

# The McLean News

FOURTEENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1917

NO. 46



## CONFIDENCE

in the Federal Reserve Banking System played an important part in the recovery of business from the adverse conditions following the outbreak of the European war, thirty months ago, and is still helping to keep business on an even keel.

This system with its immense resources is a bulwark of strength to the banks which are members of it, and will assist them in any financial requirements which they may be called upon to meet.

By depositing your money with us you receive the protection and the new facilities which our membership in the system enables us to offer you.



The American National Bank

### Congressman Jones Makes Rousing Patriotic Speech.

Last Sunday morning at eleven o'clock Congressman Marvin Jones spoke to a packed house at the Methodist church, taking as his theme the righteousness of the cause of our Government in taking part in the world war, and making an appeal to the people to co-operate with Uncle Sam in the various ways that one can help to win the war.

Mr. Jones is an eloquent speaker, and he did himself proud when he made this address. Anybody can be eloquent when making a Star Spangled Banner speech, but it takes a talented orator to do as well as our congressman did on this occasion.

At the close of his address Congressman Jones touched on the food conservation movement, and among other things said the Government was taking advantage of the opportunity afforded to find out just where everyone stands, and warned the people that if they did not want to be classed as slackers, they had better sign the conservation pledge cards at once.

As everybody had not at that time had the opportunity to sign the pledge, cards were passed out among the audience and a number signed.

### M. E. Auxiliary.

The largest and perhaps the most pleasant gathering the M. E. parsonage has ever known is that which took place there on last Monday.

The day was an ideal one and the dinner would certainly have satisfied even the most epicurian taste. Fifty seven partook of this feast.

There were many pleasant diversions in the afternoon. Not least among them was the taking of the picture of this happy crowd by the pastor. Mrs. Boyette conducted some interesting contests. Best of all was the Bible contest, in this Miss Nona Cousins was able to answer the most questions. Then came the regrets at having to part with our sister and the hopes that in the new field of labor which awaits them God would be able to use her even still more to His glory.

A program will be rendered at the church Tuesday afternoon. Come and hear Mrs. Cousins tell us the good things of the conference.—Supt. of Publicity.

W. H. Bates and family left this week for Tulsa, where they will make their home. The News regrets that we are to lose these good people, and wishes for them the best of good fortune in their new home. Sunday noon the Bateses entertained some of their friends and relatives at dinner. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Noel, Mr. and Mrs. Price Rogers, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Bates.

Caleb Smith and wife of near Heald called on The News Saturday and renewed their subscription for the paper. We are much obliged to Mr. and Mrs. Smith and invite them to call again, for we found them to be right pleasant folks.

Chas. Guill finds it hard to get along without the Moral Weekly, so he favored us with some cash Tuesday, which will keep The News going to his address.

Jack Steigler, agent at Alanreed, was over Sunday.

W. S. Copeland was over from LeFors Sunday.

### Red Cross Announcement.

All women who are interested in Red Cross work are urged to devote at least three hours of their time each week to this great cause.

The work room will be open every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon, from 2 o'clock until 5 o'clock.

Miss Vella Wilson will supervise on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Alma Watkins on Thursday afternoon, and Mrs. T. N. Holloway on Friday afternoon.

The time will be devoted, for the present, to surgical work only.

The organization has done a great work, of which we should all be proud. Three boxes have already gone forward. These boxes contained surgical supplies of all kinds, hospital garments, sweaters, wristlets and helmets. Nearly 4000 pieces in all have been made.

Surely there is not a woman in McLean and surrounding country who is not willing to devote a few hours each week in helping to win the war. Now is the time to act; not tomorrow, for tomorrow may be too late. Already our boys are going into the trenches and some have already been numbered among the dead, wounded and captured. This fact alone should stir our patriotism through and through.

Let us all do our "bit". It will all count for much in the end.

### Conservation Campaign Completed at McLean.

T. J. Coffey, member of the food conservation board for this fifth district of Gray county, told The News Monday night that the work of canvassing the district had been completed.

Practically without exception the committee had the full cooperation of the housewives of this section and 176 conservation pledge cards had been signed.

The McLean committee has done excellent work and has completed the task assigned to them in record time. Owing to the slowness of many committees in other parts of the country the time had been extended until the tenth of the month.

Charles Roach of north of town was in the city Saturday and while here called to get acquainted with The News, and to enquire as to his subscription. He was the second man that day to pull that stunt on us—he was paid up several months in advance—and when we looked on the subscription records that little day dream of a great big dollar and a variance from the diet of corn bread and beans burst like a soap bubble. Just as we were about hit him he ordered the paper sent to his brother, Robert, who is in training at Camp Travis, and thus saved the editor from getting licked.

### Presbyterian Church.

You are most cordially invited to worship with us Sunday. Services both morning and evening. The subject at the morning service will be "The General Judgment." Is it close at hand or not? Good music. Pastor.

Mrs. C. B. Hedrick and Mrs. S. R. Kennedy of Alanreed were in the city Monday, shopping.

Rev. Smith of the Presbyterian church spent Monday in Amarillo on business.

Mrs. E. Kemp of Claude, aged 77, died recently at the home of a son.



## DRESSING TABLE REQUISITES

and all things pertaining to Milady's Dressing Table are to be found in abundance at our store. We carry the best makes of SOAPS, PERFUMES, and other indispensable things.

## Erwin Drug Company

The Rexall Store

Mother Langley left Sunday for Dallas, where she will visit a daughter, who is seriously ill. Mrs. Langley intends to bring the daughter back with her if she recovers sufficiently to make the move, and does so reasonably soon.

E. G. Martin was over from Pampa Sunday.

W. J. Chilton, who has recently bought the T. A. Cool farm and is moving here with his family this week, wants to keep up with the events that go on about him. He called at our office Saturday and ordered the pulsating Palladium of Liberty sent to his address for a year. Thanks, Mr. Chilton.

## JUST CLOTHES— or YOUR CLOTHES

THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE

Wear JUST CLOTHES and you are dressed ORDINARILY—wear YOUR CLOTHES, as we make them, and you are WELL DRESSED. There is TRUE ECONOMY in being WELL DRESSED. Our tailored to measure clothes represent the MAXIMUM VALUES at the MINIMUM PRICES.

ALEXANDER, the Tailor

## Economize on the grocery bill

The way to do this is to trade where you can get the best goods at the lowest prices. Well, here we are—

Log Cabin Maple Syrup, regular 65c cans for 50c. \$1.20 cans for \$1.00.

Red Velva syrup, regular \$1.00 gallon cans for 85c. Green Velva, \$1.25 cans for only 90c.

Swift's White Laundry Soap, for a short time only, 6 bars for 25 cents.

We are still selling four packages of soda for a quarter!

WAR PRICES SUBMARINED

## W. L. Haynes Grocery Company

PHONE 23 McLEAN, TEXAS

### McLean High Beats Groom at Basket Ball.

The McLean high school and Groom high school basket ballers played a close game of basket ball last Saturday, which resulted in a victory for the home boys by a score of 10 to 11. This makes the fifth game for the McLean boys this season. Having won all five of the games, they are decided to hold on to the title's foot and win all the games this year.

The line-up for McLean was as follows:

M. Newton, R. F.; F. Waiser, F.; R. Perry, C.; B. Glass, R.; T. Crabtree, R. G.; H. Quatman, Capt., L. G.; V. Beck, F.

The boys ask that the public give them full support. In other words, when a game is to be played here, buy a ticket and see the game; you will be entertained well.

### At The Baptist Church

Rev. C. B. Williams of Shamrock will fill the pulpit at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. Everybody is cordially invited to come out and hear him.

L. C. Parker of Alanreed was in town Sunday.

### Parcel Post War Stamp Tax

Effective December 1st, there is to be a war tax of one cent levied on parcel post packages on which the postage is as much as 25 cents. If the postage is less than 25 cents, no tax need be paid. If the postage is between 25 cents and 50 cents, a tax of two cents must be paid. The tax rate is one cent for each 25 cents or fraction thereof, above 25 cents.

