

# The McLean News

THIRTEENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1916

NO. 13

## POULTRY

### First Monday Poultry Sale

I will load a car of Poultry  
First Monday, April 3rd

at McLean, Texas, and will pay some fancy prices.  
The car will only be here one day, so bring your  
poultry to town First Monday.

Hens reasonably free from feed and healthy - - 12 cents  
Roosters - - - - - 6 cents

This will be the last car to load for  
a while. Bring the chickens to town  
and let us trade on them

Yours for Poultry,

## M. D. BENTLEY

### From Over The Panhandle

The jury in the State of Tex-  
C. R. Blaine, charged with  
the murder of Blanton Galloway  
December 26, 1915, at Floy-  
da, failed to reach a verdict.

A. G. McAdams, the big Tex-  
lumber man, has purchased  
the Woodley ranch, 500 head  
cattle and the Woodley lum-  
ber yard at Shamrock. Consi-  
deration near \$100,000.

Clark & Wilson have closed a  
deal with Memphis parties for a  
tract of land on which they will  
erect a brick manufacturing  
plant.

The religious census, taken  
under the direction of the Pas-  
sengers Association of Memphis,  
shows a population of 2,707,  
an increase of 800 over the cen-  
sus report of 1910.

The largest graduation class  
in the history of the school will  
graduate from the Miami public  
school on the 14th. The girls  
will wear middie blouse suits.

The Conway public school has  
been allowed \$300 out of the  
Million Dollars Rural School  
Fund.

Armstrong county has 155 au-  
tomobiles, divided as follows: 7  
Fords, 18 Buicks, 15 Hupmobiles  
and 13 of other makes.

The Federation of Women's  
Clubs in Amarillo has already  
begun a strenuous anti-fly cam-  
paign.

Waggoner Brothers of Groom  
have sold to Bitler & Gregg of  
Eureka, Kans., 1400 four year  
old steers at \$80 per head.

### Trustee Election Tomorrow

Attention is called to the fact  
that there will be an election to-  
morrow (SATURDAY) for the  
purpose of selecting four trust-  
ees to serve the McLean  
school District for a period of  
two years. Those whose term  
of office expire are Scott John-  
son, W. T. Wilson, R. N. Ashby  
and Clay E. Thompson. Mr.  
Thompson is serving the unex-  
pired term of Dr. C. E. Don-  
nell, resigned, and is the secre-  
tary of the board.

We believe that every voter  
should give the matter of school  
trustees their particular atten-  
tion and weigh the qualifications  
of any prospective candidate  
carefully before making up their  
ticket as there is no other pub-  
lic service that demands more  
skill and business acumen in  
the handling. Because a man  
is prominent in political, social  
or any other walk of life is not  
necessarily proof of his fitness  
to legislate the affairs of a school.

Our school has been more less  
handicapped in the past on ac-  
count of financial shortage and  
in order that this evil be correct-  
ed it will be necessary to place  
on the board men of known ab-  
ility and integrity—men capa-  
ble of creating conditions rather  
than following in the wake of  
circumstances.

Our public school should be  
the pride of our entire citizen-  
ship and the tax payers and vot-  
ers will have to contribute to  
this possibility if we make it so.  
No set of trustees can success-  
fully conduct a school without  
financs and no amount of money  
will insure a good school that is  
not properly managed.

Let us make our public school  
the first order of business and  
the last order of business—Let  
us make it go.

"If I knew you and you knew  
me,

'Tis seldom we would disagree  
But, never having yet clasped  
hands,

Both often fail to understand  
That each intends to do what's  
right,

And treat each other "honor  
bright."

How little to complain there'd  
be

If I knew you and you knew  
me."

### Frank P. Willis For Judge

We are pleased to announce  
in this issue of the News the  
candidacy of Hon. Frank P.  
Willis for the office of District  
Judge of this the 31th Judicial  
District, subject to the action of  
the Democratic primaries in  
July.

Judge Willis is now serving as  
the appointee of the governor  
the unexpired term of Judge  
Greever, who was assassinated  
at FeFors. There is a general  
feeling of approval among those  
who attend the various distridt  
courts over which the gentle-  
man presides and it is said of  
him that the dispatch with  
which he handles the affairs of  
the court results in more econ-  
omy than attained by any for-  
mer occupant of this distinguish-  
ed position.

Of the twenty or more courts  
he has held in this district he has  
only had five appeals and but  
two of these were reversed—a  
record the gentleman points to  
with pride.

Judge Willis was born in  
Wheeler county and raised in  
this district, Canadian being his  
home at present. He is a young  
man who has attained consider-  
able local distinction as a law-  
yer and enjoyed a very lucrative  
practice before going on the  
bench.

He earnestly solicits the sup-  
port and influence of his friends  
and the voting public generally.

### To House Rural Teachers

The most laudable movement  
that was ever undertaken is  
that which the National Lum-  
ber Manufacturers Association  
proposes to build a home for  
every rural school teacher in  
America.

Texas will be one of the first  
states where the plan will be  
carried into effect. Although the  
plans are not yet formulated it  
is expected that detailed infor-  
mation will shortly be given out.

The National association has  
taken up this social service work  
in the belief that the education  
of the nation will be immensely  
improved if the teachers of the  
nation are properly housed. The  
theory is that if the teachers  
are properly housed, the coun-  
try district will be able to se-  
cure better teachers and avoid  
constant changes by which the  
schools are always in a torn up  
condition.

It is urged that the teachers  
cottages should be models of  
sanitation, artistic and so con-  
structed that they may not be  
only homes, but social centers  
for the rural neighborhoods.

P. F. Stewart of San Antonio,  
county superintendent, is quot-  
ed in the monograph as saying  
for his part of the state:

"We have fourteen teachers  
cottages the rural districts.  
They are three and four room  
frame buildings. The best of  
them are built with four rooms  
14x14 with hall running through.  
They have front porch and  
screened back porch with pan-  
try on one end and bathroom on  
other. The cost in this county  
is about \$1,000. In most cases  
we have a garden of from one to  
three acres with each cottage.  
We find that we can keep better  
teachers where they are  
provided a place to live."



### Your Stationery

Reveals your personality and is very important to you.  
A good letter written on poor stationery loses half its  
value and reflects bad taste upon the sender. The  
dainty woman requires dainty things. See our ex-  
quisite line of stationery before buying.

Erwin Drug Company

### When You Have A Good Thing Hold On

That is why we carry LOWE BROTHERS  
High Standrd Paint. Just because its the BEST.  
That is also why we carry NIGGER HEAD  
Coal, both in lump and nut.

Let every body clean-up and  
paint-up. Springtime is here

A big shipment of screen stock in transit  
Get Ready For Fly Time

Just unloaded a car of Mountain Cedar Posts,  
ranging in prices from 10 to 50 cents each. Ask us  
to show them to you.

Call And See Us And Get  
Our Prices

Cicero Smith  
Lumber Company  
Phone 3

### Puncture Proof TIRES Absolutely

If you want to do away with puncture and  
"blow-out" troubles entirely, look into the merits  
of the Dahl Pncturless Tires. They have been  
tested and found to be all that is claimed for  
They cannot puncture—it is impossible. Ask for  
demonstration and list of recommendation. Get  
these tires and then forget that you have wheels  
on your car—there will be nothing to remind you  
of them.

D. N. Massay  
Panhandle Distributor

### Service and Solidity The Banking Requisites

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

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

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

## American State Bank

(GUARANTY FUND BANK)

McLean, Texas

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

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

DIRECTORS.

INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

## Read The Nws



# 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 Grethoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription. She is followed, and on arrival in Grethoffen her adventures begin in chasing the secret of the broken coin while...

### SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Divided.

As Kitty approached the little room of the count's palace—which before now had proved to be something of a storm center in the affairs of the Grethoffen coin—there came to her the conviction that there might be others beside herself who would have some inkling as to the whereabouts of the missing portion of the coin, and who might therefore arrive upon the scene at much the same time as that of her own visit. She was not altogether surprised at the sudden interruption of her labors, just at the moment of her success.

As she saw herself the object of a poised weapon, she swerved aside instinctively—called out instinctively for help.

"Roleau!" she exclaimed, for, womanlike, she had learned the value of a strong man's arm, and her first thought was of the faithful servant who so strangely had attached himself to her own varying fortunes. And Roleau came hastening from his watching place outside the door.

He saw the little room occupied by a man—who now suddenly had entered—and who menaced Kitty, so that, to save her life as she supposed, she was on the point of surrendering to him both pieces of the coin. The sight of his mistress in danger was enough for Roleau. With his customary battle cry he plunged immediately into the conflict, careless of the threatening weapon. In the melee the two half coins both were dropped upon the floor.

Even now the ruling impulse of Kitty did not quite forsake her. She stooped and regained one of the half coins, but the struggling men, shifting here and there in the room, kept her from securing the other. In the blind instinct for escape she fled now to the open hall, taking that direction which led back from the front of the building.

Roleau heard her pass, and could not join her in flight—but he heard her give a cry of alarm whose cause he could only guess. His energies were fully occupied by the combat with this



She Felt a Hard Hand Close Upon Her Mouth.

stranger—whom now he saw to be one of Count Sachio's men. He had noted him at the hunting lodge. He himself had not time to reason as to the presence of this new factor in the general imbroglio, but at last, able to bring his own weapons into play, he stayed the issue for a time. They both had time to recognize one another as they stood, the one as much baffled as the other, and neither quite comprehending what the other was doing here.

Very naturally the sounds of all this confusion could not be concealed. The scream of a woman had rung widely through the halls, and used as they were to extraordinary circumstances hereabouts, the servants could not fail to investigate the cause of this. They hastened in the direction of the uproar, but their advance was stayed by the command of the master of the palace himself.

The men in the room, as they

paused for breathing space, heard a steady footfall advancing to the door, heard the calm voice of Count Frederick himself.

"Gentlemen!" The intruders, whatever the errand of each, took their eyes from one another and turned now, recognizing yet another man who scarce had come in friendship.

"You honor me greatly, gentlemen," said Count Frederick with his usual coolness in any extraordinary situation. "But might I ask why you care thus to disarrange my apartment? Had I known your own curiosity regarding it, I might have asked some of my servants to assist you in a search more orderly."

"I was sent back by my master," began the stranger—who was none other than Bartel, the late successor to Rudolph in Count Sachio's good graces. "He had left certain of his belongings—some silver cases of the toilet, Monsieur le Comte—he did not trouble to ask you about them, and now he sent me—"

"Indeed! That is most plausible! But why seek for them in my rooms, when his quarters were in quite another part of the palace, my dear sir?"

"As to that," replied the other with calm effrontery, "I cannot say. I only came here because the servants told me that this was the room. Of course, if there has been any mistake—"

"Cease, I say," exclaimed Count Frederick, frowning now, his face flushing.

He turned from Roleau to the other intruder in his apartments. Roleau stood dumb. The other shook his head.

"Monsieur le Comte," said he, "the young woman was here when I entered—when this man also entered. She passed yonder—when she had the opportunity—and took with her one half the coin. There lies the other on your floor. She disappeared—we heard a cry—"

Count Frederick stooped and picked up the object pointed out to him. It was his own half of the coin—or that which he had called his own—since he had taken it from her.

So then, he reflected, she had found the way to his most secret hiding place—she was on the very point of success when this last contretemps had interfered with her plans. A new feeling of admiration for her keenness and persistence once more came to Count Frederick's heart. For a moment he stood regarding half-reflectively the bit of metal in his hand.

"I shall not offer this trinket to you, my friend," said he grimly to the man Bartel, as he pocketed the coin, "for of course you were not looking for coins—only toilet articles—silver ones, did you say, sir? You shall take back an excellent set of my own to Count Sachio, with my compliments. Tell him that it would seem ill to me that any guest of mine should suffer risk of loss either to his person or his property while he was beneath my roof!"

With these stinging words, which brought color to the other's face, Count Frederick turned coolly away, and once more faced Roleau. That was in his face now which did not bespeak remorselessness, revengefulness. No, something softer lay in the man's cool gray eyes.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

Solitary Confinement.

