general the soil beneath the rows should be kept in loose, well pulverized condition and free from weeds.

DAISY FLY KILLER



BLACK LEG

Losses Surely Prevented by Carter's Blacking Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable, preferred by Western stockmen.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A famous preparation of sweet, fragrant essential oils.

WAS "TOO POOR TO BE HURT"

Injured Street Sweeper, Fatally Hurt, Struggles to Return to His Work, but Death Claims Him.

Frederick Birkmer, a street sweeper of New Rochelle, N. Y., "too poor to be laid up by an accident," he said, was knocked unconscious when struck in the back in the Pelham road by a motorcycle ridden by Frank Purdy of Port Chester.

"I must go back," he faltered. "Then he fell unconscious and died."

The London Tram.

The London tram was not kindly received on its first appearance in the city in 1861. It aroused much the same indignation among citizens as the advent of the first motor bus.

Tom Tame.

"Goin' to the Sunday-school picnic, Jimmie?" "Naw! I went last year and they didn't have enough ice cream and lemonade to make a baby sick."

Wrong Attitude.

Let us forgive and forget; if we hold a hurt feeling and adopt a martyr pose, we show we forget that we have forgiven.

Hard Work.

First Flea—Been on a vacation? Second Flea—Nope, on a tramp.—Penn Punch Bowl.

Their Effect.

"What was Elma giving her father such warm thanks about?" "Her new summer furs."

Cocoa was unknown until Mexico was discovered.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.



Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

His Views. Breaking away from the house, the man hurried to his club, dropped into a chair and breathed a long sigh of relief.

A member sitting near laid aside his paper and asked: "How do you stand on the subject of foreign relations?"

"That is a fair question," returned the other, "and deserves a fair answer. In principle and practice you can put me down as favoring their internment in Schoharie county seven days a week for 52 weeks each year until 1963."

"Goin' to the Sunday-school picnic, Jimmie?" "Naw! I went last year and they didn't have enough ice cream and lemonade to make a baby sick."

Let us forgive and forget; if we hold a hurt feeling and adopt a martyr pose, we show we forget that we have forgiven.

First Flea—Been on a vacation? Second Flea—Nope, on a tramp.—Penn Punch Bowl.

"What was Elma giving her father such warm thanks about?" "Her new summer furs."

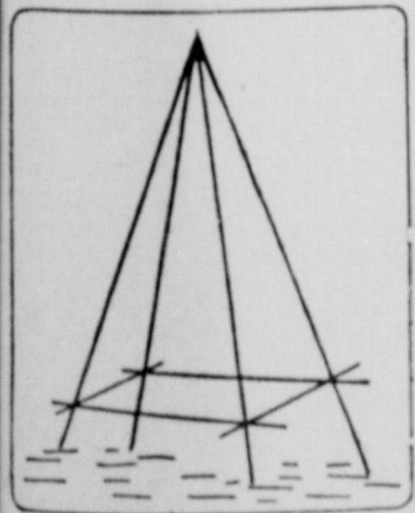
Cocoa was unknown until Mexico was discovered.

TO CURE COWPEA HAY

Rack, Shown in Illustration Herewith, Is Satisfactory.

Does Not Seem to Matter Much if It Rains When Device is Used—They Should Last for Years and Are Easily Stored.

Hay caps can be successfully used for the curing of cowpea hay. A Virginia friend reports that in his section their use is common and successful. This confirms the experience of others who have tried them for this as for other hay crops.



Rack for Curing Cowpea Hay.

Two of these triangles are wired together at the tip and pieces laid across the extending legs pieces, to make a "contraption" like that shown in the illustration. Five or six of these frames are used to the acre, the hay piled over them as soon as it has wilted a little and left there until cured. I have seen hay curing this way in very damp weather. In fact, it scarcely seems to matter how much it rains when these racks are used.

In ordinary weather, however, I have never found much difficulty in curing cowpea hay. If it is cut when dry, any lumps or piles scattered out, left in the swath until well wilted, then raked into windrows and left until fairly dry, and put into small cocks. It will cure almost perfectly in two or three days of ordinary weather.

HOGS REQUIRE CLEAN WATER

It Behooves Every Farmer to Observe Strictest Precautions to Guard Against Infection.

As hog cholera and many other diseases can be spread by an infected water supply it behooves every farmer to observe the strictest precautions to protect his hogs against such sources of infection. During the hot summer weather hogs love to wallow in the mud and will take advantage of every opportunity to gratify their desire. But to force them to depend upon the filthy, stagnant water of a mudhole to quench their thirst is to take desperate chances on losing the hogs.

There are few pastures that are well supplied with clear running streams that can be depended upon for stock watering during the summer months. Even though they are suitable during the spring, they dry up when hot weather comes. The safest and best way is for the farmer to adopt some other means of providing his stock with safe water. For hogs, there are sanitary drinking fountains upon the market that answer the need very well.

Rhubarb Needs Rejuvenating.

When rhubarb grows dank and spindling it needs rejuvenating. Dig it up, cut the clumps into smaller parts, plant in deep trenches and fill in with well rotted manure mixed with good loam.

Alfalfa is Wonder.

Alfalfa is the agricultural wonder of the twentieth century. It yields from two to three times as much as clover or timothy, and is more valuable than hay.

MULCH TO INCREASE YIELDS

Especially Useful Method for Dry-Land Farmer—Does Away With Cultivation and Weeding.

The latest theory for the preservation of moisture for food crops on dry lands is to mulch the gardens with straw. As compared with intense cultivation this has given very favorable results.

EXCELLENT BY FARM CROP

Sorghum is Drought Resistant and Furnishes Satisfactory Feed for All Kind of Stock.

Sorghum is a drought-resistant plant, yields well, when it can be grown, and is an excellent food for cattle, sheep and horses. Sorghum is not so drought-resistant as plant as sorghum, but withstands it better. However, it is not well adapted to the high altitudes of the Inimountain country. In many of the Bays it does well. In feeding val it ranks with sorghum.

Fruit Grower's Big Asset.

When properly placed, the wind-break can be one of the greatest assets the fruit grower can have. This fact is just being realized, and has been brought about by the large amount of injurious incident to exposed and unprotected orchard sites.

Builders of the "Big Ditch"

There has just been issued by the Historical Publishing Company of Washington, D. C., a magnificent illustrated history of the construction and builders of the Panama Canal.

