

The McLean News

FOURTEENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1917

NO. 42

A BILLION TO HELP BUSINESS AND FARMING

The funds gathered into the Federal Reserve Banks now aggregate over \$1,000,000,000. This vast sum was not accumulated to earn profits for private interests. Its purpose is to assist its member banks, of which we are one, in helping the farmers and business men and to make general banking conditions as sound as possible.

"The only member of the Federal Reserve Bank in Gray County, which protects us, and in turn protects you in time of war or panic."

If you are not yet one of our depositors and getting its benefits and protection, drop in and talk it over with us.

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

American National Bank
McLEAN, TEXAS

The local Red Cross organization shipped on Friday of last week 1393 pieces of hospital supplies which had been prepared by the ladies of the local chapter. This was an enormous shipment, and was valued at about \$600. Another shipment will be made in a few days.

J. L. Hass of the Sitter ranch was in the city on Saturday morning. He reports everyone out his way very busy cutting feed.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loyd and little daughter of Gracey were in the city Saturday, shopping.

J. M. Carpenter was in from his farm home eight miles north of town Friday.

The McLean News one year ago today only a dollar.

A long troop train passed through town Sunday afternoon late, and stopped for several minutes, and the boys took advantage of the opportunity to get out and rest themselves from the monotony of the journey. Before the train left a large crowd had assembled at the station to see the Sammys, who were a lively lot, and who cheered lustily as the train pulled out. The outsides of the cars were profusely decorated with various "cute" sayings scrawled with chalk, one of which announced their destination as "Berlin or Bust," and another said, "We've busted Mexico—now we'll bust the kaiser."

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Coffey, Mrs. J. C. Coffey, and Mother Langley motored to Erick, Okla., Sunday, where they visited relatives and friends.

Go to Alanreed to See Soldiers Off.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Coffey, E. R. Eakins and Miss Pearl Guill, Roy Richardson and Vida Montgomery, Misses Alma and Leona Watkins, T. J. Coffey and Misses Hattie Thompson and Ruby Cook, and W. H. Smith and Miss Lettie Bogan were among the crowd from McLean that went to Alanreed Monday night to see Gray county's drafted men for the National Army take the train for Camp Travis, San Antonio, where they will go into training.

Mrs. A. G. Richardson and son, Roy, leave in a few days for Channing, where A. G. is president of a bank, and where they will make their home. The Richardsons leave many friends in McLean who regret their leaving very much, and they have made many friends among the newspaper fraternity of the Panhandle who regret their retirement from the profession.

Luther Petty, who resides four miles south east of town, was in the city Thursday and called on The News to get acquainted and renew his subscription. Mr. Petty is a booster for this section of the country, and says he is making a big crop, although some of his stuff is late.

W. M. Hinton and family came in this week from Andrews, and will make their home on the Noel ranch, moving into the home that has been occupied the past year by Mr. Swafford. We are glad to welcome this excellent family to the McLean country.

D. B. Veach has sold his section of land four miles south of town to Frank P. and W. W. Wilson. This is one of the finest sections in the community, and is well improved; has a big orchard, hay meadow, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Rogers went to Amarillo Thursday morning to take in the fair. While there Mr. Rogers expects to buy some registered cattle for his ranch.

Mrs. C. A. Watkins, Mrs. Price Rogers and daughter, Miss Thelma, and Mrs. Robinson composed a party that went to Amarillo Wednesday to take in the fair.

A. A. Callahan, who will spend the winter at Hagensport, evidently is lover of good reading matter, for he orders the News sent to him while he is away.

Charlie Carpenter and Price Rogers each shipped a car of registered Herefords to Amarillo this week to place on exhibition at the Panhandle State Fair.

J. E. Cubine has bought the A. G. Richardson home in the west part of town and will move into same some time this week.

W. P. Rogers will start the construction of a large barn in a few days on his ranch four miles north-east of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Carpenter and A. Standfield and wife went to Amarillo Wednesday to take in the fair.

R. S. Jordan and wife went to Amarillo to attend the fair Wednesday, returning Thursday.

Fred Roschinsky of Bloomington, Ill., is here this week looking after his land holdings.

E. D. Langley has sold his two section ranch to Sam Morse.

The Bible Study

The Girls Bible Study met at the Methodist Church Saturday afternoon. It being a missionary meeting, Mrs. Boyette conducted a very helpful and instructive lesson on "missions in Korea."

Miss Gaynelle Wilson was elected president to fill the vacancy made by Miss Foster.

All the members are urged to be present at every meeting.

That broad smile that you see on the face of Sam Hodges is not caused by his falling heir to a million, or a rich uncle having made him a present of an automobile, but because of the arrival of an eight-pound boy at his home Tuesday. Sam says he is a good looking youngster—favors his dad—and has been named Harold Newton.

Gladys, the daughter of J. R. Sullivan of the Kelton community, near Shamrock, had a narrow escape from death recently, when she fell from a moving wagon and the wheels passed over her head and one of her shoulders. She is recovering rapidly.

Mesdames J. H. Cobbs and A. F. Newton and children visited in Memphis and Quail last week, returning Sunday. At Quail they visited Mrs. Newton's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Scalhorn, former residents of this place.

The Cicero Smith Lumber Company is having their wagon scales overhauled and placed in concrete, with concrete approaches, preparatory to handling the rush of fall business that is expected.

W. Bailey is a new citizen of the McLean country, he having unloaded his car of household goods this week. He comes here from Lindsay, Okla. We are glad to welcome him to our city.

The telephone system at Claude changed hands on Monday of last week. Mrs. M. E. McCubbin sold the property to J. D. Pruitt of Wichita Falls. The consideration was \$10,000.

Misses Irene Norwood and Ruth Boyd and Messrs. Wood Baxter and John Forbis of Shamrock were visitors in our city Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. F. P. Wilson spent several days last week in Shamrock, assisting the Red Cross ladies of that place in starting out in the work.

Mrs. A. F. Newman of the Noel Ranch was in the city Wednesday, and while here made the News office a very pleasant call.

John Mertel has moved into the Tom Cooke house, south side, from the Roshinsky house east of the Citizens' State Bank.

Dr. Earl Nicholson of Shamrock has reported for duty in the Army medical corps at Camp MacArthur, at Waco.

Paul Faulkner and family of Tulsa visited F. M. and J. F. Faulkner and families here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Veach went to Amarillo Wednesday to attend the Panhandle State Fair.

Mrs. J. Y. Bates and sister, Miss Cattie Dickey, visited in Pampa Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith of the YOU ranch were shoppers in McLean Saturday.

At Your Service

When your child is sick or hurt, it would be well to have some simple remedies in the house.

And then, if you call in a physician, you will want the best drugs, carefully compounded.

IN EITHER CASE, OURS IS THE PLACE

Erwin Drug Company

ANNOUNCEMENT

New Grain, Feed and Coal Business

We take this means of announcing to the people of McLean and the McLean country that we have opened up a full line of Coal and Feedstuffs in the old Ballinger grocery stand, where we will be glad to have you call when you need anything in our line.

We will have a big stock of Cotton Seed Cake and Meal, Bran, Shorts, Hay, Grain, and Coal.

For the present, city deliveries will be made on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Prices Right Terms Cash

Henry & Cheney Grain Co.

A. T. Wilson called on the News Tuesday and favored us with a dollar on subscription. Thanks, Mr. Wilson. We could afford for quite a number of our readers to do likewise.

The bachelor may contend for a right to his own opinion, but the married man knows it is a question of courage with him.

We've been doing our best to increase the meat supply by conservation for several months now, and can't see any signs of an increase. Some of these days we'll get defiant and invest in a large, juicy steak at least as large as a postage stamp.

Mrs. J. T. McClain spent Wednesday with relatives at Lelia.

What You Want

When You Want It

We Have a Large Stock of Everything You

Could Want in the Way of

FURNITURE
and House Furnishings

and can supply your every want on short notice. No delays or long waits until a special order can be made—we have what you want in stock. Come in and look over our stock when you want something in our line.

Our Prices Defy Competition

BUNDY-HODGES
MERC. CO.

Announcement

M. Mertel has bought an interest in this store, and the firm name has been changed from W. L. HAYNES to The W. L. HAYNES GROCERY CO. We are better prepared than ever to serve you. Come in and see our enormous stock of all kinds of good things to eat, and get our prices. You'll be surprised.

Eat Fruit—It's Healthful

If you want to get hungry right quick, take a look at our beautiful assortment of Bananas, Apples, Oranges, etc. Lemons too!

Just Oodles of Fruit Jars

Peacemaker Flour

All the name implies. If hubby has been cross and quarrelsome, biscuits made from Peacemaker Flour will improve both digestion and disposition.

The W. L. Haynes Grocery Company

The Protector of Finance

Tales of Resilius Marvel, Guardian of Bank Treasure

By WELDON J. COBB

THE GIRL WHO VANISHED

Copyright, W. G. Chapman

WHEN Resilius Marvel, head of the United Bankers' Protective association, came into our institution that morning, I noted that he made the rounds of the officers' desks more like a man of leisure than a person summoned on an urgent and important case where his keenest professional skill would be required. As secretary to the president and as his own intimate friend and ardent admirer, I was first to greet him as he came past the rattling space. I led him into the private office.

"A single individual possesses only a limited scope," was his first remark; "he sees only as one mind. Several individuals with a multiplied scope see as several minds. Hence a fitting word or two along the line, my friend, and some details from you, which you always put intelligently."

"Thanks," I bowed, drawing towards me an envelope marked "Warner Clay."

"You see, all that," added Marvel, "may be resultant of a double check, for the mission of a bank and its aides is to see that an asset may not lose what it possesses, and that it may find its right place."

"Thirty thousand has found its wrong place just at present," I observed.

"So I understand. A forgery, I believe. Go on."

Resilius Marvel fixed his eye on me and then upon the envelope which I had opened, out of which I drew a strip of paper.

"This is check 953, dated May 28, drawn upon our bank and signed by Warner Clay," I stated. "It is made out in favor of Miss Geraldine Farrar. Warner Clay is a wealthy man, a widower, a client of our bank for some years. Miss Farrar is, I believe, a distant relative and a sort of ward of his. She has lived at his home, has acted as his amanuensis and stenographer, and when he has been ill has attended to many details of his business. She is known to the paying teller, A to G section, to whom she has presented checks as high in amount as \$100,000. She has been the recognized accredited agent of Mr. Clay at all times. A week ago when she presented that check, it was cashed without the hesitation of a moment."

Resilius Marvel turned the check over to scan the neat feminine indorsement on the reverse side.

"June 2, as is customary," I went on, "that check and all other May checks were mailed to Warner Clay, with a statement of his account to date, as to all other clients of the institution. Yesterday Mr. Clay came to the bank in a condition of some excitement and pronounced the check a forgery."

Marvel arose rather summarily. "Show me the signature book," he directed.

We went to the cage where the registers were kept. He had retained possession of the check. I waited while Marvel compared the signatures. I watched with interest as he employed his magnifying glass. I wondered as he felt gently with one forefinger, not only the front but also the reverse surface of check and signature page alike.

"What else?" I inquired, as we strolled back to the private office.

"A letter introducing me to Mr. Clay as the representative of the bank. I must investigate that end. Oh, trust me to make no complications by giving offense to a good customer of the bank. I suppose his announcement that the check was a forgery was accepted by the bank with the usual urbane placidity."

"Of course. Our policy is to accept the word of a profitable client unequivocally, just as we correct a claimed shortage without a quibble. Mr. Clay was informed that the trifling irregularity would be remedied according to our rule."

"That is, after the formality of directorate sanction, the \$30,000 would be re-credited to his account?"

"Exactly."

"Very fine—that gives us thirty days."

"What for?" I asked in my blunt, stupid way—as I learned afterwards.

"Oh, a number of reasons," responded Marvel lightly, but under the surface I detected the merest shadow of a smile, and again I noted how he caressed the space given to the signature of the check, as if that portion of it held some especial fascination for his keen sense of touch. "In the first place, though—what does this Miss Farrar say?"

"Oh, that's the trouble," I blurted out—"Miss Geraldine Farrar is not to be found."

"Ah, indeed?" observed Marvel, very softly. "This is getting interesting."

"Yes," I hurried on, trying to make amends for my negligence in not apprising him of this feature of the case at the start. "It was the distress of Mr. Clay when he appeared at the bank to announce the forgery that caused us to conceal any doubt as to the justice of his claim. He was appalled at the fact that a trusted and beloved relative could plan to rob him. He was cut to the heart, he said, to realize that the girl he

had provided for through so many years, to whom he had given a home, had so ungratefully repudiated his almost fatherly love. On the morning of May 28 Miss Farrar cashed the \$30,000 check. Mr. Clay has not seen her since, nor anyone else, so far as we have been able to discover. At the moment when the young lady passed out of this bank she passed into obscurity. Our floor detective has made some casual investigation. He has found no trace of the movements of Miss Farrar later than 11 a. m., May 28, no clew nor hint of a clew as to her present whereabouts. She has vanished completely."

"The letter I asked for," said Marvel briefly, in his mandatory, decisive way; and when I had prepared and delivered it he left the bank without another word, his thoughts enveloping him in a silent, baffling mood I knew his habits too well to intrude upon.

The loss of \$30,000 was not much for an institution of our financial integrity, and so far as he was personally concerned our president would ordinarily have been content to charge it off to profit and loss account. However, when Resilius Marvel entered a case he was certain to bring to light "the goods," or at least some development that expressed lucidity and satisfaction.

The bank was just closing that afternoon when my friend reappeared. As he came into the private office the president was just putting on his gloves preparatory to taking his automobile for the club. He paused with his usual genial nod to Marvel, and stepped within the room and lingered for a moment.

"I presume it is a plain case, and the bank is \$30,000 out?" he observed.

"Hardly," was the prompt response. "The case, however, calls for some attention possibly several thousand miles from here."

"Then there is a chance?" was suggested hopefully.

"I shall want the best man in the bank and my good friend," replied Marvel, placing his hand on my shoulder.

"That is foregone, since you say it," smiled our president. "It's the girl, I suppose—the forger?"

"It is the girl, yes," assented Marvel. "As to her being the forger—I doubt it."

"What's that?" demanded the president, with a start. "You don't mean to say—"

"I mean to quote from the commercial agency patter: 'considerable conservatism should be exercised in dealings with—'

"Warner Clay?"

"Take it so."

"Is that a warning?"

"You might act on that basis until you hear again from me," said Marvel.

"You amaze me!"