When Kitty in her blind impulse of self-preservation sprang out of Count Frederick's room, she did not at first contemplate continued flight. Once out of reach of immediate danger, she paused, loath to leave what she had come there to obtain, and loath also to abandon her stout-hearted ally in his time of stress. She turned back, paused just outside the door once more. As she did so, yet another door opening into the hall was pushed silently ajar—opened fully. Yet another man, whom never in her life she had seen before, now stepped out. She felt a hard hand close upon her mouth, more than half-sufficing her scream for help. "Silence!" she heard a voice insist. "Go on ahead of me"

Once more Kitty undertook to scream, and again the firm hand stopped her voice. It seemed to her that some pungent aromatic drug filled the air with its fumes. She struggled less violently. Events seemed to pass by her in a dream, and she regarded them carelessly, apathetically. In short, either in part or in whole, she had lost consciousness.

When at length she fully regained her senses she was alone—alone with a terror which seemed to her more overpowering than any she yet had known. Instead of her own apartments in her hotel, instead of the room of Count Frederick or the hunting lodge of his quondam friend, Count Sachio, she found herself surrounded by four barren walls—in what edifice or in what place, she could not guess. There seemed some sort of doorway. There was a small, high, barred window; but the latter was at such height as to be almost beyond her

reach. For the time Kitty was of the belief that her senses must leave her forever. The sense of solitude was a poignant torture.

How long she had thus remained she could not tell, when at length the close-fitting door in one side of the four walls opened. An old woman came in, bringing some food for her. Kitty tried her in every language which she had ever known, but got no answer. The old woman shook her head, and after a time retreated silently as she had come.

Getting no answer to her appeal for help, Kitty sat down once more, fighting herself to retain her faculties, her calm, her poise. Escape? How could there be hope for that? For once she was at her wit's end as she looked about her. She sat moody and silent, too dazed, suffering too much, too uncertain in her own mind to plan intelligently any course of action. She was brought to herself somewhat by hearing the tinkle of some object on the floor at her feet.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tightly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from someone outside the room. It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans.

"Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coin and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."

who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established.

"Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? You are not going to tell me the same story that Rudolph brought you—have not failed?"

The shamed look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

"The count retained one-half the coin," went on the unfortunate messenger. "I don't know which it was. The girl—the young American—got the other piece. I saw her pick it up. But she did not get both! I don't know which one she did get, but I know that each has one-half—the count and the girl. She must have been carried away by some other man. I heard her scream, then all was silent."

"So all escaped you? It is another matter what I myself may have done as to the girl and the coin—they escaped you?"

"Yes, excellency, naturally I could not prevent the man from escaping, and the count himself allowed the other man to do so."

"What other man?"

"Roleau, they called him—the girl's servant—he follows her like a dog—and fights like one."

"So, there were two others present beside yourself?"

"Yes, it seemed as though everyone interested in the coin came all at once."

"Naturally, the competition asks quick work of all of us. And we will

had left him. Now he learned that the message from the king asked his attendance at the palace as soon as might be. The king had, it seemed, a communication which he desired to make to Count Frederick at once.

"Confound his royal highness!" exclaimed Frederick to himself, "I never leave him but he asks me back at once. He is always in some trouble, and I am ill-disposed now to be nurse to any king, for I have affairs of my own to trouble me sufficiently."

Nevertheless, grumbling, he went his way to the palace, for the royal will was something not yet at least to be set aside.

"Good! Count Frederick," Michael greeted him. "I asked your return because of a sudden thought that had come to my mind."

"As to what, your majesty? Did it come to you alone, unassisted?"

The king was too much preoccupied to concern himself with sarcasm.

"Yes, assuredly. It is regarding the coin."

"The coin! I thought your majesty cared little for it—so little that you gave it away unasked to one who is not even of our country—a stranger—the young American."

"Freely. That is true. And I had cause for my act. But, see you, one does not make gifts unrequited. Now the young American has disappeared, and so has the coin. Perhaps, rather, I should reverse that, and say that the coin has disappeared and with it the young American. At least, that is to say—they both are gone. So I sent for you, my dear Frederick, to tell me what to do."

The nobleman stood for a moment but half concealing his real feelings, gauging the man before him, this imitation of a king.

"She was a most charming young person," began the king, trying to conceal his own thoughts. "Do you not think such hair as hers is rare?"

"Rare, indeed, your majesty—she is in all things rare," suddenly exclaimed the count.

"And where is she gone?"

"I do not know—I have no idea."

"But you can find her—you certainly can bring her back."

"I hope it, your majesty—I hope it very much. But then, as to the coin?" he added, somewhat maliciously—for he knew well enough where sat the wind in royal quarters.

"Oh, yes, about the coin. Well, I was only going to ask you to find it for me."

"That seems simple, your majesty! Even though I do not know where the young girl is."

"That is wily I ask you, my dear count."

"Agreed then, your majesty. Of what use is a servant of the king if he cannot do the king's will? I accept your errand. I will soon return to you the coin—at least, I hope so. After all, perhaps it has no such value as you seem to think—I am sure it has less value for you than other things that we might mention."

Count Frederick did not add aloud what was in his own mind—the truth—that the coin had more value for him than he at any time before now had believed.

Presently he excused himself from the royal presence and departed to put into effect a little plan of his own which he fancied might blunt both horns of this dilemma into which the naivete of King Michael so suddenly had placed him.

As luck would have it, there had been thrown into his hands the king's half of the coin.

Count Frederick thought for a moment before he made a plan. Then he made a hurried journey to a certain silversmith in whose skill he had much confidence.

"Make me," he said as he laid upon the counter his piece of the coin—"a replica of this—absolutely, line for line, so that I myself cannot tell the two apart. Do you hear me? Can it be done?"

"Yes, excellency," said the workman, "it can be done—so nicely that I myself scarcely could tell them apart."

"Then quick with it," said Count Frederick. "How soon?"

"By tomorrow, excellency, I promise you a duplicate."

It was therefore on the morrow that Count Frederick was able once more to visit the royal palace with a mind more at peace with circumstances. With him he carried what was apparently the king's half of the coin which he had given to the young American so carelessly, and which now at once he coveted again—since the young American herself was gone.

"So soon!" exclaimed Michael. "You are the acme of punctiliousness and efficiency, my dear count. You are indeed a man of results. Go now to my cabinet again and help yourself to such jewels as you fancy."

"No more, your majesty, I thank you. If I have been of service I am pleased. Jewels are not for me. They are for women—and no woman has jewels from me now. I have reformed, your majesty. I shall be taking myself to a monastery next."

King Michael laughed loudly at this jest on the part of his former boon companion. "Not so far as that for me," he said. "I am not yet ready for me." "I am not yet ready for me," he said. "I am not yet ready for me."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Counterfeit Coin.

Count Frederick finally aroused himself from the apathy of inaction in which Kitty's sudden disappearance

reach. For the time Kitty was of the belief that her senses must leave her forever. The sense of solitude was a poignant torture.

How long she had thus remained she could not tell, when at length the close-fitting door in one side of the four walls opened. An old woman came in, bringing some food for her. Kitty tried her in every language which she had ever known, but got no answer. The old woman shook her head, and after a time retreated silently as she had come.

Getting no answer to her appeal for help, Kitty sat down once more, fighting herself to retain her faculties, her calm, her poise. Escape? How could there be hope for that? For once she was at her wit's end as she looked about her. She sat moody and silent, too dazed, suffering too much, too uncertain in her own mind to plan intelligently any course of action. She was brought to herself somewhat by hearing the tinkle of some object on the floor at her feet.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tightly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from someone outside the room. It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans.

"Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coin and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."

who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established.

"Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? You are not going to tell me the same story that Rudolph brought you—have not failed?"

The shamed look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

"The count retained one-half the coin," went on the unfortunate messenger. "I don't know which it was. The girl—the young American—got the other piece. I saw her pick it up. But she did not get both! I don't know which one she did get, but I know that each has one-half—the count and the girl. She must have been carried away by some other man. I heard her scream, then all was silent."

"So all escaped you? It is another matter what I myself may have done as to the girl and the coin—they escaped you?"

"Yes, excellency, naturally I could not prevent the man from escaping, and the count himself allowed the other man to do so."

"What other man?"

"Roleau, they called him—the girl's servant—he follows her like a dog—and fights like one."

"So, there were two others present beside yourself?"

"Yes, it seemed as though everyone interested in the coin came all at once."

"Naturally, the competition asks quick work of all of us. And we will

had left him. Now he learned that the message from the king asked his attendance at the palace as soon as might be. The king had, it seemed, a communication which he desired to make to Count Frederick at once.

"Confound his royal highness!" exclaimed Frederick to himself, "I never leave him but he asks me back at once. He is always in some trouble, and I am ill-disposed now to be nurse to any king, for I have affairs of my own to trouble me sufficiently."

Nevertheless, grumbling, he went his way to the palace, for the royal will was something not yet at least to be set aside.

"Good! Count Frederick," Michael greeted him. "I asked your return because of a sudden thought that had come to my mind."

"As to what, your majesty? Did it come to you alone, unassisted?"

The king was too much preoccupied to concern himself with sarcasm.

"Yes, assuredly. It is regarding the coin."

"The coin! I thought your majesty cared little for it—so little that you gave it away unasked to one who is not even of our country—a stranger—the young American."

"Freely. That is true. And I had cause for my act. But, see you, one does not make gifts unrequited. Now the young American has disappeared, and so has the coin. Perhaps, rather, I should reverse that, and say that the coin has disappeared and with it the young American. At least, that is to say—they both are gone. So I sent for you, my dear Frederick, to tell me what to do."

The nobleman stood for a moment but half concealing his real feelings, gauging the man before him, this imitation of a king.

"She was a most charming young person," began the king, trying to conceal his own thoughts. "Do you not think such hair as hers is rare?"

"Rare, indeed, your majesty—she is in all things rare," suddenly exclaimed the count.

"And where is she gone?"

"I do not know—I have no idea."

"But you can find her—you certainly can bring her back."

"I hope it, your majesty—I hope it very much. But then, as to the coin?" he added, somewhat maliciously—for he knew well enough where sat the wind in royal quarters.

"Oh, yes, about the coin. Well, I was only going to ask you to find it for me."

"That seems simple, your majesty! Even though I do not know where the young girl is."

"That is wily I ask you, my dear count."

"Agreed then, your majesty. Of what use is a servant of the king if he cannot do the king's will? I accept your errand. I will soon return to you the coin—at least, I hope so. After all, perhaps it has no such value as you seem to think—I am sure it has less value for you than other things that we might mention."

Count Frederick did not add aloud what was in his own mind—the truth—that the coin had more value for him than he at any time before now had believed.

Presently he excused himself from the royal presence and departed to put into effect a little plan of his own which he fancied might blunt both horns of this dilemma into which the naivete of King Michael so suddenly had placed him.

As luck would have it, there had been thrown into his hands the king's half of the coin.

Count Frederick thought for a moment before he made a plan. Then he made a hurried journey to a certain silversmith in whose skill he had much confidence.

"Make me," he said as he laid upon the counter his piece of the coin—"a replica of this—absolutely, line for line, so that I myself cannot tell the two apart. Do you hear me? Can it be done?"

"Yes, excellency," said the workman, "it can be done—so nicely that I myself scarcely could tell them apart."

"Then quick with it," said Count Frederick. "How soon?"

"By tomorrow, excellency, I promise you a duplicate."

It was therefore on the morrow that Count Frederick was able once more to visit the royal palace with a mind more at peace with circumstances. With him he carried what was apparently the king's half of the coin which he had given to the young American so carelessly, and which now at once he coveted again—since the young American herself was gone.

"So soon!" exclaimed Michael. "You are the acme of punctiliousness and efficiency, my dear count. You are indeed a man of results. Go now to my cabinet again and help yourself to such jewels as you fancy."

"No more, your majesty, I thank you. If I have been of service I am pleased. Jewels are not for me. They are for women—and no woman has jewels from me now. I have reformed, your majesty. I shall be taking myself to a monastery next."

King Michael laughed loudly at this jest on the part of his former boon companion. "Not so far as that for me," he said. "I am not yet ready for me."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Counterfeit Coin.

Count Frederick finally aroused himself from the apathy of inaction in which Kitty's sudden disappearance

fair could be undertaken do more, my dear count. She gave it to you to return to me? Well, no matter, only I hope that in some way, on some day, she will come back again."

"I trust it, your majesty," said Count Frederick fervently; and the delighted monarch, pleased at the quick execution of his wishes, knew nothing of the deeper machinations of the keen brain which he fancied still was in his service.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Means to an End.