One of the most interesting portions of the book is that dealing with the feeding of the immense army of laborers. A few paragraphs concerning one of the foods chosen and supplied by the Commissary Department, are quoted (beginning page 428) as follows:

"Visitors to the canal who were privileged to get a glimpse of the routine inner life will recall a familiar picture of workmen going to their places of labor carrying round yellow tins. "Often, as they went, they munched a food poured from the tin into the hand. This food, which played no inconsiderable part in 'building' the canal, was the well-known article of diet, 'GRAPE-NUTS.' "The mention of Grape-Nuts in this connection is peculiarly pertinent. Not merely because Grape-Nuts is a food—for of course proper food was an integral part of the big enterprise—but because it is a cereal food which successfully withstood the effects of a tropical climate. This characteristic of Grape-Nuts was pretty well known and constituted a cogent reason for its selection for use in the Canal Zone. . . . "This food is so thoroughly baked that it keeps almost indefinitely in any climate, as has been demonstrated again and again. "One finds Grape-Nuts on transoceanic steamships, in the islands of the seas, in Alaska, South America, Japan, along the China coast, in Manila, Australia, South Africa, and on highways of travel and the byways of the jungle—in short, wherever minimum of bulk and maximum of nourishment are requisite in food which has to be transported long distances, and often under extreme difficulties. "The very enviable reputation which Grape-Nuts has attained in these respects caused it to be chosen as one of the foods for the Canal Zone."

Grape-Nuts FOOD

—scientifically made of prime wheat and malted barley, contains the entire goodness of the grain, including those priceless mineral elements so essential for active bodies and keen brains, but which are lacking in white flour products and the usual dietary.

There's a reason why Grape-Nuts food was chosen by the Canal Commissariat. There's a reason why Grape-Nuts is a favorite food of hustling people everywhere!

Sold by Grocers

THE McLEAN NEWS
PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTIONS

One Year \$1.00

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

S. H. Bundy
Sells Property

S. H. Bundy left the latter part of last week for Rogers, Ark., where he will make his home in the future. Mrs. Bundy and family will follow later, when Mrs. Ross Biggers is able to travel. Mr. Bundy has disposed of all his property here with the exception of his interest in the Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co., and will engage in the real estate and insurance business at Rogers.

The Bundy family have resided in our midst for a number of years and have commanded the respect and esteem of a wide circle of friends who are glad to join with the News in wishing for them continued happiness and prosperity in their new home.

The Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co., will hereafter be under the management and direction of Sam Hodges.

Complimentary Dinner.

Complimentary to Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Donnell and family who are leaving for their new home in Swisher county, the good ladies of the Presbyterian church gave a pot-luck dinner on the grass in front of the beautiful Donnell home Tuesday evening at six-thirty. A large party of friends and admirers participated in this farewell dinner and joined in a general expression of regret at losing so valuable a family, while extending best wishes for their continued success and happiness in their new surroundings.

The dinner was a model of excellence in every particular and the table was laden with a great variety of tempting viands, including practically everything obtainable from market and garden. A large quantity of ice cream and cake was dispensed with a lavish hand at the conclusion of the dinner.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Subject—Bible Study Meetings, Isaiah 11.

Leader—Luther Petty.

Song.
Prayer.
Isaiah 11:1-9—Maggie Jordan and Eunice Floyd.

Introduction—Leader.

Mat 21:8,9—Wayland Floyd.

The Song of David, verse 1—short talk by Grace Hamilton

Isa. 61:1-3 Recited by Julia Foster.

The Ruler, talk—Bro. Harris.

Justice, verse 4-5, talk—Edith Stockton.

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Died.

Gordon, the two and a half year old baby of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Weaver, who live eight miles south of town, died Monday afternoon of stomach trouble. The little fellow had been ill for more than two weeks and everything that loving hands and skilled physicians could do for him was done—but to no avail.

Funeral services were held at the Christian church Tuesday afternoon, conducted by J. H. Chambers, and interment made in the local cemetery. To the bereaved parents the News joins friends in extending sincere sympathy in the loss of their beautiful little boy.

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Isa. 11:10-16—Frankie Upham.

How has this prophecy been fulfilled—Mrs. Petty?

Peace, verse 6-9—Grace Francis.

Study Club Program.

For Friday, August 13th.
Hostess—Mrs. Watkins.
Leader—Mrs. Fast.

State the difference in plans of Lincoln, Johnson and Congress for reconstruction—Class.

Life sketch of Andrew Johnson—Mrs. Watkins.

Give the Amnesty Proclamation.

The Thirteenth Amendment—Mrs. J. L. Crabtree.

What was the Freedman's Bureau and its purpose?

What was the Fourteenth Amendment?

What was meant by Carpet Bag rule?

What seven states were re-admitted in 1868 and how?

The Ku Klux Klan and Force Bill—Mrs. Rollins.

The Monroe Doctrine, when established?

Alaska purchase and price paid.

Impeachment of President Johnson—Mrs. Richardson.

Atlantic Cable, when laid and by whom?

Improvements at the close of the war—Mrs. Boyett.

What is meant by the Jetty System?

Give the assassination of Garfield.

What was the surplus in the treasury during Cleveland's administration?

Panic of 1893.

Musical education in the west:

1. Cincinnati College of Music—Ethel McCurdy.

2. Chicago. American Conservatory of Music and Chicago Musical College—Mrs. Dorsey.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music—Mrs. Denson.

A Farewell Party.

In response to dainty invitations about fifty young people gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Wolfe Tuesday evening, the occasion being a farewell party tendered Miss Hortense Hearn, who will soon leave for her new home at Post City, by Miss Lula Faulkner.

Miss Faulkner was assisted in entertaining by Miss Gaynelle Wilson and the young ladies proved admirable entertainers. Several contests and games had been planned and were carried out to the delight of those present. After delicious iced refreshments were served each guest wished the honoree much happiness and success in her new home.

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

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

III—Julius Kruttschnitt

On Financing Railroads



The farmers of this nation need to become better acquainted with the railroad men and their problems. It is only those who know that can give us information and the farmers of America should listen attentively to what the men who manage railroad property

have to say. Mr. Kruttschnitt, executive head of the Southern Pacific, has written an article dealing with the financing of railroads. He said in part:

"The financing of a railroad is a function which the people, through their servants, the Railroad Commissioners and the Legislators, have never attempted, but it is a most important problem, especially to sections of a State where new railroads are needed. The placing of securities has been left entirely with the promoter and owner of railroads.

"The immediate determination of what earnings the railroad shall be permitted to receive and what burdens it shall have put on it is in the hands of other servants of the public

—the Legislators and the Commissioners.

"Managing a railroad is quite different from managing a government where the money is raised by taxation. When the expenditures, for good reasons or otherwise, increase, taxes can be equally increased. The railroads, while servants of the public, cannot raise money with such ease and facility. The railroads must keep their expenditures within their incomes because while they have some control over their expenditures they have almost no control over their incomes, their rates being fixed by public authorities.