The postal regulations require that special internal revenue stamps shall be used to pay this tax; postage stamps will not do.

The post office department announces that revenue stamps for this purpose will be supplied to postmasters in due course for sale to the public.

J. S. Ulm of Clarendon was in the city a couple of days last week, and while here traded his farm south of town for the Cash building, occupied by the Denison Motor Company. Mr. Ulm now owns the Cash residence on the west side of town.

John M. Archer, aged 81, an old and respected citizen of Hutchinson county, passed away recently. He was the father of 21 children, the grandfather of 115, and the great grandfather of 125.

## WE INVITE YOU TO BANK HERE

—and offer you Service that is Real Service, founded on conservative methods.

Here your deposits are GUARANTEED, which means more than "INSURED." The difference between this Insurance and your life insurance or fire insurance is the way the premium is paid. You pay for the latter, while this bank pays the premium on your deposit insurance.

Your funds are protected by the Depositors Guaranty Fund of the State of Texas, in this bank, and free of all cost to you.

## The CITIZENS STATE BANK

McLEAN, TEXAS

The Home Bank. Owned by Home People. Keep Texas Money in Texas.

# The Protector of Finance

Tales of Resilius Marvel, Guardian of Bank Treasure

By WELDON J. COBB

## WITHOUT BENEFIT OF WAYBILL

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A CRASH, a crash, a general commotion, and echo and stir brought Resilius Marvel to his feet as though set on springs. Such things do not transpire in a well regulated bank save for some potent reason, and the quick mind of the head of the United Bankers' Protective association seemed to analyze the situation in a flash. I believe before he had crossed the threshold of the private office of the president of our institution, a peculiarly heavy crash had told him that one of the immense plate glass windows back of the currency pen had suffered; that the cry was that of a man in one of the cages; that the commotion was the mingled shuffling of the feet of the house officers drawn to an irresistible focus by some extraordinary occurrence.

I was in the wake of Marvel almost instantly, impelled by curiosity and wonder. The president of the bank had been going over the list of average balances, weeding out some clients whose business affairs showing symptoms of dry rot, was planning to have them rot somewhere else, and preparing a package to hand to some unwary brother banker. So far as official ethics would permit, he peered through the open doorway at the gathering crowd about the currency pen. Marvel had parted the ranks in his swift, effective way. I was close at his heels. A picturesque spectacle greeted us.

Behind the railing a clerk was dancing up and down in a frenzy of uncontrollable excitement, one hand indicating a man crowded close to the outer counter slab of marble, the other waving towards a wrecked window, while he kept shouting wildly:

I stared, undisguisedly puzzled, at the man upon whom the gathering throng were massing. He was thin to the point of emaciation, his eyes twitched from nervousness or weakness, and his face was very pale. However, his colorless lips framed a smile—a smile apologetic, gentle, submissive, slightly cynical and triumphant. It was the smile of a man down and out morally, physically and financially, but that also of a person making a desperate cast of fate, and awaiting what might hinge upon the hazard of the die. He challenged the crowd pressing about him, not unperturbed, but with no alarm visible in his features. And then he made a slight forward movement as Marvel reached him. It was a gesture recognizing power and protection.

"A fair ending," he said, looking my friend squarely in the eyes. Marvel placed a hand on the man's arm, but scarcely with force. The poor wretch, beside the husky officers grouping about him, appeared like some scarecrow bird in the net of the fowling. Even then he was taken with a violent fit of coughing that racked his frame so that he was forced to hold swaying to the brass railing. He pressed a handkerchief to his lips. As he lowered it I noticed that it was streaked with blood.

"Quick! What was it?" spoke Marvel authoritatively to the clerk behind the railing. "He threw red pepper!" spluttered the teller. "I dodged. See—where it hit the slab. A little went in my eyes. Before I could get my revolver he pushed an arm over to the window guard."

"What did he get?" "Special package—\$80,000." "Where is it?"

"The window—the street!" rambled on the clerk. "He must have weighted it, for it went through that window like a cannon ball, and—"

In a flash Marvel, both feet on the slab, swung over the wire netting, sprang to the ledge of the window and was scanning the street. All that he saw was a gathering, gaping crowd and two policemen pointing to a mounted officer down the roadway.

"Automobile, I suppose," commented my friend, and was back at the side of the culprit by the route he had left him. "Get us out of this crowd," he directed me, and I made a path for him through the mob to the nearest office.

The prisoner needed no urging to follow the pressure of Marvel's urging hand. Our cashier had come up, and the door closed on the tour of us. "What did you expect to make out of this foolish break, Dan?" inquired my friend, not unkindly.

"Not ten years," responded the fellow, with a ghostly shadow of a smile. "There will be no trial, for the doctor has given me just ten days. I'm doped with strychnine, or I couldn't hold up. Get me where I can lie down, you'll have to carry me."

"The man looked all he indicated—wretch in the last stages of emaciation. He had partially collapsed, and lay rather than sat in the chair. All the time, however, there was a certain contentedness in his face. "I know me, Mr. Marvel," he observed weakly—"not yet obituarized, the records had it so. I'll do this off for myself."

"Not," replied Marvel. "Then you, once famous as a bank

sneak, shook his bony head slowly. "I'm through," he said. "There were two men outside in an automobile. Ask them. It was the watching and waiting that played me out. It was a good aim, eh?" and he looked towards the window, a glint of professional pride in his eye. "Call the floor officer," directed Marvel to the cashier. "Search him," he ordered, as a man in uniform appeared.

"It's wasted time," declared Derby Dan, and so it proved. Not so much as a scrap of paper was disclosed. Dan blinked and chuckled at Marvel. "Derelict, no cargo aboard, and I'll soon sink," he said with a slight laugh. The officer had taken from his pocket the one article his clothes contained—a watch.

"I'll keep that to count the few hours left me, if you don't mind," said Dan, but Marvel was giving the timepiece a close inspection. He opened the case. I saw him gaze searchingly at the inside of the back case, then at the outstretched hand of Derby Dan, and then into Derby Dan's eyes. The mocking smile drifted from the face of the prisoner.

"Have I hit it, Dan?" challenged Marvel, with one movement ripping the back case from the watch and handing the denuded timepiece to its owner.

"Only you," admitted the prisoner in a subdued tone. "Not that you have one chance in a thousand of locating her."

"Think things over, Dan," said my friend, turning to leave the room. "You shall have good nursing. To make it still better, suppose you help me out where you can?"

But Derby Dan shrugged his hatchet-like shoulders and was dumb. Marvel spoke an order to the officer respecting the disposition of the prisoner. Then he went to the teller's cage, made some memoranda of the information received there, and walked briskly towards the broad stairway leading to the street.

"I suppose you read the oracle?" he interrogated, and then as I looked dubious he produced the one-half of the watch case. Pasted over its inner surface was the photograph of a woman. It was the portrait of such a woman as one would expect a man of Derby Dan's character to select—coarse featured, loud eyed, tawdry as to neck and waist adornment.

Still, a woman; and to Derby Dan the picture seemed so dear, that I doubted not for her sake he had risked a shot, to enrich her he had consented to spend the last poor fragment of his life behind steel bars.

"He is clear game," announced Resilius Marvel, "and will never squeal. His hopes, however, must hinge on a division of the spoil. Of course it's the woman her pals will make for sooner or later."

"So you must find her." "So I shall find her," said Marvel swiftly. "The raid must have been timed to a second—and an inch. Derby Dan loitered up to that cage, and knows enough about bank routine to look over the notations on the packages. Then the red pepper that missed, a grab, the weighted loot, and a close calculation that did not miss, and I dare say a landing directly in the automobile, where his pals were ready for the word 'Go.'"