The president departed, thoughtfully drawing on a glove, an awakened distrust in his bearing that indicated a shock.

"Now, then, you and I will thrash this thing out," he began. "First, though, make your arrangements to bear me company."

"How far?" I inquired, sorting over my short and long distance traveling satchels in my mind.

"Galveston—first. You will have time for preparations. The train leaves at 8. I only want half an hour just now. That is Miss Farrar," he said, and drew a card photo from his pocket.

"The young lady—" I ventured.

"Is at Galveston, or thereabouts. I saw your esteemed bank client, this Mr. Warner Clay. I found him as I had pictured him: an elfish, miserly being with no thought outside of his money and getting more. The man is a financial pervert and sly and shrewd as a fox. He positively welcomed me. Then he lied to me and I had him. I left him so well satisfied that his word was gold with the bank, and that my brief visit was a cursory and superficial bit of routine, that he will gloat over his fancied success for a week to come. When I stated that we wanted to go over his returned checks as a matter of business system, he landed then down on me with a frank willingness that was almost painful. I even got him to give me several samples of his handwriting. By the way, did you ever notice his right hand forefinger and thumb?"

Of course I had not. Perhaps the paying teller had, and I said so.

"Sometime and somehow our Mr. Clay has slipped the upper joint of that forefinger out of plumb," narrated my informant. "It does not trouble him in eating, or cutting coupons, or flipping over interest money. Nor when he writes a screed with straight-going letters does he experience any difficulty. A lower loop, however, is his Nemesis."

"Nemesis?" I repeated vaguely.

"Not too strong, that, in this case. The lower loop is the pit I dug for him, and he fell into it. To be plain, when Warner Clay signs his name it is plain sailing. Even when he makes that downward stroke to form the y in his last name, he is all right. Where he comes to turn, however,

call it 'looping the loop'—that misplaced joint in his forefinger jars the nerve. If he let the pen have free play it would wander and scribble all over the paper. By study and training, however, he is enabled to instantly stop the pen by pressing down upon it, give his lame joint a rest and a twist, get a new start and wind up the y quite creditably. Only—"

Resilius Marvel drew from his pocket check 953, also a sheet of paper on which he had the recent handwriting samples from our client, also the returned May checks. He placed them before me.

"Feel of those signatures," he directed. "No, not that way—catch the signature space between your thumb and forefinger. Do you notice any protuberance in the lower surface?"

"No," I was forced to admit, and called attention to the usual calloused condition of a bank man's finger tips.

"Take the magnifying glass then," ordered Marvel. "Now, then?"

I saw what he intended I should see. Minute, scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, there was almost a hole through the check surface wherever the loop of the y in Clay was inspected, and on the reversed side, naturally, a tiny protuberance corresponded.

"Nobody but Warner Clay ever did that," declared Marvel. "It is the test infallible. As on the returned checks, so on the one claimed forged—the writer depressed the pen point to get a momentary staying power. Those checks were signed by the hand of Warner Clay, all of them, 953 included."

"In other words," I exclaimed, "our client is his own forger?"

"You have it," assented Resilius Marvel, "precisely. We shall not have to retrace or fortify that conclusion, unless we are forced into a court of law. The point of interest now is Geraldine Farrar."

"The girl cashed the check—why was she given it? She left the city at once—what impelled her? She went into obscurity, leaving no trace behind her—why?" challenged Marvel. The man's rare humanity spoke out in his questioning, determined face. Viewed in a cold-blooded way, the bank's interest ceased at the discover-



WE WERE NOT MENACED, ONLY STARED AT AS WE RAN ASHORE.

ery of a method of saving my money. A new strain had come into the case—mystery, maybe misery. Cunning or foul play, Resilius Marvel, I saw, was determined to go to the bottom of the proposition.

"When I questioned Clay about his missing ward," resumed Marvel, "his sorrow was touching! He plainly indicated that she had seized an opportunity to acquire a fortune at one deft stroke of the pen. She had no friends, no other relatives than himself, he averred. She had seemed to share his lonely life for the sake of comfort and home. She had had some very distant relatives once, he believed, in far western Canada. One thing I noticed: he was sure in his mind that she could not be found. Circumstances or his own plans were placing her at a sure distance. I insisted on visiting her room. He did not demur. It was a miracle of good order. I found nothing to inspire me in my search—he had prepared for all that—nothing except a scrap of crumpled-up paper lying where he had not discovered it, half way under her writing desk. Nor did he see me secure it. There it is."

It was a mere fragment of note paper. Pencilled upon it were these figures: "\$19.80," "\$4.50," and this one word: "Separamos." I fancied this valueless.

"That and concurrent discoveries gave me a new focal point," explained my companion.

"It is Greek to me," I acknowledged helplessly.

"The word is Spanish," said Marvel. "It means 'separate,' or 'separation,' or something of that sort. Clay had tried to divert me north." For that reason my mind was fixed south. I analyzed "\$19.80" and "\$4.50" and I made up my mind it appertained to some meditated personal investment. I fixed upon the girl's calculation as to railroad fare. I found that a first-class railway ticket to Galveston is

exactly \$19.80, and the sleeper tariff exactly \$4.50. I did not arrive at this decision until I had gone over a good many time tables, and then confirmed my selection at the railway ticket office. I was not sure of a line on even then, until I had got a line on the letter carrier who delivered mail at the Clay home. The information he gave me was very agreeable to my course of reasoning. Miss Farrar had only one correspondent that he knew of. About every six weeks regularly she received a letter, and its postmark invariably was Galveston. I learned also from a stray remark of Clay that once she had gone to Texas for six weeks, settling some land business for him. The letters were directed in a masculine hand. A lover? At least, and at once—Galveston. On the 8 o'clock train. Be ready."

It was late in the afternoon of our third day at Galveston, and I was reading a newspaper in the lobby of the hotel, when Marvel entered on the jump.

"Wait for nothing," he advised me, and simply kept on going back to the street, myself following, brisk and willing and hopeful.

I had a lively time of it keeping up with Marvel. Every time he consulted his watch he took a new spurt. We finally reached a wharf where a steamer advertised for a run to Havana was just getting ready to cast away.

Marvel drew partly within the shadow of a pile of freight, and I unobtrusively took my position behind him. My companion was not watching the passengers as they went aboard, but I soon discovered that he was watching a man who was

This latter stood by the gangplank. He was a lithe, swarthy, keen-eyed fellow, suggesting the South American. He would scan every person who went aboard, and then, as he evidently found not what he sought, would take an eager sweeping survey of the wharf, and even beyond it, at pedestrians and vehicles as though in a torment of expectation and suspense.

Finally the last bell rang. Some belated passengers got hurriedly aboard, the gangplank was dropped, and the little dark man stood in prof-

shore, the automobile came to an abrupt stop. Miss Farrar jumped gracefully to the ground. Her austere escort followed her. He carried two satchels. She taking one of these, they ran to the yacht and clambered unceremoniously aboard. There seemed to be some discussion with the one man in charge. Then he went about his duties and the pretty craft made for the offing.

We were getting so near now that I could read, the name of the yacht in gilt letters at her stern: "The Arrow." The little pursuer of the automobile leaped toward the yacht as she pushed off, but Colonel Aloa Gaspard, a revolutionary South American, and present convoy of Miss Farrar lifted a stake from the bottom of the yacht, dealt him a blow and sent him hurling back into the water.

It was done so quickly that by the time we came to the spot where the craft had been moored she was lost in the dim sea mists, and the wiry fore-eigner stood rubbing his aching head.

Marvel gave me a quiet direction to return to the hotel and took the stranger in tow. When he put in an appearance at our rooms several hours later he briefly stated:

"The man who got the ducking was a Venezuelan spy, who it seems has been watching Gaspard and our young lady for a week, and learning this, he was my selected pilot, with the denouncement as you have seen. Again he asserts that those two satchels carried by the parties who have skipped us contained dynamite."

Marvel did not seem to worry any over the uncertain shape affairs had taken. He kept busy in his own way. I knew he did a lot of cabling and even used the wireless. The second morning he ushered into our room

a stranger.

"This is the gentleman who took charge of our friends on his yacht, 'The Arrow,'" explained Marvel. We bowed, and I saw that the man was a gentleman.

"The promised story, my friend," intimated Marvel in his effective way.

"Why, when that young lady and her military escort bounced aboard my boat two evenings ago," stated the man, "I had just taken a queer commission from the police authorities of Galveston. Know me as Adam Butler, unsuccessful business man, invalid of good repute and mild habits, combining the quest of health with a moderate income easily earned through running a pleasure yacht, and you will discern that nothing could be so far fetched as piracy, or police interference, or affiliation with anything criminal or revolutionary. And yet you will soon see that unwillingly I was made an agent in a striking episode that may turn out sanguinary, sensational and fairly international in its scope."

The speaker chose good language, and was clear and direct in his narrative.

"The sky was dull and lowering, the bay chopping and streaked with yellow patches, when a flat boat came creeping along the shore in a way that told me she was crippled in some part of her running gear. This was the afternoon of the day you gentlemen saw me. There were four men in police uniform aboard. One of them I observed wore a captaincy button, and as the unwieldy craft came nearer I recognized him.

"Hello," he hailed, 'I know you,' and he smiled and waved his hand in a friendly fashion. 'Remember?'"

"Captain Discoll, I believe."

"Father of the bride whose party you took down the coast last week," added the official. "You not only know your business, my friend, but you take such good care of your passengers that they have none but the pleasantest memories. By the way—"

"A sudden idea seemed suggested to my official friend as his eye rested on my trim and natty craft. He spoke some words to his companion and the police boat was soon alongside.

"See here, Mr. Butler," he said to me, drawing me to one side, 'you would guess a long time before you fixed on what we've got in the hold of that old tub.'

"Yes?"

"I think so. Contraband expresses it, in a way. We have four big boxes loaded to the brim with fire arms, weapons and burglar tools confiscated from prisoners. Once a year we load them on a boat, run out a few miles and sink them. We started today, but the boat has gone afoul. Again, we are ordered past the ten-mile limit this time, as some of the plunder has been fished up in the past."

"I see," I observed.

"It would be a speedy job for you. What do you say—would you let us transfer the rubbish to 'The Arrow' and take our task off our hands—for a consideration, of course?"

"Gladly," I answered.

"I know I can trust you. Just attend to it right and come to headquarters tomorrow with your bill and I'll O. K. it."

To make a long story short, I was all ready to start on my cruise when that man and girl came aboard. Her escort offered me \$500 to make a direct run for a point in the Caribbean. It was a temptation, and I agreed. We reached destination on a fast run, foul as the weather was. When we landed the man made another offer—\$5,000 for the yacht. I was so dazzled with all that money that he was in command and away with the craft and the girl before I realized what I had left aboard of the yacht. That is all except that I do not intend to send in any bill to the Galveston police department."

"There is a trifle more to add," remarked Marvel, after the man had left. "The two satchels those people had were swept aboard. From what the yachtman learned they were bound for Separation Island—a

reminder of that word pending the slip of paper—remember—"

Resilius Marvel was a quick thinker and never slow in action. He was the very next day, a steamer launch at our disposal and a man in charge who knew the Caribbean like a book.

Resilius Marvel would not have been what he was had he not been the cruise unaware of what he was running into. Separation Island was one of those innumerable dots on the water north of Venezuela, sometimes an appendage of the state, sometimes times ceded to a corporation, sometimes sold to individuals. For fifty years it had been a bone of contention among varied claimants. It was in dispute now, as we were soon to learn.

I think I shall never forget the scene that greeted our eyes the morning we reached the island. One side ran up into a bold promontory that was a natural fortress. The remainder of the island, famous for large deposits of a silica nature of some commercial value, was quite level. Grouped on that portion in the brilliant sunlight was a small army of about one hundred men. As we neared them we stared and wondered.

Never was a coterie of apparition warriors so equipped. There were scarcely a man who had not at his belt half a dozen weapons. They carried knives, daggers, stilettoes, pistols, revolvers, sawed-off guns. They guessed what had happened—Marvel had discovered that fearful armament aboard 'The Arrow' and had utilized it to the limit.

We were not menaced, only stared at as we ran ashore. The first man to greet us officially was Colonel Aloa Gaspard.

When he knew that we knew of 'The Arrow' and of its contraband load, he was open, smiling and friendly. He was about to do some laborious explaining, when a gun boomed from the promontory and a white flag was waved from that natural rock battlement.

"It is all settled—ah! the dread array of our troops, veritably armed to the teeth, did it! That, and the cash," declared one host. "Gentlemen, your missions and you shall be seen grandly by Senor Rodney Vincent, who will soon be at your service."

And just then the mysterious one, "the girl who had vanished," appeared.

"I have come to see Miss Geraldine Farrar," explained Resilius Marvel, and her wondering eyes were soon gazing inquiringly into his reassuring ones.

A plain man, Resilius Marvel told a plain story, to witness incredulity, then horror, then grief steal over the expressive face of the young girl.

She was white truth itself, as she explained that Warner Clay had been her guardian for an estate in the south. A month before the present time she had attained her majority. The estate was worth over \$100,000, but could not be readily turned into cash.

"I needed money," she confessed blushing. "I was engaged to Mr. Rodney Vincent, who owns this island, who has just been negotiating with a false claimant who stole all our weapons and preserved possession of the fortress. Mr. Clay paid me \$30,000 cash for my property. The deed on record in Baldwin county, Alabama, will verify that fact. He knew that I would be practically out of the world on this lonely island, and trusted to the impulse of greed to cover my name with a crime, thinking I would not be located."

We found Mr. Rodney Vincent a most estimable young man who was shipped the ground that Miss Geraldine Farrar had brought her fortune to his rescue. The dynamite was a thought of the sanguinary Colonel Gaspard, who wanted to blow the intruders clear off the island.

I have pleasant memories yet of the sight of celebration we passed on Separation Island. We went north the next day, prepared to clear the fair name of Warner Clay's ward of all reproach.

When Resilius Marvel, arrived at home, went to confront our bank client with the evidences of his perjury, I never saw a man turn so craven—nor so yellow. The man left the city as soon as he could sell his property—"flagged" to every bank within the clearing house.

Never Turned a Hair.

"Well?"

"I have here," began the traveler, "patent electric hair brush—"

"Can't you see I'm bald as an egg—snapped the man at the door."

"Your wife, perhaps, might—"

"My wife wears a wig. She is as bald as I am."

"Possibly you have a child who—"

"I have. Two months old, and still bald."

"Ah—but maybe you have a dog. I can recommend this brush equally for man and beast."