"There is not a railroad manager in the country today who is not fearful that under the press of increasing demands the transportation systems of the country will, in a few years, break down, unless the railroads are allowed to earn larger funds wherewith to build it up. There are vast sections of the country, especially in the West, where more railroads are needed and they cannot be built unless the railroads raise new capital.

"People invest money in order to make money, and they are skeptical as to whether they can make money by investing in concerns that are dealt with stringently and unfairly. Railroad securities must be made more attractive to invite investments, and in order that they may be made more attractive, the roads must be allowed earnings that will enable them to meet the increased capital charges."

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

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

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

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

Baptist Ladies Give Reception.

Complimentary to Mrs. C. E. Donnell, who left yesterday for her home in Swisher county, the Ladies Aid of the Baptist church entertained with an informal reception Saturday afternoon of last week from four to six at the home of Mrs. M. D. Bentley. Mrs. Donnell has been a faithful member of this organization and the ladies took this method of expressing their appreciation of her efficient work and also of wishing her much success and happiness in her new home. After a very pleasant social time the hostess served refreshments of cream and cake.

New Grocery Stock.

We wish to announce to the public that we will open up a new and absolutely clean, up-to-date stock of groceries in the new Cousins building the latter part of next week. Saturday will be our opening day and we cordially invite the people of McLean and vicinity to call and let us get acquainted and show you how anxious we will be to handle a share of your grocery trade.

We will have no special motto but shall lay stress on "service" prompt and efficient service.

If we don't happen to have what you want we will get it for you. Come to see us on opening day—Saturday, August 14th.

Respectfully,
Haynes Grocery Co.

Binder

Are you going to need a binder of any kind this season, if so, come and see us early and let us get your order in.

Sometimes when you wait until you are ready to use your machine before you order it, you are put to considerable delay.

Everything kept in first class hardware.

Prices Right

McLean Hardware Company

Read The News

THE TREY
O' HEARTS

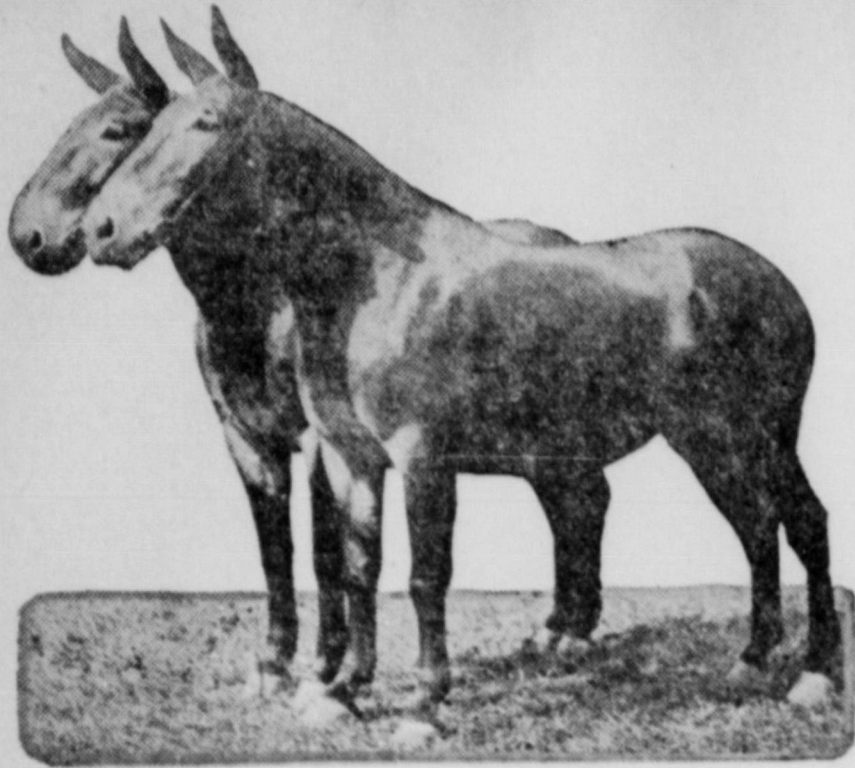
Is Running in this paper. If you have missed the first installments call at this office and get them. We have several copies on hand and will be glad to

Give Them To You

You cannot afford to miss this excellent story. If you are not a subscriber to the News now is the time to begin—this story would cost you more than the price of the paper for a year and we run several stories each year.

The McLean News

USE KINDNESS IN DEALING WITH MULES



Docile and Tractable Work Animals.

(By W. F. PURDUE.)
It is a common error that all mules are vicious. To "kick like a mule" is a proverbial and misleading saying. Mules are not worse than horses in this respect. While it should be denied that mules are naturally vicious, it is undoubtedly true that some are made so by ill-treatment and abuse. The same is true of horses. In general, the mule is quiet and patient in temperament, and when properly instructed during its youth, is just as steady and reliable as a horse. It is much easier to take a mule colt in hand at an early age and train it properly than it is to take an older animal that has been misused and overcome any habits or tricks arising from years of poor management. Kindness is the best policy in dealing with mules as well as with other domestic animals. Mules that are accorded decent, humane treatment when young nearly always make docile and tractable work animals, and are always ready to respond to good, common-sense treatment. The mule that is roundly abused becomes ugly in the same way as the horse develops viciousness when he is continually mistreated. The mule foal's education should be-

gin early. The young animal should be accustomed to the halter and taught to lead before being weaned, and thereafter it should be handled regularly until time to break it to harness. Gentle methods are desirable in the latter operation. If the young animal develops normally, it is capable at two years of age of doing considerable farm work, and in any case it is advisable to give some light work. It is not well, however, to put mules at hard work much before four years of age. The mule's keep is reckoned at a third less than that of a horse. For the indications of disposition of old mules look at the head and eyes, say those who have handled these animals for many years. Avoid mules with abnormally long heads, as well as those with hollow faces. The eyes of the gentle mule are soft and mild and set well apart. A sign of docility in a young mule is indicated by constant motion of the ears; one ear pointing forward, the other backward is also regarded favorably. But beware of the mule that habitually lays the ears back upon the neck, say the authorities. It is claimed by some that the little mule is more apt to be ill-tempered and vicious, and that the larger the animal the better the disposition.

PUSH THE PIGS TO MAKE BEST RETURNS

Corn, Alfalfa and Clover Pasture Will Lay on Fat—Provide Suitable Shade.

