

The McLean News

TWELFTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1916

NO. 55

Mr. Farmer and Ranchman

We are over-stocked on can goods
And can make you an

Extra Good Price

On anything in this line, including

Tomatoes, Corn, Beans, Peas, Kraut, Hominy, Etc.

Spuds are advancing in price every day. We have a big supply at the same old price

Haynes Grocery Company

Let us quote you "quantity Prices"

From Over The Panhandle

In a recent test the new water well of the Floydada municipality showed a capacity of fifty thousand gallons in eight hours.

Four indictments for assault with attempt to murder in Floyd county resulted from the shooting of A. Zeigler, a St. Louis man, by J. F. Connor of Floyd county.

A. C. Morgan, a prominent lumber man of Groom, died at a sanitarium at Fort Worth recently.

Mrs. Robert Shelton of Panhandle died in a sanitarium at Amarillo a few days ago, following a surgical operation.

Memphis ranks first among the towns along the Fort Worth and Denver roae in point of bank deposits.

A thief recently attempted to steal the auto of Mrs. H. L. Callahan at Conway, but evidently became frightened and abandoned it a short way from the garage.

The jury in the case of W. C. Sears on trial at Plainview for the killing of Sheriff Long of Brisco County, was dismissed without having reached a decision.

On 11 of March the people of Plainview will decide by ballot on the issuance of fifty thousand dollars bonds for a new school building.

According to recent report Hall county leads the Panhandle in cotton production.

Baptist ministers from over the Panhandle held a two days meeting in Amarillo Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Vernon is soon to have a Carnegie library.

Car of Cake and Meal.

A car of Texas Prime cake and meal will be here the first of the week. This is the best. \$36.00 per ton at the car.

A. T. Russell.

Care of Fruit Trees In North West Texas

Shall we make fruit interests of West Texas a success or a failure?

There is nothing more disappointing than to see how some are neglecting their orchards. It reminds us of a balky team pulling a heavy load nearly to the top of a hill, then slacking up and letting the wagon roll back into a ditch where they never can start it again.

Many orchards over the country have been cared for almost until in bearing; then the owners neglect them and turn them over to the weeds, insects disease and rabbits.

Nothing can be achieved without an effort, and in the case of fruit growing constant vigilance means success. We find that the people of the Plains need a great deal of instruction as to how to start an orchard and how to take care of it.

The system which some people follow, which is sure to end in failure, is about like this:

They buy trees where they can get them cheapest, regardless of whether they are varieties adapted to the climate, whether they are shaped up to suit the climate or whether they are healthy or not. Then they plant their trees without thoroughly preparing the soil.

They prune them high which causes them to become top heavy, get leaned to the north-east, which exposes the body of the tree to the hot sun. The body of the tree becomes sun blistered, the borer fly inserts its eggs in the body of the tree, the moisture that oozes out of the cracks keeps the eggs alive till they hatch. When the worm hatches it works its way

into the body of the tree generally working down till it gets on a level with the soil. The tree is finally weakened so that the result is failure. The borer will not get into a healthy tree where the bark is smooth and sound, as the borer worm works about the same as the 'screw worm fly does on stock; it has a wounded place to insert its eggs.

The next hardship that the tree is subjected to is the want of cultivation, many times being neglected until June or July. When the weeds are about full grown and gone to seed the owner decides it about time that he was doing something for his orchard. He concludes that about the only thing he can do is to take two horses and a turning plow and turn them under. The ground by this time has generally become hard by dry weather and being sapped with weeds. He has to plow from six to eight inches deep, breaking the ground up in clods from the size of an egg to a man's head. This breaks up the roots of the trees at a time when the trees can least overcome the injury incident to cultivation.

It also lets the sun and air in to the soil, so it dries out deeper than if it had not been plowed at all. We should never break an orchard over four or five inches deep close to the tree after it is as much as two or three years old. This should be done in the dormant season, so that if any roots are broken they can callous in the winter and start new roots in the spring. If we should neglect the orchard until the weeds have gotten large and the ground has become dry we should never plow it with anything that opens up the soil or tear up the roots, but rather take some kind of disc harrow and pulverize the weeds and the top of the soil, so as to have a mulch on the top of the ground which will retain the moisture.

Another damage that a great many trees are subject to is the depredation of cattle and rabbits. If any trees have the hardihood to resist all this they finish them up by sowing rye or wheat among them in winter and sap the trees of moisture and plant food they should have in the spring.

When we consider a few cents in the price of a good tree that has the possibility of being a success in the end, or a doubtful tree, which has the probability of being a failure after taking care of it long enough to come into bearing, the consideration is very small compared with the value of what a good tree is worth and the disappointment of a worthless tree.

Pruning The Trees.

Wrong system of pruning is the cause of the destruction of many good trees. We have more sun shine and hard winds here than most any where else, and we must learn to prune our trees to suit the climate. This must first be done by getting the trees that have been shaped up in the nursery row. We would recommend preferable, good two or three year old trees which have not been pruned more than from 12 to 16 inches in the nursery.



The Charm of Youth

with all its dainty appeal may long be retained if extreme care is used in the selection of your Toilet Requisites.

We carry only the best makes of Soaps, Creams, Face Lotions, ETC., and shall be glad to supply your needs.

Erwin Drug Company



The accompanying illustration shows the method for pruning roots so as to make a cut that will be turned down when the trees are set.

We do not advise root pruning with the view of shortening the roots, but just to cut the roots back to where they are sound and sappy, so they will callous and start new roots as if they had never been dug up. Then set in holes slightly inclining them to the southwest, with the lowest and best limbs turned to the southwest. The tree may be set a little deeper in the orchard than it stood in the nursery. Great care should be taken

in shaping the frame for the top of the tree, so as to grow a tree that will keep balanced against the hard south west wind and shade itself. The sun should never shine on the body of a fruit tree, and the shade should always be around the roots, in order that the soil might keep moist and cool in hot dry weather.

This can be done by first pruning the northeast side of the tree anywhere from six to eight inches higher than the south and west. Have your best and lowest limbs on the southwest, about 12 or 14 inches above the ground, your second limb about two or three inches higher on the northeast, your fourth limb two or three inches higher on the northwest, your fifth limb two or three inches back to the northwest, your sixth limb two or three inches higher back to the southwest, your seventh limb two or three inches higher back to the south. Then cut the body above the seventh limb cutting from the north back to the south, having all limbs cut back to stubs anywhere from three to five inches long. Cut from the north to the south side when there is a bud on the south. The bud at the top of the limb will continue the growth and being on the south side, will naturally be inclined that way and resist the force of the wind better.

(Continued on back page)



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THE BROKEN COIN

A Story of Mystery and Adventure

By EMERSON HOUGH
From the Scenario by GRACE CUNARD

SYNOPSIS.

Kitty Gray, newspaper woman, finds in a curio shop half of a broken coin, the mutilated inscription on which arouses her curiosity and leads her, at the order of her managing editor, to go to the principality of Gretzhoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription. She is followed, and on arrival in Gretzhoffen her adventures while chasing the secret of the broken coin begin.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XI.

The King of Gretzhoffen.
"Your majesty does me honor."
It was with simple dignity that the young American girl spoke these words to the monarch in whose presence she found herself fresh from her late adventures.

"We could not too much honor so charming a representative of your great country, my dear young lady," said Michael.

"Do not misunderstand me, your majesty," resumed the young woman. "It is more than possible I have been brought before you under false pretenses. I am not a person of rank, am indeed but a prisoner taken yonder by outlaws. But for the wit of my servant I think I might have been held for a ransom."

"It were large ransom would be fit for such hostage as yourself, mademoiselle. Whatever it was it would have been paid, had we but known!"

"I thank you, sire. Perhaps there will be no future need. In sooth, from the way the bandit chieftain looked on another of our party, I would rather think he would prefer him to myself as hostage."

"Whom do you mean?"

"The Count Frederick, sire."

"Again the Count Frederick! He seems always to come into my affairs." The annoyance in the king's face was unmistakable.

"He has been much concerned in my own."

"How, mademoiselle?"

"I must explain. Sire, I came to your country only in my professional capacity—I had no more urgent errand than to find the half of a certain missing coin. The other half had come into my possession by chance. It was my fancy—"

"What a broken coin? You interest me. Mademoiselle, I felt from the first moment that eventually we would find some common ground of interest. A coin—a broken coin—I know of some such thing myself. There are current stories about it. See, I have it, for my good friend Frederick seems for some strange reason to have a fancy for it himself. Would you like, then, to see it?"

Kitty's eyes flashed in eagerness.

"Above all things, sire! It would complete my happiness to see it."

"Then you shall, assuredly."

He bowed in somewhat adrope gallantry as she extended her hand toward the pudgy palm in which lay the object which for her held such interest. In a glance she saw the identity of the missing half. The remaining words of the inscription—the—were there, she was sure. "Torture chamber—treasures of the king." It was plain to her. These two pieces of metal joined would represent a story worth the having.

"Do you not desire it, mademoiselle? The voice of the monarch carried a certain approach.

"Desire it, your majesty! I should desire nothing so much in all the world. With both halves in my hand—sire, I should feel that the world was mine."

"Why not gratify that wish then, mademoiselle? Listen, Count Frederick desired this very trinket—for a lady, he said. Here is a lady who desires it for herself. Why should we not give it her—why should we not have right as good as his?"

"You cannot mean it for me?"

"But yes, precisely! And listen, my dear young lady. There is something about this broken coin which begins to annoy me. Count Frederick is always referring to it for one reason or another—he has some motive which I cannot divine. Now, of late I have had abundant troubles, many persons who importune me. In these serious times, the people being so discontented, we have matters of more importance than to trifle with this trinket, as I say. You desire it. It bores me. Who better than yourself should own it if you like?"

Kitty stood looking at him, scarce believing what he said. King Michael went on:

"Two things interest me today, my dear lady. First, how to quiet my people; the second, to discover some fashion which shall keep you here in our own country, interested and useful. I am convinced of your own wisdom, your own justice—your own experience in your land as to law and liberty and justice. Sometimes out of the mouth of a woman—a lady of rank, of experience—one might learn the better how to carry on the duties of a state."

"And the duties of a state would

dispose your majesty wholly to the good of his people?"

"Precisely. It is as I would have said it, mademoiselle. You Americans are extraordinary."

Kitty took from his hand the broken bit of metal and regarded it thoughtfully.

"I thank you more than I can tell, your majesty," said she, soberly. "It shall be my mission to find out for your people the uncompleted message of this coin."

A silver bell sounded afar in the hall, announcing the approach of a servant. An official of the palace entered and stood motionless near the door.

"What then, Andreas?"

"The Count Frederick of Gretzhoffen; the Count Sachio of Grahaffen."

"Let them enter, Andreas."

Both gentlemen bowed deeply as they entered and each kissed the royal hand respectfully. Kitty ignored Count Sachio and bowed but coldly to Count Frederick.

Count Frederick, in whose mind seemed to linger but scant remembrance of any unpleasant scenes in which he had figured, smiled now, and after the American fashion, as he fancied, held out his hand.

Kitty could not refuse it. Quickly she shifted the broken bit of coin from her right hand to her left—quickly, but not so quickly as to escape the keen eyes of the man who faced her now.

"Count Sachio, you are welcome from your kingdom to ours. I believe you have never heard of the young American of distinction who has come among us of late—you have not met?"

Kitty looked calmly at the count and made no reply.