"My friend had drawn the right picture of an actual happening we found when we reached the street. The crossing policeman told of the crash of glass, a flying object, the whirl of the auto, and a flash to the corner ahead with a mounted officer in pursuit, who lost the trail amid the confusion of too many vehicles, with less than one-half a mile accomplished. And then as two of the bank policemen appeared leading Derby Dan between them, he gave a slight start of recognition.

"Know him?" inquired Marvel. "Saw him before, that's all," was the response. "Where?"

"Right at this letter box. About twenty minutes ago. I saw him lean on it and watch the big clock up in the Board of Trade. Then he looked up and down the street. Then he drew an envelope from his pocket. He kept his eyes fixed on it for a few minutes, as if thinking deeply. Then he lifted the cover of the slot, shot it into the letter box and walked briskly into the bank."

Marvel whipped about. He was scanning the printed schedule for collection of mail on the front of the box. He glanced at his watch. His face expressed satisfaction. I knew it betokened that no collection had been made since Derby Dan had deposited a letter in the box. Marvel took a pencil and a card from his pocket and scribbled a name and a telephone number.

"Phone from the bank," he directed me. "I will have to remain here. Tell Leslie to join me at once."

It was not fifteen minutes before a post office inspector arrived. He opened the box after a few words of conversation with Marvel. It lacked twenty minutes of ten o'clock, and very few letters were mailed in the business section as early as that in the morning. Some twelve or fourteen were all the dropping shelf dis-

played. Most of them bore return addresses on the corner, and clearly to be seen were business documents. One, a plain envelope, bore crude handwriting and the direction: "Nancy Wands, 42 Markham St., City."

"This is what I am after," declared Marvel. "To make sure—yes." At a nod from the inspector he ripped open the envelope.

His rapid eye took in the contents of a single sheet covered with penciled words. He glanced at me and I joined him. We crossed the street and repaired to the office of the United Bankers' Protective association.

My friend was busy telephoning police headquarters for a few minutes. Then as he went into another room he placed the intercepted missive before me.

"Dear Nance," it ran. "If I was ever true blue it's now. Luck has been hard with me, not fit to work. You've stuck by me, you and the kid, half meal or no meal. There was only one way to work out what I'm at, and your share will be over ten thousand, for I shall make a big grab. Don't try to look me up or come near me, for that might queer everything. Get your share, plant it, don't waste any coin on the widow weeds, and settle down somewhere out of range of the old life. The boys will bring you the share soon as they feel they're safe. I've done this for you and the kid. Kiss her for me. Good-by, Dan."

Marvel beckoned to me from the doorway of the next room. He had two wardrobes open, and thrown across a table a part of their contents. I noted two suits of coarse common clothes and caps to match.

"We may have some rough work, at least an experience among rough people," he advised me, and proceeded to exchange his attire for one extremely unbecoming. I know that the garments I donned were ill fitting and smelled musty. The suggestion of rough people was fully carried out as we reached the vicinity of Markham street. No. 42 turned out to be a ramshackle two-story house. It backed on extensive freight yards and its rear fence was in ruins—used up for fuel—its shed kitchen ready to fall over. We passed it on the other side of the street, and made a complete circle of it several times before Marvel deter-

mined on a decisive course of procedure. He halted in the shelter of a freight car.

"I am going to visit this Nance of our friend, Derby Dan," he said. "When I go around to that side door, slip across the yard and get into that old shed. The men we are after may be there now, may have been there and gone, may arrive at any moment. Here."

"Here" was a weapon—compact, deadly looking and ready for use. I accepted it with some temerity. Its possession certified to a promotion as friend and counsel of Resilius Marvel, yet it gave me an uncanny shiver.

"Eighty thousand is no bagatelle, remember," observed Marvel. "Pump it dry, if the crisis warrants it."

I watched Marvel get around to the front of the house, walk to its side entrance and knock on the door. I caught the outlines but no clear sight of the face of a woman who answered his summons. There was a parley and my friend was admitted past the doorway. He later told me of his reception. At a glance the Nance of the letter and the photograph was revealed. Her reception of Marvel was chary and suspicious. He had removed the letter from the envelope, and as he seated himself on a chair in the poor room he handed this to the woman without any immediate word of explanation.

Marvel watched her eyes dilate, her throat throb, the hand holding the brief scrawl grow shaky with excitement. Then the woman stood looking at the floor and evidently trying to digest the contents of the missive. She raised her eyes next, boring Marvel through and through.

"Is that all?" she challenged. "Until the boys come," replied my friend succinctly. "I'm to say nothing—only to look on."

"What for?" "To see that the pie is cut in three equal pieces. It's a big one."

Nance sat down in a chair and let

the little one toddle about the floor. Now she was trying to think things out harder than ever. She spelled her way laboriously a second time through the scrawl. Then she pressed it to her lips, threw her apron over her face and sobbed as if her heart would break. Anon she lifted a tear-stained but stony face, and fell to studying Marvel.

My friend had so placed himself that he had a complete view from the window of the room of the street and the yard as was possible. His senses were on the alert, to ward off suspicion on the part of the woman, to be afforded the privilege of remaining where he was until the men he expected should arrive. Marvel experienced no uneasiness as to Derby Dan sending his wife a warning, for he had given the police explicit instruction respecting their prisoner.

The little child had roved about the room. She was quite friendly with Marvel. She hung about his knee and he paid her some attention. She played with the buttons of his coat and climbed up on the rounds of the chair he sat in. My friend experienced some unrest and considerable chagrin as he saw the little one toddling across the room to her mother, crowing triumphantly. In one hand the child had Marvel's handkerchief, in the other the envelope that had contained the letter he had just delivered to its mother. The mother had a keen eye. Marvel dared not manifest any particular interest in the recovering of the envelope. He simply smiled, tracing the incipient pick-pocket in this progeny of crime as the mother snatched the envelope from the hand of her child.

Nance regarded the envelope with a shrewd eye. Illiterate though she might be, she was shrewd enough to reason out the situation. Her eyes were lifted to Marvel. She held the envelope extended, a direct challenge.

"I am lawyer enough to always know what I am going into," said my friend quickly.

"Oh, you are a lawyer?" slowly and speculatively spoke the woman. "I didn't say so," observed Marvel. "My good woman, do not disturb yourself with arriving at any conclusions until our friends arrive."

The woman was on her guard, but did not venture to commit herself

rebounded. Number two tried to follow his leader. There was a sharp snap. A board crashed in two, and with the parted timbers the man came hurtling downward, struck the ground with a groan, and lay there inert.

I acted on impulse. There was not a doubt in my mind that the two men were the persons for whom Marvel was waiting. Through the open roof I could see the first man clinging to the sill of window, wavering as if in doubt as to what course he should pursue. I hastened his decision. Reaching out for the weapon Marvel had given me, I "pumped it dry" against the ground in a corner of the shed.

The fallen man stirred, but he did not open his eyes. The man overhead must have seen me. With an exclamation of manifest dismay he let go of the window support. He made a smooth, splendid slide the length of the roof and landed with a dead clump on the ground with both feet.

The next instant he swung into view at the open doorway of the shed. A glance revealed the condition of his comrade, the same glance took me in, empty weapon extended. He backed away with a scowl, fitted across the yard and cleared about all that was left of the fence, the top stringer, on the fly.

I heard a door in the house slam. It was Marvel, coming out. It was Marvel, his eye fixed on the flying fugitive, to whom I shouted, rather incoherently:

"The two men—I've got one here, unconscious." Then I saw, first the fugitive disappear around the corner of a long line of freight cars, then Marvel in pursuit, vanishing in turn. I took it upon myself to stand not two feet away from my captive. I leaned over and prodded his clothing, dreaming of sure glory should I find the \$80,000 package aboard of him.

It was not, and the man roused up under my rather clumsy handling. He rolled over and finally sat up, rubbing his confused head with a wry grimace of pain.