After the pigs come feed the sow all she can eat of nutritious rations. A fair amount of corn will not hurt her then. To keep the youngsters free from lice, dip them just before they are weaned. Then dip them again late in the fall. Corn, alfalfa and clover pasture will lay fat on pigs about as fast as anything else that grows. The hot sun will drive the fat out of a pig about as fast as you can lay it on. It pays to provide plenty of shade. The best shade is a shed on an elevation over which the wind can sweep without obstruction. Dusty holes in fence corners or in stifling underbrush are not desirable. If your pigs are running on clover pasture and you are feeding grain give it to them at night. A light feed of grain may be given pigs three times a day, but twice is better, provided they have plenty of good pasture. Plenty of clean water should be provided every day at noon time and again in the evening for the hogs. Only the best bred pigs which are pushed from the start to the finish make the most money. Don't forget that pigs never sweat, and therefore they must be supplied with plenty of water in which they can cool themselves during the warm summer months.

GOOD FERTILIZERS FOR STRAWBERRIES

Tankage, Peruvian Guano, Fine-Ground Bone and Sulphate of Potash Are Favored.

The following are recommended in the culture of this fruit. Tankage or Peruvian guano, 500 pounds per acre; fine-ground bone, 1,000 pounds; low-grade sulphate of potash, 500 pounds; nitrate of soda, 100 pounds. All these may be mixed, applied after plowing and before setting plants and thoroughly incorporated in the soil by harrowing. Dried blood, 200 pounds per acre; low-grade sulphate of potash, 500 pounds; tankage or Peruvian guano, 500 pounds; basic-slag meal, 1,000 pounds; nitrate of soda, 100 pounds. The slag is not mixed with the blood, tankage or guano, as it causes a loss of ammonia. It is better to apply the slag by itself but all the other materials may be mixed before application.

ALL FARMERS OUGHT TO HAVE SOME HOGS

Not Necessary Nor Desirable to Devote Time and Attention to Fancy Strains.

It ought to be within the reach of all farmers to produce hogs, whether grades, Chester Whites, Berkshires, Poland Chinas or the bacon type of hogs or any of the other improved breeds, and by selection and attention in subsequent breeding and regard for the plain principles with which every farmer should make himself acquainted to improve and maintain the standard of swine upon the farm. It is neither necessary nor desirable that the farmer should convert his yards and houses into breeding establishments and devote his time and attention to breeding fancy strains or families, at the expense of his pork producing operations. If the production of pork is the sole object of the farmer it is within his power to so improve his swine that for all practical purposes they are as practical and profitable as though they descended from the best names in the herd books. He wants hogs that will fatten well and his practical eye should select a bunch of good hogs without reference to their pedigrees.

PROVIDE SUPPLY OF CHARCOAL FOR HOGS

Corn cobs Burned in a Pit Three Feet Deep Will Furnish All That Is Needed.

(By J. M. KELLY.) For the last 30 years, to the writer's positive knowledge, farm writers have been telling their readers to feed the hog plenty of charcoal. Even if the advice is old it is good. There should be charcoal before the hogs all the time. The supply may be made from corn cobs. These must be burned in a pit, which should be three or four feet wide, three feet deep and eight or ten feet long. A load of cobs should be put in the pit and set afire. As soon as they are well ablaze the pit should be covered with strips of sheet iron and the cracks with earth so as to exclude air. In a day or two the pit may be uncovered and a supply of charcoal will be ready for use.

Proper Feed for Cows. The cow cannot turn all the nourishment she gets from her food into milk and still have enough left to build up her system and that of her offspring. We need to feed cows that are with calf the best kinds of feed the farm affords and not compel them to go through the winter on half rations.

Horticultural Points

PAY ATTENTION TO ORCHARD

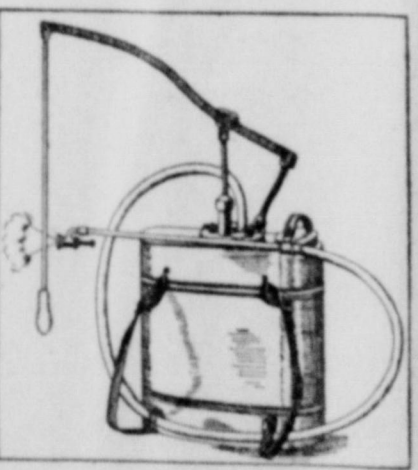
Acres of Apple Trees Will Pay Better Than Acre of Corn—San Jose Scale Is Destructive.

Is the orchard sod bound? Put the plow into it. If the plow cannot be used, take a single spring-tooth harrow, put a big team on it and it will do the business. About midsummer sow the ground to clover. This is a great soil renovator. Do not cultivate late in the season, or the sap will keep the wood from hardening before winter. An acre of apple trees will pay better than an acre of corn and does not require one-fourth as much work. The San Jose scale, if it gets a good start in your orchard, will destroy every tree on the place unless you put up a stiff fight. No doubt about it. Do not wait. A clean, well-pruned orchard is a sight to delight, and a joy to the owner. Will corn make a good crop without attention after planting? No; then why do you expect an orchard to thrive without attention? A good time to prune trees is right after the first run of sap—along about the middle of June. A heavy loam is considered best for black raspberries. Never cut a limb from a fruit tree unless you know why you do it. The disk is a better implement than the plow for breaking up sod in the orchard. Unleached wood ashes sown broadcast in the orchard will prove beneficial.

GREAT FACTOR IN SPRAYING

Thoroughness of Work is of Utmost Importance—Treatment Given Different Trees in Ohio.

(By PROF. V. H. DAVIS, Ohio Experiment Station.) If there is one thing above another that makes for successful results in spraying, it is thoroughness, and in all of our spraying work we try to emphasize this factor. All young trees are given two sprayings during the season—the dormant spray of lime and sulphur and a summer spray of the same material about the time the blossoms would be falling, were there any present. Bearing trees of all kinds of fruit receive the dormant spray of lime-sulphur, 1-8 or 1-10. We consider this the most important spraying of the season regardless of the presence of the scale. Apples receive a summer spray of lime-sulphur, 1-30, plus three pounds arsenate of lead as the blossoms drop, and another spraying with bordeaux, 3-4-50, plus arsenate of lead about July one or eight or nine weeks after the blossoms drop. In seasons favorable



Knapsack Sprayer.

for the development of the bitter rot, blotch and Jonathan spot, the third spraying is repeated two or three weeks later. Cherries receive a spray of lime and sulphur, 1-50 plus three pounds arsenate just as the buds are showing the white and again just as the husks are loosening. About two weeks later a spray of self-boiled lime-sulphur is given the sweet cherries to prevent the soft rot. Peaches receive a spray of arsenate of lead, two pounds to 50 gallons of water, just as the little peaches are pushing out of the husks. Another spray with the self-boiled lime-sulphur plus two pounds arsenate to 50 gallons is given about three weeks after the second spray, and still another spray of the self-boiled alone about three or four weeks after the third.

Burn Refuse in Orchards. Dead and diseased wood in the orchard should be removed and burned as soon as possible. The Nebraska College of Agriculture find that if the orchard is kept clean of such refuse the problem of insect and fungus control are much easier.