"Pas encore, votre majeste," replied Sachio in the common language used



The Man Listened Respectfully and Took the Missive.

at court with strangers present. "Not yet." His face flushed deeply as he lied.

"Ah, very well, then it is time. At the ball perhaps we shall all be present. Mademoiselle, your invitation shall come from us duly."

Kitty took this to be her dismissal, and with deep thanks and the best curtsy she could muster, bowed herself from the room, after to be escorted by a grave official to her car.

CHAPTER XII.

Before the Ball.

In her hotel, albeit something of a subject of gossip, as she herself could not but know, Kitty felt herself at least safe from any such occurrences as of late had been her lot. Roleau still was missing.

It was the morning of the great black and white ball when Kitty, her gown finally in her own possession, stood before the tall mirror in her rooms to give it its final proving.

The case on her dressing table now held but a few simple rings and brooches, trifling things which had been given her or which from time to time she had purchased for herself.

The only thing of value which lay upon the table was something which she most wished to conceal, and not to display. The broken coin—how could she make sure that it would be safe?

Kitty swiftly conceived a plan which she fancied would afford greater safety for the cherished coin. There was at hand no machinery of ceremony, even had she been familiar with it. "The simplest way is the best," said she to herself, her lips compressed.

She sat at her desk and inclosed the broken coin in a double sheet of paper. Upon one sheet she wrote these few words:

"Your Majesty, the young American woman so honored with this gift asks its safekeeping for a little time."

She added no signature, but on the envelope—the best the Hotel Ritz could furnish her—she wrote a simple address: "For the King, at the Royal Palace, to be delivered at twelve midnight promptly."

In fault of better messenger, Kitty telephoned now to the bureau of telegraphs and asked for a reliable messenger. When presently he came she entrusted this missive to him with express instructions that he should leave it in the hands of some chosen servant of the king who would be sure to deliver it at the hour of midnight of that very day.

The man listened respectfully, took the missive, and started for the door. Passing, he almost ran against a gentleman in the hall, and dropped his envelope as he did so.

"Your pardon," exclaimed the gentleman, raising his hat; and himself picked up the envelope. The messenger did not notice his fingers quickly closing upon it, feeling it here and there as he presented it to the bearer.

Relieved now of this care, and satisfied that her plan would provide for the safety of this prized possession for that night at least—Kitty passed on to other matters.

Of what use, after all, was half this coin, while the Count Frederick still retained the other half—taken from her by force, by violence?

She stood for a time, her fingers at her lips, engaged in thought. "I am going direct to Count Frederick himself and ask him for the other half of the coin. He knows the king has given me his half—perhaps he will relent and let me match the king's half of the Gretzhoffen coin."

With her to think was to act. A half hour later, ready robed for the street, she was in her car and on her way to the palace of Count Frederick.

They knew her at the count's palace now—or thought they knew her—and so no questions were asked when she applied at the door. Pending the coming of the count, who was at home, as she learned, she was shown to a reception room close to the entry door. As she sat here, she heard footsteps approaching, heard voices in conversation. She knew that Count Frederick was there, but not alone.

Kitty listened shamelessly—for now indeed all was fair in war for her in case like this.

She heard Count Frederick address his companion as "My Lord Minister," and again as "Danislaw," so knew that it was none other than the prime minister of Gretzhoffen with whom he was conversing.

"My friend," she heard a hard, incisive voice declare, "this ball tonight is the crowning mistake of the entire year. It may mean the ruin of Gretzhoffen. I tell you, Count Frederick, revolution is in the air. The people are demanding the answer to all their sufferings, to their poverty, their anxieties. That answer, if we do not use every means to change it, surely will be written red!"

"But what plan do you propose, my lord minister? What can I do?"

"One thing. Let me be blunt and brief—have the king sober tonight! I shame to say those words—but those are my words to you. Have our monarch—whom we reverence—sober tonight! If the people see him drunken, if they find him careless, indifferent, in times like this—pouf!—revolution. I tell you, and the answer written with the pen of blood."

Count Frederick apparently paused at this. There was a hint of something suppressed in his voice when at length he did reply.

"My lord minister, I'll see the king!"

Kitty thought that now they clasped hands. She heard the prime minister departing, each giving the other formal words of courtesy.

Now she heard Frederick calling to his servants.

"Rubinoff, Franko—any of you rascals—well, you, Rubinoff. Go at once to the apartments of the Count Sachio and ask him if he will join me at once."

Kitty, still trembling in suppressed excitement, waited yet longer before declaring herself. She heard Frederick pacing up and down in the room, muttering to himself—heard also after an interminable interval the footsteps of another in the hall—heard Frederick greet him.

"Ah, Sachio, you are welcome indeed. We have news for you, my friend—news that may go well with our plans."

"Command me, my dear Frederick."

"I ask you, my dear Sachio, to do an easy, pleasant and interesting task. It is no more than to go this afternoon, to win in some fashion into the presence of King Michael the Second, our beloved monarch—whom we both reverence!—and then and there, by what means shall seem most expedient, to induce him to drink more wine than ever he did in one day in his life."

Count Sachio laughed loud and long.

"For what purpose, my good Frederick?" he inquired at length.

"For a plain and definite purpose! Listen. As you know, I have had my eyes on the throne of Gretzhoffen since the death of the old king. That throne is rightfully mine, and will be mine. This land is full of discontent—like your own, yonder. The people complain. They are on the very verge of revolution at this moment. This great ball tonight—the thought of its expense has enraged our people. Now, if tonight they see our beloved monarch—whom we both reverence—in his usual or more than his usual state of intoxication—then there's the match to the powder mill. The revolution is begun. The explosion is made. It will be too late, then. Their wrath against the weak Michael—disparaging, wasting their substance for them—will be unappeasable. For the rest



At the Black and White Ball

—I have made my plans. My own regiments will be faithful. The regiments of the king are none too faithful. The banditti of the desert are with us. Tomorrow there will be a new king in Gretzhoffen, and that king will be—Frederick the First."

Kitty slipped from the room. The hall was empty. An instant later she was out of the great entry and passing to her car.

At her hotel once more she hurried to her room. Here was somewhat to be done. She knew the plot now—all was plain as to the intentions of Frederick in regard to the kingdom of Gretzhoffen and to the monarch who held the throne.

"Your majesty," she wrote in her rolling hand now, "the young American so much honored by your gift—which is returned to your care at midnight tonight—has by chance learned of a plot to injure your majesty and to injure the kingdom of Gretzhoffen as well. Trust her to explain when opportunity shall come. Meantime have the word of one who is solicitous for your safety. Drink no wine. Beware."

Once more she telephoned to the bureau of telegraphs, called for a messenger, and sent her simple missive to the king.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Prisoner.

Having dispatched her messages, Kitty Gray sat alone once more in her room. There came to her mind once more the reflection that now she had not even one portion of the broken coin. As to that which had gone to the king, she felt fairly sure that she might regain it. As to that which had been taken from her by force by Count Frederick, she was far as ever from its possession.

"The simplest way is the best," said she once more. "I'll go back there again."

"I was not so fortunate as to find monsieur the count at home before," she explained to the attendants who met her at the door.

"Monsieur the count has gone out but now."

A sudden resolution came to Kitty's mind even as a sudden flush came to her cheek.

"So? Then I will wait his coming. If you please, the apartments of monsieur the count."

The man left her, and she closed the door. An instant later she was at work turning over the articles on the dresser, peering here and there, looking this way and that—and unsuccessfully.

But meantime the attendant who had left her, anxious to be of service to his master, sent out posthaste to summon Count Frederick to his return. He met the count himself, and yet another attendant, upon the point of entering the palace. The newcomer was talking to the count excitedly.

"Excellency, I tell you the woman is outwitting you. She sent her half the coin this very morning—sent it to the king by special messenger. I saw it—I felt it in the envelope, I am sure. There is some plot afoot. And I brought the news as soon as possible, but have searched for you long."

"Come," said Frederick, and he hastened the more when he met the messenger advising him of Kitty's presence in the palace.

Her search still uncompleted, Kitty heard footsteps approaching, and turned desperately like some trapped animal. There was no escape—the narrow window, as she knew, was two stories above the court below. And even as she stepped to the door she met there the smiling, sardonic face of Count Frederick himself.

"The honor is mine, mademoiselle!" said he with icy politeness. "True, I had not expected you."

Shamefaced, confused, for once unable to make any explanation, Kitty could but stand and stare at him. An instant later she heard the click of the lock and the passing of footsteps in the hall once more. She was alone! She was a prisoner!

She sat alone, helpless, unanswered in spite of her pounding on the door, her cries for help, until she was utterly weary—until the shades of night came.

She looked at her watch. The hour was approaching eleven. The great black and white ball was now in progress at the winter palace across the city.

She went to the window and looked out into the night. All the court was dark—save one window directly below her on the opposite side, fifteen feet below, ten feet across the narrow courtyard. Even as she looked down

at it she saw a face thrust out—a face upturned towards her.

"Roleau!" she exclaimed. "Can it be possible? Roleau, help me!" Kitty extended her arms appealingly. "I am a prisoner here—they have locked me in—there is no way out. Help me!"

Roleau's own presence in the palace she did not at the moment undertake to explain. As a matter of fact, he had but that day come in from the camp of the banditti, where he had been detained.

"Wait," he cried. "I will show you."

An iron grating, with the stairs of a fire escape, led down directly in front of Roleau's window. He came out upon this, braced his legs across, and back under the rail, and held out his mighty arms.

"Jump," he cried. "It is safe."

An instant later she was on the iron grating and into the window, and Roleau, gaunt, unshaven, smiling, her friend and rescuer, had led her to the door.

"Come," he said, and without pausing for any discussion, he hurried out, she following.

"It is late, Roleau," whispered Kitty back to him. "It is eleven o'clock. The king goes to the great ball at midnight. Hurry, I must be there. Quick!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The Ballroom.

In his own apartments that evening Michael the king had passed the time in somewhat preoccupied fashion. Left alone, and hence unhappy in his counsels, he welcomed the announcement of the chamberlain who advised him of the presence of the Count Sachio of Grahaffen, who wished to pay his compliments to the king.

"Come then, my dear count," said Michael to him. "You are very welcome at this hour. You will have a glass of Lucoyen which is quite worth while."

"With all my heart," said Count Sachio.

The attendant removed the cork from the bottle reverently, poured slowly, gently, the amber fluid into the tall glasses upon the table. It was at that moment that King Michael beheld him of a certain message handed to him but left until now unopened. He frowned as he looked at the word, irreverent when addressed to royalty, and urging haste. "Important! Is it so? What shall I do, my dear count? Throw it away?"

Count Sachio cast a glance upon the inscription.

"Your majesty," said he, "it is in the hand of a lady. By no means throw away any letter a woman writes to you—and by no means write one yourself. Am I not good counsel?"

Smiling, King Michael broke open the small hotel seal, frowning as he did so at what seemed to him undue familiarity on the part of someone, he knew not who. But as his eyes ran over the few lines of the message his expression suddenly changed. The words remained deeply written on his mind. "Your majesty . . . young American . . . drink no wine."

Count Sachio looked on respectfully, his glass arrested, naturally venturing no comment. King Michael made no effort to turn the conversation. He left his wine untasted!

"Indeed, our people also are growing in audacity," went on Count Sachio presently. "But I pledge your majesty a long and happy reign." He raised his glass and waited.

"Drink heartily, good Count Sachio," said King Michael. "As for myself, I have dined but lately, as I said. The doctors say dreadful things to me. You excuse me?"