"Look here, my good man, ours is a Mexican hairless dog. Good day."

The traveler gently replaced the brush in his bag, and fumbled in another corner of it.

"Permit me," he murmured, in high-eyed accents, "to show you the latest thing in fly-killers."

Getting His Money's Worth.

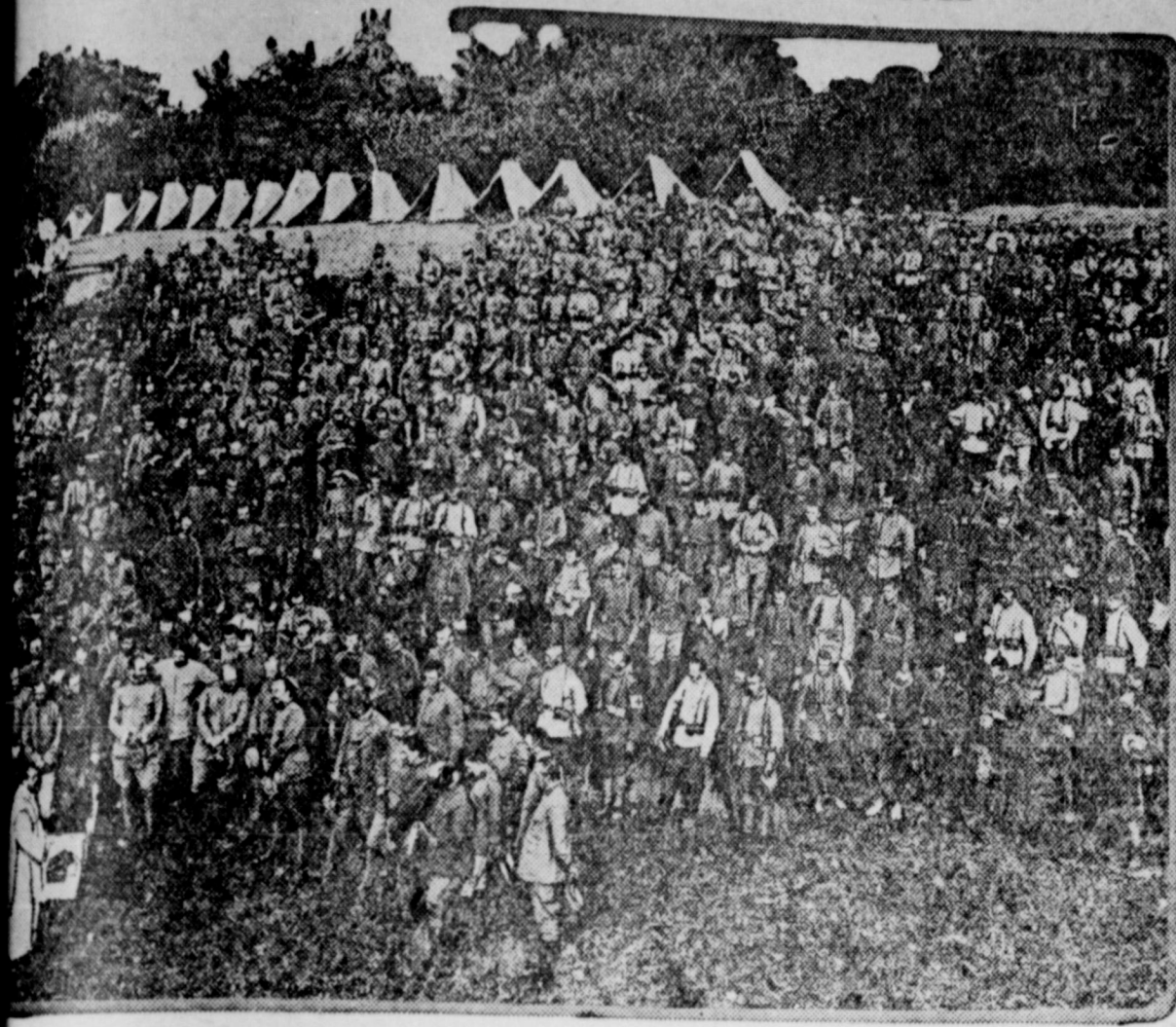
"What seems to be the matter with you?" asked the eminent specialist.

"Look here, doc," replied the patient. "How much do you charge for a consultation and examination?"

"Five dollars."

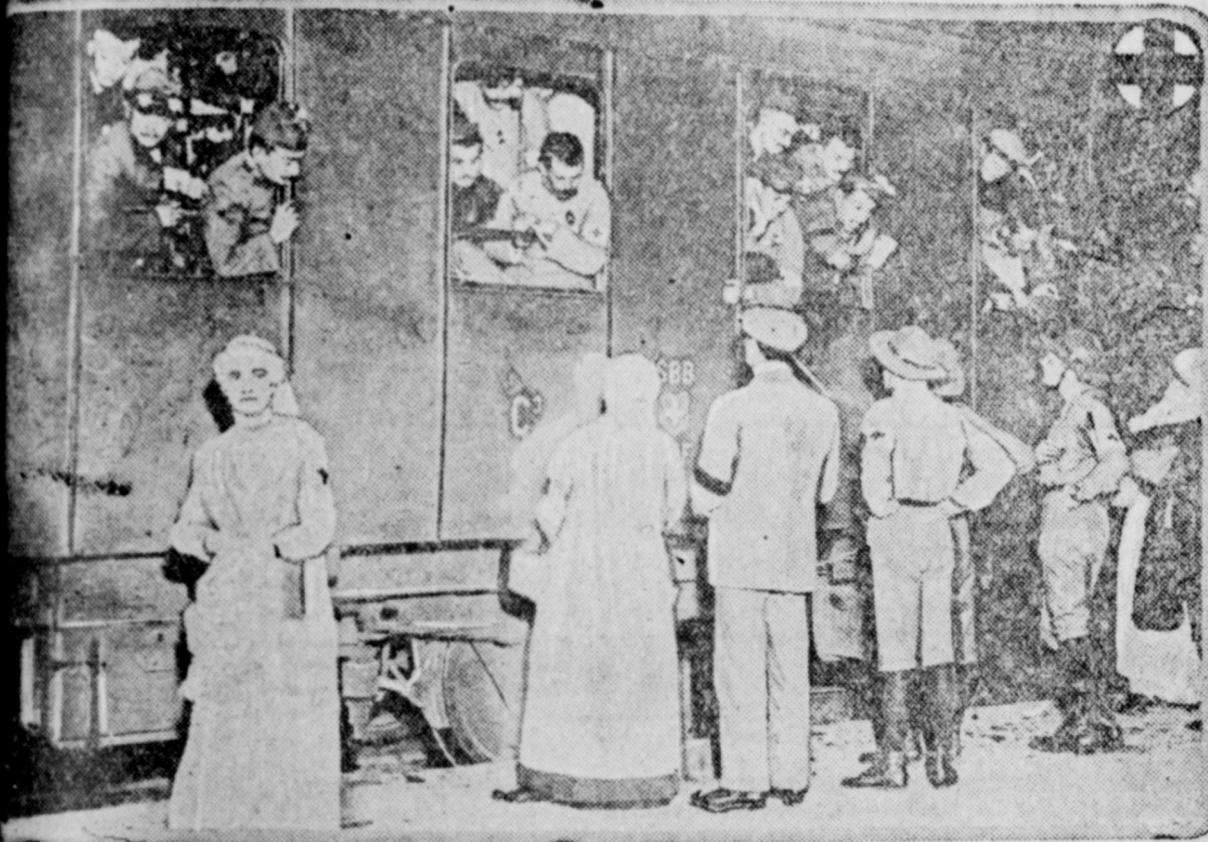
"Well, if I must pay you that amount of money you've got to earn it by doing out all by yourself what's the matter with me."

ITALIAN SOLDIERS AT MASS BEFORE BATTLE



This is a remarkable view of an open air mass held by the Italian forces operating on the Isonzo front before battle.

SERIOUSLY WOUNDED FRENCH ON WAY HOME



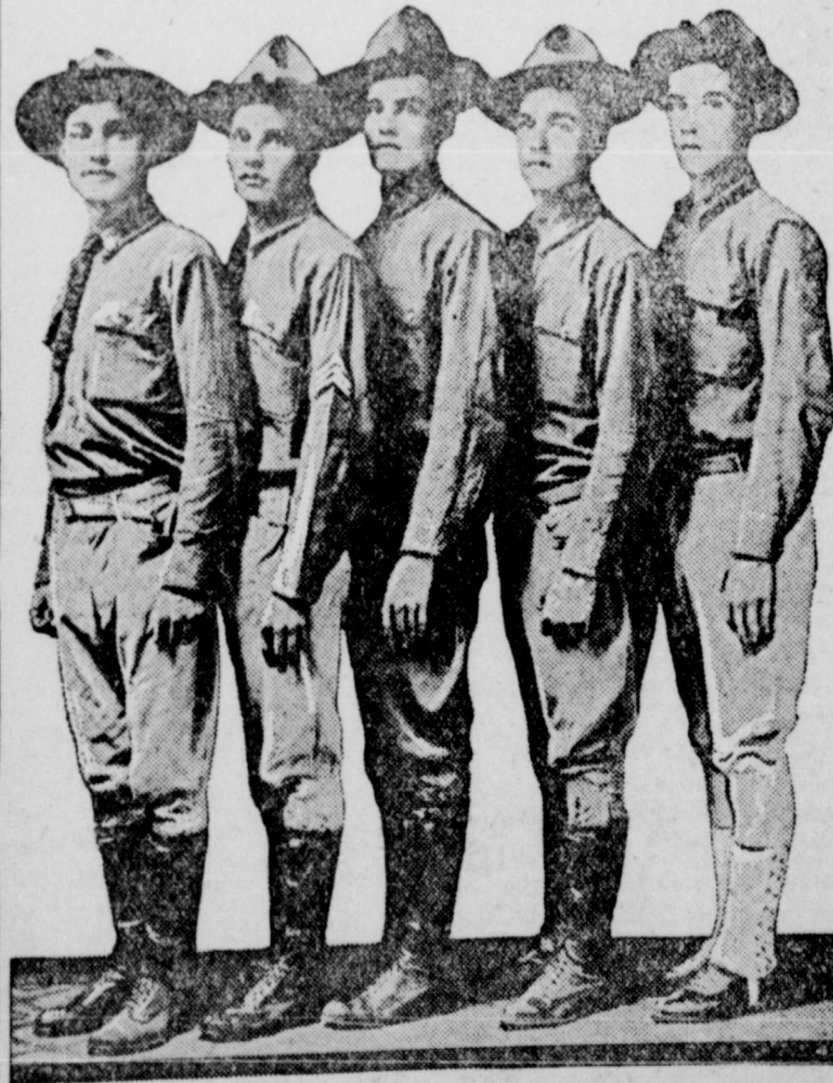
On their way home again to beloved France these soldiers are happy despite their wounds and suffering. They are on their way to Lyons from Constance, and the members of the Red Cross are welcoming them as their train pulls at the railroad station in Geneva. When an exchange of seriously wounded was agreed upon early in 1913, Switzerland placed her splendidly equipped hospital trains at the disposal of her belligerent neighbors.

HE IS SOME SHOT



Homer Clark, winner of the National Professional championship and All-Round Hercules cup race, is from Alton, Ill. He was one of the crack shots who participated in the Grand American handicap, which just ended at Chicago.

ONE MOTHER'S TRIBUTE TO HER COUNTRY



Left to right: Tate, nineteen; Oscar, twenty-five; Otho, twenty-five; Clem, nineteen, and Claude, twenty-one, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Clem H. Strickland of Houston, Tex. This is one patriotic mother's offering upon the altar of liberty and democracy. Mrs. Strickland is of direct German descent, but she urged her boys to go and fight for their country, which now is her country.

It Didn't Fit. Young William was evincing much interest in the evening paper, but finally a puzzled look came over his countenance. "Mother," he said, finally, "what does 'd' stand for?" "Doctor of divinity, my son. Don't you teach you the common abbreviations in school?" "Sure; but that don't seem to sound right here." "Read it aloud." "Witness—I heard the defendant say, 'I'll make you suffer for this, if I don't.'"

Life Free From Care. "Bliggins takes home every cent of his wages to his wife." "What's the idea?" "She has to buy all the gasoline and pay for the automobile repairs and run the fuel bin and the market basket, and all Bliggins has to do is to stand around and tell her she ought to economize."

Natural Excuse. A boy pupil in a public school had sought leave for the afternoon. "So, Sammy," said the teacher, "you wish to be excused from school after two o'clock?" "Yes, ma'am." "Is your excuse a good one, or is it baseball?" "Both, ma'am."—Puck.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Every woman can render important service to the nation in its present emergency. She need not leave her home or abandon her home duties to help the armed forces. She can help to feed and clothe our armies and help to supply food to those beyond the seas by practicing effective thrift in her own household.—United States Department of Agriculture.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

One never has too many good things in the fruit cellar for winter use. The following may be new to some and suggestive to many:

Apple Catsup.—Peel and quarter a dozen apples, stew them in a very little water until soft, then run them through a sieve. To a quart of the sifted apples add one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of pepper, the same of cloves and cinnamon and two medium-sized onions, chopped fine. Stir all together, add one tablespoonful of salt and a cupful of vinegar. Boil one hour and bottle while hot.

Wild Grapes for Winter Use.—Carefully remove all the stems from wild grapes which have been picked after the frost has sweetened them and place them in a stone crock with layers of sugar between, until the crock is full. Cover with a double thickness of cloth and tie newspaper over the cover. Keep on the cellar floor in a cool place. The grapes cure themselves and keep their fresh taste. Huckleberries and blueberries may be treated in the same way.

Pear Preserves.—Pare the fruit very thin, make a sirup of a pint of water to a pound of sugar, and when it is clear, put in a pound of pears and stew gently until they are clear. Place a clove in the blossom end of each pear and add the juice and thimble pured rind of a lemon to each five pounds of fruit.

Peach Preserves.—Take three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of the fruit. Put the sugar with a cupful of water and boil and skim. Pare the peaches and cut them in halves or quarters, then in the sirup for ten minutes. Take out the fruit carefully, placing it in the jar, boil the sirup for fifteen minutes or until it is thick, pour over the fruit and seal while hot.

Today may be all that is mournful—Our paths cannot always be bright. But tomorrow we'll somehow take courage. And trustingly enter the fight.

A FEW SALADS.

A spoonful or two of cooked corn cut from the left-over vegetable added to a potato salad is a great improvement to the plain variety.