"Sit still," I ordered full valiantly, the empty weapon extended, and it served as a quieting menace. As I glanced towards the house I saw the woman Nance come out into the yard, leading the little child by the hand. She wavered irresolutely for a moment or two and looked all about the place. Abruptly she snatched up the child and ran towards the street, leaving the house open and unguarded. Had I been unhampered I would have detained her, for she was in a measure one of the central figures in the case in hand. However, I reasoned that my duty was with the man who had fallen into my power so accommodatingly. My prisoner had an evil eye, and in a clear test of physical strength he was far my superior. His fall had clearly crippled his normal activity, and the leveled weapon did the rest.

It was nearly half an hour before Marvel reappeared. One hand was in a side coat pocket. In front of him, two paces ahead, was the man who had slid the roof. As soon as my captive could get onto his feet and steady himself there was a group of four. Marvel made his prisoner plot the way. A street corner was reached, a police officer summoned and we were soon at Central station.

Marvel showed no self-glorification, but was very particular as to the disposition of the prisoners. After they had been searched and were removed to separate cells below stairs, almost immediately the turnkey came to the door of the stairway and beckoned to my friend, who joined him after a word to me to await his return.

At the end of an hour Marvel returned. The cloud of thought was not yet dispelled from his face. He had a card in his hand, and he came over and sat down beside me with the air of a person a good deal tired and somewhat disturbed.

"It results in this," he said, and reversed the card so I could view what he had pencilled upon it: "E. N.—16791."

I looked over the initials and number vaguely. "What does it mean?" I asked.

"You tell me," replied Marvel, and then his chin sank into his hand in his old thoughtful way, and I did not disturb him, for I knew he was wrestling with some intricate problem.



ANON SHE LIFTED A TEAR-STAINED BUT STONY FACE, AND FELL TO STUDYING MARVEL.

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At the end of an hour Marvel returned. The cloud of thought was not yet dispelled from his face. He had a card in his hand, and he came over and sat down beside me with the air of a person a good deal tired and somewhat disturbed.

"It results in this," he said, and reversed the card so I could view what he had pencilled upon it: "E. N.—16791."

I looked over the initials and number vaguely. "What does it mean?" I asked.

"You tell me," replied Marvel, and then his chin sank into his hand in his old thoughtful way, and I did not disturb him, for I knew he was wrestling with some intricate problem.

"The two fellows we have caged," he volunteered finally, "are kings in their crooked profession. The one I chased down had carried the booty."

"When he reached that woman's house?"

"Yes. We found the notation strip of the stolen package in his pocket. He led me a stern chase—over tracks, under cars, through them, over their tops, and finally threw up his hands when he knew I would shoot. When I ran him down he had planted the package, for it was not upon him."

"Where?"

"Somewhere while momentarily out of my sight among that interminable network of tracks. When they put him below I had him locked next to the inspection cell."

"What is that?"

"An adjoining compartment whence a prisoner can be closely observed with no knowledge of the fact. The first thing my man did was to laugh—it was cunning triumph, or nothing. Then I noticed his lips move constantly as though he was memorizing something. He searched his pockets as if for a pencil stub, found none, and then, taking the pin in his tie, scratched something on one of the bricks of the whitewashed wall. I at once had him removed to another cell. I visited his first place of abode. He had scratched on the brick what you see there—'E. N.—16791.'"

moved back to the old cell and locked cell No. 2. After some time I found what I was looking for. 'E. N.—16791,' scratched on the wall. Something to be remembered, you see?"

I saw partly, and Marvel did just then enlighten me as to why. According to the way he had figured out, the money package had been planted between the time his captives slid the kitchen shed roof and his capture. As the chase had lasted full half hour and had covered a mile of territory, I glimpsed a cult task before my friend.

We went back to Markham street, find the house locked up and deserted. Marvel walked through the room and was going over his own tracks, proceeded leisurely, and I had no time to reason or test the play of imagination. I am not inventive. No suggestions came to my mind.

It must have been an hour when we came to a little telephone shanty in the center of the switch yards. The man in charge at his table, his feet crossed upon Marvel entered unceremoniously. "I want to ask you a few questions, my man," he announced, "if you have the time, but just then there came call on the ticker."

"Fifty-seven out," spoke the operator rapidly. "I've got some details to take. Will you sit down and wait me ten minutes?"

Marvel bowed assentingly. We sat on chairs. Marvel sat thinking deeply, noted that his eyes were fixed on an open window, his senses mechanically taking in the busy drone of the ticker for he was expert in that direction, although very little interested in present outside of the unsolved problem of the missing bank money.

Suddenly my friend started as if he had stared strangely at his eyes sought the ticking message. His hand made an involuntary movement as if to halt its progress some specific point. He arose to his feet eagerly, I fancied, and stood over to the operator's table. The man in charge was receiving the message and checking off on a typewriter.

The "N. M." of the code, announcing the end of the message, had sounded before Marvel was touching the man on the shoulder.

"Look at your list," he directed the wandering operator. "Checking a train, weren't you?" "Empty out freights over the new ern branch, yes."

"Half way down: 'E. N.—16791.'"

"Oh, you read me, eh?" spoke the operator with a fraternal smile. "Got it—interested?"

"Slightly. What's the car?" "Eastern Nebraska railroad—grain special 16791."

"Going or gone?" "The operator wheeled in his chair and darted a quick glance at the shanty clock. "An hour out," he replied. Marvel vouchsafed no explanation. He seized a tab of yellow blank and his hand sent a pencil drifting over rapidly.

"Get that quick as you can to the division superintendent," he directed. "Hello!" exclaimed the man, gaining over the message. "Resilius Marvel—we've heard of you! Here goes, best I can put through."

Within twenty minutes my friend pressed close to the operator to challenge click of the ticker against his well-trained ears that the run was coming.

"E. N.—16791—wired—in sidetrack—at Junction B, and guarded. Special—engine—running—for—you—at—Sliding Crew—instructed. Command—James—B.—Rappelle—D. 5—this was chopped up into fragments by the operator verbally as it came over the wire.

We reached Junction B. after a brief and easy dash that was inspiring in its jolting novelty. We found the trackmen in charge of freight car 16791 of the Eastern Nebraska line. It was "special" for carrying three per cent. bulk of millet and fine spears, and had a double damp proof sheathing, open at the top about two feet from the floor base.

Resilius Marvel got a piece of heavy wire from the flagman and began to prod for the package the clever thief had dropped into what he had considered a safe nest.

At twenty minutes of three, precisely five hours after Derby Dan had stolen the \$80,000 package of treasury notes from the bank, that goodly amount more reposed within the vaults of that institution.

Laughter in Court. A certain lad threw a large stone at the village constable one day, hitting him heavily on his helmet. The perpetrator of the outrage escaped detection until, on examining closely the missile which had struck him, the constable remembering having seen it lying on the window-sill of a house, whose youthful occupant he forthwith charged with the assault.

"I experimented with the stone, your worship," the policeman explained in court, "and found that when I threw it at an old helmet of mine it made an exactly similar mark."

"But what good was that when your head wasn't inside the helmet?" asked the suspect.

"Ah," retorted the triumphant offender, "I thought of that, and put a block of wood inside, just the same as if my head was there!"—London Tit-Bits.

Quick Work. "I've heard a great deal about the law's delay," said the confirmed motorist.

"To be sure. Everybody is qualified to speak on that subject."

"Well, I'm not. Time and again I've been arrested, tried and fined for speeding, all in less than an hour."

# STORIES from the BIG CITIES



## Bill of Big Denomination Staggered Hotel Clerk

SEATTLE.—It's all right in the latest novel, of course, but in real life there is no such thing as a \$1,000 bill. No one knew this better than the night room clerk at the Washington hotel. So when a suave stranger approached the desk shortly after midnight the other night, laid down a \$1,000 bill and asked that it be changed, the clerk put up a stall.