Kitty, left alone once more, found herself in better heart than she had been but now. At least, she had seen Roleau—had found once more proof of his faithfulness and his efficiency. Surely he would help her to escape again. And as for Sachio—better he of whom she knew something, than a stranger of whom she knew nothing at all. Of late despair had been knocking at her heart in such fashion that the summons of opportunity found no hearing, but now she began to plan once more.

She sought to study the exits of the apartment in which she found herself. There were two doors, so it seemed, both fastened. She pushed strongly at one; it opened before her. She stood once more face to face with Count Sachio, the mocking conspirator who had of late had so much to do with her own misfortunes!

"Mademoiselle!" said he, "I am so pleased."

"For myself," rejoined Kitty indignantly, "I was never so much displeased as I am now. So the gentlemen of this country in this way show their quality—in their treatment of women? I compliment you."

"Your words are at least better than your absence, mademoiselle—I like neither."

"And what of me? What shall I say of a man who treats me as a criminal? Nay, a criminal would be treated better in my country—he would have a trial. There would be process of law, observance of the law. In the habeas corpus writ a thing unknown in this country—have the people never yet wrung that right from the hands of tyrants? In my country there are some recourses which any citizen may have."

"Your own country? Why did you ever leave it, mademoiselle?"

"The reasons concern me alone, sir. Indeed, you mistake—they do not concern you alone. We are many of us in this country also concerned with them. We would that you never had come from America. There are many reasons moving to that. And, indeed, we even ask your return to your own country."

"So, then, it was your message to me that I got? Most melodramatic of you, Count Sachio—but by what right do you demand my return?"

"There are some large rights, mademoiselle, which need small explanation."

"But which allow you to hinder me in the performance of my own duties—to ask me to be unfaithful to my employers? Why, you even ask me to deceive the public—to present a counterfeit—to pretend that I have done what I have not done."

"So? And you cannot take such good advice?"

"No, I will not. To deceive, to pretend, to counterfeit—those are attributes of your kingdom, not of my own country, America. In my country we have better standards—men and women alike—for which I heartily am glad."

"You have a stinging tongue, mademoiselle," said Count Sachio, red under his swarthy skin. "Perhaps it will grow milder if left unused. I shall leave you here—until you are willing to say you are done with Grethoffen and ready to return to your own country. This land, mademoiselle, can keep its own secrets—it could even close over the secret of the disappearance of a young woman—and leave her fate a mystery. I trust that you will reconsider what you have said." A moment and he had left her once more. Before he passed through the door she glanced beyond. The room was occupied, apparently, by his friends—escape on that side was impossible.

The other door still remained fastened. Kitty turned to it with burglarious intent—using an art learned when she was a schoolgirl. With no better instrument than a hairpin, she had seen wonders done at opening locks.

Her brisk interchange of compliments with Count Sachio had set her pulses stirring once more. She wanted to get out—she wanted to escape, and she proposed to escape. Once more free, she admitted to herself, she would be willing enough to take the advice which but now she had scorned—willing enough to take ship back home, to see the familiar sky line of her own city, to find her own place back in the smoky and grimy city, her own place in the hum and grind of the old newspaper. How good it would seem to her now to see the faces of the local room. They might chaff her all they liked. Yes, she would go back home.

And now, with schoolgirl finesse in the employment of the small instrument at her disposal, she succeeded in her burglary. She felt the lock turn at last—felt it give—saw that she could open the door. She did open it—and closed it again.

Back of her she heard once more the creak of the other door as it opened. She turned—to encounter once more the figure of Count Sachio. He smiled at her as once more she entered unannounced.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

THE McLEAN NEWS  
ILLU.  
Kenneth  
writer becau  
hails up An  
Bayou B.  
her private  
to in cash  
Dale as a  
of Alaska  
cash distric  
agnate kin  
travel in  
would be arce  
from his m  
parks. Min  
saves the tru  
and is care  
Wahaska gr  
of Jacques  
money in G  
character. T  
her father's  
financial bot  
book. Greth  
money gone.  
Raymer, the  
comes to Wa  
who will re  
Delisville.  
the safety d  
pilot mount  
him. Brodie  
him. Grawe  
mer's plan of  
book. Greth  
has not recy  
ery and C  
character. I  
Margery, w  
regarding G  
would save  
as he recog  
recognizes G  
mer's iron v



The PRICE By FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS by C. DRHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Bank...

and she might as well not have any father—better, perhaps. As God bears me, Raymer, I'm going to see to it that she gets a square deal.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"The Federated Iron Workers, I suppose."

"Not in a thousand years! They are only the means to an end."

"Name it," said Raymer eagerly.

"I will; but first I'll have to break over into the personalities. Have you ever had your mind that you are going to marry Margery Grierson?"

Raymer laughed silently, leaning his head back on the cushion of the lazy chair until his cigar stood upright.

"That's a nice way to bluff a man in the dark!" he chuckled.

"You mean that Margery Grierson doesn't measure up to the requirements of the Wahaskan Four Hundred?"

"Oh, I don't know as you would put it quite that baldly," he protested.

"You have reason to believe that it rests wholly with you, I suppose?"

"That's a horrible question to ask a man, Kenneth—even in the dark. If I say yes to it, it can't sound any other way than boastful and—and caddish."

"No, impossible; only a trifle difficult," was the qualifying rejoinder.

"That's a horrible question to ask a man, Kenneth—even in the dark. If I say yes to it, it can't sound any other way than boastful and—and caddish."

"No, impossible; only a trifle difficult," was the qualifying rejoinder.

"That's a horrible question to ask a man, Kenneth—even in the dark. If I say yes to it, it can't sound any other way than boastful and—and caddish."

"No, impossible; only a trifle difficult," was the qualifying rejoinder.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Narrowing Walls.

Griswold joined the conference with Raymer and the shop bosses in the offices of the plant the following morning.

Having slept upon the quarrel, Raymer was on the conciliatory hand, and four of the five department foremen were with him.

The prompt closing of the shops had had its effect, and a deputation of the older workmen came to plead for arbitration and a peaceful settlement of the trouble.

But Griswold fought it and finally carried his point. "No compromise" was the answer sent back to the locked-out workmen, and with it went the ultimatum, which Griswold himself snatched out at the leader of the conciliators.

"Tell your committee that it is unconditional surrender, and it must be made before five o'clock this afternoon. Otherwise, not a man of you can come back on any terms."

Then Griswold proceeded to make the speech impassable by calling upon the sheriff for a guard of deputies.

Raymer shook his head gloomily. "That settles it beyond any hope of a patch-up," he said sorrowfully.

"If we hadn't declared war before, we've done it now. I'm prophesying that nobody will weaken when it comes to the pay-roll test this afternoon."

"Because we have taken steps to protect our property?" rasped the fighting partner.

"Because we have taken the step which serves notice upon them that we consider them criminals, at least in intention. You'd resent it yourself, Griswold. If anybody should pull the law on you before you had done anything to deserve it, I'm much mistaken if you wouldn't—"

"Oh, hell!" was the biting interruption; and Raymer could not know upon what inward fires he had unwittingly flung a handful of inflammables.

Broffin was as sore now that Griswold was his man as he was of his own present inability to prove it.

"He'll make a misgo, sooner or later," the pertinacious one was saying to himself as he strolled past the Raymer plant with a keen eye for the barred gates.

Later, a big, red-faced man with his hat on the back of his head and a paste diamond in his shirt bosom, came to join the shifting group on the office sidewalk.

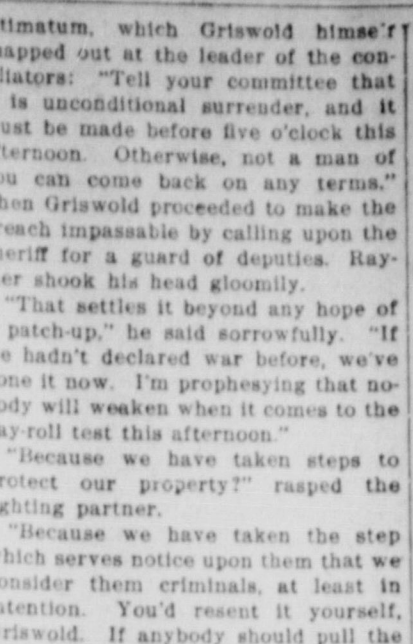
The man's name was Clancy; he was a Chicago ward worker, sham labor leader, demagogue, a bad man with a "pull." What chance had brought the Chicago ward bully into a village labor fight he was not long in finding.

Clancy had come because he had been hired to come. The remainder was easy. The town gossip had supplied all the major facts of the Raymer-Grierson checkmate, and Broffin saw a great light. It was not labor and capital that were at odds; it was competition and monopoly.

Invoking the aid of the Clancys, stood to win in a canter.

Broffin dropped the stick he had been whittling and got up to move away. Though some imaginative persons would still be a man of like passions—and generous prepossessions—with other men.

For the time Broffin's Anglo-Saxon heritage, the love of fair play, made him forget the limitations of his trade.



He Stepped Behind the Nearest Shade-Tree and Tightened His Grip.

to the wheel of the phaeton. Two minutes after the boy's disappearance, Broffin came out and touched his hat to the trim little person in the basket seat.

"You are Mr. Matthew Broffin of the Colburne Detective Agency, are you not?" she asked, sweetly.

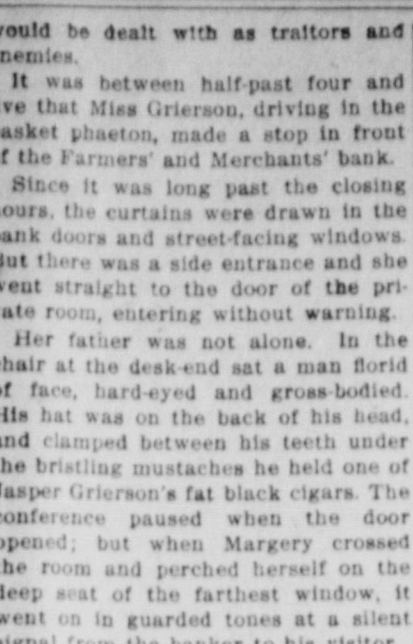
Broffin took the privilege of the accused and lied promptly.

"Not that anybody ever heard of, I reckon," he denied, matching the smile in the inquiring eyes.

She laughed softly. "You see, it resolves itself into a question of veracity—between you and Mr. Andrew Galbraith. You say you are not, and he says you are. Which am I to believe?"

Broffin did some pretty swift thinking. There had been times when he had fancied that Miss Grierson, rather than Miss Farnham, might be the key to his problem.

"You can call it a mistake of mine, if you like," he yielded; and she nodded brightly.



"O'ye See That Felly Doublin' the Fence Corner?"

ye what honest workin' men has got to come to these days. Didn't ye see him sittin' there on that castin'?

Wabaska was duly thrilled and excited when, on the day following the storm and shipwreck, it found itself the scene of an angry conflict between capital and labor.

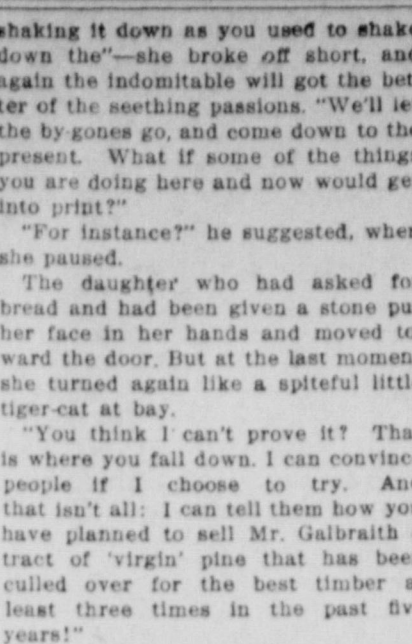
It was a crude surprise, both to the West side and to "Pottery Flat," to find the new book-writing partner not only taking an active part in the fight, but apparently directing the capitalistic hostilities with a high hand.

At half-past four and five that war had been declared. Raymer and Griswold were telegraphing for strike-breakers; the men were swearing that the plant would be picketed and that scabs would be dealt with as traitors and enemies.

It was between half-past four and five that Miss Grierson, driving in the basket phaeton, made a stop in front of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank.

Since it was long past the closing hours, the curtains were drawn in the bank doors and street-facing windows.

Her father was not alone. In the chair at the desk-end sat a man florid of face, hard-eyed and gross-bodied. His hat was on the back of his head, and clamped between his teeth under the bristling mustaches he held one of Jasper Grierson's fat black cigars.