Corn Salad.—Allow half as much chopped celery and walnut meats as cooked, grated corn, season with onion, salt and pepper and dress with a French dressing. This may be served on lettuce leaves if desired.

Beet Salad.—Cut in small pieces six cooked beets, the same quantity of potatoes and celery. Mix the yolks of three eggs with olive oil, add vinegar, oil and seasonings to taste, stir well and serve poured over the vegetables.

Onion Salad.—Chop fine two Spanish onions and place on ice to chill. Arrange crisp lettuce in a salad dish and place the onion on this, sprinkle with chopped red pepper and olives, and serve with French dressing.

Watercress Salad.—Wash the cress, and when dry and crisp place in a salad bowl, cover with slices of cucumber, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of chopped onion and pour over a French dressing, using a little tarragon vinegar and three drops of Worcestershire sauce. Serve very cold.

Mixed Vegetable Salad.—Mix one cupful of cold cooked potatoes, the same amount of cooked peas, one-half cupful of celery cut in dice and one cupful of tomato jelly, cut in cubes. Mix with French dressing, then arrange on a salad dish and serve with slices of tomato with mayonnaise dressing.

Tomato With Orange Salad.—Peel and slice six tomatoes and six oranges, arrange them in alternate rows in a salad bowl. Add oil and tarragon vinegar to the juice which escapes from the salad mixture; season well with salt and pepper, sprinkle with parsley and serve.

Chicken Salad.—Mix a cupful of cold cooked chicken with one cupful each of cooked peas and walnut meats, add mayonnaise to moisten and serve on lettuce with a garnish of olives.

Concerning Hay Fever. There is no such thing as a rose cold. That affliction of early summer comes from various grasses, such as Johnson grass, nut grass, Bermuda grass, and oats, and some trees, particularly red cedar and black walnut. These grasses and trees are pollinated only by insects, and it is the rule in hay fever science that the disease is usually caused by the pollen that goes by breeze rather than by bees.

Nellie Maxwell

Gales of GOTTHAM and other CITIES

War in Europe Finds an Echo on the Bowery

NEW YORK.—The war is on every lip. Whether it is a Fifth avenue drawing room or a Bowery saloon, its occupants invariably turn to the world conflict as a favorable topic of discussion, and frequently the argument waxes hot and vehement. Michael Ginnanski, twenty, a laborer, of 340 Bowery; Nicholas Romanoff, twenty-two, of 223 Bowery, and John Schultz, twenty-two, of the same address, met in a Bowery saloon. Although of different nationalities they had been friends for a long time. When drinks were ordered and served and glasses clinked Ginnanski turned to the Russian and said:

"A man with the name of Romanoff should not drink with one by the name of Schultz, especially at this time." Then a discussion of the war started, and in less time than it takes to tell it the interior of that saloon resembled a bombed section of Reims. The combatants went to it with the ferocity of tigers, and every man in the place was taking either a healthy wallop or a vicious kick at everybody else. All were impartial in the delivery of their blows. It was a case of whenever a head bobbed up to knock it down.

In the heat of battle Ginnanski cried out that he had been stabbed. Schultz and Romanoff dived for the door, but were stopped by other combatants. An automobile filled with secret service men was passing and hearing the uproar in the saloon they stopped. They arrested Schultz and Romanoff and sent in a call for an ambulance.

Then they piled their prisoners in the car and started for police headquarters. Patrolman Bowers of the Fifth street station, who had just heard of the fight, ran up and, thinking the two combatants were being spirited away by friends, leaped on the running board of the car and with pistol drawn ordered the chauffeur to stop. Explanations followed and all went to the police station. Ginnanski will recover. The two prisoners were charged with felonious assault and held in \$1,500 bail each.

Up-to-Date Settlement of Matrimonial Tangles

HAVRE, MONT.—When a man falls in love with another man's wife, usually there's a shooting affray, remarks the Detroit Free Press. And, again when a woman gets to liking another woman's husband better than her own there's the deuce to pay. But not so here!

When Mrs. T. W. Turcotte, wife of a prominent Havre lawyer, felt she loved the husband of Mrs. Henry Jordan better than her own mate she didn't hide the matter.

Nor did Mrs. Henry Jordan when she fell in love with Mr. Turcotte. Nor did Mr. Jordan when he became fonder of Mrs. Turcotte than of his own wife.

Their way out of an unusual love tangle was to trade wives and husbands. Mrs. Jordan agreed to swap her husband to Mrs. Turcotte in exchange for Mr. Turcotte with nothing to boot. The husbands were willing enough to be traded. In fact, they were well along on a plan to trade wives with each other.

So, instead of any killing or unwritten-law defenses or suits for alienation of affection, there evolved two unique matrimonial trades. The Jordans and Turcottes agreed to get divorces. Divorce decrees were granted them at Boulder Hot Springs.

Then the former Mrs. Jordan became the new Mrs. Turcotte, and the former Mrs. Turcotte became the new Mrs. Jordan.

The two couples stood up together at the ceremony, and the friendliest relations exist between them. Now they are living again as neighbors in all good fellowship.

Before the divorces the Jordans and Turcottes were next door neighbors. It was then the husbands and their wives concluded they were wrongly mated and decided to back out of their matrimonial alliances and start anew.

Both couples had children, each a boy and girl. After the matrimonial swap one couple took the two boys and the other took the two girls. This gives each father and mother one own child and a stepchild.



Beer Mask Proved Antidote for Ammonia Fumes

DETROIT.—"The Germans have taken Bates street and have pushed as far east as headquarters. They are gassing the Gold Dollar bar and the chop suey joint." The ice man thus reported a sad incident Monday afternoon at police headquarters. Over in the alley that runs west from Farmer street, between Monroe avenue and Bates street, a battle continued with unabated fury, as the war offices say.

Somewhere down in the depth of the chop suey emporium an ammonia pipe on the refrigerating plant had sprung a leak. An ice wagon horse, left to an unkind fate, sneezed until his checkrein broke. His mate's eyes flowed until little puddles bathed his hoofs. The heartless driver poured copious tears into a tall shell in the adjoining saloon. Except for the weeping horses the alley was empty for over an hour. Inspector James Sprout volunteered to cross the street and direct the operations of relief, but one whiff from the alley sent him back to the highest step of the headquarters grand stairway.

By four o'clock the leak had reached such proportions that several passing Harper and Fourteenth cars were seen to shake as with a fit. But one of these shuddering vehicles brought the man who solved the problem. He was a negro who used to work in an ammonia factory in Cincinnati. Entering the bar he ordered a burlap sack soaked with beer. Wrapping the dripping sack around his face "Ammonia Bill" went into the cellar.

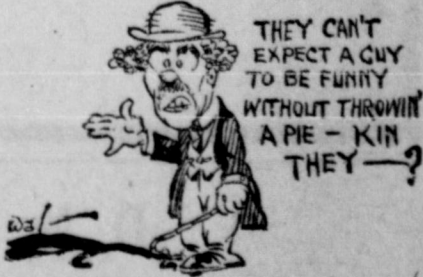
"Send down another sack, 'n soak it well," he called up in about five minutes. The sack went down and the first one came up—dry as flint. Half a dozen times the brew-dripping bags went down and came up dry. By that time the fumes had disappeared. The proprietor of the cafe invited the ammonia plumber to have a couple without having to wring them out, and traffic was resumed.

Food Conservation Vitally Interests the Movies

CHICAGO.—Now it is proposed to Hooverize the drama. Thomas H. Ince, member of the food commission of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, in a telegram to Chuck Czar Hoover recommends the elimination during the war of scenes in motion pictures and plays calling for the use of food. He estimates the food wasted in such scenes amounts annually to several hundred thousand dollars.

It's a blow to art, no doubt of that. What will the comedians do without custard pies to throw? Picture the desolation of Fatty Arbuckle when he is told that he mustn't peel potatoes with an electric fan. How will Charlie Chaplin exist without hurling a cream puff into the face of a policeman every morning? And then, too, what about the more or less legitimate drama? Really there will be no use for the pestered heroine to put on her black shawl and, sniffing into her soggy handkerchief, go out into the bitter night where the property snow is falling, unless she can leave a roast turkey on the dining-room table with a lot of wolves around it about to pounce on the bird.

What will be done about the banquet scene in "Macbeth"? Must Gobbo give up his apple? Shall Jack Falstaff drink his cup o' slack without a crust in't? Shall the good knight's boon companions, Nym, Bardolph and Pistol, justy trenchermen all, go unlined with capon? Why, this Hoover might even bar chickens from the musical shows!



The McLean News

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

M. L. MOODY, EDITOR AND OWNER

Entered as second class mail matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.

Four issues make an advertising month. When five issues occur in the calendar month, charge will be made for the extra edition.

Obituaries, resolutions of respect, and cards of thanks charged for at regular advertising rates.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One year	\$1.00
Six months	.50
Three months	.25
Single copy	.05

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1917

For some years past The News has been sent free of charge to those of the local business men who advertised in its columns. But this editor fails to see any just reason why this should be done, any more than he can conceive of any reason why he should expect his grocer to furnish him with soda for nothing just because he buys his flour at at such grocer's store. The News is valuable. It costs us money to produce. It is good literature. It is worth more than the dollar we charge for it. After November first it will cost local business men one

dollar per year, the same as everybody else. We believe that the merchants of McLean do not care to get something for nothing, and that they will be more than willing to accept the bargain we are offering, in furnishing them with high class reading matter once a week for only a dollar.

"The postal regulations requiring publishers to publish a statement of their private business that can not possibly interest anyone outside of the editors themselves, is a nuisance and a burden," says The Pampa News. Yes, Bro. Smith, it is lots of trouble, and, too, they seem to want to know more about one's business than he himself knows.

It is pleasing to note that one commodity is not affected in the general raise in prices these days. That commodity is good advice. The only thing that is freer than good advice is air, and it seems that the dispensers of wise council are just as anxious as ever to unload it on you at the same old price.

These are the days when the dealer in ice and coal gets all mixed up in an effort to determine which product to push the harder.

The advance in the price of pig iron is not surprising, considering the name.

The Silver Bullet.

Make no mistake; no sharp-shooter on the bring line can do more deadly execution among the Huns than the man, woman or child who subscribes to the Liberty Loan bond.

Every bond purchased is a bomb exploding in the ranks of the barbarians. Every block of Liberty Loan bonds acquired is a mine blowing up a block of Boches.

The violators of women, the murderers of children, their crop-eared, bull-necked generals, their imbecile princes, their half-crazed emperor, all alike dread the "silver bullet"—the Liberty Loan Bond!—far more than they fear shrapnel and the bayonets of infuriated and outraged civilization.

As the warlocks, ghouls and unclean things of legend were vulnerable to the silver bullet, so are these savage assassins and barbarous murderers of Prussia in real life afraid of what the storm of silver bullets, which we call Liberty Loan Bonds, may do to them.

The storm, if it drive hard through their bestial ranks, will leave wounds too terrible ever to heal.

Every patriotic citizen of this decent, peaceful land of ours, which has been so foully outraged by Germany that it has been driven into a war of self-preservation, can deal a deadly blow at the outlaw empire by subscribing to these Liberty Loan Bonds.

No youth in the front line trenches doing his bit for civilization can accomplish more than those who cannot stand beside him out there, if only they keep up the volley of silver bullets.

For these volleys mean death to violators, and murderers; death to these insulters of Christ, these ferocious and filthy scoffers at the faith which Christ taught them when the whole world was barbarous.

Make no mistake; the hundreds of thousands of Christian Americans tortured, outraged, murdered by Turk and Kurd, died because Berlin willed it—said "yes" to Enver Bey.

That is the truth, that is the Prussian Hohenzollern; that is kultur; that is the vile degeneracy of this perverted people who have learned to acquiesce in the most monstrous crime ever perpetrated upon civilization; the war by the Teutons and Turks upon everything decent, honorable, clean and sacred that has been evolved in the world through the teachings of Jesus Christ, of Moses, of Buddha, of Mohammed.

No woman of our revolution molding bullets for the ragged Continentals performed a more valuable service to liberty and civilization than the woman of 1916 who subscribes to a Liberty Bond.

Make no mistake; the Silver Bullet will find its billet. Now, mold it, you Americans and slay the Beast!

Estate of Mildred Haynes Deceased.

To The Creditors of Mildred Haynes, deceased, notice is here by given that letters testamentary were granted to me the undersigned, Frank Haynes, by the County Court of Gray County. All Persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present to the same within the time prescribed by law. Residence and post office address is Canadian, County of Hemphill, Texas.

Frank Haynes, Executor of the will and estate of Mildred Haynes, Deceased

Mrs. Winnie Massey and Miss Sadler spent Saturday night with Mrs. Grogan, on the Grogan ranch.

COMING

All Week October 15-21
Second Annual Return

HARRY J. PAMPLIN

AND HIS OWN COMPANY

**The Lyceum Players
Stock Company**

With Lola S. Hayward 9 People

7 New Plays 20 Different Specialties
All New Scenery No Waits

The Plays The Atonement At Cozy Corners
The Forbidden Road East Lynne
The Spots of the Leopard The Law of Alaska
Because She Loved Him So

The People Harry J. Pamplin John A. Newman Harry P. Belmour Emery
Lola S. Hayward Johnson Billy Dunn Lola Lee Chick Whitworth Hazel Dunn

\$25 Guarantee Opening play
Monday night
"THE ATONEMENT," a companion story to "THE ROSARY"

AT PASTIME THEATRE
PRICES 15C 25C 35C

**Everything for the
Motorist**

We keep on hand at all times a full and complete stock of Tires and Auto Accessories, and can supply your every want in our line. Our repair shop is the most complete in this part of the country. This, together with the best mechanical skill procurable, insures satisfactory service.

Hupmobile Service Station
Buick Agency Service Car
Oxy-Acetylene Welding

Bentley & Grigsby
"The Ozark Garage"

To know your funds are safe from the Banker's bad judgment, or from his mismanagement or infidelity

How Important!

Bankers are only men like others, after all. History of banking in the country is full of regrets. Our State Government has recognized this and provided the law which enables us to assure you that

The non-interest bearing and unsecured Depositors of this bank are protected by the Depositors Guaranty Fund of the State of Texas

The Citizens State Bank

The home bank of the town, owned by home people.

D. N. Massay

Dealer in Real Estate and Rental Property

A List of Your Property Solicited

McLean

Texas

German Atrocities.