"I'll have to send for the auditor to open the safe," he told the stranger. "Will you kindly wait?"

He called one bellboy and sent him for the auditor. Then he called another and whispered to him to summon the police.

The auditor was slow in arriving, the stranger grew fidgety and picked up his bank note, thrust it in his pocket and walked out. But if the auditor was slow the police were not, and as the stranger went out at the door two detectives entered.

"Follow him," the room clerk hissed. "Follow and arrest him. He has a \$1,000 bill."

The detectives took the stranger to police headquarters, where he was asked to explain.

"My name is Charles M. Galleger," he said, "and formerly I was the proprietor of the Antlers hotel here. I just wanted to get a bill changed and do not see any reason for my arrest."

But the detectives didn't believe in \$1,000 bills either, so they locked him up for the night. The next day Galleger explained further that his father is a multi-millionaire oil operator and pearl fisher at Sydney, Australia, that he had a little more than \$2,000 in currency the day before when a man he didn't know stopped him on the street and asked him for smaller denominations for two \$1,000 bills. "I didn't know there was anything wrong about a big bill, so I accommodated him," he added.

The police department heads, in the meantime having heard of no missing \$1,000 bills, and Galleger having two perfectly genuine ones to verify his story, set the man at liberty with the advice to put the money in a bank.



## WAS ALL RUN DOWN

Faulty Kidneys Caused Acute Suffering. Completely Recovered Since Using Doan's.

Mrs. Harry A. Lyon, 5 St. William St., S. Boston, Mass., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have surely done me wonderful good. About two months prior to the birth of my baby, I had two convulsions and was taken to a hospital. Doctors said the convulsions were due to my kidneys not working properly.



"I had swelling of the feet and ankles so that I had to wear large-sized slippers. My back ached intensely, I was nervous and unable to sleep. I also suffered from awful headaches and felt weak, tired, languid, and run down. "After I came home a friend suggested that I try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I got some. I soon noticed improvement; my back became stronger and I felt better in every way. I kept on taking Doan's and was cured. They are surely reliable."

Mrs. Lyon gave the above statement in May, 1915, and on March 12, 1917, she said:

"My cure has lasted. I take Doan's occasionally, however, as a strengthening for my kidneys."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**TYPHOID** is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by 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 Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Germ. Preventing Vaccine and Serum—order U. S. License The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

It is unkind to look a man's religion in the pocketbook.

**BREAD WITHOUT SALT IS TASTELESS**  
A medicine chest without Magic Arica Liniment is useless. Best of all liniments for sprains, swellings, bruises, rheumatism and neuralgia. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

New York's Mortality Rate.  
New York's mortality rate for 1916 stands at 14 per 1,000 of population.

**To Drive Out Malaria**  
And Build Up The System  
Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 60 cents.

The "Cat Squadron."  
Great Britain was the first naval power to build the battle-cruiser. Close on her heels came Germany, Russia and Japan; but all others, including the United States, have no battle-cruisers in their line of battle. It was in 1907 when the Indomitable, the first one, was begun. One year later she crossed the Atlantic at a speed of a little more than 25 miles an hour. The inflexible and invincible followed, and when the European war came, Great Britain had a squadron that proved of immense worth to her. In the Jutland battle, however, three of the British battle cruisers were sunk, shells penetrating their armor and exploding their magazines or boilers. The armor of a superdreadnaught would not probably have proved too strong for the shells that destroyed these battle cruisers. The famous "Cat Squadron," so called because it included the Lion and Tiger, is today the last word in the battle cruiser; but in a few years the American battle cruisers that are now being built will far outstrip the "cats" in every feature.—Frank E. Evans, in St. Nicholas Magazine.

Eloquence Unheeded.  
"I have laid my oratorical talents at the feet of my country."  
"And then what happened?"  
"Somebody said, 'Forward, march!' and my country simply stepped over 'em and went right along."

A good looking woman ought to make a successful detective.



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT POSTUM AS A HEALTH IMPROVEMENT OVER COFFEE. Call



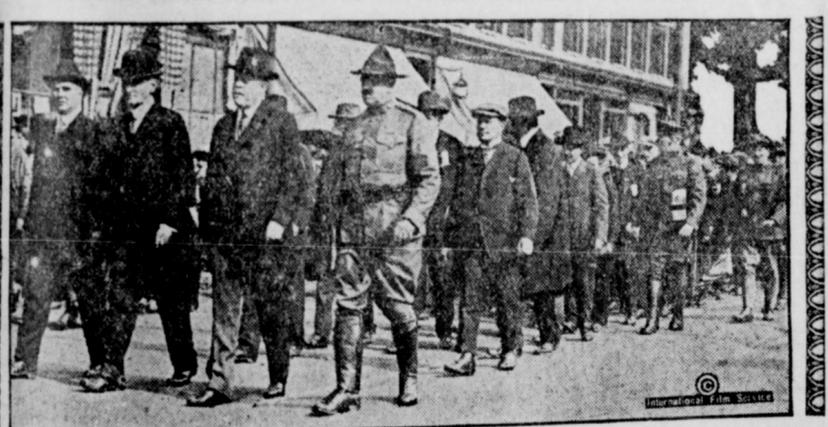
Dratted men of Washington leaving for Camp Meade wearing the slogan "I'll Be the First Man Over the French troops in a first line trench ready to go over the top when the signal is given."

## NEW ARRIVALS AT SPARTANBURG INOCULATED AGAINST DISEASE



Men of the National army in the cantonment camp at Spartanburg, S. C., baring their arms to let iodine dry after being inoculated with serum. After injection the arm is swabbed with iodine to prevent infection.

## GOVERNOR M'CALL LEADS THE LEXINGTON MINUTE MEN



Governor McCall of Massachusetts (second from left) leading Lexington Minute men of 1917 to the Lexington battle ground, where he bade them Godspeed as they left for the National army camp. The send-off was a memorable one for everyone present. All the townsfolk turned out to bid farewell to their departing sons and brothers.

## GEN. PETAIN DECORATES BRAVE NURSE



General Petain decorating with the Cross of War one of the nurses who by her individual bravery saved the lives of many wounded soldiers in the French hospital at Dugny when it was bombarded by the Germans, and who was herself wounded.

## Colored Gentleman Had Grievance Against Cat

NEW YORK.—The colored population in the Black Belt of Harlem have their wordy affrays just the same as other cave dwellers of this town, and when they are aired in court the comedy is better than seen on any stage.

The other day Wellington Washington, a Pullman porter who collects tips between New York and Pittsburgh, revealed the animal life in the flat house where he resides. He appeared as a witness against Mrs. Sadie Johnson, whose tiger-eyed maitre he accused of shortening his life by at least three years. Mr. Washington rendered his evidence in a high and indignant alto, explaining that the cat started the battle by robbing his ice box of everything but the ice. He said that he caught her when it was too late and admitted that he had hit her in the head with a dictionary, after which the feline ran around the walls, stood on her forefeet, spat fire, whistled through her teeth and gave other evidence of supernatural annoyance. "You were not bitten, were you?" asked the court. "Was ah bit," exclaimed Mr. Washington. "Did she bite me up? Ah's here to say she ate me alive. Den she kicked me a swack in mah leg lak she's break it." "Well, now," said the magistrate, "cats don't kick, do they?" "Mebbe you think they doan, you' honoh," answered the defender of the ice box, "cause youall never see'd dis murderin' cat. She ain't no litty kitty, y'know; she's a Shetland pony, bulldog cat, dat's what she is. She ain't no purnin' beauty; she's a spittin' debil wid a bad look."

Just as soon as Washington Boll, a negro prisoner, was remanded for trial in another court he called to a keeper and asked for pen and ink. The keeper hesitated and asked what letter was so important that it must be written before he got to the Tombs. "Ah'll tell y' jus what it is," replied the beaming Washington. "Ah want ter write to my folks in Cal'ina an' let 'em know that ah'm in 2,000 bail. Law, man, when dey heah dat der eyes'll bulge right out from dey heads. Some bail."