Draw Moisture from Watch

Timepiece is Not Necessarily Ruined if Unfortunately It Has Been Water-Soaked.

What to do with a water-soaked watch is often a problem when one is caught in the wilderness, or in a community where no jeweler is to be found.

Watches made with both a screw face and screw back may be dried easily by removing the front and back, emptying the watch of as much water as will run out, reversing the crystal, screwing it on the back of the watch, and then laying it where the sun will have a chance to reflect through the crystal.

The heat of the sun on the crystal will draw the moisture from the works in fifteen or twenty minutes, says the Technical World.

After the sun falls to draw any more of the water out of the glass it is safe to conclude that there is no more in the works, and the oil originally on them, warmed by the sun, lubricates the parts.

There should be no more trouble with the watch, although it is advisable to have it examined by a jeweler at the earliest opportunity.

Kultur That Counts.

pered the remainder of his instructions. When she had finished he looked up and wagged his head approvingly.

"Yes; I see what you mean—and it's none o' my business what you mean it for," he answered.

"It was an hour beyond the normal quitting time on the day of ultimatums and counter-threatenings, the small office force had gone home, and the night squad of deputies had come to relieve the day guard.

Griswold closed the spare desk in the manager's room and twirled his chair to face Raymer.

"We may as well go and get something to eat," he suggested.

"There will be nothing doing tonight," Raymer began to put his desk in order.

"No, not tonight. The trouble will begin when we try to start up with a new force. Call it a weakness if you like, but I read it, Kenneth."

Griswold's smile was a mere baring of the teeth. "That's all right, Ned; you do the dreading and I'll do the fighting," he said, adding: "What we've had today has merely whetted my appetite."



# 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 Grethoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription. She is followed, and on arrival in Grethoffen her adventures while chasing the secret of the broken coin begin.

### SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Divided.  
As Kitty approached the little room of the count's palace—which before now had proved to be something of a storm center in the affairs of the Grethoffen coin—there came to her the conviction that there might be others beside herself who would have some inkling as to the whereabouts of the missing portion of the coin, and who might therefore arrive upon the scene at much the same time as that of her own visit. She was not altogether surprised at the sudden interruption of her labors, just at the moment of her success.

As she saw herself the object of a poised weapon, she swerved aside instinctively—called out instinctively for help.  
"Roleau!" she exclaimed, for, womanlike, she had learned the value of a strong man's arm, and her first thought was of the faithful servant who so strangely had attached himself to her own varying fortunes. And Roleau came hastening from his watching place outside the door.

He saw the little room occupied by a man—who now suddenly had entered—and who menaced Kitty, so that, to save her life as she supposed, she was on the point of surrendering to him both pieces of the coin. The sight of his mistress in danger was enough for Roleau. With his customary battle cry he plunged immediately into the conflict, careless of the threatening weapon. In the melee the two half coins both were dropped upon the floor.

Even now the ruling impulse of Kitty did not quite forsake her. She stooped and regained one of the half coins, but the struggling men, shifting here and there in the room, kept her from securing the other. In the blind instinct for escape she fled now to the open hall, taking that direction which led back from the front of the building.

Roleau heard her pass, and could not join her in flight—but he heard her give a cry of alarm whose cause he could only guess. His energies were fully occupied by the combat with this



She Felt a Hard Hand Close Upon Her Mouth.

stranger—whom now he saw to be one of Count Sachio's men. He had noted him at the hunting lodge. He himself had not time to reason as to the presence of this new factor in the general imbroglio, but at last, able to bring his own weapons into play, he stayed the issue for a time. They both had time to recognize one another as they stood, the one as much baffled as the other, and neither quite comprehending what the other was doing here.

Very naturally the sounds of all this confusion could not be concealed. The scream of a woman had rung widely through the halls, and used as they were to extraordinary circumstances hereabout, the servants could not fail to investigate the cause of this. They hastened in the direction of the uproar, but their advance was stayed by the command of the master of the palace himself.

The men in the room, as they

paused for breathing space, heard a steady footfall advancing to the door, heard the calm voice of Count Frederick himself.

"Gentlemen!"  
The intruders, whatever the errand of each, took their eyes from one another and turned now, recognizing yet another man who scarce had come in friendship.

"You honor me greatly, gentlemen," said Count Frederick with his usual coolness in any extraordinary situation. "But might I ask why you care thus to disarrange my apartment? Had I known your own curiosity regarding it, I might have asked some of my servants to assist you in a search more orderly."

"I was sent back by my master," began the stranger—who was none other than Bartel, the late successor to Rudolph in Count Sachio's good graces. "He had left certain of his belongings—some silver cases of the toilet, Monsieur le Comte—he did not trouble to ask you about them, and now he sent me—"

"Indeed! That is most plausible! But why seek for them in my rooms, when his quarters were in quite another part of the palace, my dear sir?"

"As to that," replied the other with calm effrontery, "I cannot say. I only came here because the servants told me that this was the room. Of course, if there has been any mistake—"

"Cease, I say," exclaimed Count Frederick, frowning now, his face flushing.

He turned from Roleau to the other intruder in his apartments. Roleau stood dumb. The other shook his head.

"Monsieur le Comte," said he, "the young woman was here when I entered—when this man also entered. She passed yonder—when she had the opportunity—and took with her one half the coin. There lies the other on your floor. She disappeared—we heard a cry—"

Count Frederick stooped and picked up the object pointed out to him. It was his own half of the coin—or that which he had called his own—since he had taken it from her.

So then, he reflected, she had found the way to his most secret hiding place—she was on the very point of success when this last contretemps had interfered with her plans. A new feeling of admiration for her keenness and persistence once more came to Count Frederick's heart. For a moment he stood regarding half-regretfully the bit of metal in his hand.

"I shall not offer this trinket to you, my friend," said he grimly to the man Bartel, as he pocketed the coin, "for of course you were not looking for coins—only toilet articles—silver ones, did you say, sir? You shall take back an excellent set of my own to Count Sachio, with my compliments. Tell him that it would seem ill to me that any guest of mine should suffer risk of loss either to his person or his property while he was beneath my roof!"

With these stinging words, which brought color to the other's face, Count Frederick turned coolly away, and once more faced Roleau. That was in his face now which did not bespeak remorselessness, revengefulness. No, something softer lay in the man's cool gray eyes.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### Solitary Confinement.

When Kitty in her blind impulse of self-preservation sprang out of Count Frederick's room, she did not at first contemplate continued flight. Once out of reach of immediate danger, she paused, loath to leave what she had come there to obtain, and loath also to abandon her stout-hearted ally in his time of stress. She turned back, paused just outside the door once more. As she did so, yet another door opening into the hall was pushed silently ajar—opened fully. Yet another man, whom never in her life had she seen before, now stepped out. She felt a hard hand close upon her mouth, more than half-stifling her scream for help. "Silence!" she heard his voice insist. "Go on ahead of me."

Once more Kitty undertook to scream, and again the firm hand stopped her voice. It seemed to her that some pungent aromatic drug filled the air with its fumes. She struggled less violently. Events seemed to pass by her in a dream, and she regarded them carelessly, apathetically. In short, either in part or in whole, she had lost consciousness.

When at length she fully regained her senses she was alone—alone with a terror which seemed to her more overpowering than any she yet had known. Instead of her own apartments in her hotel, instead of the room of Count Frederick or the hunting lodge of his quondam friend, Count Sachio, she found herself surrounded by four barren walls—in what edifice or in what place, she could not guess. There seemed some sort of doorway; but the latter was at such height as to be almost beyond her

reach. For the time Kitty was of the belief that her senses must leave her forever. The sense of solitude was a poignant torture.

How long she had thus remained she could not tell, when at length the close-fitting door in one side of the four walls opened. An old woman came in, bringing some food for her. Kitty tried her in every language which she had ever known, but got no answer. The old woman shook her head, and after a time retreated silently as she had come.

Getting no answer to her appeal for help, Kitty sat down once more, fighting herself to retain her faculties her calm, her poise. Escape? How could there be hope for that? For once she was at her wit's end as she looked about her. She sat moody and silent, too dazed, suffering too much, too uncertain in her own mind to plan intelligently any course of action. She was brought to herself somewhat by hearing the tinkle of some object on the floor at her feet.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tightly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from someone outside the room. It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans.

"Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coins and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."



An Old Woman Came in Bringing Some Food for Her.

These strange words suddenly brought Kitty back to a train of thought which for the time had been broken. She felt quickly at her bosom and at her waist for the bit of coin which she had brought away from Count Frederick's room. It was gone! At some time during her journey from Count Frederick's palace to this place—long or short whether it had been, she could not tell—the coin had been taken from her.

Kitty sprang to the sill of the little window and peered out for an instant; but her hold was too feeble. She sank back, not seeing what would have given her great joy to see. Apparently some eye had caught sight of her face, brief as had been its appearance. In truth, Roleau, hound-like, had run his game to earth. It was he who had caught sight of her just for an instant. Later she heard once more the tinkling of some falling object upon the floor. She picked it up—it was a substantial file, which evidently had been swung through the window by someone having the intent to aid her. This thought gave her hope. Almost as soon as she grasped it she fell to work at the bars which had restrained her.

Meantime, at the scene from which she had been so unceremoniously abstracted but now, Count Frederick remained still pondering on the strange events which had been brought home so close to him. He was too much preoccupied in his concern over the young woman's disappearance to note carefully anything else that went on about him. When one of his household placed a message in his hand, for the time he gazed at it, scarce comprehending that it came from the royal palace.

Since he had left unattended the servant of Count Sachio, whom he had found in his own room, the latter seized the present opportunity to escape from the place and to find his own master, Count Sachio himself—

who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established.

"Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? You are not going to tell me the same story that Rudolph brought—you have not failed?"

The shamefaced look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

"The count retained one-half the coin," went on the unfortunate messenger. "I don't know which it was. The girl—the young American—got the other piece. I saw her pick it up. But she did not get both! I don't know which one she did get, but I know that each has one-half—the count and the girl. She must have been carried away by some other man. I heard her scream, then all was silent."

"So all escaped you? It is another matter what I myself may have done as to the girl and the coin—they escaped you?"

"Yes, excellency, naturally I could not prevent the man from escaping, and the count himself allowed the other man to do so."

"What other man?"

"Roleau, they called him—the girl's servant—he follows her like a dog—and fights like one."

"So, there were two others present beside yourself?"

"Yes, it seemed as though everyone interested in the coin came all at once."

"Naturally, the competition asks quick work of all of us. And we will

had left him. Now he learned that the message from the king asked his attendance at the palace as soon as might be. The king had, it seemed, a communication which he desired to make to Count Frederick at once.

"Confound his royal highness!" exclaimed Frederick to himself. "I never leave him but he asks me back at once. He is always in some trouble, and I am ill-disposed now to be nurse to any king, for I have affairs of my own to trouble me sufficiently."

Nevertheless, grumbling, he went his way to the palace, for the royal will was something not yet at least to be set aside.

"Good! Count Frederick," Michael greeted him. "I asked your return because of a sudden thought that had come to my mind."

"As to what, your majesty? Did it come to you alone, unassisted?"

"The king was too much preoccupied to concern himself with sarcasm."

"Yes, assuredly. It is regarding the coin."

"The coin! I thought your majesty cared little for it—so little that you gave it away unasked to one who is not even of our country—a stranger—the young American."

"Precisely. That is true. And I had cause for my act. But, see you, one does not make gifts unrequited. Now the young American has disappeared, and so has the coin. Perhaps, rather, I should reverse that, and say that the coin has disappeared and with it the young American. At least, that is to say—they both are gone. So I sent for you, my dear Frederick, to tell me what to do."

The nobleman stood for a moment but half concealing his real feelings, gauging the man before him, this imitation of a king.

"She was a most charming young person," began the king, trying to conceal his own thoughts. "Do you not think such hair as hers is rare?"

"Rare, indeed, your majesty—she is in all things rare," suddenly exclaimed the count.

"And where is she gone?"

"I do not know—I have no idea."

"But you can find her—you certainly can bring her back."

"I hope it, your majesty—I hope it very much. But then, as to the coin?" he added, somewhat maliciously—for he knew well enough where sat the wind in royal quarters.

"Oh, yes, about the coin. Well, I was only going to ask you to find it for me."

"That seems simple, your majesty! Even though I do not know where the young girl is."

"That is why I ask you, my dear count."