If there is a German sympathizer or pacifist or peace-at-any-price individual among all of our readers, we want you to read the account below of Belgian children recently brought to the United States and taken to the Belgian settlement in Washington state. Some have doubted the truth of reports of the atrocities of these Prussian fiends, but these children have been taken across the U. S. and viewed by thousands. Below we give a description of them given by a reporter of the Arizona (Iowa) Advance who visited them as the train passed through:

"The children, a hundred of them, ranged from babies to 12 or 13 years old, and all but one little boy, had been mutilated by command of Prussian soldiers. Most of the boys had their right hand amputated, so they could never fire a gun against the Prussian armies. Many had lost their ears and a number their noses.

"The most horrible of all, some of the little girls had their breasts cut away, so they might never be able to suckle a boy who could grow up to be a Belgian soldier and avenge the wrongs of his fatherland."

How a man with a spark of manhood in him can raise a voice in behalf of a nation that does such deeds as these or criticize the U. S. for undertaking to bring them to account, is more than we can comprehend.—Exchange.

N. N. Martin, Charlie Moore, J. M. Martin, and Hugh Riley, all of Clarendon, were in the city Friday of last week, prospecting.

The
DODGE

We have the agency for the Dodge automobile and will be glad to demonstrate it to you. Have you seen the

Dodge Roadster

It is a beauty.

McLean Auto. Co.

THRESHING

I will make this season with my threshing outfit as has been my custom for several years past. Machinery will be in first class condition for Maize, Kafir, Corn, etc. Prices Right

J. S. EARP

The McLean News one year for only a dollar. An obsolete ballad—'Old King Coal Was a Merry Old Soul'

Supplement to The McLean News

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1917

Blissful Ignorance.

It was during the nerve racking period of waiting for the signal to attack that a seasoned old sergeant noticed a young soldier fresh from home visibly affected by the nearness of the coming fight. His face was pale, his teeth chattering and his knees tried to touch each other. It was sheer nervousness, but the sergeant thought it was sheer funk.

"Tompkins," he whispered, "is it trembling you are for your dirty skin?"

"No, no, sergeant," said he, making a brave attempt to still his limbs. "I'm trembling for the Germans; they don't know I am here."

Geo. Bourland, a prosperous farmer-stockman of five miles north of town, was in the city Tuesday, and while here called and got acquainted with the editor. We found Mr. Bourland to be a pleasant gentleman who shook hands like he meant it, and an interesting person to talk to. Call again Mr. Bourland; we are always to see you.

Buy your school stationery at the Postoffice Confectionery. As much for your money as you can get anywhere else, and sometimes more.

The country correspondent who speaks of a "flying visit" will soon have ample authority for using the phrase.

Coal bills are a large part of your living expense — reduce them by using Cole's Hot Blast Heaters.

Full line of overalls, work shirts, pants and gloves at money saving prices. Bundy & Biggers.

Any number of married slackers are now engaged in a frenzied effort to avoid divorce court.

Buy her a nice box of chocolates. A fresh shipment at the Postoffice Confectionery.

Pickling season is here—we sell pure Arkansas Apple Vinegar. Bundy & Biggers.

Cold drinks of all kinds, mixed right, at the Postoffice Confectionery.

We slaughter our meat. Nothing but the best. City Meat Market. It

A Better Suit, Coat, or Skirt for Less Money

DOES THAT SOUND INTERESTING?

If it does, come in and look over my showing of new fall woollens, in any kind of pattern your fancy could possibly conjure. All wool fabrics of the finest quality, guaranteed in every respect. Garments will be tailored to your measure and made right here in McLean, where, if desired, they can be tried on at the various steps in their making, and a real fit without alterations assured. Satisfaction in every respect guaranteed.

Alexander The Tailor

Things by Their Right Names.

There seems to be a disposition in some quarters and by some people to whistle softly in the presence of people of German parentage, lest they become offended at aspersions upon their people and their practices. Many will even apologize for the actions of this country for prosecuting the war, and will lightly pass over the atrocities committed by the German forces, that have shamed the right thinking people of the earth.

This weak-kneed, pussy-footing attitude is unworthy of any American. First, because every intelligent person who has given the question even the most casual study must know that this country is in the right, and that her quarrel is the quarrel of the earth. The United States could never look the world in the face had she refused to take up the gauge of battle when William of Germany cast it at our feet.

Loyal Americans will condemn the practices of not only the German kaiser, but of his troops as well. The world is a unit in the condemnation of the ruthless submarine activity. The ferocity with which this is prosecuted is unworthy the darkest days of the middle ages.

The world condemns the savagery of German attacks on hospital ships, on field hospitals and on innocent non-combatants generally. There is no other name for their acts save inhumanity. Be it said to the everlasting credit of the allies, no such actions have stained their records.

We repeat there is no call for pussy-footing when these things are mentioned because, forsooth, your bearer may have German blood in his veins. German blood is plentiful in America, and much of it is among the most loyal. That part which is not loyal is simply disloyal, and that is all there is to the matter. And furthermore, this country has no quarrel with German blood or even with German people, except so far as they uphold and abet the German GOVERNMENT.

Every American should get this important fact: We are fighting for a principle of everlasting Right and against a practice of everlasting Wrong. That the German nation happens to be in the wrong is no reproach to the millions of that blood who are not only among us, but of us. Once their loyalty is demonstrated, it should be accepted in full faith. On the other hand, if their loyalty is of the right brand they will recognize the fault of their kinsmen, and while possibly not disclaiming those kinsmen, they most certainly will disclaim any sympathy with them or their ambitions, especially with their acts.

Let's get this thing right on the start. We have no apology to make for our actions. This country is in the right, and those who do not like her course are at liberty to take themselves and their objections to some other country—which would be the most decent thing they could do.—Exchange.

Better not give too great publicity to the shortage of school books in Germany. There are enough pro-Germans in this country without enlisting the schoolboys.

There never will be a better time than now to subscribe for The News.

Danley county is to have an exhibit at the Dallas Fair this fall.

M. E. Auxiliary Notes.

The M. E. Auxiliary met at the church Tuesday afternoon and listened to a strong and inspiring program.

In the scripture lesson the leader, Mrs. Noel, gave us excellent thoughts on "How They Gave After the Captivity" Neh. 10:28-30.

Prayers for our native workers were offered by Mesdames Cousins, Ashby and Bundy.

We give the following from Mrs. Ashby's good paper on "Stewardship": "God could dispense with our help if He pleased. He could rain manna from heaven upon the poor. He could evangelize the world by means of angel preachers. But He has honored man by making the success of his work on earth depend on our gifts."

Mrs. Cook told us of the efforts and success our leaders are making to train native leadership in foreign lands.

Mrs. Phillips presented the bulletin in the form of a salad. Pinned to lettuce leaves were clippings from the bulletin,

which were distributed to the audience and afterward read. We listened with interest to Mrs. Davis read "The By Products of Home Mission Work." How consecrated Methodist women all over the south, where there had been great need, had prayed into existence numbers of schools, homes, gospel settlements, missions, institutional churches, etc., each with a distinct ministry; and multiplying their services as the need grew. As Mrs. Davis read of the long list, we thought of the growth of the work in the past and of the still larger by-products which shall yet grow from that blessed gospel "that proclaims the brotherhood of man."

There will be an exhibition at our next meeting a chart showing the pictures of many of the christian activities mentioned in Mrs. Davis' paper.

Supt. of Publicity.

E. E. McGee, formerly of Hedley, is here this week visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Kibler, and family. Mr. McGee has sold his home place at Hedley and is thinking very seriously of locating here; in fact, he tells us that one would not have to argue much with him to induce him to cast his lot with us. We would suggest that one of our live real estate men button-hole him, and talk real nice, and maybe he would be willing to buy something in these parts. Mr. McGee is an affable old gentleman and The News would be pleased to have the opportunity to welcome him as a citizen of our city.

Fulton Bailey.

Watson Bailey of Heald and Miss Freeda Fulton of south of town surprised their friends on Wednesday of last week, when they went to Shamrock and got married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Patterson, the Methodist minister at Shamrock, at the parsonage.

They are now at home on the groom's farm in the Heald community.

The News joins in extending congratulations.

Cattle Shipments

J. E. Cubine shipped two cars of cattle to Kansas City Friday. The same day Cox & Crabtree shipped one car of calves and one car of cows, which were sold in Kansas City market.

Noel & Stanfield shipped four cars of cattle to Kansas City on Friday of last week.

"What is a dependent?" asks a correspondent. In many cases it is a peg on which to hang an affidavit in a plea for exemption.

Go to Shamrock to Perfect Red Cross Organization.

Tuesday night a large crowd of McLean people went to Shamrock to assist the people of that city in perfecting the organization of their Red Cross.

After a few talks had been made, a rousing speech was made by Mrs. Fast, which brought the enthusiasm of the meeting to a high pitch. There had been considerable dissention among the various factions that went to make up the membership, that had been quite a hindrance to the progress of the organization, but those from McLean who were in attendance at meeting declared to The News that they were very optimistic as to the success of the Shamrock Red Cross, for those people were certainly worked up to the point of harmonizing before the meeting was closed.

Among those from our city who attended the meeting were: Prof. Wilson and wife, T. J. Coffey and mother, Rev. Howell Floyd, Julia Foster, Mary Henry, Dora Dean, Katie Robinson, and Leona Watkins.

Tuesday afternoon the editor accepted the invitation of Dr. Montgomery to go to the country with him and get some watermelon. We rode for some minutes in the doctor's flivver, in a direction away from town, and before very long found ourselves surrounded by the finest patch of melons this editor has seen in many a day. We ate a nice one in the patch and brought back a large one, which proved to be delightfully luscious when The News force cut it Wednesday afternoon. The News man always had conscientious scruples at falsifying, and he isn't man enough to back up a declaration that it is none of your business, so he respectfully asks that you do not inquire of him just where those melons came from.

Louis, 12 year old son of Mr and Mrs. F. M. Faulkner, while cranking a car at Pampa last Saturday, sustained a broken arm when the engine back-fired. We are pleased to report that the fracture is healing nicely, and that the youngster is expected to be all right shortly.

Rev. E. E. Turner, local Pentecostal minister, and daughter are holding a successful meeting at Pampa this week. We are told that on Sunday night there was one conversion and four received the baptism.

Wanted.—Someone to pick peas. Phone 52, 2 rings. Geo. Bourland.

Sid Denson was an Amarillo visitor Sunday.

Christmas Mail for Boys in France

Washington, D. C., October 3, 1917.

To The Public: The time is approaching to give thought to bringing Christmas cheer to the American soldiers and sailors abroad.

Arrangements have been perfected whereby the Christmas mail to the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe is to be delivered by Christmas morning. Without the fullest co-operation on the part of the public it will be impossible to accomplish this result.

The three essential respects in which the public can aid in assuring a happy Christmas at the front are: Mail early, address intelligently, pack securely. For this reason it is urgently requested that all persons having Christmas mail for soldiers and sailors and civilian units attached to the Army in Europe observe closely the following directions:

1. Mails to reach the soldiers in France by Christmas morning must be posted not later than November 15.

2. Every package must bear conspicuously the words, "Christmas Mail," the complete address of the person for whom it is intended, and, in the upper left-hand corner, the name and address of the sender.

3. Every parcel must be so packed and wrapped as to admit of easy inspection by the postmaster. No parcel will be dispatched to France which has not the postmaster's certificate that it contains no prohibited articles.

The rate of postage on parcels of printed books weighing 8 ounces or less is 1 cent for each 2 ounces or fraction thereof. Parcels of books weighing more than 8 ounces are subject to the parcel-post rate of 12 cents per pound or fraction.

Additional information concerning the preparation and mailing of parcels may be obtained from local postmasters, who should be consulted when patrons are in doubt.

OTTO PRAEGER, Second Assistant Postmaster General.

Let Me Write Your Insurance.

I have taken over the insurance business of A. G. Richardson, and solicit the continued patronage of all his customers, as well as that of any who have property that should be protected from loss from fire, tornado, hail, etc. I represent several old and reliable companies, and will appreciate an opportunity to serve you. C. S. RICK.

E. W. Alley has resigned as cashier of the First State Bank at Lakeview, and Thos. E. Noel of Memphis has been elected to fill the vacancy thus created.

J. W. Smith and Mrs. Lizzie Fletcher, both of Lakeview, and both more than seventy years old and grandparents, were married at that place recently.

A revival meeting, conducted by Rev. Neal of Amarillo, is in progress at the Methodist church in Clarendon.

O. L. Tucker and Jackson Collier of Estelina were in the city Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. D. D. Mendenhall of Hedley died suddenly one day recently, while at the breakfast table. She is survived by her husband and two sons.

Will buy your cream on Tuesdays and Fridays, and will pay you 44 cents per pound for it, W. J. Keasler.

A. Stanfield and wife and Mont Noel and family went to Amarillo Wednesday to attend the fair.

A. C. Staley favored us with a dollar on subscription. Thanks, Mr. Staley.

For Sale!

15 full blood Rhode Island Red roosters, from three to six months old. Write

J. E. Lindley Heald, Texas

Special Poultry Prices

On Saturday, Oct. 13, only, I will pay the following prices for Poultry:

Hens, 15c Old Roosters, 7c Friers, 16c

W. J. KEASLER

Economical Heaters



First cost is not the main consideration in buying a heater. At the present price of coal it will not take many weeks for an inferior heater to waste enough fuel to make up for the difference between its first cost and that of a—

Vortex Hot Blast

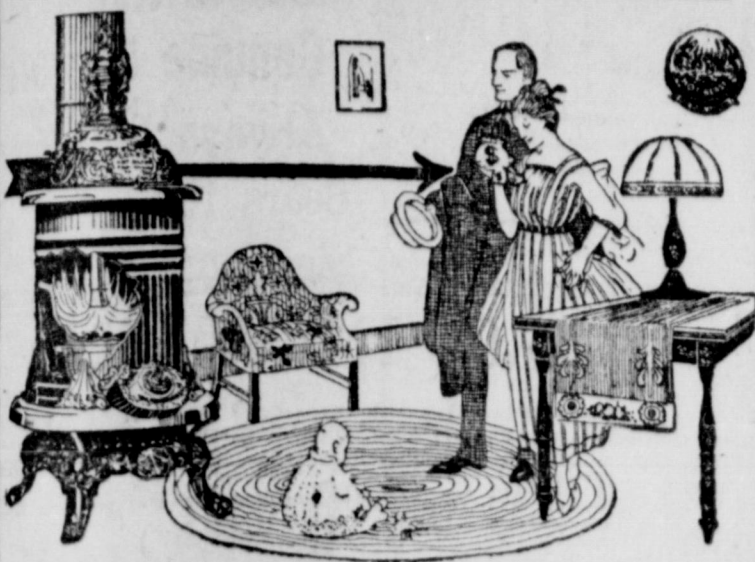
a heater economical in fuel consumption, of extreme durability, an ornament to your home.