## Remarkable Speech Made by Man Convicted of Crime

DETROIT, MICH.—Louis Carter convicted of stealing automobile parts, fainting after Judge Jeffries had sentenced him to serve 90 days, but William Saunders, alias Charles Parker, convicted of the murder of Max Schreiber, knowing the judge must impose a life sentence on him, made a speech.

"Before going to prison, I wish to express my profound sympathy for Schreiber's widow and her son while they are here in court," said Saunders. "I am sorry this ever happened, but I am willing to pay the penalty. Your honor has given me a fair and impartial trial and the assistant prosecutor has tried the case fairly and without animosity. The detectives in charge has treated me fairly and my lawyers could not have done more for me. "This is an unfortunate matter all around," said Judge Jeffries, moved by Saunders' apparent sincerity, "but the court, you know, has no discretion. However, I can give you your choice of Jackson or Marquette prison." Plans to be sent to Jackson prison instead of Marquette are common, but Saunders, with only a moment's hesitation, chose Marquette. "I am not ashamed to be sent where my fellow-conspirators are already serving their sentences," he said.

Saunders, thirty-four years old, and prematurely gray, is the oldest of the four charged with the murder of Schreiber, a saloonkeeper.



## Sad Echo of World War Heard in Chicago Court

CHICAGO.—With the thousands of Belgians who fled their motherland when the Germans overran it, were the Hamens. They came to America. And that brings the story down to the time when Attorney Felix J. Streyckmans, also counsel for the Belgian consul here, appeared in Judge Harry P. Dolan's court on behalf of Susanna Hamen. She was suing one William Bristerfeldt for \$230.

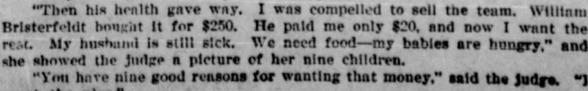
"I think this woman should be allowed to sue as a 'poor person,' because she is a Belgian refugee," said Mr. Streyckmans.

"Kindly state your reason why she should be allowed to sue without costs," said Judge Dolan.

"I will give you my reasons," interrupted Mrs. Hamens. "When we came here my husband went to work. We saved our money. We hoped to go back to Belgium when the war was over. My husband was finally able to buy a team.

"Then his health gave way. I was compelled to sell the team. William Bristerfeldt bought it for \$250. He paid me only \$20, and now I want the rest. My husband is still sick. We need food—my babies are hungry," and she showed the judge a picture of her nine children.

"You have nine good reasons for wanting that money," said the judge. "I grant the plea."



## FOR FOOD PLEDGE SIGNERS

MEMBER OF UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION



Millions of the new Hoover pledge cards have been received by the woman's committee of the council of national defense and are being distributed throughout the country at the request of the national food administration. Those who sign the pledge may obtain handsome cards bearing the words, "member of the national food administration," and a colored shield on a wheat-decorated disk.

**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.

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

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1917

**Wilhelm and the Decalogue.**

Julius Chambers, a journalist of Manhattan island, has made the discovery that Kaiser Wilhelm and his ministers of state have violated every injunction in the decalogue. Julius is a pious man and he loves the decalogue. This is his indictment:

1. They have set up the god of war on a pedestal beside the living and true God.
2. The Kaiser caused his people to bow down to the god of war and to worship him.
3. They took the name of the Lord God in vain and cannot expect to be held guiltless.
4. They have desecrated the Sabbath day and destroyed the holy temples of the Christian God.
5. The emperor has failed to honor his mother in countless ways, chiefly because she is the daughter of an English queen, and secondly, because he was born with a withered arm; his agents have dishonored countless Belgian and French mothers.
6. Wanton murder of the aged

and of babies in arms has been done in thousands of instances. 7. The record of rapine and lust made by German officers and men has not been equalled since the days of the Hunnish invasions.

8. Everything of value has been stolen from cities and chateaux of Belgium and France and sent home to decorate and enrich homes in Germany.

9. The emperor and all his ministers have borne false witness against their neighbor states and against the people of the United States.

10. Monarch and minion have coveted their neighbor's lands, ports, and everything that belongs by rights to other peoples of this earth.

**An Added Verse to "America"**

All over the nation people are singing the appended verse as the last verse of "America." The custom originated in Canada where they sing "God Save the King" to the same tune. Let our people learn it an use it on every occasion:

"God save our splendid men.  
Send them safe home again;  
God save our men.  
Keep them victorious, patient and chivalrous,  
They are so dear to us,  
God save our men."

**Car Of Colorado Potatoes.**

I will have in a car load of big grade Colorado Potatoes about November 20, and will sell them off the car, at McLean. Get them while you can. I sold a car of potatoes of the same kind and quality two years ago, and those who bought then can tell you what they are. Will notify you by telephone when car arrives. J. A. Ashby. phone 88, 28 1L.

W. J. Keasler made a business trip to Shamrock Monday.

**Women and Electricity.**

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—exciter.  
If she gets too excited—controller.

If she sulks too long—interrupter.

If her way of thinking is not yours—converter.

If she is willing to come half way—meter.

If she will come all the way—receiver.

If she wants to go further—conductor.

If she wants to go still further—dispatcher.

If she wants to be an angel—transformer.

If you think she is unfaithful—detector.

If she is unfaithful—condenser.

If she wants chocolate—feeder.

If she sings wrong—tuner.

If she is in the country—telegrapher.

If she is a poor cook—dishwasher.

If her dress unbooks—connector.

If she eats too much—reducer.

If she is wrong—rectifier.

If she talks too much—regulator.

If she is too cool—heater.

If she fumes and sputters—insulator.

If she becomes upset—reverser.—Electrical Experimenter Magazine.

**What Is Gasoline.**

Gasoline was originally used for cleaning gloves dejecting an hired girls through the kitchen roof, but has been taught a great variety of interesting tricks, such as running automobiles through plate glass windows, aeroplanes, motor boats and windmills, bicycles and peanut threshers, street cars, hearses, corn shellers. By the aid of gasoline we can travel 150 miles an hour through the air, travel sixty miles an hour over the land and six feet in the ground with the greatest ease. A gallon of gasoline can do as much work in an hour as a horse can do all day, and it don't have to be fed at night. It can run a Ford twenty miles and while doing this cause three runaways, a collision, a \$20 fine for speeding, a divorce suit and an inquest. A gallon of whisky at a Saturday night dance can cause a great deal of trouble, but it is tame and kittenish beside a gallon of whiz water conducting a joy ride. Gasoline is a clear nervous liquid, which is composed of speed, noise and trouble in equal parts. It is made of kerosene reduced to a more violent stage.—Ex.

**Next!**

F. S. Glassey informs us that there is an old turkey gobbler out at the Fabey ranch that is taking the war and its duties very seriously and has relieved a should be mother guinea of the duty of doing the incubator act. This said turkey seems to have been imbued with the idea that the guinea hen could do much better service for her country by industriously laying eggs than trying to hatch them; and like the good American should do, he relieved the old hen of the responsibility and began the sitting act himself. But he didn't do a very good job. Only four eggs hatched, and he did not take care of the guineas and they all died. But, we must give him credit for the best of intentions. He did his best. And if all the good people of the United States will do likewise, we will win the war in a canter.—Higgins News.

For land, loans and insurance, see Foster-Childress, McLean, Texas.

**SPECIAL PRICES AT COFFEY'S**

**Reductions on Men's Suits**

Two Lots of Men's Suits—This Season's Goods, at Low Prices While You Need the Clothes.

**\$8.00 Suits for \$4.98**  
**\$12.50 to \$15.00 Suits for \$9.98**

One-Fourth Off on all **Millinery**

**One Fourth Off on all Ladies' Suits**

Beautiful Fur and Button Trimmed Suits, in all the New Colors, in Fabrics, Serge, Poplin, Gabardine, Broadcloth, etc.