Injury by Borers. There is ample evidence to show that borers shorten the life of peach trees five to ten years and greatly reduce the productive capacity of the orchard during its lifetime.

Magic Washing Stick

This is something new to housewives—something they have wanted all their lives, but never could get before. It makes it possible to do the heaviest, hardest washing in less than one-half the time it took by old methods, and it eliminates all rubbing and muscular effort. No washing machine is needed. Nothing but this simple little preparation, which is absolutely harmless to the finest fabrics—white, colored or woolen. It makes the hardest task of the week a pleasant pastime—a delightful occupation. You will be delighted at the clean, spotless, snow-white clothes that come out of the rinsing water; and all without any effort on your part. The Magic Washing Stick does it all—and remember, without injury to the most delicate goods, colored or white, woolens, knickerbockers, lace, etc. Contains no acids, no alkalis, no poisonous ingredients to make its use dangerous. It is sold by all Druggists and Grocers everywhere. If yours doesn't handle it, show him this ad—he'll get it for you. Or send for it in stamps to A. E. RICHARDS CO., Sherman, Texas—Adv.

An Insufficient Supply. "I want to buy a cow, Silas." "Well, Hi, I've got one as is a hefty creature. She's got one pint—" "That ain't enough. I need at least a quart, Silas."

Tending That Way. "Do you believe these South American revolutions are contagious?" "As a rule, revolutions are things which have a tendency toward going around."

LOOK YOUR BEST As to Your Hair and Skin, Cuticura Will Help You. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under conditions which, if neglected, tend to produce a state of irritation and disfigurement. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

Sandstorm Smith Was Reassured. "Say, looky yur!" snarled Sandstorm Smith, the widely-known Oklahoman, emerging from the elevator in a Kansas City hotel five minutes after he had apparently retired to his room for the night. "Who in the blazes is that cuss in the next room to mine?" "A guest who was in an automobile accident this afternoon," replied the clerk. "The gasoline caught fire and burned him pretty badly. I am sorry his groans disturbed you, but—" "Aw, that's all right! I thought it was one of them infernal cabaret performers practicing on an accordion."—Kansas City Star.

It Didn't Work. The crowded car was overflowing. "Get off the step," the conductor cried. "I've got to shut the door." "Don't mind me," replied the man on the step. "Close it if you like. It's true that I have a couple of sample packages of dynamite in my overcoat pockets and the windows might be broken and the roof blown off, but don't hesitate on my account. I haven't many friends, anyway, and I don't think many would sorrow over my early demise. Go ahead and close your door." Then the conductor closed it.

No Accounts Opened. "Do you charge things here?" "Only storage batteries, madam."—Boston Evening Transcript.

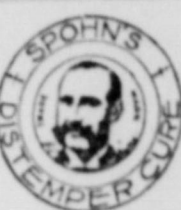
But a woman always stops talking long enough to give a man a chance to propose.

UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK! CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS MY WAY

Just Once! Try "Dodson's Liver Tone" When Biliary, Constipated, Headachy—Don't Lose a Day's Work.

Live up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into your bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. Listen to me! If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-

back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it best by its name, 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. Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.



Catarrhal Fever

Spohn's Catarrhal Fever medicine is guaranteed to cure a case. It is the best preventative of all forms of disease. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemist & Bacteriologist, Gothen, Ind., U.S.A.

But, even at that, what our neighbors think about us isn't apt to be very far out of the way.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

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

An Insect Tragedy.

First Mosquito—What's become of our old friend? Second Mosquito—His was a horrible fate. Those human beings poured kerosene all over the place. P. M.—But he liked kerosene. S. M.—That was the trouble. He gorged himself with it, and then collided with a trefly.

Gloomy Observation.

"Do you think the world is getting better?" "I don't know anything about it," replied the melancholy observer. "It seemed to be doing very well for a time, but, judging from the European news, I should say it is suffering a terrible relapse."

Expert.

"Is Smith a good accountant?" "He's so good that none of the gang he commutes with will let him keep score in a pinocchio game."

Unmasked.

Him—Who is that homely female over by the piano? Her—Why, that is Mme. Cosmetique, the famous beauty specialist.

The trimming of a woman's hat is all on the outside; that of a man's is all on the inside.

Women seldom mean the pleasant things they say to men.

When his wife is trying, a man is generally guilty.

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

Love is a malady of the mind that swells the head but makes it look like 30 cents.

Nobody knows as much about rearing children as the old maid sister of their mother.

California has 12,000 acres of olive orchards. There are only 60,000 colonies of bees in California.

Are you old enough to remember the old-fashioned mothers who used to rock cradles?

On Her Part It Was. "So Alice married the rich Mr. Guder. Was it a love match?" "Yes. Alice loves money."

His Version. "That baseball umpire has revised the old saying."

"What's that?" "He says you can't touch a pitcher without being reviled."

Reason for His Belief. "I never saw such a superstitious fellow as Bixby."

"What's his latest?" "Why, he's been trying all the morning to prove that 1915 is an unlucky year. He's manipulated the figures 1-9-1-5 with addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and the rule of three."

"What has he found that seems so lucky?" "Nothing, except that when he added 1-9-1-5 together and subtracted the total, 15, from 1915 it left 1899."

"Yes?" "And that was the year he married."

From Corn to Toasties —a capital evolution

The ripened kernels of pearly white Indian Corn with their succulent goodness, are cooked, then rolled into thin, wafery bits, and toasted to a golden brown.

Add a little cream and sugar—perhaps some fresh berries—and the combination smacks wondrous good.

Post Toasties are untouched by human hand from start to finish of the making, and come to you crisp and sweet—ready to eat from the package. Wholesome, nourishing—a Royal dish for hot days—and all days.