Prices Reasonable

McLEAN HARDWARE CO. PHONE 51

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Page

C. S. RICE



Everybody's Attention

has been called to the remarkable fuel saving secured with Cole's Original Hot Blast Heaters. Coal prices are soaring—why be a slave to an extravagant heating plant or stove that is a demon for fuel.

Join now in the great army of satisfied users who have found relief from high fuel bills with the great fuel saving

COLE'S Original Hot Blast Heater

Burns cheapest coal clean and bright. Uses any fuel

Everybody is searching for a way to save fuel and food. Here's your opportunity to cut your coal bills square in half and gain a perfectly heated home as well. Investigate now. Our Store is Fuel Savers Headquarters.

No. 112



Order Coal Now—While You Can Get It

The government may commandeer every car in the country for military purposes. Later on it may be impossible to ship coal.

Avoid all danger of a coal-less winter. Lay in your supply now. Build more sheds if necessary.

NIGGERHEAD COAL

A nut coal that burns clean and leaves a fine ash. No clinkers. You get every ounce of heat energy and that means real coal economy. Stock up with Niggerhead and you'll make no mistake.

WESTERN LUMBER CO.

Land For Sale

We have land for sale in any part of the Panhandle, and in any amount you want and the very best prices and terms. Write for full information.

List your land with us—we can sell it.

Gardenhire Realty Co.

McLean, Texas

Facts About Our Country.

The total yearly income of all the people in this country is estimated at forty billion dollars.

During the first year of the war we must find eighteen and one-half billion dollars, or about forty seven dollars for every hundred dollars that we earn.

These figures are astounding, but we can "get by," and if you will read on you will learn how we are going to do it.

There are two ways in which the Government will raise this money—by taxation and by borrowing money from you.

The more the Government will allow you to loan to it the less it will have to tax you right now. Therefore, ease your taxation by buying a Liberty Bond.

Arguments about facts which have been mentioned are useless. We are in the war; we must win, and to do it the money must be found.

This is how we are going to find the money—by economizing and saving.

Duty demands it; common sense advises it, and the Government calls upon you to do it.

Waste and extravagance must go, and the money so saved loaned to the Government or given up to them in tax to carry on the war.

Give up the money you waste on the "unnecessaries" of life, and buy a Liberty Bond with it. You will be putting by for a rainy day and serving your country at the same time.

Many people in the Eleventh Federal District have money that they do not need until spring. They should loan it to the Government at good interest. It is good business and good Americanism.

You do not part with your money when you buy a Liberty Bond. The bond is as good as money; it is yours to borrow on, to sell, or do as you like with. It pays good interest too.

Taxes never come back; they pay no interest; they are a dead expense.

Again we say, ease out your taxation by buying a Liberty Bond.

Do not be scared at having to find all this money. Billions of it will be paid back to the farmers and workmen of this country. Billions will be loaned to our allies at interest and will form a huge National bank account, which we can draw upon later. This country is in the position of a man who has to deny him self in order to keep his business going, but who will make a fortune if only he has sense enough to put up the money when it is needed.

The patriotic appeal of the Loan is so clear that it does not need to be hammered at.

Our boys are giving their lives; our friends and allies their money and their lives; the whole civilized is fighting that the world shall be made a safe place for honest men, women and little children to live in.

To keep insisting that you, as an American, should support such a cause is unnecessary. The answer to the call is to be found in your common sense and in your heart.

Think over very seriously and very carefully these few serious, interesting and simply told facts about our country, the war and the Liberty Loan. Then do your duty to yourself and to your country—buy a Liberty Bond.

President Wilson is said to be in favor of an early adjournment of Congress, but whether out of sympathy for Congress or the people, we are not informed.

Not the least of the evil effects of this war is the added burden it places on the geography class.

The Labor Problem.

At 12 o'clock on the night of September 8, the manufacture of intoxicating beverages was ended in the United States. Distilleries all over the land drew their fires and closed their doors. Thousands of men were put out of employment, and millions of dollars' worth of equipment must be diverted to other uses. And in connection with it all there is one significant fact that must strike us forcefully when we come to consider it.

Just one instance; Peoria, Ill., a large whisky center, announces that the 1,500 or 2,000 men thrown out by the closing of the distilleries will be taken care of at once in other lines of work—that she has need for the services of every one of them. Similar word comes from many other whisky centers.

When a great industry such as this can cease all at once without any appreciable disturbance of labor conditions, the fact should set us to thinking, and thinking deeply.

What of the supply of labor in the year that is before us? It is perfectly apparent that the great business of the country MUST be kept going if this country is to finance the allied countries, as she has undertaken. With more than a million of her best workmen drawn to the colors, a re-dedication to labor is imperative on the part of that class that from one cause or another has heretofore dropped out of the ranks of workers.

It is all right to say to the farmer, "You must produce greater crops," but if he hasn't the force to manage his teams and implements we are asking of him an impossibility. And so in all other lines.

There is but one answer: All who can, WORK, not because they need the proceeds of their labor, but because the country NEEDS THEIR LABOR.

There is absolutely no room in this country now for the men who can work, yet who will not. Down with the work slacker! —Exchange.

Depressing Conditions in Holland.

A letter from Holland received this week describes conditions there as appalling: food stuffs scarce and prohibitive prices has compelled the government to place everybody on rations, which are insufficient for proper nourishment. Bread has been adulterated till it is hardly fit for use. On top of that the people of that cold and wet country are facing a fuel famine this winter. Being unable to get coal from either Germany or England, every tree is cut down to furnish fuel and keep them from freezing to death.

Add to this that most Hollanders before the war made their living by sea fishing, and selling dairy products to their foreign neighbors, two occupations which have been ruined by the war and their plight is evident. —Quanah Tribune-Chief.

Swisher county farmers have increased the acreage of wheat, and are planting the 1918 crop before all this year's wheat has been threshed and marketed.

For Sale.—Cake, meal and wheat. Phone Charlie Guill at Haynes'. Free delivery. Geo. W. Sitter.

We don't object to a man having a hobby, if he won't insist on all his friends riding with him.

The predicted "dollar egg" should prove a fertile field for Brother Hoover's activities.

As a real work of art, how about the engraving of Liberty Bonds?

Call

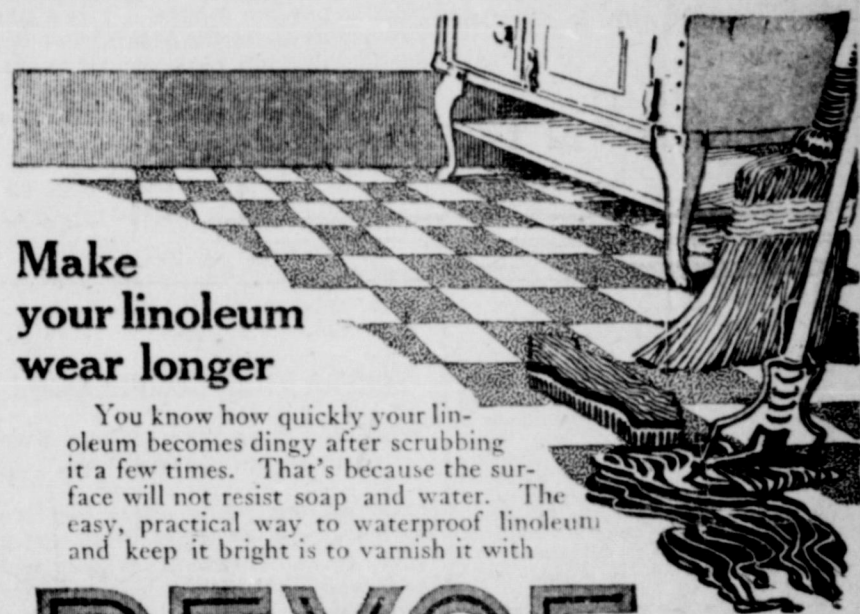
And see us when in need of anything in the building line. We have a good stock and a good quality.

Our aim is to please and Help the People

Please the people by handling a good quality of material and help the people by selling as low as conditions will permit.

Call and See Us

Cicero Smith Lmbr. Co.
Phone 3



Make your linoleum wear longer

You know how quickly your linoleum becomes dingy after scrubbing it a few times. That's because the surface will not resist soap and water. The easy, practical way to waterproof linoleum and keep it bright is to varnish it with

DEVOE THE GUARANTEED MARBLE FLOOR FINISH

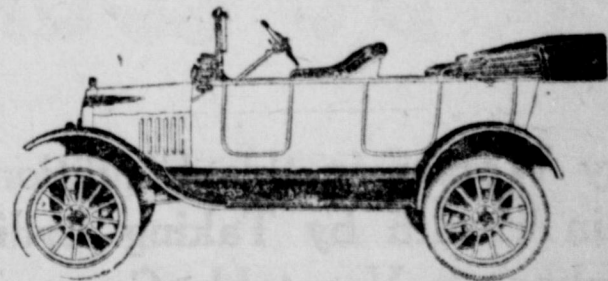
We guarantee it to be the best floor varnish made. It preserves the natural beauty of wood floors. Marble Floor Finish resists constant wear. Two coats will last three years on a bath-room floor, four years on the floor of a bed room or parlor. To clean it you need to use only a little Devoe Polishing Oil according to simple directions. We recommend Marble Floor Finish because in clear, dry weather it will dry in 24 hours.

Stop in and let us tell you more of this and other Devoe products.

ERWIN DRUG COMPANY

The Rexall Store

McLEAN, TEXAS PAINT DEVOE PAINT



Ford Repairing

When your Ford gets out of fix, the wise thing is to have it repaired by an expert Ford mechanic, in a shop specially equipped for working on Ford cars, where only genuine Ford parts are used.

Our shop is equipped to do Ford repairing exclusively and our Mr. Poncelet is one of the best Ford mechanics in the Panhandle. Being the resident agents for the Ford car, we sell only genuine Ford parts, made at the Ford factory.

A Complete Stock of Everything a Ford Could Need—Whether Sick or Well

Denson Motor Company

Barb Wire Cuts and Wounds.

Are troublesome to cure. Get a bottle of Farris' Healing Remedy—costs 50c—make it at home. Heals rapidly. A sore never matters where, this remedy is used. We sell on the money back plan.

A bond issue of \$65,000 has been voted in Garza county for building good roads.

For Sale.—15 or 20 well bred shoats. J. T. Litchfield, Heald, Texas.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Your MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED by your druggist without any question if this remedy does not benefit every case of Asthma, Bronchial Asthma, Hay Fever or Difficult Breathing. No matter how violent the attacks or obstinate the case.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

In either form (Cigarettes, Pipe Mixture or Powder) positively gives INSTANT RELIEF in every case and has permanently cured thousands who had been considered incurable, after having tried every other means of relief in vain. Sufferers are afforded an opportunity of availing themselves of this "Money-Back" guarantee offer as follows: Purchase from their own regular druggist. They are sure their money will be refunded by him if the remedy fails. You will be the sole judge as to whether you are benefited and will get your money back if you are not. We do not know of any fairer proposition which we could make.

R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

TYPHOID

is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. No vaccinated boy or your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccination, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

Only a small percentage of money saved up for rainy days is invested in umbrellas.

There is No Art in Taking Medicine. Just follow directions on every bottle of "Plantation" Chill Tonic and see how quickly those dreadful chills will leave you. It leaves the liver in healthy condition and yet contains no Calomel. Price 50c.—Adv.

As a rule the traitor always has a sanctimonious face.

A PHYSICAL WRECK

Laid Up In Bed, Barely Holding Onto Life. Doan's Effected Marvellous Recovery.

"Without warning I was dragged to the brink of the grave by malignant kidney trouble," says Robert Wenzel, 114 Cypress Ave., Bronx, N. Y. "My kidneys seemed to stop acting and the pains in my back were terrible. Big, bloaty puffs came under my eyes and attacks of dizziness often blinded me. My limbs swelled twice normal size and I could press big dents in to the flesh."

"I was confined to bed and had convulsions several times a day. Despite the best of treatment, I grew worse and was taken to the hospital. I didn't improve, however, and was brought home again, barely holding onto life."

"Toward the last of 1913, a friend persuaded me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I cannot put into words what they did for me. The first box helped more than all the other medicines and treatments I had taken. I continued and from an emaciated wreck of a man I have taken on good, solid flesh until I now weigh 225 pounds and am in the best of health. Doan's alone deserve the credit."

Stoom to before me. JAMES T. COUGHLIN, Com. of Deeds

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Brings to restlessness dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No 38-1917.

Too Sick To Work

Many Women in this Condition Regain Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Convincing Proof of This Fact.

Ridgway, Penn. — "I suffered from female trouble with backache and pain in my side for over seven months so I could not do any of my work. I was treated by three different doctors and was getting discouraged when my sister-in-law told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her. I decided to try it, and it restored my health, so I now do all of my housework which is not light as I have a little boy three years old." — Mrs. O. M. RHINES, Ridgway, Penn.

Mrs. Lindsey Now Keeps House For Seven.

Tennille, Ga. — "I want to tell you how much I have been benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for three in the family. I had dull, tired, dizzy feelings, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got this medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have been benefited." — Mrs. W. E. LINDSEY, R. R. 3, Tennille, Ga.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

GAINED 20 POUNDS ON TWO BOTTLES

Harry Wilson Felt Like He Couldn't Last Very Much Longer.

HIS RELIEF SURPRISING

"I Feel Like Tanlac Has Made a New Man of Me and I'm Glad to Recommend It," He Declares.

"A gain of twenty pounds on two bottles of Tanlac is going some, but that is just what happened to me since I began using it," said Harry D. Wilson, an employee of the Humble Oil Company at their Goose Creek, Texas, plant, the other day.

"I had a spell of malarial fever sometime ago," he continued, "and wasn't able to get straightened out afterwards. My system was badly run-down. I lost my appetite and had to live almost exclusively on a diet of raw or very soft boiled eggs. My head ached so I thought it would split, rheumatism made me miserable and my system was clogged up with malaria. I fell off to a hundred and twenty-eight pounds and was in such a bad fix I believe I couldn't have lasted much longer."