Suits Worth \$16 to \$45  
**\$12 TO \$33.75**

Come Early, While You Have a Complete Line to Select From

**T. J. COFFEY**

**I Am.**

I am an angel of mercy with courage to minister or to die, as falls the cards of fate. No martial music lauds my sacrifice, no glittering gold rewards the work of my tired hands, bathed in hero's blood, as I strip the gory khaki from the trembling, dying forms of mother's sons. Brand ed with a crimson cross that marks me from the world apart, a woman with gentle hands and a heart of oak, a mother of the battlefields, I whisper a prayer

as I hold the hand of a first born man child as he passes through that dark and solemn vale beyond which no man has been allowed to look. I hear the shrieking curse of pain and the gurgling groan of death, yet no cringing cowards have I seen within this awful place. Dying like they lived and fought, for democracy and God, that Hellians might not rule the earth beneath their iron heels. Among the maimed and dying, fresh from the crushing jaws of hell, do I pay my tithe to God and tribute to the land that

gave me birth. In memory of Gethsemane and the spirit of '76 I lay my life, my all, on the altar of my race.

I am the American Red Cross Nurse.—W. H. Cousins.

**Notice.**

Owing to late Government ruling turkeys cannot be shipped out of Texas until after December the first. I will not be in the market until that time. W. J. Keasler.

The News one year for \$1.00.

**C. S. RICE**

**Friends That Never Fail**

MOTHER'S love for the little one never fails. The constant, steady heat of this remarkable heater is a never failing friend when economy and even heat day and night are a necessity. It pays to investigate.

**Cole's Original Hot Blast**

BURNS CHEAPEST COAL CLEAN AND BRIGHT. USES ANY FUEL.

It Saves and Serves

Why Not Cut Your Fuel Bill in Half This Winter? You Can Easily Do It With This Great Fuel-Saving Heater. Act NOW!



No. 114

Cut Shows Model No. 12E

See This Heater At Our Store

**D. N. Massay**

Broker in Real Estate and Rental Property

List of Your Property Solicited

McLean

Texas

### An Old Texas Ranger Song

Come listen to us rangers, you kind hearted straggers,  
Our song though a sad one you are welcome to hear.  
We have kept the Comanches away from your ranches,  
And followed them far over the Texas frontier.  
So look to your ranches and mind the Comanches,  
For sure they will scalp you in less than a year.  
We are weary of routing and scouting the blood thirsty brutes,  
Over prairie and wood, no beets no tomatoes, but jerked beef, as dry as the sole of your shoe.  
All day without drinking, all night without winking,  
I say kind stranger, this never will do.  
Those great alligators, our state Legislators,  
Are loafing two thirds of the time and never put in our pockets a tenth of a dime.  
They do not regard us, they will not reward us,  
And though the election is coming and there will be drumming,  
And praising our valor to purchase our votes,  
So its glory and payment about provisions and raiment.  
No longer we'll fight on the Texas frontier.  
So look to your ranches and mind the Comanches,  
For surely they will scalp you in less than a year.  
Sure it may grieve you for us rangers to leave you,  
Exposed to the knife of the foe,  
So guard your own cattle and fight your own battles,  
For back to the states we are determined to go.  
Where the state has more people and the churches have steeples,  
And where the laws are more equal and the ladies more kind,  
Where worth is rewarded and work is regarded and pockets are lined.  
Where pumpkins are plenty and vegetables plenty of every kind.

This song was composed in 1862, by J. T. Pollard and Elec McClosky who died at old Fort Bellknop.

### MAKES TEST BY ARTILLERY

Henri Fabre Employs Thundering Mortars to Convince Himself That the Cicada Cannot Hear.

The ever-delightful Henri Fabre in the recently translated "Life of the Grasshopper" thus describes the ingenious experiment by which he convinced himself that the cicada cannot hear, and therefore that its continual song cannot be a love call intended for his mate's delectation: Of my experiments in this matter, I will mention only one, the most memorable. I borrow the municipal artillery—that is to say, the mortars that are made to thunder forth on the feast of the patron saint. The gunner is delighted to load them for the benefit of the cicadas, and to come and fire them off at my place. There are two of them, crammed as if for the most solemn rejoicing. No politician making the circuit of his constituency in search of re-election was ever honored with so much powder.

We are careful to leave the windows open to save the panes from breaking. The two thundering engines are set at the foot of the plane trees in front of my door. We take no precautions to mask them; the cicadas singing in the branches overhead cannot see what is happening below.

We are an audience of six. We wait for a moment of comparative quiet. Each of us checks the number of singers and the depth and rhythm of the song. We are now ready, with ears pricked to hear what will happen in the aerial orchestra. The mortar is let off, with a noise like a genuine thunderclap. There is no excitement whatever up above. The number of singers is the same, the rhythm is the same, the volume of sound the same. The six witnesses are unanimous: the mighty explosion has in no way affected the song of the cicadas. And the second mortar gives an exactly similar result.—Youth's Companion

### EXPLANATION



"And what did you say when your wife found a hair on your shoulder?"  
"I told her the fellow who works next to me must have spattered some of his hair tonic on my coat."

### A Sailor's Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
Grant no other sailor take  
My shoes and sox before I wake.

Please, Lord, guard me in my slumber,  
Keep my hammock on its number;  
May no clews or lashings break  
And smash my nut before I wake.

Keep me safely in Thy sight,  
Grant no fire drill here tonight;  
And in the morning let me wake  
Mid haunting smells of sirloin steak.

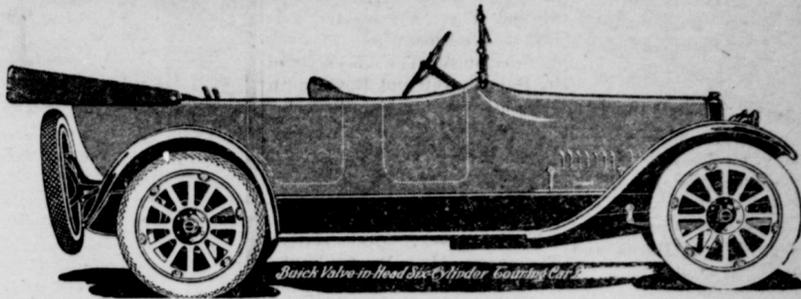
Lord protect me in my dream,  
Make things better than they seem;  
Grant four years may quickly fly  
And all hardship pass me by.

Oh, that billowy feather bed,  
Where I long to rest my head;  
Far from all these hellish scenes  
And the smell of half-baked beans.

Take me back to solid land  
Where they scrub no decks with sand;  
Where no demon typhoon blows,  
And the women wash the clothes.

Lord, thou knowest all my woes;  
Kindly care my sunburned nose;  
Take me home to a field of clover,  
I promise, Lord, I'll not ship over.

## The Car of Proven Superiority



### THE BUICK

For critical users the Buick Models have proven the most popular cars ever built. They are everywhere noted for their style and beauty. The 1918 models show a marked improvement in both these respects. The valve-in-head motors are undaunted by hills and mud, sand, or any of the obstacles encountered in touring.

Buick Prices Range From \$885 to \$2330, Delivered

BENTLEY & GRIGSBY, Dealers

### ASSERTED HIMSELF AT LAST

Badly Battered Defendant in Court of Domestic Relations Explains Cause of His Condition.

The canny group of court attendants are usually able to tell the entire story of a case as soon as they observe the complainant, defendant and witnesses, long before a word of testimony has been given. But in the domestic relations court they made a bad guess, says a New York news letter. The case was that of a man with two black eyes, a net bandage across his forehead and at least three teeth missing from his upper tier. Naturally, the court attendants were confident that the man was the complainant, it being apparent that he had no end of reason for complaint. They were wrong, however, for the woman in the case testified that she had found it necessary to thus batter her beloved in an effort to make a man of him. To the lay mind she seemed to have made a wreck of him, but she contended that the court should see to it that he pay her at least \$5 a week toward her support.