He had poured but a small portion in his own glass, and raised his hand against more.

Sachio was obliged to admit to Count Frederick, whom now he early sought, that he doubted the full success of his errand.

"Leave him then to me," exclaimed Frederick—"he never fails to do as I ask. Make ready for the ball—time presses now. I myself will hasten to see the king before he leaves for the winter palace."

Frederick, making urgent excuses now to enter the apartments of the king after his arrival, found the monarch in the same apartment, stolidly regarding the now empty bottle of wine.

A certain idea came to the brain of Michael, the king, as he now acknowledged the visit of Count Frederick at so late an hour. If this message had warned him not to drink wine—then there must be someone in

the world who wished him to drink wine. Why? Who was that person? Might it not be this man here—Count Frederick—the man whom really he feared? If so, would not feigned intoxication serve well to discover the other's nature?

Reasoning thus, King Michael with small exertion of histrionic art managed to give an excellent imitation to his friend of a monarch far gone in wine. Frederick, pleading fatigue and thirst, pled him farther, and Michael apparently yielded, using still such arts as served him for the time being.

When, not too long before the appointed hour of midnight, Frederick left the palace, he left behind him as he was assured, a monarch hopelessly fuddled.

So the lights flamed on at all the windows of the Winter palace.

Suddenly the music broke, crashed and swept into the national air. A murmur went about! The king! The dancers hastened back to the sides of the room. All eyes turned toward the great entrance.

Under the festooned flags, escorted by his uniformed officers, himself wearing all his decorations and garbed as a king should be, there appeared King Michael of Gretzhoffen.

The hour of midnight struck. The eyes of more than one man on the great dancing floor—including those of Count Frederick of Gretzhoffen—looked at the king amazed. Here was no staggering monarch, maudlin in his cups, come to make a spectacle of himself before his people. No, he walked straight as any. And behind him from the street there came not shouts of derision, but something of welcome, of confidence—a pitiful expression of a people willing yet longer to endure a king.

At the king's side, her hand on his arm, there walked the figure of a tall and beautiful woman, arrayed—as were all those others present—in a costume of black and white—a tall young woman whom not many of those present recognized. A few passed the word, "The American!"

The music of the royal anthem ceased. An instant and the orchestra broke out once more in the sensuous strains of a southern waltz. King Michael as yet did not dance, but he gave word that the ball should proceed. A uniformed officer of the court now approached Count Frederick as he stood not far removed from the royal presence.

"Monsieur the count," said he deferentially, "I have had for some hours in my possession this package which I have not opened. It is marked to be presented to his majesty at midnight here. Do you think it should be delivered?"

Even as they spoke the king himself, accompanied, in accordance with his request, by the young woman who

had entered with him, approached Count Frederick. He raised a hand to beckon to the official.

"Your majesty," whispered Kitty Gray, "that is the package which I myself sent you this morning—take it quickly—I marked it for you at midnight."

"Shall I open it for your majesty?" Count Frederick bent forward politely.

"No," said Michael. "I know the one who sent it. Let herself open it now!"

Kitty broke the simple seal upon the plain envelope in which she had enclosed the coin that morning. She smiled at Michael radiantly now, and at Count Frederick, though not radiantly.

The dance swept on, the crash of reed and brass filling the arched dome of the great salon. In through the great doors came the cries of those not splendidly garbed, those who stood without the palace—"Long live the king!"

But the king stood curiously regarding the change in expression which he saw on the face of the young American.

"Well, then, mademoiselle," said he



She Heard Frederick Calling to His Servants.

had entered with him, approached Count Frederick. He raised a hand to beckon to the official.

"Your majesty," whispered Kitty Gray, "that is the package which I myself sent you this morning—take it quickly—I marked it for you at midnight."

"Shall I open it for your majesty?" Count Frederick bent forward politely.

"No," said Michael. "I know the one who sent it. Let herself open it now!"

Kitty broke the simple seal upon the plain envelope in which she had enclosed the coin that morning. She smiled at Michael radiantly now, and at Count Frederick, though not radiantly.

The dance swept on, the crash of reed and brass filling the arched dome of the great salon. In through the great doors came the cries of those not splendidly garbed, those who stood without the palace—"Long live the king!"

But the king stood curiously regarding the change in expression which he saw on the face of the young American.

"Well, then, mademoiselle," said he

Kitty Gray, a curio she mutilated it her curiosity of her man's story suggested followed at her advent of the broken coin.

FOUR

In full view now had gathered to the envelope same packet sent to delivery a She did succubance, success nor did the packer expect other Yet, even in her bar conviction It had a seem quite self had a telly, she compressed Yes, the Entrusted could find guarded, moment her hands disappear hand had The bl came to be mistal "What is made the now?" Kitty's the next the cour she read equal to trace of was sur hand her mysterio "What manded fully ad nature o intended you wer us?" Kitty question it would as poss who kne ing coin "Your upon his have m "It was favor I to show own cou done su haps so has been small it will for days of try agi tune." Mich to anyl to his s ture w "Ver "as you a ce rned, a sign who st "Wit fered i young knew, nothing all. And as tan gh As t of the dark fi That fke, t his m enough An l ordina was e not es Cou about away ure o dance fo who t not d pleas Con door his m son l there delay comm bare

The Broken Coin

A Story of Mystery and Adventure By EMERSON HOUGH
From the Scenario by Grace Cunard

(Copyright, 1915, by Wright A. Patterson)

SYNOPSIS.

Kitty Gray, newspaper woman, finds in a curio shop half of a broken coin, the mutilated inscription on which arouses her curiosity and leads her, at the order of her managing editor, to go to the principality of Gretzshoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription. She is followed, and on arrival in Gretzshoffen her adventures while chasing the secret of the broken coin begin.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XVII.

If Your Majesty Please.

In full view of the spectators, who now had left the dancing floor and gathered in groups at a respectful distance from royalty, Kitty received the envelope from the messenger—the same packet which she had herself sent to the palace that morning for delivery at midnight.

She did this with a fine air of insouciance, for she felt quite sure that success now had met all her plans; nor did the outward appearance of the packet afford any reason to suspect otherwise.

Yet, even as she took the envelope in her hand, there came to her a sharp conviction that something was wrong. It had a strange lightness—it did not seem quite the same as when she herself had sealed it that morning. Hastily, she opened the envelope, her lips compressed. It was empty!

Yes, the mysterious coin was gone. Entrusted to the safest messenger she could find; sent to the king himself; guarded, as was to be supposed, every moment of the time since it had left her hands—none the less, the coin had disappeared as though some specter hand had abstracted it.

The blank book of surprise which came to her face was something not to be mistaken. King Michael frowned. "What is this, mademoiselle—are we made the subject of some sport? How now?"

Kitty stood regarding first one, then the next of the faces about her. On the countenance of Count Frederick she read only chagrin and surprise equal to her own. There was no trace of guilty knowledge there—she was sure of that. Then another hand had come into the game! Some other mind—also was interested in the mysterious coin of Gretzshoffen.

"What then, mademoiselle?" demanded Michael, himself not yet so fully advised as others regarding the nature of this packet which had been intended for him. "What was it that you were so good as to intend sending us?"

Kitty dared not answer this direct question. She concluded quickly that it would be far safer to add as little as possible to the number of those who knew the full story of the traveling coin.

"Your majesty," said she, turning upon him so dazzling a smile as would have made any man forget all else. "It was nothing! It was but a small favor I would have sent your majesty, to show the acknowledgment of my own country, since your majesty has done such honor to me tonight. Perhaps someone in my humble menage has been unfaithful—if so, it was but small loss after all. If your majesty will forget it and give me a few added days of grace, I will explain—I will try again, I hope with greater fortune."

Michael was ready enough to agree to anything which would bring back to his society this dazzling young creature who stood beside him.

"Very well, mademoiselle," said he, "as you like."

A certain relief was felt by all concerned, as now he turned and made a sign to the leader of the orchestra, who stood, baton poised.

"With us, excellenza!" The king offered his arm. The king and the young American, of whose origin he knew, and apparently cared to know, nothing whatever, were the observed of all. Michael at least could dance, and as for Kitty, she was an American girl.

As they swept on in the evolutions of the dance, Kitty caught sight of the dark face of Count Sachio.

That she had earned this man's dislike, or at least, had deeply hurt his masculine vanity, Kitty was well enough aware.

As for King Michael, he was extraordinarily sober; which, in his case, was equivalent to saying that he was not extraordinarily happy.

Count Frederick evaded the throngs about the king. Unwillingly he turned away his eyes from the beautiful figure of the young American as she danced. He never had seen a woman who thrilled him thus. He himself did not dance. This was no evening of pleasure for him. He had other plans.

Count Frederick started toward the door before a second thought came to his mind. If there should for any reason be miscarriage of his plans—if there should be need for yet greater delay before his final overt act was committed—then he ought to have a sure to retain some footing in the

king's good graces. Because, revolution or no revolution, the throne of Gretzshoffen was not worth having unless his owner had both halves of this missing coin. Frederick cared not to be a penniless king, and only the united coin could give any king of Gretzshoffen actual wealth and actual power.

The murmurs of the people, vague, indefinite, had from time to time been audible at the open door of the grand entrance.

"Why do we starve while they dance?"

They began to edge towards the palace steps, a dark, dense mass. The soldiers were not eager to oppose them with steel. The soldiers were themselves of the people. Moreover, they had had small cause for loyalty to the king and court of Gretzshoffen. They were ill paid and ill governed.

The people lacked leadership. Count Frederick had hinged his own plans of action upon one event—the public disgrace of the king—and that event had not occurred.

He frowned as he stood looking out over the dense mass which filled the streets. Even he began to feel, almost in spite of himself, some sort of a vague pity for these less fortunate ones.

Still over the voice of the strings and reeds rose the low mutterings of the mob, strange to hear, impossible to describe.

King Michael heard this sound. All heard it, this voice of the people, as yet undecided. The king's face paled—terror smote upon his soul. The courage of his usual alcoholic stimulant being tonight denied him, his weak nerves gave way.

He saw Count Frederick, now returning to the salon, from the great entrance door. The latter saw the terror on his monarch's face, and recognized on the instant the opportunity for himself to strengthen his own position in the king's good graces.

"Your majesty," exclaimed the astute nobleman, now advancing and offering his hand, "forgive me! I was in fault today in my conduct toward your majesty. 'Twas but a mad jest of my own. Give me but opportunity to prove my loyalty to your person and our country, and you shall not find me lacking. The people are about us—yes, it is true—there is danger of revolt, of revolution. I shall not attempt to deny that; but give me leave

to handle them, your majesty, and I promise you safety. I promise you to send them away."

"You are indeed my friend, after all, Count Frederick!" exclaimed Michael. "What you counsel seems wise. Use your own discretion, but disperse them—disperse them."

Count Frederick hastened to address the people, who now halted, uncertain as to what move next to make. His own agents had been among the people, and had made known his own plans. Yet here was their master, evidently, for some reason, disinclined to the word for actual outbreak, and now counseling calm consideration, dispersal.

"My good people," began he, as he stood at the head of the great stairway above them—"his majesty thanks you for the honor you have done him in coming out upon this occasion. He himself has found great pleasure in coming here to meet you tonight, although he arose from a sick bed to do so. He wishes you to be calm in these

stirring days. He has planned this great ball in order that you might see the equanimity of his own soul in these events, so difficult alike for a king and his people to endure. Therefore, remain loyal to your king, whom I represent before you. The ballroom soon will be cleared. Let the streets also be cleared. Go to your homes. Wait, and depend on us who have your true welfare at heart."