"I was sure surprised to find this Tanlac getting hold of my troubles before I had taken many doses. I feel hungry all the time and am actually ashamed to eat enough to satisfy my appetite. My weight has increased to a hundred and forty-eight pounds and I feel fine in every way. I have got over that tired and drowsy feeling and have more life and energy than I have had in several months. I feel like Tanlac has made a new man of me, and I will gladly recommend it to anybody."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

The Plain Truth.

"We are going to entertain company tonight."

"Some people you like, I presume."

"Mercy, no! We would lose our social standing if we entertained people we like."

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION

While You Sleep With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

On retiring, gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, and continue bathing a few minutes with the Soap. The influence of this treatment on the pores extends through the night.

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

When a policeman hears a girl scream after dark he doesn't know whether she is being kissed or only assassinated.

A wise man never attempts to guess the use of fancy work made by a woman.

The Smart Set in Millinery



Two-piece or three-piece matched sets in millinery are among the smartest things shown in the new displays for fall. The two-piece set is just right and designers have made it possible to select a hat and bag — a hat and collar — or a hat and cape or scarf, made to match; or, if they do not match in materials, some touch in trimming makes them kin. A silk hat trimmed with chinchilla, for instance, is bound for life to a high chinchilla collar by a veil that falls from the hat and is sewed to the upper edge of the collar.

Leading the vanguard of matched sets came the hat and bag to match and this fancy is altogether so pleasing that hat and bag sets are quite likely to be found also in the rear of the fashion parade along about Christmas time. If you contemplate something unusual in Christmas gifts that hat and bag set pictured here ought to prove interesting.

One of the smartest of smart sets is of brilliant green satin brocaded with gold and finished with green chenille tassels in the bag. The hat, to be worn with it, has a crown of black velvet and a narrow rolling brim of the green and gold brocade. At the back a flat tassel made of green chenille falls from the crown, and small, flat flowers, made of chenille are set about the crown.

A successful costume depends more upon handsome accessories like these, than many of us realize. A plain, dark gown of satin in black or other color, is lifted into brilliancy by tricks of elegance, in hat and bag or hat and scarf, and is equal to formal wear by these means.

Small Breaks in Lace.

Where there are only a few threads broken in Irish or Swiss lace they can easily be repaired with a needle and thread the same size as that used in the manufacture of the lace. Place a tiny knot at the end of the thread on the needle and draw this through the place where the broken thread joins the body of the lace. Having done this, draw a succession of loop knots over the floating thread very tightly close to the base. Now follow with the new thread the course that the old thread has taken, and do the same with the other loose end, knotting it securely close to the body lace. Cut away the loose ends and the break is no longer perceptible.



A call has come from France, to the Red Cross, asking for 150,000 wadded garments for the men at the front. These include sox, mits, mufflers, sweaters, and they must be made by women. Everybody that is anybody is knitting, and everywhere millady goes her knitting — in a knitting bag of sorts — is sure to go, too — like Mary's lamb. People who never touched a knitting needle before have mastered the art of knitting sox and find the work fascinating.

When we contemplate the brief history of a pair of sox we realize that the task of furnishing them will never be through with until the war ends. Supplies of sox must be sent in relays, one after the other, because, sturdy as the knitted woolen ones are, they will wear out.

Mufflers are easier for the beginner, and the sort of sweaters required are not very difficult. They are sleeveless and are really chest and back protectors. All the knitted garments must be made according to standards, which will be furnished by the Red Cross to those who apply for them.

A luxury that can be made by women who do not knit — if there are any — will interest them. Feet that get sore in the trenches can be rested and helped to heal by felt slippers, and these can be made by women at home. As we care for the comfort of our men when they are at home working for us, so we must care for their comfort when they are away — working and fighting for us and for those that come after us. No woman can be indifferent now and keep the respect of her associates. Whoever she is she deserves the poor opinion of her character, that her indifference will inspire in her associates.

A new order of things socially may grow out of the banding together of women for war work. It will be an impossible and hopeless personality that is not benefited and uplifted by helping in the hour of need.

Julia Bottomly

Separate Waistcoats Now.

London and Paris have taken another step toward the masculine in fashions and makers are producing separate waistcoats, to be removed at will. They are made of the softest materials, with a striking pattern and often they are knitted, and are cut roomy. Pockets at the sides with a watch fob hanging out of one of them are customary.

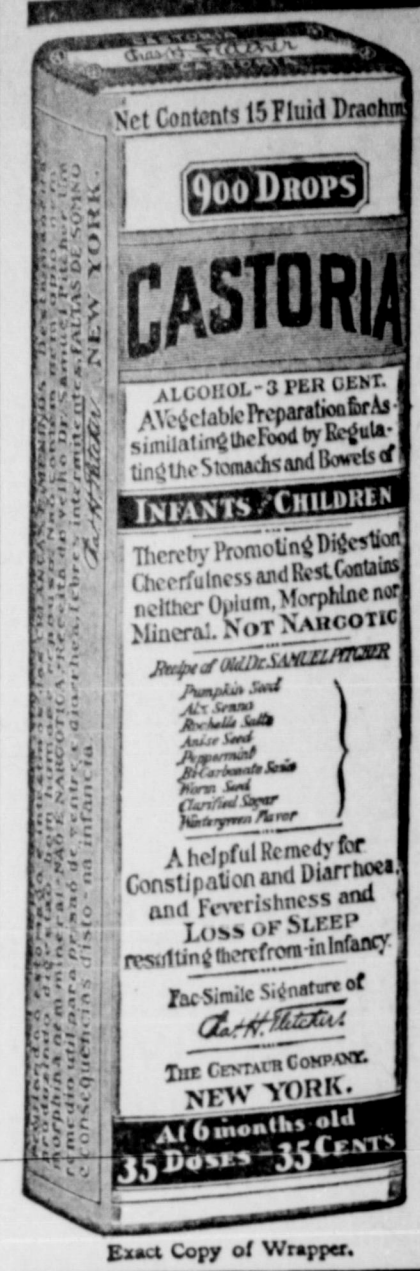
Under these waistcoats, of which plain shirtwaists are being worn, the jabot or fichu and the transparent sleeves are visible. It is customary with women wearing such waistcoats to remove the suit coat.

Use for Out-of-Date Blouses.

Blouses have a disconcerting way of looking out of date after any length of time. If there is a little girl in the family cut the waist down to make a long-waisted dress, using plain material for the tiny skirt.

Button Spats to Be Worn.

Buttoned spats promise to be as popular as ever for fall. The new spats fit beautifully and come in soft shades of gray and tan and in the new olive drab which is fashionable because it is the "soldier color."



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Hence the Name. "Why do you call that horse Collected?" "He's a trifle slow."

DEATH LURKS IN A WEAK HEART.

so on first symptoms use "Renovine" and be cured. Delay and pay the awful penalty. "Renovine" is the heart's remedy. Price \$1.00 and 50c.—Adv.

Exactly.

"I am going to have an old beau for the hero of this story."

"That is a dandy idea."

The Penalty.

The Grouch—Why do all men speak of women who are the least bit good looking as "blamed pretty women?"

The Sardonic Simp—Easy. If they're pretty they're sure to be blamed.

Better Unsaid.

She (coquettishly)—So many people tell me I sing like a bird. Do you think so, Mr. Robbins?

He—Certainly I do.

She—What kind of a bird do you think I sing like? Now, you flatterer, don't say like a nightingale.

He—Oh, no; like a screech owl.

Would Give Him Exercise.

Former Congressman George R. Smith of Minneapolis is fond of hunting and takes great pride in the ownership of a costly setter dog of noble birth. One day an old man, who was acting as guide for the hunt, came near making a lifelong enemy of Smith by criticizing the dog's technique in the field.

"The dog's perfectly all right," declared Smith, indignantly. "I wouldn't trade him for any dog I ever saw, only he doesn't get quite enough exercise. I'm busy and have to keep him penned up a good deal. He ought to have more exercise and that would improve his hunting."

"Has he got any fleas?" inquired the old man.

"Should say not," replied Smith, insulted. "That dog has his bath every week the same as I hope you do."

"Why don't you give him a few fleas?"

"What do you mean, give him fleas? Why should I want a fine dog like him to have fleas?"

"Well," opined the guide, thoughtfully, "they'd give him exercise."—St. Louis Republic.

POSTUM

A wholesome table beverage with winning flavor.

Used everywhere by folks who find that coffee disagrees.

"There's a Reason"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature

of *Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

ECZEMA!

Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. S. Richards Medicine Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic.

IF YOU HAVE no appetite, indigestion, flatulence, sick headache, "all run down" or losing flesh, you will find

Tutt's Pills

just what you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies.

Her Position Assured. He—Her social position is fully assured, isn't it?

She—Dear me, yes. She told me the other day confidentially that she had now got to the point where she could snub her best friends without injury.

Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quart of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless. Adv.

One Hiding Place.

"This is a queer little hole of country of yours, Pat," said one of the FU boys to our friend the other day.

"Begorra, an' as quare as it is," replied Pat, "there's wan thing ye can do in it that ye can't do in yer own country."

"And what is that?" asked the draft evader.

"Hide!" replied Pat.

His Family Tree.

A pompous man meeting a Mr. Moore at a dinner party, began boasting about his ancestors, and said: "And pray, sir, whom are you descended from?"

"Oh," said his neighbor, "I am a lineal descendant of Noah."

"How do you make that out?" asked the pompous man, somewhat taken aback.

"In this way," said Mr. Moore, smiling. "Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and, one more!"

Too Willing.

Dora—I wonder why Harry broke his engagement with Miss Peckem?

Jack—According to my information, her father offered to lend him money enough to get married on.

A young widow's health usually improves when her physician gets married.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or mail. Write to Free Eye Book, MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

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

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

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver. If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches, your stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 5-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone

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

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

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

MY FAVORITE
FOR EVERY OCCASION

R. B. M. Coffee

A TRULY remarkable coffee that is gaining new friends each day. Its flavor and aroma appeal to the true coffee lovers. If you have never used R. B. M. Coffee try one pound and you'll understand the treat you have been missing.

ASK YOUR GROCER
RIDENOUR BAKER MERCANTILE CO.
OKLAHOMA CITY

Supremely Good

Oklahoma Auto-Radiator Feeder & Lamp Repair Shop

Our specialties: Replacing leaky, scratched up and frozen radiators. We do not plug tubes, but we replace old tubes with new tubes. 202 W. SECOND ST.

Which is Wrong, of Course. "I hope Tom spends his money right."
"No, right and left."

A FRIEND IN NEED.
For instant relief and speedy cure use "Mississippi" Diarrhea Cordial. Price 50c and 25c.—Adv.

The Lost Words.
"I shan't waste any words on you."
"If you use any at all on me you will."—Detroit Free Press.

Still Worse Punishment.
Weary William—This paper tells about a horse running away with a woman, and she was laid up for six weeks.

Boastful Ben—That's nothin'. A friend of mine once ran away with a horse, and he was laid up for six years.—Stray Stories.

Wound Up.
A member of parliament had emptied the room with an interminable speech. Looking around at the empty benches, he remarked to a bored friend: "I am speaking to posterity."
"If you go on like this," growled the friend, "you will see your audience before you."

A Few Grades.
Senator Kern got a letter from an old friend who has a little country place and wanted fish to put in a cute little pond.
"Send me a school of bass," requested the friend.
"I'm not sure about getting you an entire school," Kern wrote back, "but I'll try to send you a few grades."—St. Louis Republic.

Who wants bread and butter when a feller can have

POST TOASTIES

says **Bobby**

(MADE OF CORN)

TIMELY PREPARATION FOR FILLING SILO

From the farm management standpoint it is always a great deal better to have things ready for the silo long before they are needed. It does not take any more time to see that the knives of the cutter are sharpened and that the binder is in good working order at one period of the year than it does at another and it may mean a good many dollars to the rancher, writes C. W. Pugsley, in Field and Farm. No money is saved by attempting to get along with too little help. Filling the silo at the best is rather heavy work and as a rule we do not like that part of it which demands the handling of heavy bundles of corn. If teams and men enough are on hand to complete the work in a short time and less trouble will be experienced in getting help.

co-operative filling is practiced an Ohio blower cutter of large capacity will probably give best results. If the grower is filling his own silo and desires to own his machine, a cutter with knives from 14 to 20 inches, depending upon the capacity of the silo, will give the best results. If the silo is above ground a blower cutter should be used by all means. If he has an underground silo he can get along with a chain carrier. No matter the style of cutter, it should have a distributor. This is merely a series of joints of pipes fastened with snaps and rings in a manner to make it flexible. It extends from the end of the blower or from the end of the carrier to within a few feet of the bottom of the silo.

Heaviest Expenses.
One of the heaviest expenses in connection with filling is the cost of an engine and an engineer, and when an outfit is hired the farmer should see that it is used to full capacity. This

Evenly Distributed.
In this manner the ensilage is evenly distributed all over the silo, which is not the case when the cut corn merely falls from the top either with a blower or chain carrier. The heavier parts of the ensilage such as kernels and pieces of ears will fall closer to the



FARMER CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT SILO.

can only be done by supplying a sufficient amount of labor to keep everything running. Some farmers favor a smaller cutter and letting the filling period extend over more time. In some instances this is probably an economical practice. I know one man who uses a small cutter with a chain carrier—the type that demands the least power—and runs it with his farm gasoline engine. He uses the ordinary help of the ranch with perhaps an additional man or two and extends the filling of a hundred ton silo over a period of a week. This of course has the disadvantage very often of allowing part of the corn to become too ripe, as it is now, while that which was put in first may be a little green.

point of distribution, while the lighter portions, the husks and the stalks will be scattered further away. This makes it necessary to fork over the ensilage and with the greatest of care the corn, husks and stalks are not evenly distributed. The distributor will give an absolutely uniform distribution and will save the labor of at least one man in the silo; although there should always be from two to three men tramping inside while the filling is going on. In filling it is well to keep the outer edges a little higher than the center and to do most of the packing at the outside. The matter of packing is very important. Do not attempt to save money on labor by cutting down the number of men in the silo and while they are there see that they keep moving. A man standing in one place all of the time does not give much service.

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS
How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

DETERMINE AGE OF CHICKEN
Among Many Other Signs or Indications Legs and Toes of Young Fowl Are Quite Smooth.