Post Toasties Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Something of boy's trim walking straight box coat. It is fashioned for sacrifice of good and suggests the very adaptable home in the city heart of the countryside. The material is a lightweight woven pattern a small green and white. Thinking about the moderate fare. I am down the from inverted pla leading to the pool with a three-inch waist ankle length and a half-inch and is supported that fits the waist with silk braid in the waist worn crepe de chine w

New

Whether chosen for dressy midday for the head. It may be cast hardly be a real protection becoming, with a good mill. Three new summer sun are pictured here. The gradations have found fast established fast upper left hand shape covered chastity lace. Gets the trim with a narrow band of rib of the crown, black lace. Bu lace partly on face of an opening out of the crest of the crown. Just below the shape is covered crushed collar the sharp trim, and is buckle made of these beads some are open of those plain

Suit for Town or Countryside



Something of boyishness enters into this trim walking suit, with its straight box coat and pocketed skirt. It is fashioned for comfort without any sacrifice of good and modish lines. It is very adaptable and quite as much at home in the city promenade as in the heart of the woods and over the countryside. The material is a rough open weave of lightweight woolen goods, and the pattern a small shepherd's check in brown and white. The skirt is smoothly fitted about the hips and cut with a moderate flare. There is a lapped seam down the front and a group of three inverted plaits at each side extending to the pockets. It is finished with a three-inch hem and cut to a waist ankle length. It extends an inch and a half above the waist line and is supported by a webbing belt that fits the waist snugly. The practical pockets at each side are bound with silk braid in plain brown. The waist worn with this skirt is of tulle de chine with convertible collar, made quite plain. It fastens down the front with quite small jet buttons. The trim little coat is cut straight, with long revers and collar bound with the silk braid. It also boasts real pockets, bound with braid, which invite the hands to shelter or rest. The sleeves are the long plain coat-sleeve type without braid finishing. When buttoned up, the coat sets well on the figure, smooth about the shoulders and boxlike over the body. In keeping with this garb a hat of moderately fine Panama weave is trimmed with a brown scarf wrapped about the crown, and plain light brown spats are worn over the low walking shoes. Short wash gloves are the only kind to be considered with such an outfit, which appurtenances the wearer for the cool, solitary ways of the forest or the crowded thoroughfares of the city. "Strictly business" is written in every line of this well-planned and well-executed garb, whether it be the business of the morning stroll or that of shopping in the thick of things, or the going and coming in the everyday business of life.

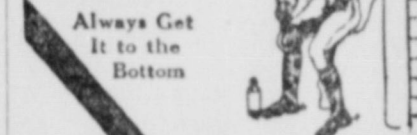
COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief In Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich.—"I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take it a little longer anyway.' So I took it for three months and got well and strong."—Mrs. ALONZO E. BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mich.

Not Well Enough to Work. In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in house, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

To Cleanse Rusty Nail Wounds



Always Get It to the Bottom HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh ALINIMENT

For Galls, Wire Cuts, Lameness, Strains, Bunches, Thrush, Old Sores, Nail Wounds, Foot Rot, Fistula, Bleeding, Etc., Etc. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

All Dealers G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

LUMBER For sale, wholesale, prompt shipments. J. H. BAKER, 1911 S. Francis, Oklahoma City, Okla.

FROG IN BABY'S STOMACH

Tadpole Grew and Waxed Fat on the Infant's Milk Diet—Child is Dead.

The eighteen-months-old child of Mrs. Harry Wolf of Chicago is dead, following an operation which disclosed conditions that many surgeons had declared to be impossible, says a Goshen (Ind.) dispatch to the Indianapolis Star. While visiting her parents in Syracuse, Kosciusko county, last summer, Mrs. Wolf permitted the baby to drink hydrant water. Within a short time the infant became sickly and lost flesh. Treatment for indigestion was given, but it did not reach the seat of the trouble. Then an X-ray examination disclosed a black spot on the stomach, and an operation resulted in a frog weighing more than half a pound being taken from the infant. Doctors who operated said they believed that when the child drank hydrant water in Syracuse a tadpole was taken into the stomach and that the frog developed and lived on milk, which was given the patient in large quantities. Following the operation the child improved rapidly and complete recovery was practically assured, when pneumonia developed, causing death.

Prize Drawing. "I hear Jack has fooled us all and got married."

"Yes, he went way down to New Orleans for his bride. I understand he had known her only a very few days."

"Sort of a Louisiana lottery for Jack, eh?"

If all women were mind readers every man on earth would take to the tall timber.

You can tell more about a woman by looking at the man she is with than by looking at her.

BIG INCREASE OF FARM PRODUCTS

Province of Alberta Shows Increase of Over 20 Millions.

Figures just compiled by the publicity branch of the provincial department show that last year, notwithstanding that quite a third of the province was affected by the drought to a very serious extent, the total value of agricultural products actually produced in the province showed an increase of over twenty million dollars over that of the previous year. Although southern Alberta had a bad year agriculturally, the province as a whole experienced a period of great prosperity, due principally to mixed farming, which is becoming more general with each succeeding year.

The value of mixed farming, in fact, was never better illustrated than last year as the value of the animals slaughtered and sold alone equaled the value of the spring wheat crop, without taking into consideration the value of the butter, milk, cheese, poultry, vegetables, and other by-products of the farm. Oats was the banner grain crop, 1,147,382 acres being seeded, and producing 34,397,117 bushels, or 30.15 to the acre. Sold at an average of 50c per bushel, these yielded a revenue of \$17,198,558. Comparatively little winter wheat was produced, the yield being a little short of one million bushels, but the spring wheat crop amounted to 15,162,983 bushels, the yield per acre being 15.26. At an average of \$1.35 per bushel, the value of the spring wheat crop was therefore \$20,387,812. The total production of barley was 7,847,640 bushels, which, at 55c per bushel, yielded a revenue of \$4,316,202.

Other productions were as follows: Flax, 267,115 bushels, \$310,672.00; rye, 261,843 bushels, \$196,392.00; speltz, 42,707 bushels, \$32,030.00; hay, 200,000 tons, \$2,500,000; potatoes, four million bushels, \$3,000,000; turnips three million bushels, \$750,000; carrots, 350,000 bushels, \$180,000; mangolds, 640,000 bushels, \$320,000; animals slaughtered and sold \$20,000,000; butter and cheese, \$1,500,000; milk, \$3,000,000; wool clip, 1,200,000 pounds, \$100,000; fish, \$195,000; game and furs, \$600,000; horticultural products, \$150,000; poultry and products, \$2,650,000.

The total of the agricultural products is given as \$78,516,891, as compared with \$58,098,084 in 1913.

The statistics also show that the value of the live stock in the province at the end of the year was \$110,944,630, this being an increase of \$7,762,845 over the previous year. There were 609,125 horses, 750,789 swine, 501,188 sheep, 192,905 dairy cows, 165,635 other cows, 190,923 beef cattle and 523,020 other cattle.—Advertisement.

Candy Relieves Fatigue.

The value of candy is recognized by military authorities. The British soldiers in France are reported as consuming "prodigious quantities of sweets." A captain at the front with the British army reports that the canteen has "five times the demand for sweets that was expected, and a fifth the demand for beer." The Australians encamped in Egypt have eaten all the chocolate to be had in Cairo.

Scientists contend the sugar has much food value and is a good substitute for alcohol. Chocolate, for example, is harmlessly stimulating. Soldiers have discovered what scientists knew before, that sugar will relieve fatigue quickly and give a sense of strength that is real without the subsequent depression experienced by those who use spirits. Sugar and candies are found to be useful not only to the physically tired, but to those who suffer mental exhaustion.—Westminster Gazette.