"Agreed then, your majesty. Of what use is a servant of the king if he cannot do the king's will? I accept your errand. I will soon return to you the coin—at least, I hope so. After all, perhaps it has no such value as you seem to think—I am sure it has less value for you than other things that we might mention."

Count Frederick did not add aloud what was in his own mind—the truth—that the coin had more value for him than he at any time before now had believed.

Presently he excused himself from the royal presence and departed to put into effect a little plan of his own which he fancied might blunt both horns of this dilemma into which the naïveté of King Michael so suddenly had placed him.

As luck would have it, there had been thrown into his hands the king's half of the coin.

Count Frederick thought for a moment before he made a plan. Then he made a hurried journey to a certain silversmith in whose skill he had much confidence.

"Make me," he said as he laid upon the counter his piece of the coin—"a replica of this—absolutely, line for line, so that I myself cannot tell the two apart. Do you hear me? Can it be done?"

"Yes, excellency," said the workman, "it can be done—so nicely that I myself scarcely could tell them apart."

"Then quick with it," said Count Frederick. "How soon?"

"By tomorrow, excellency, I promise you a duplicate."

It was therefore on the morrow that Count Frederick was able once more to visit the royal palace with a mind more at peace with circumstances. With him he carried what was apparently the king's half of the coin which he had given to the young American so carelessly, and which now at once he coveted again—since the young American herself was gone.

"So soon!" exclaimed Michael. "You are the acme of punctiliousness and efficiency, my dear count. You are indeed a man of results. Go now to my cabinet again and help yourself to such jewels as you fancy."

"No more, your majesty, I thank you. If I have been of service I am pleased. Jewels are not for me. They are for women—and no woman has jewels from me now. I have reformed, your majesty. I shall be taking myself to a monastery next."

King Michael laughed loudly at this jest on the part of his former boon companion. "Not so far as that for me," he said. "I am not yet ready for any monastery. I swear I can remember a queen's face and a queen's figure when I see them, well as ever. And I saw them both here not so long ago. I thought I had secured the chance to see them yet again—when I gave her as our gift this which you have restored to me now. It seems I failed in that. But should the same case come up again for action—should she be in possession once more of what formerly was mine. Perhaps the at-

fair could be undertaken de novo, my dear count. She gave it to you to return to me? Well, no matter, only I hope that in some way, on some day, she will come back again."

"I trust it, your majesty," said Count Frederick fervently; and the debilitated monarch, pleased at the quick execution of his wishes, knew nothing of the deeper machinations of the keen brain which he fancied still was in his service.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### Means to an End.

Kitty, left alone once more, found herself in better heart than she had been but now. At least, she had seen Roleau—had found once more proof of his faithfulness and his efficiency. Surely he would help her to escape again. And as for Sachio—better he, of whom she knew something, than a stranger of whom she knew nothing at all. Of late despair had been knocking at her heart in such fashion that the summons of opportunity found no hearing, but now she began to plan once more.

She sought to study the exits of the apartment in which she found herself. There were two doors, so it seemed, both fastened. She pushed strongly at one; it opened before her. She stood once more face to face with Count Sachio, the mocking conspirator who had of late had so much to do with her own misfortunes!

"Mademoiselle!" said he, "I am so pleased."

"For myself," rejoined Kitty indignantly, "I was never so much displeased as I am now. So the gentlemen of this country in this way show their quality—in their treatment of women? I compliment you."

"Your words are at least better than your absence, mademoiselle—I like neither."

"And what of me? What shall I say of a man who treats me as a criminal? Nay, a criminal would be treated better in my country—he would have a trial. There would be process of law, observance of the law. In the habeas corpus writ a thing unknown in this country—have the people never yet wrung that right from the hands of tyrants? In my country there are some recourses which any citizen may have."

"Your own country? Why did you ever leave it, mademoiselle?"

"The reasons concern me alone, sir."

"Indeed, your mistake—they do not concern you alone. We are many of us in this country also concerned with them. We would that you never had come from America. There are many reasons moving to that. And, indeed, we even ask your return to your own country."

"So, then, it was your message to me that I got? Most melodramatic of you, Count Sachio—but by what right do you demand my return?"

"There are some large rights, mademoiselle, which need small explanation."

"But which allow you to hinder me in the performance of my own duties—to ask me to be unfaithful to my employers? Why, you even ask me to deceive the public—to present a counterfeit—to pretend that I have done what I have not done."

"So? And you cannot take such good advice?"

"No, I will not. To deceive, to pretend, to counterfeit—those are attributes of your kingdom, not of my own country, America. In my country we have better standards—men and women alike—for which I heartily am glad."

"You have a stinging tongue, mademoiselle," said Count Sachio, red under his swarthy skin. "Perhaps it will grow milder if left unused. I shall leave you here—until you are willing to say you are done with Grethoffen and ready to return to your own country. This land, mademoiselle, can keep its own secrets—it could even close over the secret of the disappearance of a young woman—and leave her fate a mystery. I trust that you will reconsider what you have said. A moment and he had left her once more. Before he passed through the door she glanced beyond. The room was occupied, apparently, by his friends—escape on that side was impossible.

The other door still remained fastened. Kitty turned to it with burglarious intent—using an art learned when she was a schoolgirl. With a better instrument than a hairpin, she had seen wonders done at opening locks.

Her brisk interchange of compliments with Count Sachio had set her pulses stirring once more. She wanted to get out—she wanted to escape, and she proposed to escape. Once more free, she admitted to herself, she would be willing enough to take the advice which but now she had scorned—willing enough to take ship back home, to see the familiar skyline of her own city, to find her own place back in the smoky and grimy city, her own place in the hum and grind of the old newspaper. How good it would seem to her now to see the faces of the local room. They might chaff her all they liked. Yes, she would go back home.

And now, with schoolgirl finesse in the employment of the small instrument at her disposal, she succeeded in her burglary. She felt the lock turn at last—felt it give—saw that she could open the door. She did open it—and closed it again.

Back of her she heard once more the creak of the other door as it opened. She turned—to encounter once more the figure of Count Sachio. He smiled at her as once more he entered unannounced.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including the name 'Kitty' and other fragments.







THE McLEAN NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year .....\$1.00

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

Scholastic Enrollment 363

T. W. Henry has recently finished taking the scholastic census of the McLean Independent School District and the total number will exceed that of last year by nearly one hundred, there being three hundred and sixty three children of a school age. This is the largest scholastic enrollment we have ever had.

In case the state apportionment is up to standard next year, and if the local school authorities keep the property rendition up as high as it has been in former years, there is hope that the 1916-17 school term will be easily maintained for nine months.

Study Club Program.

Hostess—Mrs. Homer Crabtree.

Leader—Mrs. D. B. Veatch.  
Subject, How The World Is Fed.

Give the origin of beet sugar and its effect upon the world's supply.

What is the most important food element? How are the Germans supplying this element.

Mention the source from which we learned the use of the following: corn, lima beans, olives and oranges.

How have peaches and apples been improved?

What do you think of the future possibilities of agriculture?

What is the average ration per inhabitant?

What is the best substitute for wheat flour?

Give the diet characteristics of each continent.

Give sources of the world's meat supply.

Why are we eating less meat and what substitutes do we use? Discuss the evolution of the packing house.

Who discovered the ice making machine; what is its influence upon saving perishable foods?

Who are the greatest fish eaters and describe their method of fishing.

Mention the six most important cereal crops and some of their by-products.

"Wheat"—Mrs. Dorsey.  
What is the importance of corn as a food and what of the world's supply does the United States produce?

What part of all the rice produced is eaten by Asiatic people? Tell how rice is grown.

Where is the home of the potato and is it important as a food? Mention the animals from which the races get their milk?

What country leads in dairy products? What can you say of cheese as a food?

Name the vegetables and fruits most commonly grown in our kitchen garden. To whom is the modern process of canning credited, and give his method of canning?

(The entire lesson is taken from the Geographic Magazine.)

LeFors, Texas, March 28, '16.  
Mr. Richardson,  
McLean News.

Dear Sir:

You may discontinue my announcement for County and District Clerk. Having made arrangements where I could not give the office the attention it deserves, I have decided to with-

Bible Study Notes.

There were twenty ladies present this week at our bible study. The lesson was very interesting. Following are a few thoughts we have gleaned from time to time from our study book:

Have you thought of the great tides of modern immigration as answering some great purpose of God? none the less because they occur in accordance with economic law?

"Build each other up." (5:11) It is the will of God that the christian life be developed by the mental influence of believers upon each other's lives. Some are ready to influence but not to be influenced; to give but not to receive. Are you ready to do both?

"Without were fightings, within were fears." (II Cor. 7:5) We are not spared temporary distress and anxiety anymore than was Paul, but these may be made to us, as to him, valuable experiences because they prepare us to receive God's comfort.

"I am a debtor both to Greeks and barbarians." (Rom. 1:14) Paul felt that all men had a right to know the facts about Jesus Christ and His salvation. That there should be good tidings in the world from God to all men, and some men not know them, seemed to him an intolerable thought.

"Paul's many years of active missionary life are now succeeded by the quiet routine of prison life. Perhaps the thought of Paul, the prisoner, did as much to inspire and steady the christians throughout the western world as he in his freedom could have done. It is always not the most 'active' life that is the most useful."

During the business meeting a committee composed of Mesdames Boyett, Noel and Denso was appointed to look after the selection of a new study book.

Supt. of Publicity.

Thanking my friends for their support and encouragement, I am,

EARNEST P. REYNOLDS

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  
W. R. PATTERSON  
IVEY E. DUNCAN  
J. H. SAUNDERS

FOR JUDGE:  
T. M. WOLFE

FOR TREASURER:  
HENRY THUT

FOR PUBLIC WEIGHER:  
T. J. (JEFF) EARP

FOR REPRESENTATIVE:  
C. W. TURMAN

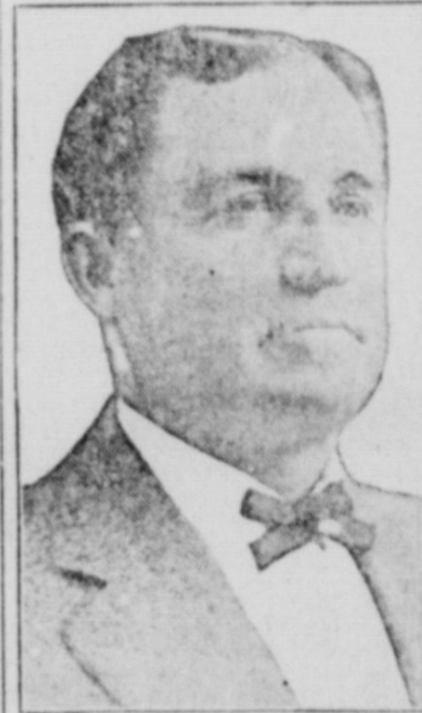
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY:  
J. A. HOLMES

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE:  
W. R. EWING

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE:  
FRANK P. WILLIS

REUBEN M. ELLERD

OF PLAINVIEW, TEXAS, CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS 13TH DISTRICT



ON PREPAREDNESS

I am with and for our Democratic administration and its splendid policies, and believe that our Nation should take its place as a WORLD POWER and that it should have all facilities and equipments necessary to enforce and properly defend its rights as such, to the end that those who subscribe to the false doctrine that might makes right may be held in subjection and our peaceful progress insured.

I am opposed to militarism and war, believing that the central thought in all government should be the CONSERVATION of human life and resources and promotion of the public good everywhere, and that the Government's greatest associate her citizenship.

(Political Advertisement)

District Court Over.

District Court convened Monday and adjourned for the term Wednesday at noon, consuming two and a half days in disposing of the cases on the docket. There were a large number of cases but none requiring a jury. Five divorce cases came up for disposal and in four of them legal separations were granted.

The grand jury also adjourned Wednesday after returning six true bills of indictment, five of which were misdemeanors and one felony.

7 reel matinee Saturday afternoon—10 and 15 cents. Electric Theatre.

At the pretty home of Mrs. Watkins on Friday of last week the Study Club gave an open program, each member bringing a guest. The lesson was unusually interesting, the subject being Alaska, with Mrs. Upham as leader. During the social hour following the lesson, refreshments of cream and cake were served, punch having been served as the guests came in.