You can rarely tell the age of a fowl after it is over one year old. The tip of a young chicken's breast bone is flexible, so are the pelvic bones, but are rigid in the old fowl. The legs and toes of a young bird are much smoother than the old. There are fewer pin-feathers in the old bird, and more long hairs. The plumage of the young bird is usually brighter and smoother, and not so faded, as in the old bird. The face of the old bird is more wrinkled, and there is more of a shrunken appearance around the eyes. The hen often has a buggy, broken down effect behind. The spurs are an indication of age. If you notice beneath the wings of an old bird, you will fail to see an evidence of veins, but in the younger birds the purple colored veins are visible under the wing. You will find the bottom or ball of the foot of the mature birds harder and much more calloused than in the case of the younger fowl.

EXCELLENT AS COVER CROPS
Bur Clover and Melilotus Indica, Formerly Regarded as Menacing Weeds, Now Useful.

A score of years ago bur clover was considered but a weed and such a menace to lawns, gardens and fields that all feared to encourage it. Later it became a famed cover crop. Likewise Melilotus Indica, the yellow-flowering melilot, is now a high-grade cover crop for dry lands. Yet for all time it has been a vile weed known to all.

TWELVE THINGS TO DO IN SEPTEMBER

1. Plant a big turnip patch if you have not already done so.
2. Avoid loss by keeping the cotton picked as fast as it opens.
3. Select your cotton seed for next year's planting from the best stalks, and then have them ginned separately.
4. Select your seed corn in the field, and then carefully store to prevent loss.
5. Start planting oats, especially in the northern half of the cotton belt.
6. Try a patch of Abruzzi rye for early fall and winter grazing.
7. Be sure to plant crimson clover on all cotton lands that are to go in corn next year.
8. Try some bur clover on your Bermuda pastures; it will give you valuable winter and spring grazing.
9. Save an abundance of seed peas for next year.
10. Start the children to school and visit the school yourself.
11. Don't rush your cotton on a depressed market; arrange to hold all you can for better prices.
12. Save all the hay and other roughage possible for winter feeding.

WRIGLEY'S



As beneficial as it is enjoyable—in other words, doubly beneficial: that's why

WRIGLEY'S

is popular the world over. Many a long watch or a hard job is made more cheerful by this long-lasting refreshment.

After Every Meal The Flavor Lasts



A good many so-called matrimonial knots turn out to be serious tangles. Relatives have money, but relations are always poor.

Fits of abstraction have brought many pickpockets to prison. STOP THOSE SHARP SHOOTING PAINS "Femina" is the wonder worker for all female disorders. Price \$1.00 and 50c. Adv.

This year's sweet girl graduate is on the war path. Art is long, and mostly cheating.

Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

Harvest the Crops—Save the Yields
On the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the World the freedom that Prussianism would destroy. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.
A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of the Interior of Canada and the Departments of Labor and Agriculture of the United States, under which it is proposed to permit the harvesters that are now engaged in the wheat fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin to move over into Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the United States have been harvested, and help to save the enormous crops in Canada which by that time will be ready for harvesting.

HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED!!!
Canada Wants 40,000 Harvest Hands to Take Care of Its 13,000,000 ACRE WHEAT FIELD.
One cent a mile railway fare from the International boundary line to destination and the same rate returning to the International Boundary.
High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.
An Identification Card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guarantee no trouble in returning to the United States.
AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and assist your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War". For particulars as to routes, identification cards and place where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to
G. A. COOK, 2012 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian Government Agent.

SAXON \$395
With full electric equipment

\$395 Buys Saxon Roadster
Greatest Automobile Value Ever Offered

Never has there been an automobile value that can compare with this. Just stop and figure up all that you get for \$395.

First and foremost, full electric equipment (Wagner 2-unit type starting and lighting system); high-speed Continental motor; demountable rims; 30 inch by 3 inch tires; 3-speed transmission; Hyatt quiet bearings; Fedders honeycomb radiator; smart stream-line body; Atwater-Kent ignition system; cantilever type vanadium steel springs of extra length and strength; Schebler carburetor; dry plate clutch and twenty further features of costly car quality. Price, now, \$395, f. o. b. Detroit. Saxon "Six" \$935, f. o. b. Detroit.

Saxon Motor Car Corp., Detroit
See your local dealer NOW or write to us direct.
Responsible representatives wanted in all open territory.

—we're in
business for your
health



Palace Drug Store

McLEAN, TEXAS

SMITH & MARTIN

Shamrock, Tex.

We Handle Your Farm and Ranch Loans at 8 Per Cent Interest.

Our Mr. Smith Personally Inspects the Land.

Write or Phone at Our Expense

Notice

We will be in position to do your threshing this season. Will run two rigs if necessary, and will thresh stuff either in the head or bundles, and will be in the market at all times for your grain and pumpkins. See

Tom Bird

And make your arrangements with him.

Dial & Clark

Wanted

Loans on improved Farms and Ranches. Long time, Low rates. Liberal Options.

Quick Services

Hooper & Roach

Groom, Texas.

Mertel, Haynes & Company Undertakers

We are prepared to fill all your requirements in the undertaking goods line, at reasonable prices, maintaining at the same time, the high standard of quality always characteristic of Mertel, Haynes & Co. productions.

M. Mertel
President

W. L. Haynes
Treasurer

M. Mertel Embalmer
Calls made any time

Day Phone 23

Night Phone 37

HOW TO EASE YOUR TAXES

This is a subject that interests every man. This war is costing a sum of money so great that no man can realize what such an amount means. We have to find eighteen and one-half billion dollars during the first year of the work. Eighteen Thousand Five Hundred Million Dollars. Think of it! But perhaps you had better not; it will only make your head go round, and you will not be any nearer to grasping the meaning of such an amount of money, when you have done thinking.

To get down to something you can understand, it means that every man in this country has to give up nearly half of what he earns this year.

The government is going to get this money, because it has to have it. Of course, it can tax your income, tax everything you eat and drink, your land and your cattle, and raise the money this way. However, this would be too hard on you, so the government has decided to ask you to loan some of the money, with Uncle Sam's own promise that he will pay you back, and pay you interest in the meantime. Uncle Sam's promise to pay is so good that his written promise in the form of a bond can be handed around from man to man, almost like a dollar bill. You don't mind giving a silver dollar in exchange for a bill, and you can feel just the same way about giving a cheque in exchange for a Government Bond.

NOW HERE IS THE POINT: JUST SO MUCH AS THE GOVERNMENT WILL ALLOW YOU TO LOAN TO THEM, SO MUCH LESS WILL THEY HAVE TO TAX YOU.

Looked at fairly and squarely, is it not better to loan money, rather than have it taken from you?

We are a level-headed people, and when things are put up to us in a straight-forward way by straight-forward people, we are ready to fall in line.

You know the facts now, straight from the U. S. Government.

You have money that you do not need until next spring. Lend it to Uncle Sam. If you must have it back next year, borrow on your bond, or sell it.

Your banker is a good man to talk to. You believe in him. Go and ask his opinion. He will tell you that he has bought Liberty Bonds, and he will advise you to do the same.

"LET THE OTHER FELLOW DO IT."

This is the thing that has caused so many failures, so much misery, so many deaths—"letting the other fellow do it." From the fall of great nations down to the smallest personal accident it is this policy that has been responsible for so many of the troubles of the world. Time after time "the other fellow" does not do it. The Liberty Loan is a case in point. It is absolutely useless to rely upon the other fellow, because the amount to be raised is so enormous that it will take the combined self-denial and effort of every man, woman, and child in this country, to provide the money.

This leads naturally to another thought. It is not enough that we merely subscribe. We must see that our neighbor subscribes, because if he falls down, we ourselves shall suffer, even although we may have done our share.

There are just a few people left in this country who say "let the rich man find the money." When the government has had its needs supplied, the rich man will not be so rich; his taxes will be enormous, and many a wealthy company struggling with the high cost of everything they use in their business, in addition to their taxation, will have a difficulty in securing profits for their shareholders. The profits of those making war supplies will be cut in half, at least, by government action. Again we must remember that our wealthy men invested millions and millions of dollars in the loan last time and will do it again. The average citizen must realize that the wealthy man is doing his share, and that it is to the farmer, the merchant and the working man that the country look for a large share of the subscriptions to the present loan.

"If you say "let the other fellow do it," the loan will fail, we shall be disgraced in the eyes of the world, the resistance to Germany of our allies may break down, and the most terrible thing in the world will happen to us—conquest by Germany. This would mean taxation beyond human endurance, national disgrace and having to work for German masters for years to come.

The Germans are not willing "to let the other fellow do it." Their boys of 14 and their old men of 60 are serving in the army, their women and their children are going short of food; they are giving up almost every cent they possess in order to beat this country. Surely we have more patriotism than the Germans, more sense—if not, then we deserve to be beaten.

Call in and see your banker and ask him whether this article contains the truth. He will tell you that it does, and will agree that it is a fatal thing in this great national crisis to "let the other fellow do it."

BOMBARDED FROM THE HEAVENS

This is the verdict of the London Times: "There is no indication at present to give any one grounds for confident anticipation that the submarine menace is in a fair way of being dealt with effectively." A year hence two gigantic fleets of American airplanes will be turned loose on the German empire and the destruction wrought from the base of the Kiel canal to the proud city of Berlin will stagger humanity, if the predictions that are being made by war scientists and military experts come true.

"Germany is to be bombed off the earth.

"German shipyards are to be destroyed, German military camps are to be demolished, German cities are to be leveled to the earth, German gun works are to be dismantled and German naval bases and German ships of war are to be bombarded from the heavens.

"War is going to be hell for Germany in the year 1918."

What Prohibition is Doing for the Negro

One of the most astonishing revolutions in history is taking place in the Southern States.

A few years ago, despite all the optimistic talk of his friends, the negro was getting ahead chiefly as a consumer of whiskey. Today good times and prohibition together are making not only good citizens of thousands of negroes who a few years ago owned a hound dog and whiskey appetite and nothing else.

Mr. N. Willett, writing in the Augusta Chronicle, says that within a hundred mile radius of Augusta it is estimated that from 3,000 to 5,000 automobiles, ranging in value from \$100 to \$1,300, will be sold this season to negro farmers. One agent in Augusta, according to Mr. Willett, has already sold this fall 35 \$1,300 cars and nearly every one of them went to negroes.

White men through the South are regarding the change with great complacency. A negro who has an automobile has a stake in the country, and usually behaves himself.

McLean Public Schools

Honor Roll for sixth and seventh grades:

- Jack Back
- Victor Back
- Harold Beeman
- Raymond Alsop
- Homer Cash
- Ercy Cubine
- Elmer Free
- Ted Glass
- James Jackson
- Norman Johnston
- Reginald Smith
- Charles Sims
- Mildred Perry
- Odessa Skidmore
- Imogene Moreland
- Gladys Holway
- Archie Grigby
- Douglas Wilson
- Ralph Hamilton
- Harvey Hudgins
- S. B. Morse
- Claude Van Sant
- Frank Glenn
- Ruby Anderson
- Myrtle Biggers
- Estelle Cooper
- Velma Lance
- Thelma Morton
- Inez Shaw
- Velma Williams
- Elsie Gracey

The King of England has said that he will be pleased if his subjects will drink his health in water. The king will not touch any intoxicating liquors during the war.

Raymond Katcheloffer favored the News with a renewal of his subscription one day last week. Thanks.

Oil stove for sale. Ask at McLean Shoe Store.

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

\$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

Special

Round Trip

Via



To

Dallas

Texas State Fair

October 13-28

Ask at Depot

D. A. Davis

Agent

Free Kindling Wood.

That sign made a lot of trouble for an Amarillo practical joker.

He was making some alterations in a movie theater and threw some boards out in the street. On the pile he placed the sign.

Soon several ambitious housewives sent their little boys over for the wood.

The theater owner grinned, but the grin didn't last long. It was hardly any time before a group of angry women and boys clustered up the sidewalk in front of the theater, and the proprietor took to a bomb proof shelter in the basement, from which he emerged after dark and broke all former records getting home.

The boards had been treated with a non-inflammable material which made them fireproof. They were as useful as a handfull of asbestos.

"Women can't take a joke," the movie man told a Daily Panhandle reporter this morning. And as the kids lugged all the lumber back again, he will have to pay for having it hauled away, a trifling expenditure he had hoped to dodge.—Amarillo Daily Panhandle.

J. R. Hindman renewed his subscription to the Moral Weekly one day this week. Thanks.

A volunteer fire company was organized at Wellington on Monday of last week.

A car load of apples at the meat market. Russel & Son, 11

Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Sunday School 10 a. m. every Sunday, W. W. Wilson, Sup't. Preaching at McLean 1st, 3rd and 4th Sunday morning and evening. Alameda 2nd Sunday morning and evening. Carpenter School house 1st Sunday 3:30 p. m. Eldridge School house, 2nd Sunday 3:30 p. m. Head School house, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p. m. Grand School house, 4th Sunday 3:30 p. m. Woman's Missionary Society 1st every Tuesday, Mrs. S. A. Collins, president. Stewards' meeting 1st Saturday night each month. J. T. Howell, Pastor.

Baptist Church.

Preaching 2nd and 4th Sunday morning and evening. Church conference Saturday before 2nd Sunday in each month, 2:30 p. m. Sunday School 10 o'clock, A. A. Callahan, Sup't. Ladies Aid each Tuesday at 3 p. m. Mrs. L. O. Floyd, Pres. Prayer Meeting each Wednesday evening, T. A. Landers, church Treasurer, Mrs. J. G. Cash, Clerk.

Preaching at Alameda 1st and 3rd Sunday morning and evening. Church Conference Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 a. m. G. E. Castiberry, Church Clerk and Treasurer. Sunday School at 10 a. m., W. H. Gibson, Sup't. Ladies Aid Wednesday after 1st and 3rd Sundays at 3 p. m. Mrs. W. H. Gibson, Pres.

Preaching at Eldridge school house 3rd Sunday at 3 p. m. R. E. Hamilton, Pastor.

Nazarene Church.

Services First and Third Sundays at 11 and every Sunday night School every Sunday at 10 a. m. The public is invited. S. R. Jones.

Presbyterian Church.

Services every Sunday, morning and evening, except the first Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m. Arthur Erwin superintendent. The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday at 3 p. m. Mrs. C. A. Watkins president. H. M. Smith, Pastor.

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.

TERRY HUDGINS

Erick, Okla.

Get my prices on jewelry and Optical Goods

Expert repairing and engraving

Best Engraver in Oklahoma

Send me your work by Parcel Post.

Mrs. May Nelson Pearson of Panhandle died Monday morning of last week in a sanitarium at Amarillo, after a brief illness.

Miss Eunice Floyd orders the Mews sent to her brother, A. H., who is with the Seventh Infantry at Camp Bowie.

Mrs. W. A. Headrick attended the fair in Amarillo Wednesday