There surged up to him now the figures of more than one man, some in uniform, from places in the throng, in the street. "What is it—what is wrong—why do we not have the order to march on the palace?" they demanded eagerly.

"All's wrong," whispered the Count to himself, "for some reason, best known to himself, the king is not drunk tonight, but sober. His people are not turned against him—on the contrary, they seem to respect him more than they have done for months—there would be division among them if we started a new revolt now."

"Here, take this gold, my friends," he added, and stripped himself of some considerable sums he had brought with him. "It is all I have. Give it to those who need it most. Take them away from here—let them go to the drinking places. See that these places are filled now, and that the toast shall be 'Long live King Michael!'"

"We may not yet cry 'Long live King Frederick!'"

The nobleman shook his head. "Not yet," said he. "They still shall cry 'Long live King Michael.' That will do for the time at least."

Count Frederick returned through the great entryway and rejoined King Michael where he stood. "Your majesty," said he, "your people are returning to their homes."

"Frederick, my friend, my savior!" The weak king, his features working, grasped the hands of the stronger man. "You tell me they will disperse!"

"Even now they do so, your majesty."

Kitty, by this time somewhat forgotten in the king's vacillating mind, stood looking from one to the other of these two. As she read the situation, it carried something of defeat to her. An instant ago she herself had dominated the scene. Otherwise now; for Count Frederick gave her a somewhat sarcastic smile. It was the time of his triumph and of her discomfiture.

"Mademoiselle is distraught!" said he. "She is not dancing—she will return to her hotel, perhaps? What can one do for mademoiselle?"

Kitty turned toward him calmly. "If I might ask one of you gentlemen to secure my car for me?" Count Frederick smiled and bowed as he turned away.

But Kitty was not so soon to leave the great salon of the palace that night. She passed toward the entrance slowly, caught in the crush and confusion of others who were crowding out in the fiasco of the much-vaunted black and white ball. For the time, she found herself in the shelter of a great column, where she was willing enough to pause. As she halted here she heard voices just behind her—one deep voice, which it seemed to her she had surely heard before.

"It is a pity that the affair did not come off tonight, your excellency," she heard another whisper hoarsely. "We have everything in our own hands now. I have all the plans of the fortifications, the maps of the avenues, the specifications for each street crossing. It would have been entirely simple for the army of Grahoffen to march through this ramshackle city as it liked."

"Yes!" broke in the deep voice which haunted Kitty's memory, "I suppose so; but what would we do if we could not pay our troops the next day? How much better off than Gretzshoffen would then be our own case? No, Frederick is right in his main plan. The throne alone is worth nothing—it is worthless in his kingdom or in our kingdom, or in any other—a poverty-stricken kingship is no business for any man. Why have you not a diagram of the treasure's burial place—with that, now, the matter would be somewhat different tonight."

"Flush!" she heard the other voice whisper. Apparently warned, at least, by their suspicions, they moved away, although Kitty shifted her own position so that her presence was not known.

Was it Count Sachio's voice she had heard—was he, the king's friend, Count Frederick's friend, the worst traitor of all, and was he also plotting for the restoration of the two lost bits of Gretzshoffen coin?

"Which way should she turn now? To Frederick? Impossible. To Michael? Equally impossible."

The two men whose talk she had overheard passed now from behind the pillar toward the interior of the palace. Apparently they were known there and welcome, for surely they were not stopped by any of the king's guards or chamberlains, and Kitty herself, equally well identified, passed readily just behind them.

Kitty needed but one glance at the man she trailed to see it was indeed Count Sachio whose voice she heard. The men passed now to a little room at one side of the main hall, which traversed that portion of the palace. A window and a door, both lightly curtained, opened from the hall within. Kitty, as she drew up, could see them now—Sachio, and one whose identity she did not know.

"Listen now," she heard Count Sachio's voice boom out, since here they felt themselves quite safe from intrusion; "listen, while I tell you what is the real key to all these matters. It is this document, bearing on



Slowly, Deliberately, He Raised His Right Hand Above the Unsuspecting Girl.

the missing treasure of old King Michael. He died rich, but like a miser, he hid his gold. He left a clue, yes—I have told you all of that. That clue was the broken coin.

"That coin was the same as a deed in the old days. All transfers of realty, as you remember, were made on parchment, written in pen, and the parchment always was cut in two pieces on a wavy line. The seller kept half the parchment, the buyer the other half. And always it ran 'This indenture witnesseth' the 'indenture' was the wavy line which divided the parchment; and the parchment was proof of the transaction, so each holder held half the proof.

"Now, this indenture of the broken coin of Gretzshoffen witnessed that Michael the First had transferred to his people his treasure—their treasure—be kept half the deed for himself, or for the man who was to stand for himself. In some way he meant to give the people the other half—that is to say, the other half of the indenture went somewhere, no one to this day can guess where—except myself!"

"These papers of old told of the torture chamber somewhere under the fort. Our maps cover that, but they do not mark the spot of the treasure's hiding. Only the old coin restored, indenture to indenture—the one-half to the other—ever can settle that."

"Now, look here, my friend," Count Sachio held up before him a little object, which caused Kitty to start where she stood.

It was the king's coin! Yes, there was the half coin which she with her own hands had sent for delivery to the king on the dancing floor at midnight that night—and Count Sachio, by means which he only knew, had been the thief! It now was plain to her. Here was one more claimant for the treasure of the dead king of Gretzshoffen.

Count Sachio went on. "This is one-half only of the coin. Alone, it does not serve. I know well enough where lies the other half. Within the next twenty-four hours I will have it—I will have both halves within my own hands. Then, my friend, we shall see what we shall see! Events will happen which will surprise this part of the world, at least."

"Come to me tomorrow at my hunting lodge in the forest, at the edge of the neutral lands. That is the rendezvous of the other half of the coin. I shall seek a messenger to secure it. I know well enough how. Have our men there, for I, Count Sachio, will be prepared to show them all the reading of a riddle which has puzzled both these kingdoms for so long."

Had Kitty regained a moment or so longer she might have seen what the conspirators themselves, anxious as they were, did not see. The face of a strange man peered in at the window of the room which they occupied. He, too, could see now all that Kitty had seen, although he had not been noticed by the latter at the time of her departure.

The grand salon by this time was well cleared, and Kitty made her way rapidly toward the main exit. Suddenly she found herself face to face with a little group made up of the king and notables of his court. They too, for a time had been absent from the grand salon—apparently for a certain purpose. King Michael now did not lack the stimulus of wine. "Our fair young American again!" he exclaimed, as he came. "What, mademoiselle has not even yet departed?"

"It is my fault, your majesty," said Count Frederick. "I promised to secure for her a car, but for the time I lost sight of her. The confusion has been so great that it has been difficult to find service of the usual sort."

An attendant of the palace escorted her to her car—willing enough to conclude the events of the day.

"Tomorrow," said she to herself, as at length she composed herself for a brief slumber—"tomorrow I must be at the hunting lodge of Count Sachio once more!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Another Seeks the Coin. Debarred by his own station in life from participating in any such function as the state ball, the faithful Jean had contented himself as best

Accordingly he did bind the traitor official of Grahoffen neck and crop. "Quick!" said Kitty. Stealing away silently they left the door locked and took with them the key.

CHAPTER XVII.

At Count Sachio's Lodge. Such speed did Roleau manage to get out of his own car that Kitty and he arrived at the hunting lodge of Count Sachio well in advance of all others bound thither that eventful morning.

Kitty and Roleau moved about very much as they pleased after their entry. It pleased them best to hide themselves in a small room adjacent to the main hall where they fancied the main events of the day would perhaps find enactment. A door and window made connection between these two rooms, and behind the curtains in the smaller room they fancied they could be sufficiently concealed.

But there were others who had an interest in the events to occur in the hunting lodge of Count Sachio that morning. The tangled skein of the mysterious coin was expanding, drawing in yet others. Hardly had Kitty and Roleau secreted themselves before they heard footfalls under the window of the gallery which ran along that side of the chalet. They wondered who might be the author and what his purpose.

It was somewhat later before they heard the mingling of voices and the sound of footfalls.

"Rudolph!" exclaimed Count Sachio. "Why has he not come? What has gone wrong?"

But none could explain to him why Rudolph had not arrived—nor at the time did either Kitty or Roleau know who or what Rudolph might be—although, as a matter of fact, it was he whom they themselves had left the hand and foot in Count Frederick's palace. Nor could any of these present know that before this time Count Frederick himself, returning to his palace, had found yonder intruder, bound and left helpless, in his own private apartment. The man had made such excuses as he could by declaring that he had been robbed and thrown in the room by a ruffian, assisted by a beautiful woman. And Count Frederick, finding on the floor of his own apartment a tiny handkerchief, had needed scarce more than one guess as to who that young woman had been.

But as to all these side scenes which had been enacted, Count Sachio was altogether ignorant. Wherefore he now walked up and down, now exclaiming his own doubts. His irritation was obvious enough to Kitty as she peered through the veiled curtain and strained her ears to learn what he was saying.

Even as she stood intent on what was going on in the main room, Roleau close at her side, also absorbed—the author of the stealthy footfalls on the gallery below the window crept silently up and looked in upon them as they watched—a spy upon those who in turn spied upon others.

"So, she is not alone!" he whispered to himself. "That man with her will make a different proposition. He

might be by remaining at the hotel until the return of his mistress. By morning, as soon as he got word of her presence in her apartments, he sent word that he was in readiness to be at her commands.

"Roleau," she said to him when they met, "listen. We have still more to do. There is still another journey across the desert."

"Whither, excellenza?" inquired Roleau.

"To the hunting lodge of the Count Sachio—the same place where you and I took the part of two horse thieves, Roleau!"

A few moments later the two, once more provided with a speedy motor car, were on their way down the avenues of the capital.

"I think it might be well to drive past the two palaces," said Kitty Gray. "We might pick up some news there. First, let us go to the palace of Count Frederick—perhaps he is not out this early."

But, early though it was, Count Frederick was astray—was indeed ready for the street apparently, as was also his guest, Count Sachio. Even as Kitty's car swept by the palace front they saw the count and Sachio step into their own car, which waited for them.

"Quick!" said Kitty, sinking back deeper in the seat that she might not be observed. "Drive around the block. Don't let them see me." She motioned also to Roleau to conceal himself as best he might. Their own car, swinging around the corner, gave way for the vehicle of Count Frederick, which sped on down the street.

Once more, still undaunted, Kitty directed her own car to pass around the block and stop in front of Count Frederick's palace. This was done in the nick of time; for now, as they passed at lower speed, in order to have time for such examination as they cared to make of the exterior, they saw a man in some sort of official uniform walking from the front down the driveway for the side entrance of the great building.

"Stop!" cried Kitty to Roleau—"I know that man—that is a friend of Sachio! I saw the two of them together last night. It was to him Sachio showed the coin. I heard him tell this man where the missing half was. Roleau, that man has gone to get Count Frederick's half of the coin!"

"Certainly, excellenza," said the stolid Roleau. "Count Sachio also means to put this and that together, does he not? What can we do? Is your excellency game to try one more entrance into Count Frederick's house?"

"Yes," said Kitty. "Come—let us see if we can trace where this man is going."

Once more these two presented themselves at the door of Count Frederick's abode, and were admitted without question.