Barb Wire

Plenty of black and galvanized wire now in stock

Buy Your Cement From Us

Western Lumber Company

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the financial condition of the Bank of Alanreed at Alanreed, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 7th day of Mar., 1916, published in the McLean News, a newspaper printed and published at McLean, State of Texas, on the 31st day of Mar., 1916.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, personal or collateral	\$35,353 88
Loans, real estate	700 00
Overdrafts	558 14
Real estate (banking house)	4,000 00
Furniture and fixtures	1,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents, net	12,672 78
Cash Items	305 66
Currency	2,284 00
Specie	1,419 58
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	274 00
Cash Collections	406 57
Revenue Stamps	25 42
Total	\$59,000 45

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$10,000 00
Surplus fund	7,000 00
Undivided profits, net	1,708 16
Individual deposits subject to check	33,062 29
Time Certificates of Deposit	2,330 00
Demand Certificates of Deposit	4,900 00
Bills payable and rediscounts	
Total	\$59,000 45

STATE OF TEXAS }  
County of Gray } We, F. R. McCracken as president, and C. B. Hedrick as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

F. R. MCCRACKEN, President.  
C. B. HEDRICK, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 22nd day of Mar., A.D. nineteen hundred and sixteen Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid. [SEAL]

J. P. COPPEGE, Notary Public.

Gray County, Texas.

CORRECT-ATTEST: { F. R. MCCRACKEN }  
{ S. R. KENNEDY } Directors

HAL

My Tom Hal saddle horse, a deep red bay 15 1/2 hands high, will make the setson of 1916 a my place six miles northwest of McLean. Will bring him to town if necessary.  
TERMS: \$12.50 to insure living colt, \$10.00 to insure foal. Money is due if mare is traded or moved from the county.  
SPECIAL: Will give free season for best colt.

J. W. Mars

D. N. Massa

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

Read The Nws

For cut flowers see Mrs. Richardson at the News Office  
Roses, any color, \$1.75 per dozen.  
Carnations \$1.25 per doz.



# Local Happenings

Items of Interest About  
Town and County

We want The news of our farmer readers as well as town readers. If you have a visitor, go away on a trip, have any kind of gathering, or anything that might be of interest to others, please phone this office. We cannot make the News a good local paper unless our readers help us.

Baby buggies. See us. Bundy Hodges.

J. C. Lance is a new reader of the News and Dallas News.

Have you seen our new mid-dies? Any color and prices from 75 cents to 3.00. Coffey's

Jim Manare has returned from an extensive visit on the plains.

Screen doors and screen wire at C. S. Rice's.

Bill Bentley has accepted the position as angel (?) at News office.

Men's shoes at Bundy Hodges.

Ladies Hats, new ones coming every day. The best styles are shown. Coffey's

J. R. Hindman returned the first of the week from New Mexico.

For Sale—Stock salt and cake. See G. W. Sitter. 2p

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Smith are driving a new Chevrolet car.

T. J. Earp was a Memphis visitor this week.

Miss Della Rowden of Amarillo visited her parents here this week.

Hats—lots of them at closing out prices. Bundy Hodges.

J. N. Phillips has renewed his subscription to the News and Dallas News.

Men and boys sport shirts in all the newest colors at Coffey's.

"The Wrath of the Gods." One of the most gorgeous pictures ever produced—6 reels and one Keystone Comedy. Saturday night.

G. S. Loyd has recently closed a deal with Fred O Dell for the purchase of his bungalow home in the southeast part of town, the consideration being private. This is one of the nicest little homes in the city and Mr. Loyd expects to move into it in the near future.

M. V. Exum has gone to Arlington where he is connected with an oil and gas company as driller.

F. R. McCrackin of Alameda was a visitor in the city Wednesday.

For large double flowering canna bulbs see Mrs. Scott Johnson.

R. S. Jackson has renewed his subscription to the News and ordered the Hollands Magazine and Farm and Ranch.

When in need of furniture see Bundy Hodges.

Mrs. G. H. McKinley and children are the possessors of a beautiful new Kimball piano.

Lost—pocket book with important papers. Please return to Charlie Nuun. 2c

New Panama and Stetson hats for men—latest styles—at Coffey's.

On Thursday night, April 13th, the graduating class will give their class play entitled "Engaged by Wednesday."

For Sale—Pure breed brown leghorn eggs 50 cents a setting. W. A. Back, phone 66 4. 2p

M. and Mrs. D. N. Massey, Mrs. Richardson and Mr. McWilliams were Clarendon visitors Friday of last week.

For kitchen satisfaction get a Range Eternal from C. S. Rice.

Mrs. Coffey returned yesterday to Erick after a visit here with her sons, T. J. and Luther Coffey.

Just received a shipment of mackerel, white fish and salmon. Bundy Hodges.

Luther Derrick is a new reader of the News and Dallas-Sent Weekly.

J. T. Turner has accepted a position in the office of the County Clerk and will be stationed at LeFors for the summer.

Mrs. Gardenhire has had us send the News to Miss Maude, who is attending a business College in Oklahoma City.

The spring's newest creations in ladies coats. Ask to see them. Coffey's.

As we go to press we learn that the coal chutes burned up last night.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Powell of Rainsdall announce the arrival of a son on the 26th inst.

For Sale—Buff Orpington eggs, \$1.00 per setting. Mrs. V. T. Wilson. 2p

J. M. Carpenter returned Friday afternoon of last week from a visit with his family at Corpus Christi.

For Sale—100 1 year old steers and 25 Hereford males. G. W. Sitter.

P. W. Brewer has had the News sent to his father, J. H. Brewer at May, Texas.

A large shipment of men's shirts—in a few days. Bundy Hodges.

We are indebted to W. C. Cheney for some handsome locust trees which we had placed around our business property.

New voiles, marquettes and other attractive fabrics for your summer dress can be found at Coffey's.

Jas. Sparks and wife left the latter part of the week for Monrovia, N. M., where they will visit relatives for several months.

E. J. Pickens, candidate for District Attorney, and J. S. Turner came over from LeFors yesterday.

Auto, buggy and wagon paint. Cyanize floor and furniture finish. C. S. Rice.

W. H. Barnes returned the latter part of last week from an extended stay at New Orleans and other points in Louisiana.

For Sale—various articles of household goods, including new majestic range, oil stove, dayton port and fireless cooker. Mrs. R. E. Dorsey. 1c

Found—Good lap robe. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this ad.

Dainty invitations have been received by the younger set to attend the "April Fool" party complimentary to the graduating class at the home of Mrs. J. S. Denson with Miss Sallie Helm as Hostess.

THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, 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, 206 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv.

I. E. Duncan will appreciate your support on election day for County and District Clerk.

Get your garden plows, hoes and rakes from C. S. Rice.

Dr. Hall, Dentist, will be in McLean Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 5th to 8th inclusive, to do dental work.

Mrs. A. B. Gardenhire returned recently from a visit with Miss Maude at Oklahoma City and a visit with her daughters in Erick.

Ladies spring suits in all the newest colors and styles at Coffey's.

7 reels of pictures Saturday night at the theatre.

Mrs. S. W. Rice returned Friday of last week from Hot Springs, Ark., where she had been for the benefit of her health. She has entirely recovered.

S. W. Rice received the intelligence the first of the week that his brick business property at Moody, Texas, had been destroyed by fire.

For Sale—McLean News building. Can either be moved or left on lot. Bargain.

Arthur Erwin was called to the bedside of his father near Cisco, Texas, last Sunday. The latest report is to the effect that the gentleman is still in a most critical condition.

We have just received a big shipment of ladies hats in all the newest styles. Coffey's.

Walk over slippers in all the newest lasts for men and women at Coffey's

# Tailor Shop Robbed

One or more burglars effected an entrance through a back window into the tailoring establishment of W. C. Haynes Wednesday night and appropriated a large quantity of clothing that belonged to customers of the establishment. Officers were notified early Thursday morning when the robbery was discovered but up to this writing they have nothing definite to announce. So far as we are able to learn there is no slightest clue that will lead to the identity of the burglars.

Entrance was gained by removing a pane of glass from a back window, after which they probably reached through and raised the window. Mr. Haynes was in town until about ten o'clock Wednesday night when he sent home he had not noticed anything amiss. Hence it is likely the robbery took place later in the night.

All communications sent to the McLean News MUST be signed by the writer. Their name will not be published.

Strayed—From the Waldron place 3 miles east of town, bay horse, branded S on left shoulder 4 years old, slight wire cut above left fore foot. Notify G. W. Sitter. 2

Mr. and Mrs. Luther McCombs have moved in town from the Pursley Ranch and are living in the Hindman cottage in the north part of town.

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

Dainty invitations have been received by the younger set to attend the "April Fool" party complimentary to the graduating class at the home of Mrs. J. S. Denson with Miss Sallie Helm as Hostess.



THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, 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, 206 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv.

We are requested to announce that the Baptist people have set the 4th Sunday in August as the day on which to begin their meeting. Rev. Chas. A. Love, a native of Canada will be in charge of the preaching. The gentleman was here two summers ago and friends will be glad to know he will be with them again this summer.

You will miss a treat if you miss the show Saturday night, 7 reels including "The Wrath of the Gods" and a Keystone Comedy. Electric Theatre.

Mrs. W. R. Patterson was hostess to the Embroidery Club on Wednesday afternoon of this week. Renewed interest in this club was shown by the members, more than twenty being present. After a jolly and profitable time the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Denson, served a delicious course luncheon.

Grade Church Lot.

Members of the Nazarine congregation gathered at the new church last Tuesday and spent the day cleaning off and grading the church grounds, preparatory to planting trees this fall. It was their intention to plant them this spring, but owing to the lateness of the season it was thought best to postpone it until fall.

At the noon hour a basket dinner was enjoyed by the members present, their families and friends.

342 YEARS OF KNOWING HOW

1916 The P. & O. No. 111 Lister

This Lister is known by farmers who have 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 7,000 sold in one day, in one county in West Texas. The special features on this Lister made it desirable for use in not confined to preparing for row crops; it is now almost universally used for plowing for small grain, etc. by listing and re-listing, leaving the ground in oval waves, which not only catches and holds the moisture but prevents the loss of soil of the West from blowing away.

The adjusting link on front wheel is an important exclusive feature on the No. 111, absolutely preventing the possibility of the front wheel from running in low the desired depth. The wheel is held in the steady line by a "dust-proof" hose, an innovation of any of the row crop, back or can be equipped for both corn and cotton. You will have to see this wonderful improvement to appreciate it. The tilting hoppers allow discharge of plan without stopping the wheel. Furnished with either disc or shovel coulters.

This Lister has embodied any 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 advantages of the No. 111 and in addition has rear wheels. This is desired in localities as it enables the operator to see the seed as planted. The rear wheels have cushion springs to cushion 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 center 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

Disastrous fires are recorded every day. Why take such a risk? I can insure anything

# Richardson

# The World Famous Singer

Runs lighter and lasts longer than any machine on earth. Any body's credit is good with us—\$3.00 down and \$2.00 per month buys one. We also sell the farmers on the three-year note plan, no interest. We have millions of satisfied customers. We sell oil, needles and belts.

**Singer Sewing Machine Co.**  
L. N. Smith, Local Agent

Office At

**The Rice Hardware**  
Phone 42

# Stop AND Figure

It costs as much in labor to paint your house with an inferior paint as it does to paint it with good paint. Then why not use the best? Monarch Paint is guaranteed to be

## 100 Per Cent Pure

and goes further and wears longer. For Sale By

# C. S. RICE





The tablet form of this old reliable remedy makes it possible for you to check any illness at the very onset. It is a safeguard against coughs, colds and other catarrhal conditions, no matter what symptoms are manifest. Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membrane that lines the breathing apparatus and the digestive apparatus. PERUNA relieves catarrh. In tablet form it is **EVER-READY-TO-TAKE**

Its prompt action makes it invaluable for men and women exposed to sudden changes in the weather or compelled to be out in slush and rain.

It will also be found most satisfactory as a tonic following an attack of illness.

**CARRY A BOX**

wherever you go. Travelers and others compelled to take long drives in the cold and anyone whose occupation subjects him to the danger of sudden colds may use it as a preventive with the assurance that the tablets made are from the same formula as the liquid medicine with its 44 years of success before the American Public.

The Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio

X-rays are being used in India to determine a man's age.

Always sure to please. Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.

Fat coachmen are considered a great prize in Russia.

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

A permit is required by persons desiring to reside in Switzerland.

**FOR HAIR AND SKIN HEALTH**

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Are Supreme. Trial Free.