Was Making Signs.

While Jane, the new maid, was taking her first lesson in arranging the dining table, someone in the basement kitchen put something upon the dumb-waiter below. "What's that noise?" asked Jane quickly.

"Why, that's the dumbwaiter," responded the mistress.

"Well," said Jane, "he's ascratchin' to get out."—Collier's.

The One Exception.

"Everyone seems to be here for his health," remarked the new arrival at the summer resort.

"Yes, everyone but the hotel proprietor," replied the guest who had been there three days.—Judge.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU (Try Moring Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids. No Stinging, No Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by Mail Free. Moring Eye Remedy Co., Chicago)

Common Fate. Wilkins—I have to dig to live. Bilkins—Every man does! Down in his jeans!

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

Minnesota averages 35 bushels of corn per acre.

Friend in Need.

Four-year-old Donald was out on the lawn, wrestling with a somewhat older boy, and getting decidedly the worst of it. His quick wit thought out a way to avoid defeat, so he called out: "Mamma, did you call me?" Not receiving any reply, and being on the verge of defeat, Donald yelled desperately: "Call me in, mamma; call me in quick!"—National Food Magazine.

On a Ladder. Hampton—How did you get the paint on your coat? Rhodes—From the men higher up.

Taking No Chances.

"So you're leaving to get married, Mary?" "Yes, mum." "And how long have you known the young man?" "Three weeks, mum." "Isn't that a rather short time? Don't you think you ought to wait until you know him better?" "No, mum. I've tried that several times, and every time the man changed his mind when he got to know me better."

It's a wise man who can appear stupid at times—but some men carry it to excess.

The Effects of Opiates.

THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics.

Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

No War This Time.

Critical Husband—This beef isn't fit to eat. Wife—Well, I told the butcher that if it wasn't good I would send you around to his shop to give him a thrashing; and I hope you'll take someone with you, for he looked pretty fierce, and I didn't like the way he handled his big knife.

Husband—Humph! Oh, well, I must say I've seen worse meat than this.

One Danger.

Optimist—The world owes me a living. Pessimist—Look out that it doesn't declare a moratorium.—Judge.

The Floor Did.

Jimmy, five years old, had discovered that he could do a few turns on the swinging rings in the gymnasium of the Boys' club, following the athletic example of his older brother. But, as all joy must end, so ended the happiness of the young swinger. His hold slipped and he landed on the floor. His brother rendered first aid.

"Did the rings hit you?" he asked. "No," Jimmy replied between sobs, "but the floor did."

Train up a child in the way he should go and it's doughnuts to fudge he'll take a flyer in the opposite direction.

It's a Picnic Getting Ready for a Picnic

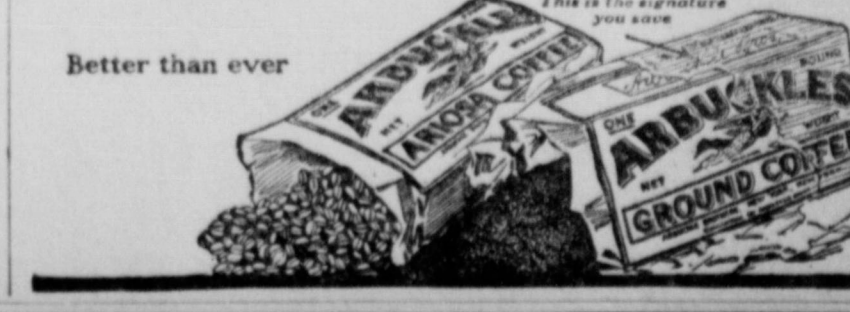
If you choose Spanish Olives Pickles Sweet Relish Ham Loaf Veal Loaf Chicken Loaf Fruit Preserves Jellies Apple Butter Luncheon Meats Pork and Beans

Libby's Ready to Serve Food Products. Insist on Libby's at your grocer's. Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago



Serve it—especially when you want everything nice

There are many varieties of coffee and just as many varieties of flavor. Very few people are able to tell these varieties apart merely from appearance. There is a way, however, for you to be sure of the coffee you buy. Over a million other women get good coffee every time they make it, by using Arbuckles' Coffee. With Arbuckles', you too can get the sparkling color and fine, full flavor that make this the coffee over a million women delight in serving, especially when they want everything particularly nice. Get a package of Arbuckles'—either whole bean or ground—and know why more of it is used than any other packaged coffee. Make your coffee even lovelier gifts. Have the signature on every Arbuckle wrapper. Get beautiful, useful gifts—articles you have always wanted. Arbuckles' premiums are almost as famous as Arbuckles' Coffee. In one year we gave away over a million of our premiums alone! Send for our big Premium Catalog showing 150 of our most popular premiums. Write today to Arbuckle Bros., 114 Water Street, N. Y.



Better than ever

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv. Minnesota averages 35 bushels of corn per acre.

BIllious, Constip. Work. at each epoch... Tense is entirely... ever... day if you... of the mind... much about... 6,000 acres... California... hough to reme... mothers who... rt it was... d the rich Mr... es money... rson... mpire has revie... n't touch a p... led... His Belief... ch a superstitio... at? ... trying all... that 1915 is as... manipulated... addition, subtr... division and... und that seems... that when he... and subtracted... 5 left 1899... the year he... es... on... early... rolled... ed to... gar... d the... good... d by... sh of... crisp... n the... ishing... and... es... re

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

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.

U. C. V. Reunion.

Joined by the Executive Committee named by the Amarillo City Board of Development, the Panhandle Associational Regiment, officers and members of W. B. Plemons Camp No. 1451, United Confederate Veterans, Amarillo, Texas, extend to each and every Confederate Veteran, his wife, sons and daughters, to

the widows of Confederate Veterans, their sons and daughters, of the Panhandle and Plains of Texas, a most cordial and pressing invitation to be present and participate in the good things prepared for the Annual Reunion in this city August 25th, 26th and 27th.

In the Providence of the Father of us all, this may be the last



Over Fifty Per Cent Saved

The lumber industry in the South represents many millions of dollars in the business of the States in which the lumber plants are situated.

Materials which were formerly regarded as waste are utilized for making many things of importance to the people of this country.

Paper, boxes, shingles, staves and other articles have been added to the products of the mill which formerly produced only planks, etc.

In the organization of this vast industry every available means for reducing waste has been studied with great care. It is natural to find that the largest lumber plants in these States with the most complete organization are using

TEXACO PRODUCTS

for their work. One lumber company of great importance found that it had effected a saving of over 50 per cent, in the lubricating oil consumed, by the use of Texaco Products.

Texaco Quality and Service have demonstrated their value to the manufacturers of lumber wherever they have been installed.