The two passed without detention through the main hall to the passageway which Kitty knew so well. They followed down this narrow hall, suspecting that the destination of the man whom they had seen about to enter was none less than Count Frederick's little bedchamber.

Their suspicion was correct. Even as they approached they heard someone in the room who had arrived before themselves. Roleau, followed closely by Kitty, stepped up to the door—peered in, and gave one mighty bound.

In the powerful hands of Roleau, the stranger, taken by surprise, was helpless. Roleau clapped a hand over his mouth, another to his throat, and held him until he himself made the sign of submission. "Silence!" hissed Roleau. "Don't move—one word of alarm and I will end you!"

"What are you doing here?" demanded Kitty virtuously—"what do you seek—tell me!"

The man, gone sullen now, looked from one to the other, and knowing well enough what failure would mean for him, refused to speak. "Well, whatever it was," said he at length, "I have not found it. At least, you came too soon."

"I will tell you, excellenza," said Roleau at length. "It will do us no special good to have him join yonder party of which we know. I will tell him up, if your excellency will allow me."

Between them, they will take away from Count Sachio what I want for myself! He slipped in now from the gallery, through the open window. Stealthy as a cat, he crept up inch by inch upon the two watchers.

"I tell you," cried out Count Sachio, crashing his fist down upon the table, "there is no such thing as explaining a thing like this! This failure can never be justified. I sent Rudolph to get the coin—he knew where it was—he was not suspected by anyone—I told him precisely what to do. Has he done it? No. And here we wait. It is something I shall not forget."

These loud words caught Kitty's attention. She pressed forward eagerly, her figure still half shrouded. Her own senses, strained as they were to catch what was going on in the main room, were less regardful of what was going on immediately about her.

The silent man who had spied them crept inch by inch slowly, deliberately, right hand against left hand, until he had reached the door of the murder-

In the Powerful Hands of Roleau the Stranger Was Helpless.

NEWS

THE McLEAN NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year\$1.00

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

The Panhandle Press Meeting

J. L. Pope, editor of the Amarillo News, Col. Frank R. Jameson of the Canadian Record and Miss Ida Farrel of the Glazier Review are individually and collectively using their separate and combined intellectual equipment to its fullest capacity in an effort to make the fact generally known that the on-coming meeting of the Panhandle Press Association, which will be held in Amarillo April 20-22, is to be the triumphant event in the young career of that worthy organization.

Mr. Pope assures the Panhandle Editors that Amarillo will, as a unit, rise to the importance of the occasion and dispense hospitality with a lavish hand, and we feel certain that if Mr. Pope is given the necessary backing there will be nothing lacking from that quarter.

Mr. Jameson, who, by the way is the rightful father of this literary organization, urges every one to attend to the end that the resulting benefits of these annual gatherings may not be confined to a scattered few. Miss Farrel, as secretary of the association, just naturally wants to see it a success for the very simple reason that she is accustomed to witnessing the success of every venture with which she identifies herself.

Among other features promising in addition to the pleasurable-ness of the occasion will be an auto ride to Canyon where the members will be guests of C. W. Wagjack of the Randall County News, assisted by the good people of Canyon, with a "chuck wagon" dinner. Concerning this event the News of recent date says:

"The old fashioned 'chuck wagon' will be revived and put into use in Canyon on April 21, when the city will entertain the Panhandle Press Association.

"The 'chuck wagon' feed developed in this manner: While at the meeting of the Press Association at Plainview last year Press Cousins, C. W. Warwick and Prof. J. W. Reid urged the association to meet in Canyon this year owing to the completion of the new Normal building. Amarillo, however, was chosen and the matter compromised by the association agreeing to spend one day in Canyon in order to see the new Normal plant. It was further suggested that Canyon give the Editors an old-fashioned chuck wagon feed, Mrs. R. W. Morgan, founder of this paper, being the originator of the suggestion. The members 'fell' for the suggestion and the News man has been reminded of the promise made by Canyon's representatives, although we had by no means forgotten it.

"The editors will be brought down from Amarillo in autos and shown a rousing good time throughout their stay."

Birthday Celebration.

Virgiline Rollins celebrated her ninth birthday Thursday Feb. 10, with an informal supper.

Of course the cake with the nine candles merrily twinkling held the place of honor, and was the chief attraction. Several pretty gifts continue to remind Virgiline of the happy day. After supper some play was enjoyed, then the wee ladies scurried home before dark settled over the town.

Senior League Program.

Subject, Persistence.
Leader—Bessie Christian.
Scripture lesson, Matt. 24:4-14.
Prayer.
Song.
Persistence—Horace Dean.
What a persistent Christian life should be—Alma Evans.
Song.
The rewards of a persistent life—Maggie Jordon.
Scripture reading, Luke 9:62.
Burl Crockett.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to make the following announcements subject to the Democratic primary in July

FOR SHERIFF:

W. S. COPELAND
C. L. UPHAM

FOR TAX ASSESSOR:

A. H. DOUCETTE

FOR CLERK:

R. E. DORSEY

FOR REPRESENTATIVE:

C. W. TURMAN

Wanted—Hogs and Cattle.

I am now ready to buy fat hogs and cattle. If you have anything in this line see me before selling elsewhere.

Fred O'Dell.

Money To Loan.

I am prepared to make loans on farms and other unincumbered real estate.

See or phone me if you need a loan.

D. N. Massay.

Liberty Notes.

The new school house four miles east of town has been named "Liberty School." A Sunday School was organized Sunday, Feb. 6th, with thirty-one on the roll. The following officers were elected: Mrs. A. B. Fortner, Superintendent; Mrs. Luther Petty, Assistant Superintendent (who is at present acting superintendent); Mrs. Clifton Paxton, Secretary-Treasurer. Four classes were organized with Mrs. Fortner, Miss Dora Thompson and Mr. Paxton as teachers. One teacher yet to be chosen.

The Sunday School will be known as "Liberty Union Sunday School" and will meet every Sunday at 3:30 p. m. Baptist literature will be used.

Rev. Hamilton preached at that place Sunday at 3:30 p. m.

Study Club Program.

Hostess—Mrs. Upham.
Leader—Miss McCurdy.
Subject, The Nations Pride.
Roll call. Name 'American made' product or industry that has been improved since the war.
What characteristics of the people have been the means of developing the country?
"Highest Dam in the World"—Mrs. Watkins.
How does our nation compare with the world as to number and importance of inventions?

What discoveries have been the means of decreasing the amount of public domain? In what way are these lands disposed? How is the revenue from these lands used? Explain bill for general development.

"Value of Water Power"—Mrs. Patterson.
Short sketch of the history of Placer Claim law.

Give objections to this law. To what uses may nitrogen be put? Is it probable that this industry will become greater? Is it feasible for these public lands to be leased? Why? How may the expenses for maintaining these greater works be raised?

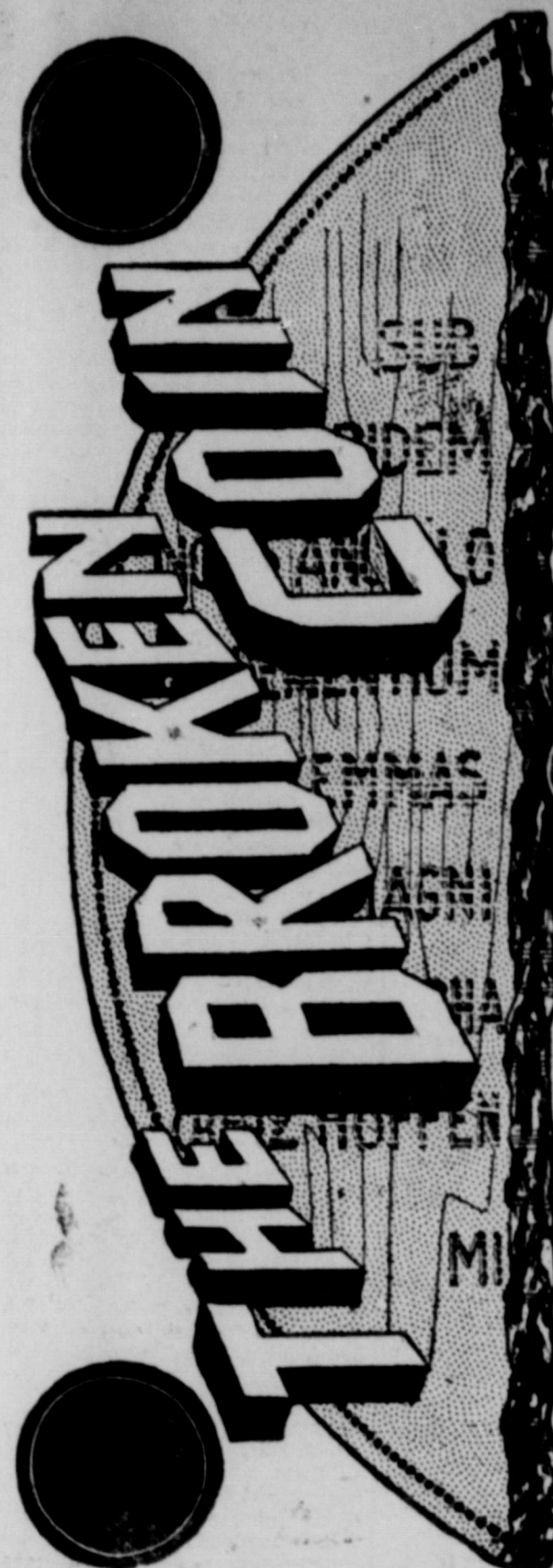
What esthetic enterprise does our country furnish? What are "the greater American Inventions?" What does it cost to support the Public Schools?

"The Rural Community"—Mrs. Upham.
What kind of action will it take to make all these activities completely successful?

Car Coal On Track.

Car of the best Maitland coal, \$7.50 on the car or \$8.00 at the bin. Phone number 90.

A. T. Russell.



15 WEEKS UNIVERSAL 30 REELS
First Episode of THE BROKEN COIN

Friday Night, February 25th
ELECTRIC THEATRE

Reynolds For County Clerk

In the regular announcement column this week will be found the name of Earnest E. Reynolds an aspirant to the office of county clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries in July. Mr. Reynolds has lived in the Panhandle for the past sixteen years and in Gray county for four years, being at present engaged in farming at LeFors. He is a young man who makes a very favorable impression upon those with whom he comes in contact and it is understood that he is not only prompt and willing but in every way capable of making an efficient and energetic officer.

He earnestly solicits the support of the voters and assures each and every one that any favors extended in his behalf will be sincerely appreciated.

Birthday Party.

Celebrating the ninth birthday of her little daughter, Minnie, Mrs. J. S. Morse entertained twenty little folks at her pretty home in the west part of town Saturday afternoon of last week.

Many childish games were played and at the proper time delicious refreshments of ambrosia and cake were served. Many lovely little gifts will make Minnie long remember this pleasant event.

Rev. Morgan Coming.

Rev. R. B. Morgan, president of Goodnight College and Baptist minister of considerable note in this section of the state, will be in McLean and preach at the Baptist church on the Fourth Sunday in this month and on the Saturday night before. His topics will be in relation to Christian education and every one is cordially invited to hear him.

The gentleman will also preach at Alanreed on Friday night before the fourth Sunday.

J. A. Holmes Announces

We are requested to announce in this issue of the News the candidacy of J. A. Holmes of Miami for the office of district attorney, subject to the action of the Democrat primary in July.