These fragrant, super-creamy emollients keep the skin fresh and clear, the scalp free from dandruff, crusts and scales and the hands soft and white. They are splendid for nursery and toilet purposes and are most economical because most effective.

Free sample each by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**As Johnnie Heard It**

Little Johnnie had been accustomed to go to sleep during every sermon, despite the scoldings of his mother.

One Sunday morning she sent him off to church and intimated to him that if he went to sleep they would go into executive session in the woodshed on his arrival from church.

As a test of his being away she required that he tell her the preacher's text when he went home.

Johnnie's natural propensity to sleep was offset by his fear as to what might happen in the woodshed, so he stayed awake.

He came back conscious of the fact that he was on the safe side, and when his mother asked him what the text was he unblushingly accused the preacher of the following text: "Moses was an oyster man and made ointment for the shins of his people."

The real text was: "Moses was an austere man and made atonement for the sins of his people."

**Time Will Tell**

"What's the reason De Swift doesn't apply for a divorce?"

"Why, his wife has taken to monopolizing, and he thinks he might as well wait."

Nearly all the European monarchs are shorter in size than their wives.

Prince Joachim, youngest son of the German emperor, is a spendthrift.

**THE FIRST TASTE**

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Boy.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving them coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. And so I contracted the coffee habit early.

"I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having had coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 35c packages. Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers

**FAVORS WINTER EMMER**

Brought Forth by Professor of Wyoming University.

Proved to Be Greatest Drought-Resisting Grain Yet Discovered—Yield of Seventy-Five Bushels to Acre Not Unusual.

The development of the arid regions has received a great deal of attention in recent years. "Dry land" farming, or scientific farming, has made giant strides through the assistance of our government and state institutions. Volumes have been written on this subject and patient, enduring homesteaders have suffered hardships in testing out new ideas and principles in "dry farming."

A few years ago a professor in a Wyoming university broke away from his school ties and determined to solve, if possible, the problem of "dry farming," or farming without irrigation, writes H. E. Frey in the Great Divide. His experiments brought forth several very hardy grains, but one grain in particular proved to be a wonder. He named it winter emmer.

This grain has been found growing wild on the hills around Palestine, one of the driest sections on earth. Professor Buffum became interested and sent for a small amount of seed. He planted this seed on his experiment farm in the Big Horn basin. From a peck of planted seed only seventy-five heads grew and matured. This he carefully picked and replanted. From these original seventy-five heads in a few years thousands of bushels of the grain was grown in Wyoming and Colorado.

This winter emmer has proved to be the greatest drought-resisting grain yet discovered. Seventy-five bushels to an acre without irrigation is nothing unusual. The average yield on dry land is more than forty bushels to the acre. Under irrigation authentic yields of 150 bushels to the acre have been grown.

The farmers who raised it were enthusiastic in its praise. It proved to be a valuable stock food. Sheep, horses and hogs did very well on it. It has been declared to be equal to corn.

But, owing to the fact that it was entirely new and only a few farmers were familiar with it, those who raised it found no ready market. This was overcome by a company which, after three years of experimenting, built a factory for manufacturing it into breakfast food and various other products. This has created a good market where the farmers get \$1.50 a hundred for the grain.

One of the principal objections to this grain has been the stiff black beard, which makes it hard to handle. The beards, in threshing, get in the machinery and screens and cause considerable annoyance. And then, also, they get in the hired man's shirt, itching and scratching and sometimes compel him to change his shirt before retiring.

This objection has also been overcome by the "Wizard of the West," the "Burbank of the Grains," Prof. B. C. Buffum, who has bred the beards off, and we now have what is known as Buffum's Black Beardless Winter Emmer. This grain retains all the hardy qualities of its bearded parent, but is far more pleasant to handle.

Several thousand acres of this grain is now growing in this state and Wyoming, under contract of so much a hundred pounds.

One farmer at Bennett, Colo., where he had raised successful crops of winter emmer, states that it is an ideal crop for "dry farmers," in that it gives them a winter grain that is superior to oats or barley and can be far more successfully raised.

**Dry Farming Requirements.**

Farming by the dry method consists of getting all the moisture possible into the soil and keeping it there to be taken up by the growing crops. The strong winds, hot sun, etc., tend to take the moisture from the soil very quickly. Consequently farming on dry lands requires study and work.

**Silo Means More Cows.**

The silo makes it possible to raise more feed and to keep more cows on the same acreage and substitutes certainty for uncertainty, in the management of the herd to an extent impossible in any other way.

**Capital Is Essential.**

Pity the farmer who undertakes dry farming in the arid West, unless he has twice as much capital as he would need in the land where the rainfall is normal, unlimited courage, and faith that will move mountains.

**To Conserve Moisture.**

Thorough and frequent tillage conserves moisture, makes the soil loose and arable, controls weeds, aerates the soil, releases plant food and prevents surface washing.

**Save Ironwood and Ash.**

When cutting stove wood, if you come to a bit of ironwood or ash or hickory, put it away for ladder rounds, handles for tools, and such things.

**Break Calves to Halt.**

Do not let a calf pass its first birthday without being perfectly halter broken.

**Keep Up Appearances.**

It pays to keep up the appearance of the premises.

**"CARDUI IS A SPLENDID TONIC"**

Says Boyd Lady in Telling of Her Experience With Cardui. Recommends It to Others.

Boyd, Ala.—"About six years ago," writes Mrs. Emma McBride, of this place, "I got run down in health. . . My weight went down to less than 140, and I am a large woman, and have large bones. My usual weight is much more. I got a very bad complexion and was dark under my eyes. . .

"I kept getting worse all the time, would be so very nervous, that, at times, I'd have nervous chills. Couldn't rest well at night, for some time. . . I suffered great pain in stomach or lower abdomen, hips, left side, and back, also had a dull headache. I could hardly do my work at all, could only drag around all the time, and finally for 3 weeks I was confined to my bed and suffered great agony all the time.

"Mrs. —, of Boyd, recommended that I take Cardui. I began using it and when I started on the second bottle, I could see that I was getting a whole lot better. After using the third bottle, I felt I didn't need any more medicine whatever. I never had another nervous spell after taking the Cardui. . . It's a splendid tonic. . . I do hope women suffering as I did will use it."

If you suffer as this lady did, try Cardui, the woman's tonic. For sale by all druggists.

Motorcycles that weigh less than a hundred pounds have been invented in England for women.

**Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip.**

When you feel a cold coming on, take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. It removes cause of colds and grip. Only One - BROMO QUININE. H. W. GROVE'S signature on box, etc.

New hosiery is made in "rights" and "lefts" to fit the feet and ankles more snugly.

**DON'T SNIFFLE!**

You can rid yourself of that cold in the head by taking Laxative Quinine Tablets. Price 25c. Also used in cases of La Grippe and for severe headaches. Remember that.—Adv.

Less than one-fifth of Spain's coal mines are officially recorded as productive.

**IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA**

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant.—Adv.

A specially prepared banana flour is being used by French doctors as a tonic.

**FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD**

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 5-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

It is more blessed to give in at times than it is to receive it in the neck.

**TO AID THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE**

Pad and Pencil Will Be Found a Certain Proof Against Forgetfulness.

"Here is a system which I have used in my home for some time and which my newly-wed friends always copy eagerly, so I thought you might be interested. I keep a daily calendar pad nailed to my kitchen cabinet and a pencil attached to it suspended by a string long enough to admit of free play in writing. This serves as a reminder of household duties, of library books due, of appointments and of daily expenses, in total, under headings of 'meat,' 'groceries' and 'incidentals.'"

"At the end of each day I carry on the total to the next day, and at the end of the week I know my expenses and I strive each week to economize on my 'incidentals,' for there is where the leakage in household economy occurs. When I find I have been unduly extravagant on meat I economize by purchasing fish. Having figures before me, I am able to do more toward economizing in the right place than if I guessed at the leakage.

"I always have a small one-cent pad near the calendar pad and a pencil on a string attached to this, too. This pad is indispensable. When I find my sugar is running low I jot down 'sugar.' When I find that the coffee or flour are nearing the bottom of the jar I write down the item. When I go shopping I simply tear off the sheet. I never forget anything and I never run short of anything. How many women can say that?"

**KEEP THESE IN THE MIND**

Some "Don'ts" That May Save Painful Accidents. Not to Speak of Doctor's Bills.

So many accidents have been reported lately due to the carelessness of the housewife that a series of don'ts have been proposed. A common habit and a very bad one is illustrated here. Holding clothespins or any other small household articles in the mouth spoils its shape and ruins the teeth. Some of the other don'ts are as follows:

Don't risk your life cleaning windows from the outside.

Don't pyramid the furniture to make a perch from which to hang pictures. Get a stepladder and prevent a household calamity.

Don't trip in the house. Be careful in placing rugs on the floor.

Don't bump your head on open closet doors.

Don't grope in dark closets. Get a little electric torch and save yourself many unpleasant experiences.

Don't leave domestic implements on the stairs. A dustpan turns the stairway into a toboggan slide for unwary feet.

Don't try to negotiate the stairway with arms incumbered.

**AMERICANS GROW RICH IN CANADA**

Testimony Proves Faiseness of Statements as to Onerous Taxation and Conscription.

"The attempt to check emigration from the United States to our prairie provinces by publishing alarming statements about the enormous war taxes that are being paid here—\$500 on a quarter section yearly—about forcing young men to enlist for the war; about the cold, no crops and any old story that by their extravagant boldness might influence men and women from venturing north to Canada, is really in the list of curios to our people. Knowing the country, we can hardly take it seriously. Our governments, however, dominion and provincial, are taking steps to expose the false statements that are being made, and thereby keep the channel open for continuing the stream of settlers that has been flowing to us for the past decade. We have thought to assist in this work, and to do so purpose giving, from time to time, actual experiences of Americans who have come to Saskatchewan during late years. We give the statements of two farmers in this issue as follows:—

**STATEMENT OF M. P. TYSDAL.**

I lived near Lee, Illinois, for 46 years. I came to Saskatchewan in the spring of 1912 and bought land near Brierecrest. I have farmed this land, 1,650 acres, ever since. I have had grand crops. In 1914 I had 190 acres of wheat that yielded 40 bushels to the acre. I sold this wheat at \$1.50 per bushel.

I like the country and my neighbors. My taxes on each quarter section (160 acres) are about \$32 a year. This covers municipal tax, school tax, hall insurance tax—everything. There is no war tax, so-called. I like the laws in force here. There is no compulsion to me in any way. I am just as independent here as I was in Illinois, and I feel that my family and I are just as well protected by the laws of the province as we were in our old home in Illinois. What I earn here is my own. I have seven children and they take their places at school, in sports and at all public gatherings the same as the Canadian born.

(Signed) M. P. TYSDAL, February 9th, 1916.

**STATEMENT OF STEVE SCHWEITZBERGER.**

I was born in Wisconsin, but moved with my parents when a boy to Stephen Co., Iowa. I was there farming for 50 years. I sold my land there for over \$200 an acre. I moved to Saskatchewan, and located near Brierecrest in the spring of 1912. I bought a half section of land. I have good neighbors. I feel quite at home here the same as in Iowa. We have perfect safety and no trouble in living up to the laws in force. My taxes are about \$65 a year, on the half section for everything.

I have had splendid crops. Wheat in 1915 yielded me over 50 bushels to the acre. That is more than I ever had in Iowa and yet the land there costs four times as much as it does here. The man who comes here now and buys land at \$50 an acre or less gets a bargain.

(Signed) S. SCHWEITZBERGER, February 9th, 1916.—Saskatchewan Farmer, February, 1916.—Advertisement.

**HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE**

Stopped Most Terrible Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Denison, Texas.—"After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female trouble and could hardly do my work. I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would almost burst. I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's step-sister told my husband if he did not do something for me I would not last long and told him to get your medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking the first three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."—Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.

If you are suffering from any form of female ills, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and commence the treatment without delay.

**HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE**

Stopped Most Terrible Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Denison, Texas.—"After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female trouble and could hardly do my work. I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would almost burst. I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's step-sister told my husband if he did not do something for me I would not last long and told him to get your medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking the first three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."—Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.

If you are suffering from any form of female ills, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and commence the treatment without delay.



Holding Pin in Mouth.

**The Wretchedness of Constipation**

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

*Warranted*

Evidence of Veracity.

"George Washington was a very truthful man."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "and that fact may be what prevented him from personally authenticating that hatchet and cherry-tree story."