Texaco Products have justified the policy and work of the company by their success.

Texaco quality will do the same for you. Buy it. Use the "Made in Texas" Red-Star-Green-T oils manufactured by

The Texas Company
General Offices, Houston, Texas



OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Clarence Ousley
On Warehousing and Marketing



The past decade in Texas may be properly termed by the historian as a period of agricultural poets. Story tellers have prospered by relating their hair-breadth escapes from wealth while on the farm, and the city people have held many conventions urging each other to go back to the soil.

In reading the volumes of agricultural romance, written during this period, the farmer was almost forced to the conclusion that horse sense and book sense seldom occupy the same mind at the same time. Literary jewels adorned the abnormal and fool's gold was heralded as a new and marvelous discovery, but a brilliant exception to this rule is the writings and discussions of Col. Clarence Ousley. His presentation of the cotton marketing problem to the Texas Legislature is a masterful treatment of the subject. The address was ordered published by the Legislature for free distribution and should be in the hands of every farmer.

Col. Ousley understands and is in harmony with the principles of the Farmers' Union, and the A. & M. College is fortunate in having the association of so skilled and practical an economist, who is capable of seeing to the bottom of our agricultural problems, and if that institution wants to render more efficient service to agriculture it should have on its faculty more men like Clarence Ousley. We quote the following paragraphs from his address:

"Our whole purpose is to contribute what we can to the establishment of a system of warehousing and marketing which will relieve the cotton crop especially, and all other agricultural products from the waste and graft which now scandalize our methods of doing business and deprive the farmer of a large share of the rewards of his toil. It is my deliberate opinion that you are assembled for the most important legislative purpose that has ever arisen in the history of the State from an economic standpoint. It is easily demonstrable that the cotton crop of the South, under the present methods of marketing, suffers an annual loss of from \$10 to \$25 a bale. It is a maxim of statesmanship that the State abhors waste. Wherefore the States make provision by penal acts and otherwise to prevent the loss of property by fire and flood. If at this moment a fire alarm should sound and we should discover that some man's barn near the Capitol was on fire, we would empty the building in our haste to extinguish the fire and save the property, and yet by our inaction, we are permitting a waste to our cotton crop, which annually represents in the State of Texas alone, more than the taxable value of all of Travis county. If the State abhors waste and is warranted in legislation to prevent loss by fire and flood, it is all the more warranted in measures of legislation to prevent loss and waste of substance to the producers of the wealth of Texas and to those who furnish us with all we eat and wear."

Reunion of the Panhandle Associational Regiment of United Confederate Veterans ever to be attended by some of us. In view of this fact, we, the officers and members of the Associational Regiment of W. B. Plemons Camp, of the daughters and sons organizations and of the Executive Committee named by the city officials of Amarillo, have determined to make this the most enjoyable Reunion ever held in Texas.

Nothing has been overlooked in providing for the comfort of the Veterans, their wives, widows, sons and daughters. Entertainment will be offered for every minute of the three days. Amarillo insists upon furnishing all meals free of charge, of entertaining you in her homes, of showing you her places of interest, of furnishing you an opportunity of visiting with the greatest degree of comfort those whom you have known and loved since the trying days of the '60's."

Please do not allow any small consideration to keep you away. We want you, and assure each of you that we will delight in your presence. This will be your meeting come and enjoy it.

Without regard to other Reunions, come expecting the greatest time within the history of the Association. Bring the wife, assist the widow of your comrades, and sons and daughters to be here, and be sure to be present yourself.

Come and let us sing the old songs again! Come and let us retell the stories of those other days! Come and let us join hands again on this side of Eternity! Come and let us enjoy the honors designed for us by our sons, daughters and friends in Amarillo, Texas, August 25th, 26th and 27th.

Signed:
Will A. Miller, Commander
For Associational Regiment.
W. M. Warren, Captain
For W. B. Plemons Camp.
Mrs. F. C. Fox, President
For the Daughters.
S. P. Huff
For the Sons.
J. L. Pope
For the Executive Committee.

Posted.

Please take notice.
No hunting allowed on my place east of McLean. This means YOU. Please keep out.
W. T. Wilson.

Have Faith In The Boy

Have faith in the boy, not believing

That he is the worst of his kind,

In league with the army of Satan

And only to evil inclined;

But daily to guide and control him,

Our wisdom and patience employ,

And daily, despite disappointment

And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Have faith to believe that some moment

In life's strangely checkered career,

Convicted, subdued and repentant

The prodigal son will appear;

The gold in his nature rejecting

The dark and deluding alloy,

Illumine your spirit with gladness

Because you had faith in the boy.

Ah! Many a boy has been driven

Away from home by the thought

That no one believed in his goodness,

So, if you would help him to conquer

The foes who are prone to annoy,

Encourage him often with kindness,

And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in his good resolutions,

Believe that at last he'll prevail,

Tho now he's forgetful and heedless,

Tho day after day he may fail.

Your doubts and suspicious misgivings,

His hope and his courage destroy;

So, if you'd secure a brave manhood,

'Tis well to have faith in the boy.

—EX.

THE O'DELL HOTEL

Denson & Brown, Props.

Cafe, Meat Market and
Ice House in connection

EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS

\$25.00 REWARD

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

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

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

RESTAURANT

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

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

HOTEL HINDMAN

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



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

TERRY W. HUDGINS

Expert Watch Repairing

Best Engraver in Oklahoma

ERICK OKLAHOMA

Send me your work by Parcel Post

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between G. H. Wise and J. W. Beall, of McLean, County of Gray and State of Texas, under the firm name of Wise & Beall, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1915.

All debts owing to said partnership, except such notes and accounts as are scheduled in the agreement of dissolution this day executed by said partners, are to be received by the said J. W. Beall, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.
McLean, Texas, July 5th, 1915.
J. W. BEALL,
G. H. WISE.

Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services.

Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 1st and 5th Sundays morning and night; Groom 4th Sunday, morning and night; Alamed 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Eldredge 2nd Sunday, 2:30 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 Leaders, president. Ladies Aid meets on Tuesdays at 7 a. m. Mrs. Myrtle Hamilton, president. Church conference on Saturday before the second Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. R. F. Hamilton, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

Shamrock, 1st Sunday and Sunday night; Groom, 2nd Sunday and Sunday night; McLean, 3rd and 4th Sunday and Sunday night; Grassy School House 5th Sunday and Sunday night. Come and invite your friends. Sunday school at McLean at 10:30 o'clock each Sunday. V. H. ROLLINS, Pastor.

ATEXAS WONDER



THE TEXAS WONDER cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidney 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 cure. Send for testimonials from this and other States. Dr. E. W. Beall, 208 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Ad.

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