Mr. Holmes is a Texas University man and has been engaged in the practice of law ever since leaving that institution seven years ago. He first practiced at Bonham, Texas, but removed from there to Miami in 1909. Since locating at Miami he has served two terms as county attorney and in this manner familiarized himself with the duties of the office to which he now aspires. He is at this time engaged in the practice of law at Miami with Hon. Cleve Coffee, formerly district attorney of this district.

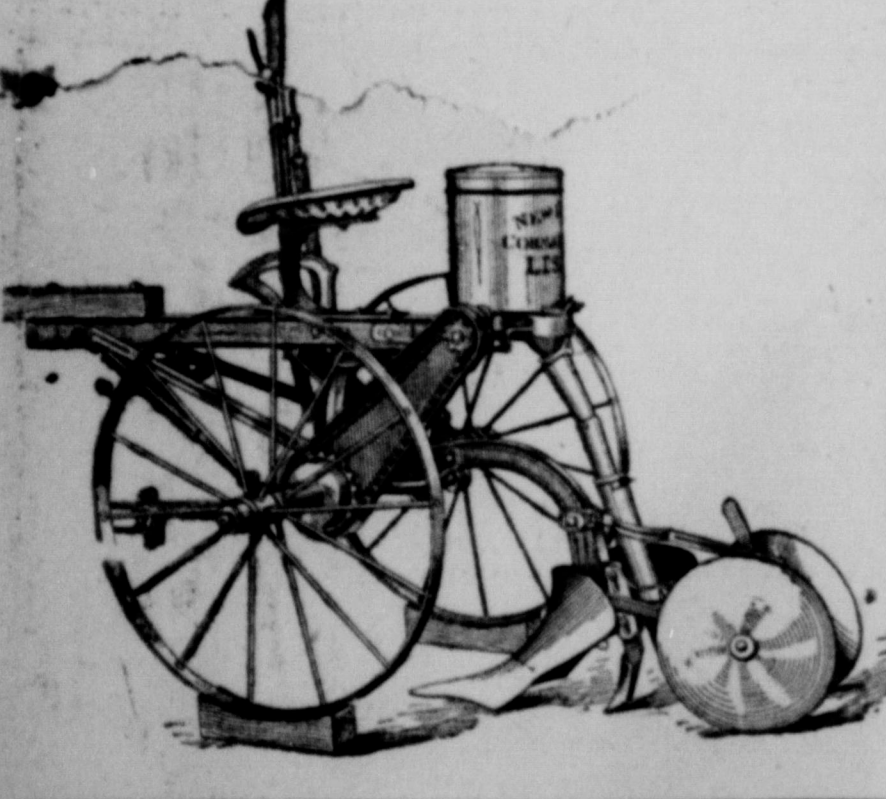
To The Public.

All those knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle their accounts—we want to close up our last year's accounts by March the first. Let's get even and start new. We have obligations to meet and need money. We have favored you (which has been a pleasure to us), now please favor us and we are sure it will be a pleasure to you.

With all kindness and assuring you that we have appreciated your liberal patronage, we are,

Yours truly,

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.



For three fourths of a century the P. & O. Implements have stood the test.
When you use them you feel that you have the best. Canton Lister No 111 is an improvement over the old No 11
Call and see them

S. Rice

842 74 YEARS OF KNOWING HOW 1916

P. & O.
MADE BY AN UNQUALIFIED GUARANTEE

The P. & O. No. 111 Lister

This Lister is known by farmers wherever sold as P. & O. No. 11, but the improved type is called No. 111 on account of important improvements.

There are more of them in the hands of farmers than all other makes combined—over 2,000 sold in one county in West Texas. The general opinion is that it is the most universal and best preparing for row crops; it is now almost universally used for plowing for small grain crops by listing and re-listing, leaving the ground in oval waves, which not only catches and holds the moisture but prevents the loss of the soil from the surface.

The adjusting link on front end of beam is an important exclusive feature on the No. 111, absolutely preventing the point from running below the desired depth. The wheels are provided with dust-proof bearings, an important help in the sandy loam lands of the West.

The feeding device absolutely deposits one seed at a time of any of the row crops, besides can be equipped for both corn and cotton. You will have to see this wonderful improvement to appreciate it. The listing buffers allow change of plow without emptying them. Furnished with either disc or shovel bottoms.

This Lister has embodied many other important features that will convince you that it is the best on the market.

The P. & O. No. 123 4-Wheel Lister

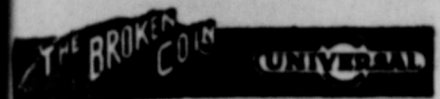
This Lister has all the advantage of the No. 111 and in addition has rear wheels. This is desired in many localities as it enables the operator to see the seed as planted. The rear wheels have coiled springs to hold them in line with the row and following the unevenness of the ground and conform to the ridge without straining the rear frame, compelling, also, the Lister to remain in proper working position at all times. The friction lock disengages automatically, allowing the wheels to rotate and turn round in a very small space.

We manufacture the most complete line of Two Row Implements on the market. Ask your dealer and if you cannot be supplied through him, write us for circular and special introductory offer.

Parlin & Orendorff Implement Company
DALLAS, TEXAS

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About
Town and County



Mantles and globes for Aladdin lamps. C. S. Rice.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Price of LeFors were shoppers in the city Tuesday.

Suits called for and delivered. C. W. Haynes, the tailor.

T. J. Storts and son, Jaye of Erick are visiting at the T. J. Coffey home.

Walk over shoes and slippers for men at Coffey's.

A. C. Staley has our thanks for subscription favors.

For Sale—Pure breed Barred Rock roosters. See A. A. Callahan.

Mrs. L. W. Wilson has our thanks for subscription renewal.

Canned goods—extra low price—Haynes Grocery Co.

George Bourland is among our "paid in advance" subscribers.

The seasons latest novelties at Coffey's.

Born on the 10th inst to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Breeding of Abra community, a boy.

Have you tried the hot cakes and tamales at Carver's?

Hamburgers, get them hot. Star Restaurant.

J. M. Moreland of Alanreed is another reader of the News and Semi-Weekly.

Big shipment of stoneware just received. C. S. Rice.

Fresh fruits, candies and nuts at Earp's confectionery.

A 13 pound boy made his arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Clark on the 7 inst.

Ladies slippers in all the newest styles at Coffey's.

D. N. Massay and Walter McAdams made a business trip to Electra this week, going overland in their Ford.

Each Saturday I expect to sell meat at reduced prices. I can make you a good price on several pounds. Ask me. Carver's.

For P. & O. Implements see C. S. Rice.

Fresh bread always on hand at the Star Restaurant.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Faulkner visited the former's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hedg.

Hogs wanted—Will buy any and all hogs at the highest market price. J. H. Crabtree.

Marquisetta and silk voiles in all the newest colors at Coffey's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williams of LeFors were shopping in the city Wednesday.

We have just received a new line of ladies and misses slippers. Call and see them. McLean Shoe Store.

Dr. T. B. Jones of Amarillo spent the latter part of last week here on business.

See Will Langley for linoleum or window shades. He can save you money.

G. F. Geren and family have moved to Chillicothe where they will make their future home.

Childrens dresses—all sizes—prices from 69 to 75 cents. Coffey's.

Sam Hodges made a business trip to Clinton the first of the week.

Pies baked fresh every other day, at the Star Restaurant.

Lost—Couch cover between my place and town. Please return to News office or Geo. Colebank. 2p

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Turner of Laketon visited at the paternal home Saturday and Sunday.

Spring samples just in. Come in and look our line over. We guarantee to please you or no sale. See us today. C. W. Haynes, the tailor.

Mr. Farmer and Ranchman, we are overstocked with can goods and can make you extra good prices by the case. Haynes Grocery Co.

The Electric Theater has been doing some substantial improving in the way of filling in around the front of their building and fixing walks.

No special—we make every thing good to eat. Star Restaurant.

To save money on a new spring and summer suit see Luke & Vester.

Walter Cobb of Tulia was here last week prospecting. The gentleman was much pleased with the McLean country.

The seasons newest styles in ladies spring coat suits at Coffey's.

See Cousins for furniture and undertaker's supplies. Prices are right.

If you want a stand when you plant your seed do not fail to use the John Deere Lister handled by McLean Hardware Co.

Miss Maude Dowse was a guest of the Misses Dean Sunday.

New spring goods arriving daily at Coffey's.

For Rent—3 room house, three blocks from city well. See Mrs. Easterwood or Luke & Vester.

W. H. Gibson of Alanreed was in the city Saturday and had his name added to our subscription list while here.

Just received a new line of team harness. Call and inspect them. C. S. Rice.

J. A. Holmes, candidate for District Attorney, was here from Miami the first of the week getting acquainted with the voters.

For Sale—Tennessee Red peacocks, these are the bunch variety. See Geo. P. Wilson or J. W. Beall. 1p

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church served a ten cent tea yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. T. J. Coffey.

For Sale—One 4 horse lister in good running order, \$20. Would take slide go-devil as part pay. See Luther Petty. 2p

Ernest P. Reynolds of LeFors was here Wednesday in the interest of his candidacy for county Clerk.

For a clean, comfortable shave get a Barnsley "Never hone" razor from C. S. Rice. They are guaranteed.

For Sale—Pure breed Rhode Island Red eggs at 50 cents per setting. Special price on eggs for incubator. Mrs. Mrs. L. W. Wilson, phone 146 1 12. 2p

We are still in the cleaning and pressing business. Our word is guaranteed. Luke & Vester.

Men and women are urged to meet the Mothers Club this afternoon and help them work out a way to run the school another month.

Our new spring and summer samples are here—we invite you to inspect them. We have any shade, stripe, check or color. Luke & Vester.

Wanted A Good 2nd hand wagon, 2 riding cultivators, 1 slide cultivator and one planter. Also have for sale Red Rust seed oats and spring barley seed. A. E. Gething, phone 66 4441.

Dr. J. A. Hall of Shamrock, who has been in the Baptist Sanitarium at Dallas is much improved and able to be at home again. Dr. Hall will make his regular visit here from March 1 to 4 to do dental work.

Nothing too dirty for us to clean and press. We are here to stay and still solicit your business. Luke & Vester

When in need of John Deere implements or repairs see Bill at McLean Hardware Co.

The Mothers Club will make an effort to help run the public school another month. If you are interested be at the school house this afternoon at 4 o'clock

Fresh fish and oysters Friday and Saturday at the Star Restaurant.

The Second Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Church of McLean Charge will be held here Saturday at 2 p. m. Rev. A. W. Hall, Presiding Elder of this district, will preach Sunday morning and evening. Every one cordially invited to hear him.

Wanted—a few music pupils on violin or piano. Terms reasonable. Mrs. J. S. Denson.

Mrs. T. J. Coffey has recently received the sad intelligence of death of her only uncle, Fred Mount of Dawson, Texas. The gentleman was an old pioneer, having been a resident of that place during the Civil War.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Fresh fish and oysters every Saturday and Monday at Carver's

Dr. Hall requests us to announce that he will be in McLean on March 1 to 4 inclusive to do dental work. On account of serious illness Dr. Hall failed to make his last appointments here but assures us he is now well and will be here without fail.

For Sale—2 spans of work mules, jacks and Jennets. Hereford cattle. See George Sitter. 2p

See us for farm and ranch loans, 5 and 10 years' time, low rate of interest, no red tape, get the money without delay. Hooper & Roach, Groom, Teass



For Sale—My place of 4 acres 7 miles N. E. of McLean, well improved. 4 room house, well, windmill, barn, sheds and out houses, 2 acres orchard, berry patch, etc. \$1400 cash for terms address W. B. Skaggs, 1308 1/2 Lamar Street, Wichita Falls, Texas. 3p

Leave your washing at the Tailor Shop.