**BREAD WITHOUT SALT IS TASTELESS**

A medicine chest without Magic African Liniment is useless. Best of all liniments for sprains, swellings, bruises, rheumatism and neuralgia. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Popular Etymology.

"Why do they call the driver of a motor-car a shover?"

"I guess it's on account of the way he shoves people who walk out of the street."

**For Every Kind of Lameness**

Use Merolin after Exposure to Cold, Cutting Winds and Dust. It Heats, Refreshes and Promotes Eye Health. Good for all Eyes that Need Care. Merolin Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Sends Eye Book on request.

If a leap-year girl has tact she can make her victim believe he did the proposing.

**A HINT TO WISE WOMEN.**

Don't suffer torture when all female troubles will vanish in thin air after using "Feminina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Prince John of England has an edition of "Robinson Crusoe," the cover of which cost \$150.

**Important to Mothers**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

When a man smokes cigarettes and wears passionate socks—but why say it; no man ever does.

**ON FIRST SYMPTOMS**

use "Renovine" and be cured. Do not wait until the heart organ is beyond repair. "Renovine" is the heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

**Oyster Croquettes.**

Parboil and drain one pint of oysters. Cut them into quarters and mix with cream sauce enough to hold them together. Season with salt and pepper; shape, roll in crumbs, then in egg, then in crumbs again, and fry as any croquette.

**To Perfectly Cook Cornmeal.**

Place it first either in the oven or on top of the stove, to dry. Then pour it into a sieve, and sift slowly into boiling, salted water.—McCall's Magazine.

**THE WRETCHEDNESS OF CONSTIPATION**

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

*Warranted*

Evidence of Veracity.

"George Washington was a very truthful man."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "and that fact may be what prevented him from personally authenticating that hatchet and cherry-tree story."

**BREAD WITHOUT SALT IS TASTELESS**

A medicine chest without Magic African Liniment is useless. Best of all liniments for sprains, swellings, bruises, rheumatism and neuralgia. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Popular Etymology.

"Why do they call the driver of a motor-car a shover?"

"I guess it's on account of the way he shoves people who walk out of the street."

**For Every Kind of Lameness**

Use Merolin after Exposure to Cold, Cutting Winds and Dust. It Heats, Refreshes and Promotes Eye Health. Good for all Eyes that Need Care. Merolin Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Sends Eye Book on request.

If a leap-year girl has tact she can make her victim believe he did the proposing.

**A HINT TO WISE WOMEN.**

Don't suffer torture when all female troubles will vanish in thin air after using "Feminina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Prince John of England has an edition of "Robinson Crusoe," the cover of which cost \$150.

**Important to Mothers**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

When a man smokes cigarettes and wears passionate socks—but why say it; no man ever does.

**ON FIRST SYMPTOMS**

use "Renovine" and be cured. Do not wait until the heart organ is beyond repair. "Renovine" is the heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

**Oyster Croquettes.**

Parboil and drain one pint of oysters. Cut them into quarters and mix with cream sauce enough to hold them together. Season with salt and pepper; shape, roll in crumbs, then in egg, then in crumbs again, and fry as any croquette.

**To Perfectly Cook Cornmeal.**

Place it first either in the oven or on top of the stove, to dry. Then pour it into a sieve, and sift slowly into boiling, salted water.—McCall's Magazine.

**HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh**

ALINMENT

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblains, Lamé Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

OR WHITE G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

**All Dealers**

**LEE'S SEEDS**

ESTABLISHED 1895

Planted for 18 years by the best gardeners in the South and West. Known to be of highest quality. Before starting your garden you should have Lee's 1916 seed catalogue. Write for it today.

**ARTHUR G. LEE**

Fort Smith Arkansas

**BLACK LEG**

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Carter's Hair Balm.

Aches, pains, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. Apply Carter's Hair Balm to the affected part. It is the only remedy that will cure them. Price 50c per bottle.

**PINKHAM'S HAIR BALM**

Aches, pains, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc. Apply Pinkham's Hair Balm to the affected part. It is the only remedy that will cure them. Price 50c per bottle.

Over 60,000 people in New York city own automobiles.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 11-1916







# New Era Automobile

\$730 Delivered

The best value obtainable in a Motor Car, complete with high-grade Equipment

Thut Bros. LeFors, Texas

Ask for demonstration.

## Low Colonist Fares

VIA

Tickets On Sale Daily



March 25th To April 14th, 1916 Inclusive

TO

California And The Pacific NORTHWEST

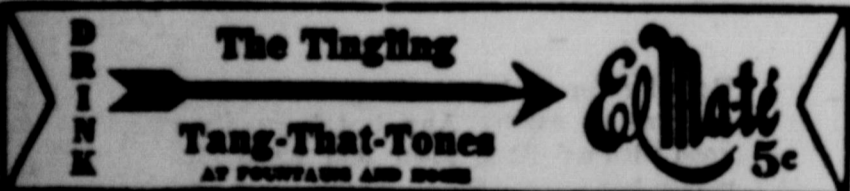
Liberal Stop-Overs

For Full Information Write G. S. Pentecost G. P. A. Fort Worth Texas D. H. Nunn, Local Agent

**Dan** Dark bay saddle horse--all toe gates--time 2.22 Season \$15.00  
**O. C.** Black Percheon, 4 years old, weight 1400 lbs. Season \$12.50

The above stock will make the season at my barn in McLean. TERMS: I will guarantee colt to stand and suck. If mare is traded or removed from county I must have my money. \$2.50 of fee must be paid when service is had and the balance when the colt is born.

## C. A. Watkins



## Plainview Nursery

Has the best stock of home grown trees that they have ever had, propagated from varieties that have been tested and do the best. We make a specialty of growing the kind that seldom gets killed by frost.

We are agents for Warneck's tree paint, which is guaranteed to protect trees from rabbits and diseases. Also for Arsenate Lead in 500 and 1000 pound cans only, and for spray pumps.

Plainview Texas

## April 21st Big Day

Canyon, Texas, March 20, 1916. Brothers and Sisters of the Panhandle Press Association:

Of course you know about the chuck wagon feed in Canyon for the Panhandle Press Association on April 21st, 1916. You have intended coming, but this is sent, not as an invitation since you were invited a year ago, but as an urgent request to come and spend with us the day and evening and as much more time as you like. In fact, you will find Canyon a mighty good town to live in—but for heaven's sake don't all of you come here and start a newspaper simply because you like the town and we have made the invitation of an indefinite length.

I am sending you this letter for two reasons. We want to know how many short horns to slaughter for the occasion (Warren of Clarendon informs us on the side that he expects to take a quarter of beef home with him, and if a few more are running so low on ammunition at home, we will have to tan the hides of a herd or two)—but that's what we grow 'em for here in Randall county.

In the second place, you have noted by the great religious weekly—THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS—that Madam Julia Culp will sing in Canyon that night. She is one of the world's most famous artists and draws \$750 per night, which beats running a country newspaper all to thunder. I thought I was going to have the honor of starring before the Press Association in the "Bohemian Girl" on that night and was anxious to do so as the supply of vegetables are running low at home, and besides Father Jamison, that is, Father of Panhandle Press Association, gave the friendly hint that he intended to bring a few dozen good fresh eggs which had been in his incubator for four weeks, and being a professional chicken financier declared he actually believed there was no chance for them to hatch. But I am sure you will enjoy Madam Culp equally as well and there will be no need for the egg fruit. We have an auditorium in the new Normal building which seats 1400 people, and we don't expect to fill this auditorium with Press association people, yet we would like to have every editor and his wife, the wifeless editors and the editors without husbands and the women who would be better off without an editor husband, to come and hear Madam Culp. She makes Victor records. Be sure to hear some of the records and look up her history in the Victor catalogue. Read The Randall County News every week until the performance and you will see much about her. BE SURE TO LET ME KNOW AT ONCE IF YOU ARE COMING. The Canyon Business Men's Association has given me an order to buy \$1.50 tickets for every member of the Panhandle Press Association. The Business Men instructs me to see that every editor has his fill at the feed and that every one gets a good seat at the Culp recital.

We want you to see the new building of the WEST TEXAS STATE NORMAL COLLEGE which will be dedicated on that date. Many of the big men of the state are coming and of course the biggest of the bunch will be the Panhandle editors. The members of the Press Association will be brought from Amarillo by the Amarillo Press in time for the dedication at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and you will be taken back Amarillo that

night for the big affair on Saturday. The chuck feed comes off at six o'clock and the recital begins at eight. The Association meeting begins in Amarillo Thursday, April 20. I hope to see every newspaper man and woman in both Amarillo and Canyon.

Yours fraternally,  
C. W. WARWICK



Copyright, 1914, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate

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

See **Will Langley** For **Painting** And **Paper Hanging** Phone 114

**Dr. M. B. Harris** Surgeon Amarillo, Texas. Jones Dry Goods Co. Building.

### 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

FARMERS located in the territory of the Fort Worth & Denver City and Wichita Valley Railways constitute a vast proportion of those who are out of debt, possess an abundance of all that is necessary to comfort and easy hours, and own bank accounts.

Those who are so fortunate should profit by past experiences and recognize that these conditions are only possible in Northwest Texas, for the reason that other sections do not offer equally high class land as at low prices and that the agricultural and stock farm possibilities of this section are equal to, and in some respects better than considerably higher priced property located elsewhere.

Many excellent opportunities are still open in territory mentioned for those possessing but little money; but prompt investigation and quick action is advisable as against the activities of speculators who are purchasing with a knowledge of late opportunities to sell to others at greatly increased prices. For information as to fares train service, etc., address, **W. F. Sterley, General Freight and Passenger Agent,** Fort Worth, Texas.

## THE ELITE BARBER SHOP

D. N. MASSAY, Prop.

Everything New and Clean. The very best service in tonsorial lines given our customers.

Agents for the reliable

**Panhandle Steam Laundry**

Next door to Postoffice

## \$25.00 REWARD

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

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

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

## RESTAURANT

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

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

## HOTEL HINDMAN

### MOTHERS DUTY!

Is Your Daughter In Good Health?

The responsibility for the perfect wife and mother of TOMORROW rests with the mother of TODAY.

How are YOU rearing your daughter? Are you fitting her for the responsibilities that are sure to come to her?

Are you endowing her with a sound body, robust health and a clear, forceful mind? Or, are you, by neglect, condemning her to a life of suffering and invalidism?

Argue as you will, plead as you will, YOU CANNOT DODGE THE RESPONSIBILITY—you daughter will be just what you make her.

STELLA-VITAE is the happy combination of harmless but wonderfully effective natural remedies that give to the budding girl that assistance so necessary to pass her successfully from girlhood to womanhood.

Are you availing yourself of its remarkable virtues to give your daughter the assistance she needs so much?

Or are you allowing prejudice or reluctance to try a remedy you have never tried before, rob your daughter of her right to receive every help you can give her?

If it is prejudice, dismiss it as utterly unworthy of you.

If it is because YOU have never tried STELLA-VITAE, remember that untold thousands of women today bless the hand that pointed them to health through the use of this greatest of remedies for women. It is GUARANTEED TO BENEFIT—If it doesn't you get your money back. All to gain and nothing to lose.

Do YOUR duty. TRY STELLA-VITAE. You don't need to buy a second bottle if the first bottle fails to benefit.

Your dealer sells and guarantees this great remedy in \$1.00 bottles. See him TODAY. Don't delay the start to good health.

Thacher Medicine Company Chattanooga, Tennessee For Sale By The Palace Drug Store, McLean, Texas.

### John B. Vannoy

Optician and Jeweler

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

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

### McLean Druggist Pleases Customers

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

### Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services.

Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 3rd, 1st and 5th Sundays morning and night; Groom 4th Sunday, morning and night; Alameda 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Head 3rd Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Eldersidge 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m. Junior and Senior Epworth Leagues at 2:30 and 3:30 p. m., respectively, every 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. Reop Landers, president. Ladies Aid meets on Tuesdays at 2 p. m. Mrs. Myrtle Hamilton, president. Church conference on Saturday before the second Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. 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. R. Jones.

## WANT A DRAY

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

PHONE 126

### W. R. PATTERSON

ABSTRACTOR AND CONVEYANCER

Fire and Tornado Insurance

McLean, Texas

### TERRY W. HUDGINS

ERICK OKLAHOMA

Expert Watch Repairing

Best Engraver in Oklahoma

Send me your work by Parcel Post

Our clubbing offer is still in effect. If you have forgotten about it phone us. Four monthly magazines and the News one year for \$1.25.