The tree planting season is about here and all who would establish themselves as citizens as real interested citizens of our thriving little city should make some effort to add to its beauty and attractiveness to the extent of a few trees and shrubs. Plant a tree.

In the Womens Auxiliary Notes of last week we omitted the item naming the new members of that organization. They were: Mesdames Nida Green, A. C. Staley, J. E. Cubine, H. F. Mathews and R. E. Dorsy

Embroidery Club Entertained.

A dozen members of the Embroidery Club enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Homer Crabtree at her pretty home in the East part of town Wednesday afternoon from three to six o'clock. After spending a most pleasant afternoon the hostess served a delicious two course luncheon.

B. Y. P. U.

Doctrinal Meeting. What things can I do to work out my own salvation?

Song.
Prayer.
Leader—Homer Wilson.
Eph. 2:10—Burl Crockett.
Phil. 2:12—Charles Cousins.

The meaning of salvation—Baford Nunn.

What does working out this salvation mean—Alma Evans.

Eph. 4:13-15—Curley Crockett.

Duet—Misses Gaynelle Wilson and Maggie Jordan.

What must I do to complete my salvation—Horace Dean.

Song.
Benediction.

Coal! Coal! COAL

We have been looking for our car of coal for the past week, but as yet it has not arrived.

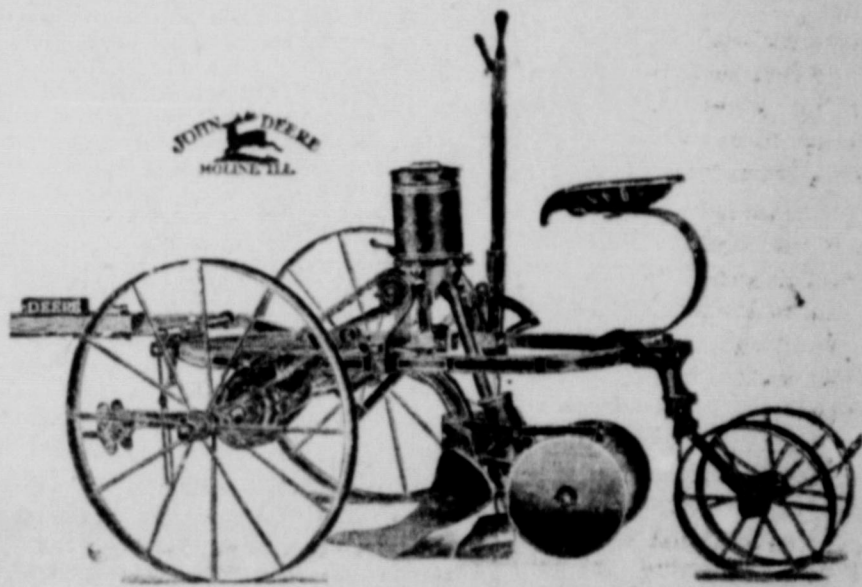
Phone us how much you can use and we will notify you just as soon as the car arrives.

Let us figure on your lumber bills. We will make you the lowest price possible.

Wire is advancing all the time and if you contemplate doing some fencing better hurry up before wire goes higher. Galvanized wire today is \$4.25, Painted \$3.50.

Call And See Us

**Cicero Smith
Lumber Company**
Phone 3



The John Deere Lister

Has stood the test for ages and we are again coming with this reliable machine.

**McLean Hardware
Company**

Clubbing Offers

McLean News and Dallas Semi-Weekly, both one year \$1.75

McLean News, one year
Farm and Ranch, one year
Hollands Magazine two years
All three for \$2.00

McLean News and 4 monthly Magazines all 1 year for \$1.25

McLean News

Read the News

Tonight

The Colonel's Daughter
High School Auditorium

Admission 15 & 25 Cents



D. N. Massay

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

Your First Duty

is to your Stomach, as this important organ controls your health, your strength and general happiness.

For any Stomach or Bowel weakness try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

N. S. SHERMAN MACHINE & IRON WORKS
Southwestern Agents for
W. G. W. Centrifugal Pumps
THE BEST PUMP MADE
Send for Descriptive Bulletin.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Simplicity Incubators
Have No Cold Corners

TENTS
Awnings, Hay Covers, Cotton Pick Sacks, Rubber Footwear
Baseball, Sporting Goods, Tennis, Rink Coats, Suits and Leggings
Write for Money Saving Catalogue
TUCKER DUCK & RUBBER CO.
FT. SMITH, U. S. A.

No Relief.
"My wife likes the apartment house we live in."
"Then you don't have to move every year?"
"I can't say that. Under that one roof we have moved five times."

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Years Younger! Try Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. —Adv.

Evidently Suited.
Ethel—Is the man you are engaged to at all bookish?
Marie—Well, yes; pocketbookish.

A NEGLECTED COLD
is often followed by pneumonia. Before it is too late take Laxative Quinine Tablets. Gives prompt relief in cases of Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and Headache. Price 25c.—Adv.

Deliver us from the man who looses up only when tight.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Love is a disease that most girls catch as often as they are exposed.

When Housework Drags

Keeping house is hard enough when well. The woman who has a bad back, blue, nervous spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot, for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and not the much feared "woman's weakness." Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as they are effective and may be used for children with weak kidneys, too.

An Oklahoma Case

Mrs. A. D. Scott, Tecumseh, Okla., says: "Often the pains in my back were so bad I could hardly stoop. When I tried to straighten sharp twinges darted through my body. I also had headaches and a distressing kidney weakness. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me as soon as I took them and before long I was completely and permanently cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Chicagoan Cures All Ills by Sleeping in Chair

CHICAGO.—Why pay doctors' bill when you can sleep in a chair? Here with Matt Roeder, an employee of the Caxton School Supply company, advances a theory which he says he developed by aping an ape.

"One year ago," he explained, "I was a physical wreck—rheumatism and stomach trouble. Unable to sleep, I rode electric cars and took long walks at all times of the night. This soothed me for the time, and early one morning, while on a journey to Lincoln park, the idea occurred to me to imitate the ape in his manner of rest. His body stiffly erect, he supports his head between clenched fists when sleeping. All of the vital organs are left free. So I abandoned my bed and began sleeping in a hard, straight-backed chair. Every muscle in my body ached when I began, but I was determined to give it a fair trial. At the end of a month I tried the bed and got up in the morning feeling more wretched than ever. Then I went at it in earnest and in six months the only thing that affected my stomach or nerves was the sight of a bed. I was practically cured.

"At first I slept in a chair at the store. Then I discovered all-night shows, and I decided to introduce the cabaret feature into my sleeping. Three hours of sleep under such conditions is equivalent to ten hours of rest in a bed, and there is little possibility of developing diseases of the stomach, heart, or muscles.

"I go in order to three all night theaters, and am known to the manager of each. The show is hardly through before I fall to sleep. I sleep ordinarily from 1 o'clock to 6:30 o'clock, then walk to the store and take a bath. At 7:30 I eat a hearty breakfast and am fit for a hard day's labor. The early part of the night I employ in long walks.

"Society may cling to that evil institution, the bed, as long as it wishes, but I am forever done with it."

Policeman in Brooklyn Runs Down Strong Clue

BROOKLYN.—Persons chancing to drop in at the Amity street police station the other day were almost overpowered by the identical clue that led to the arrest of Raymond Barone of Brooklyn on a charge of burglary, although no one recognized it as a clue. They called it something else. The station fairly reeked with the odor of Roman cheese, to which the smell of limburger is as attar of roses or the breath of clover-kine. The odor escaped into the open air, and strong men, passing on the sidewalk, staggered.

The odor first assailed the nostrils of Policeman Russell of the Amity street station—"Cheesy" Russell his fellow bluecoats call him, because of his having thrice arrested cheese thieves in the last three months—as he passed Petrillano & Grillo's Italian cheese store, at 154 Columbia street. The three arrests that gave him his sobriquet all were made there and Russell sniffed suspiciously. There was no possibility of mistaking the smell for anything else on earth save Roman cheese.

Because of the frequency of burglaries in the cheese store, which have necessitated his going inside in the dark, Policeman Russell had provided himself with a helmet such as is worn by the French soldiers when attacked by asphyxiating gas. Now he donned the mask and commenced investigating.

A low moan from a big bread box outside the store caused him to lift the cover. There, curled up inside, together with 12 cakes of Roman cheese, he found Barone almost overcome. He was limp when he arrived at the Amity street station. Lieutenant Sionstadt, an authority on cheese, debated whether to use a pulmotor, but Barone revived and called hoarsely for water.

The reserves were sent for the 12 Roman cheeses and all were given stimulants to revive them upon their arrival.

St. Paul Cat Adopted Building Site for His Own

ST. PAUL.—When workmen began razing the old German-American National Bank building at Fourth and Robinson streets to make room for the Merchants' National Bank building they found a black cat in possession. He blinked his green eyes, arched his back and purred in such a friendly manner that the workmen immediately became attached to him and shared the contents of their dinner pails with him.

Tom was no ordinary cat. Falling plaster, the thunder of brick and timbers being hurled to the street caused him no fright.

When the last brick and the last piece of timber had been removed Tom was left without a home. There was a hiatus in his existence after all. The house wreckers departed and soon the house builders appeared. One story after the other of the new building began to go up.

One day a black cat nobody recognized stalked unafraid through the corridor of the first story. He opened his large, frank eyes as if perfectly at home, but a little surprised at the changes that had been made in his absence.

No one challenged his right to be there, and Tom became as good a friend of the house builders as he was of the house wreckers. He has been in the building ever since.

Bird Sanctuary of 1,500 Acres at Greenwich, Conn.

GREENWICH, CONN.—E. C. Converse, multimillionaire, will make his 1,500 acres here into a bird sanctuary to aid the national movement for the conservation of bird life. Mr. Converse and George A. Drew, manager of the big estate, Conyers Manor, are enthusiastic over the plan. An ornithologist of high ability will be selected from the Massachusetts Agricultural college and will be ordered to make Conyers Manor an ideal bird refuge.

His work will include the raising of wild ducks and the winter feeding and protection of insectivorous birds, this including the setting out of nesting boxes and lessening the enemies of birds life.

A bird census will be taken at the start and comparisons made as the work progresses. Special attention will be given to the increase of insect-eating birds. Now 34,000 fruit trees are protected from their insect enemies by spraying. This work of spraying will be lessened materially when the birds fill the orchards.

Quail and grouse will be protected from human hunters and other enemies. Systematic feeding will prevent deaths by starvation in a severe winter. Wild ducks will be raised upon an extensive scale and measures taken to make the lake of 10 acres especially attractive to wild breeding pairs. The red squirrels which now infest the great stretches of woods will be kept in check.

Innocent Merriment.
The following conversation was overheard between two of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw's little nieces, who were seriously discussing votes for women. "I shan't tell the girls at school that I'm a suffragist," confided the older sister. "I don't mind if they know I'm one," burst out the smaller girl. "What do you care for?" "Because they will all laugh at me," her sister admitted. "Why, don't you know," came the solemn reply, "that people have been laughing at Aunt Anna for hundreds and hundreds of years."

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY
is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Mean.
"Jack proposed three times before I accepted him."
"To whom, dear?"

In China old men play at ball and fly kites while children fold their arms and look on.

THE NEWEST REMEDY FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM AND DROPSY

Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid troubles bring misery to many. When the kidneys are weak or diseased, these natural filters do not cleanse the blood sufficiently, and the poisons are carried to all parts of the body. There follow depression, aches and pains, heaviness, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, chilliness and rheumatism. In some people there are sharp pains in the back and loins, distressing bladder disorders and sometimes obstinate dropsy. The uric acid sometimes forms into gravel or kidney stones. When the uric acid affects the muscles and joints it causes lumbago, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to send Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for large trial package of "Anuric."

During digestion uric acid is absorbed into the system from meat

and, even from some vegetables. The poor kidneys get tired and backache begins. This is a good time to take "Anuric," the new discovery of Dr. Pierce for Kidney trouble and Backache. Neglected kidney trouble is responsible for many deaths, and Insurance Company examining doctors always test the water of an applicant before a policy will be issued. Have you ever set aside a bottle of water for twenty-four hours? A heavy sediment or settling sometimes indicates kidney trouble. If you wish to know your condition send a sample of your water to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and describe symptoms. It will be examined without any expense to you, and Dr. Pierce or his medical staff will inform you truthfully. Anuric is now for sale by dealers, in 50c packages.

Pat's Sound Logic.
Pat was fishing in a river belonging to a rich man, over which there was a notice, "Trespassers prosecuted." Paddy ignored this statement, and after fishing for some time caught a salmon, which he brought home and cooked. A policeman passing by the door smelled the salmon and knocked. "Well, Pat O'Hara, in whose river did you catch that salmon?" "Well, I'll tell the honest truth. I caught it in that river near the gentleman's house over there."

"Well," said the sergeant, "don't you know everything in that river belongs to that gentleman?" "Arrah, to be sure," said Pat. "If I went for a swim in that river would I belong to that gentleman?"

Foiled.
"Tompkins was around trying to borrow money today. I thought he married a widow with three or four millions."

"He did, and then discovered to his sorrow that she intended to keep them."

No Laughing Matter.
"I suppose you read the newspapers to keep informed of world events?" "Yes, for the most part," answered the thoughtful man. "But occasionally I read them for the sake of a good laugh."

"How is that?" "I find a great deal of unconscious humor in those diplomatic notes."

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Setting Her Right.
"I do wish you would quit dabbling in politics," said Mr. Twobble, fretfully.

"My dear," answered Mr. Twobble, in his most dignified manner, "I would have you understand that I don't dabble in politics."

"No?" "When a man is up to his neck in anything he may splash, but he never dabbles."

Pretty Large.
"What big ears he has."
"So big that his head seems merely a connecting link between them."

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

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

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

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone

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

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

BETTER THAN A BAROMETER

As Reliable Weather Prophet, Old Ram Fully Justified Confidence Put in Him by His Owner.

In the Countryside Magazine, Miss Margaret Woodward tells how a farmer's barometer proved its effectiveness as a weather predictor, and confounded science. Every New England farmer, she says, knows that cattle and sheep are trustworthy weather prophets.

There is a story of a party of scientific men who were making observations on a ledge near which was a flock of sheep. The professors settled a great many questions relating to natural science to their own satisfaction. As they wished to make another trip to the ledge the next day, the weather became a matter of interest to them. One of their number studied the barometer carefully, and announced to the waiting group that tomorrow's weather would be fine.

Thereupon the old farmer who was within hearing distance remarked with a genuine Yankee drawl, "I dunno how you fellows air so cocksure about the weather tomorrow, but if that old ram yonder keeps his rump to the wind'ard, it's jest bound to rain."

And rain it did, much to the discomfiture of the professors.—Youth's Companion.

Misreading.
Rev. George R. Lunn, the new socialist mayor of Schenectady, was congratulated on his election.

"The people have confidence in the honesty of my party's policy," he said. "Our opponents tried to put our principles in a false light, but the people couldn't be fooled. They knew that the opposition's animadversions on our principles were as misleading as the bachelor's description of his sister's new baby."

"Asked to describe this new arrival, the bachelor replied:

"Um! Very small features, clean-shaven, red-faced and a very hard drinker."

Art Talk.
"Why do you paint pictures that nobody can understand?" we asked. "I'll tell you," replied the artist. "I used to paint the other kind, and people understood them so darned well that they wouldn't buy them."

The tensile strength of a paper fly-wheel is far greater than one made of iron.

A word to the unwise is wasted.

A Food Fact to Remember

Seventeen years ago a food was originated that combined the entire nourishment of the field grains—wheat and barley—with ease of digestion, delicious taste and other qualities of worth designed to fill a widespread human need.

Today that food—

Grape-Nuts

has no near competitor among cereal foods in form or nutritive value, nor has it had from the start.

Grape-Nuts on the Breakfast Menu builds and maintains body, brain and nerves as no other food does. Ready to eat, economical, appetizing.

"There's a Reaspany

JOIN THE TRUNK

Phone 4

(Continued from front page)

Never start a forked tree; neither start all your limbs in a bunch or close together, but let body of the tree come up above all the limbs. Alternate the limbs from the south west around the body of the tree, each time having the limbs a little higher and further around the tree. If you grow a forked tree, or the limbs come out in a bunch, they will be so near of equal size that when they are loaded with fruit will pull in opposite direction to each other, and when it comes a storm your tree is liable to split and be badly damaged.

Preparation of the Soil.

Now, in reference to the preparation of the soil, we would recommend that the soil be well broken the season before planting and cultivated in a light legume crop, such as peas. We would recommend that the last time the ground is broken it be broken in lands the distance apart that the trees are going to be planted and the water furrow be broken the second time, a strip of five or six feet wide as deep as two or three horses can pull a 10-inch turning plow. Then run a harrow over the soil so as to pulverize the soil. This will relieve the necessity of digging large holes. Plant in the water furrow, but hill up around your trees, so that the water will not stand closer than two or three feet to the trees, but rather have moisture soak. Never neglect to cultivate your orchard. It is best to shape your orchard so you can culti-

vate both ways.

There is a general opinion that trees must be pruned some time in the year, generally supposed to be in the spring. Examine your trees, and if they need pruning prune them today. No necessity to wait for any season, but the sooner the better. We should not wait till a limb gets as large as a pencil or a broom stick to cut it off.

If you have a bud or twig where you do not want a limb, shave or rub it off. Let that much growth go where you want it instead of a limb to be cut.

We would not advise pruning in hot dry weather, as the cut will not heal over as well. Nor is it best to prune when an excessive amount of sap is up, as the bark is likely to peel back and expose more of the wound. But any time during the moderate growing season will do to prune trees. A cut will heal over better in the growing season. As we have a high altitude and a great deal of sunshine, our trees can be denser than in most any other country. We need to prune sometimes if the trees are so dense that the sunshine can not get to the fruit or there are crooked limbs that interfere or rub each other.

Most of the fruit crops grown in this country grow on limbs from one foot to six feet above the ground. Most of the bearing wood is cut off by the way some people prune. It sometimes occurs that fruit can not stay on the top of limbs during the windy season.

There is no necessity of making a failure. Start right and stay right. Start right by planting good varieties adapted to the climate, prune right and cultivate. I think we can grow fruit with as little moisture as kafir corn, even with as little cultivation however, cultivation is very important. A home is not complete without trees around it. Our living is cheaper and more healthy with fruit.



Method of pruning the top.

This does not apply to shade trees, as they have a thick bark and can stand the hot sun.

I am often asked, "Which is the best time to plant trees—fall or spring?" I will say that it depends on the season. If the soil is wet and the air damp, fall is better, as the soil will get packed around the roots and the roots will caulk through the winter and start new roots in the early spring long before the sap rises. Trees handled in this way will make a better growth and stand dry weather much better than trees planted late.

Sometimes we have a dry, windy winter, that has tended to dry the tops before the roots start. In this it might be better to plant in early spring about the last of February.

There is a method that is far safer than either of these. Dig trees in the fall (trees will do better dug in the fall) cut the roots as though you were going to plant them, and then heel them to about 14 inches deep, and lean the tops to the south at an angle of about 75 degrees. Cover the roots with fine soil, pour on enough water to make them moist through the winter, and cover this with dry soil and cover the tops about two feet with dry soil. Then plant about the 20th of February. Do not expose the roots to the dry air. While you are planting this way the roots will start during the winter, and the trees will stay in good condition. Care must be taken to cover roots deep enough.

The best way to handle grapes and berries is to plant them in the fall. Plant a little deeper than they were in the nursery. After they are planted, cut off all the top within two inches of the ground. A new top will grow better than the old one. In the spring it is likely that several shoots will start. Cut them all off the grapes but one, and train this one on a trellis just as soon as possible. Blackberry stalks should be cut down each season just as soon as they get through fruiting, and let the new stalks bear the next year.

Ever greens will grow better when taken up with a ball of dirt around the roots and burlap secured around the ball, so as to keep it from crumbling. Set in holes, leave burlap on, and fill around with loose dirt; then water enough to settle soil, and then hill up with loose soil. Put box or barrel around them with both ends out; line between barrel and evergreen with some kind of

moist packing—straw, moss or sacks that have been soaked. Keep moist by sprinkling of evenings, but do not keep too wet. Keep this up until the hard, dry winds are over in the spring. Do not keep soil around the roots too wet, water well about once each week. Packing in barrel moist, but not too wet. Everblooming roses will do better cut off within four inches of the ground and covered with some kind of light mulch in the winter.

In making these suggestions I do not mean to tell or to know all that should be known about fruit culture, but hope to be some help to the inexperienced, that we may make the West more beautiful and fruitful.

—L. N. DALM NT, Plainview.

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We have opened up a new Blacksmith Shop And will appreciate a share of your patronage Welch Bros.

Money To Loan Our Company has plenty of money for quick loans on farms and ranches in Gray and surrounding counties. If you are thinking of getting a loan write, phone or come to us. We will take pleasure in serving you and will give your business our prompt attention. R. B. Bonner, Shamrock, Texas

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

FRIEND, ARE YOU DISCOURAGED?

Does everything look sort of dark and gloomy to you? Do you have the "blues" or does it take supreme effort for you to go about your daily work and keep yourself all-way cheerful?

This feeling of discouragement, despondency and gloom is the result of a sluggish Liver. Just plain Liver trouble makes a big pile of unhappiness—makes a look hardly worth living, sometimes.

Get your Liver in perfect working order, by taking Dr. Thacher's Liver & Blood Syrup, and you'll soon feel like a different man. The sun will shine brighter, people you meet will seem more agreeable, you'll get keen ENJOYMENT out of life, you'll tackle your work and your food with relish. You'll feel TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER. You'll find yourself possessed of the courage and hopefulness of youth.

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acts as a tonic and strengthener to the Liver. It encourages and helps that important organ to do its work easily and more successfully. THEN the stomach and bowels, and every organ of the body is also able to do its work right, for "King Liver rules them all" and when your Liver is right YOU are WELL.

Hope, happiness, courage, success—these are yours when your Liver is active and strong. If you haven't got a bottle of Dr. Thacher's Liver & Blood Syrup at hand now, go or send for it AT ONCE, and give your Liver the help it is calling for. THEN you'll see the sun break through the clouds and you'll be happy, happy, WELL. All dealers sell 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

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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.

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Church Directory

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

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

Nazarene Church.
Services Second and Third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young people's meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. The public is invited. S. K. Jones.

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