"Now, how did this particular quarrel come about?" asked the court, surveying the partially present defendant.

"Just this," whistled the bruised one through dental void, "for sixteen years I never said a word, no matter what was said to me. Yesterday I asserted myself."

### Honor Roll.

Fifth and sixth grades:  
Leon Bodine, Aaron Duman, Merle Grigsby, Vernon Johnson, David Skidmore, Carl Staley, Preston Thompson, Gordon Wilson, Vernon Rice, Ina Anderson, May Bailey, Mildred Beeman, Lolene Coffey, Eunice Earp, Clarice Fuller, Martha Glass, Vivian Heasley, Cora Johnson, Flossie Jordan.

J. W. Kibler, wife and daughter started to Ft. Worth Tuesday night to visit their son and brother who is at Camp Bowie. They are making the trip in the car.

Overland roadster, 1917 model, for sale. In first class running order. \$350 if sold this week. Address box 66, McLean. H. H. Edens. 1p

C. C. Roberts has bought the T. J. McClain residence and is moving here this week.

Jim Slavin and wife of Alanreed was in town Wednesday.

M. Johnson and Mr. Nix from Texola were here Monday.

W. E. Sweatt of Heald was in town Thursday.

Mr. Steel of Groom was in town Monday.

## SWEETEN UP A BIT

COFFEE SANDWICHES  
HOT CHOCOLATE

We Are Planning to Serve Hot Drinks All Winter, and Solicit Your Patronage.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

### The Post Office Confectionery

MISS FANNIE BAILEY, Prop.

Wanted—The Red Cross Chapter wants old linen such as table cloths, sheets, pillow cases etc to use in wrapping packages. They must be laundered and ironed. Send to Red Cross work room on Wednesday, Thursday or Friday afternoons or leave with Mr. Coffey.

Dr. J. A. Hall, dentist, from Shamrock and his wife came over Thursday to be here for a few days. Dr. Hall is doing some dental work while here.

We buy chickens, eggs, and hides at all times. Cream bought on Tuesdays and Fridays. J. W. Keaster.

### Honor Roll.

Honor roll for sixth and seventh grades:  
Ewell Beall, Elmer Free, Arlie Grigsby, S. B. Morse, Ruby Anderson, Estelle Cooper, Dorothy McLean, Odessa Skidmore, Gladys Holloway, Erey Cubine, Charlie Sims, Ralph Hamilton, Willie Turner, Myrtle Biggers, Velma Lance, Mildred Perry, Elsie Gracey.

Dr. J. E. Yarbrough and wife, and J. R. Hutto and wife of Erick Oklahoma, were visitors of T. J. Coffey and his mother Sunday.

Jim Back of Northfork was in town Thursday.

## FOOD CONSERVATION Is a Necessity

In order that we may conserve in this way it will be necessary to build bins to take care of the waste. To pile out in the weather is a waste; therefore it behooves everybody to take care of the grain.

The spirit of Liberty is as strong today as it was in '76, and the conservation of food should be equally strong. We do not urge anyone to build unnecessary bins or barns, but build what is needed to care for the grain that will sure be needed in this great fight.

A Good Stock of Everything Now On Hand

### Cicero-Smith Lumber Compr

Phone No. 3 McLean, Okla. Call

## Save the Waste and Win the War

Mrs. W. T. Wilson and Mrs. C. S. Rice went to Amarillo Tuesday on a shopping tour.

R. T. Darnell of Jericho was in town Friday night to see his sister, Mrs. Dunn.

Mrs. Wingo of Plainview, who has been at Heald, returned to her home Wednesday.

D. J. Haynes of Granite, Okla., is visiting relatives here this week.

B. F. Goodrich of Shamrock was a visitor in our city Thursday.

Earley Keasler of Floydada is visiting his brother, W. J. Keasler.

## Ladies' Boots at Reduced Prices

Until the First of December We will make Big Reductions on Ladies' Boots. Note these Prices

\$7.00 Boots, in a pretty style, black with white tops. **\$5.75**

\$6.50 Boots, in brown and black leathers, canvas tops. **\$5.15**

\$6.00 Boots in gray leather with canvas tops, a stylish shoe. **\$4.95**

\$5.00 Boots, in black kid, with cloth tops. **\$4.25**

## McLean Shoe Store

**Burrows-Van Sant.**

Last Saturday Mr. Dolphus Burrows and Miss Joe Van Sant went to Amarillo and were married at the Methodist parsonage, Rev. Carpenter officiating.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Van Sant of this city and is well known to McLean people.

The groom, section foreman here, is a son of James Burrows of Amarillo, roadmaster for the Amarillo division on the Rock Island.

They were accompanied to Amarillo by Dewitt Burks and Miss Winnie Newton.

On Saturday night of last week a crowd of young folks surprised Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dougherty of Heald. Music and games were indulged in until a late hour, and all report a jolly time, and ask Misses Nellie and Vera for such a nice time again soon.—A guest.

For Sale.—One section land, 250 acres in cultivation, good improvements, about nine miles from McLean; \$20 per acre; \$5000 in cash, balance in 8 per cent notes. Seven grass sections, will cut into half sections. See S. R. Jones, at Western Lumber Co.

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Sunday afternoon the Red Cross held a meeting at the Methodist church for the purpose of electing new officers for another year. Mrs. Rev. Smith, of the Presbyterian church was elected Vice President; T. J. Coffey, Chairman; the trustees were retained. The offices filled by Rev. Howell and Rev. Smith were left vacant. We hope for them to be filled by the new pastor of the Methodist church and the Baptist pastor which we hope to have soon.

T. J. Coffey, Miss Hattie Thompson, Mrs. D. A. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Boyett, and Miss Ruby Cook went to Shamrock Sunday night to hear the speech made by Hon. Marvin Jones, Congressman, who made an excellent speech in McLean Sunday morning.

For Sale.—The Will Langley home, on one of the best streets in town. 6-room house, close to school. Enquire of E. D. Langley.

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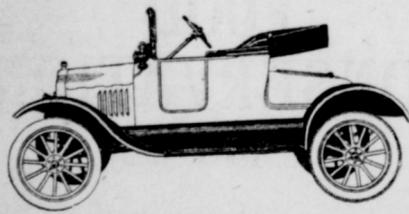
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Win  
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**FORD CARS**

Select the best; they stand the test; the kind that sees you through stormy days and nights; the kind that is comfortable and great and up-to-date, with tires smooth and true; the latest style in cars worth while, light running and a flywheel designed for use and some abuse, the cars that all desire.

RIGHT HERE

**Denson Motor Company**

You Can Afford a Ford. You Can't Afford to Be Without a Ford.

THE FORD FORDS FORDS!

If You Would Have

**YOUR PRINTING**

**DONE RIGHT**

**Let The News Print for You**

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In due time, and without any tire or carburetor trouble, we arrived. We found Alanreed to be a nice looking little city, inhabited by some of the best people on earth.

In our quest for job printing the first place we called on was the Bank of Alanreed. We were prevented from seeing C. B. Hedrick, the cashier, who is the man to sell printing to in that bank, by one C. B. Davis, a real estate man of Clarendon, who had Mr. Hedrick cornered, drawing up the papers to close a land deal. When we left town, shortly after dark, the same condition prevailed, and we did not have the pleasure of meeting that gentleman.

Next we called on the big general mercantile establishment of W. J. Ball, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ball and his brother, S. L. We found these gentlemen to have emanated from the same central Texas county we came from—

Limestone. But as the Balls and the editor lived in different parts of the county and never met until Monday, nobody need ask any questions expecting either of us to tell off on the other, for we don't know anything to tell, and this editor for once refuses to do anything toward maintaining his reputation as a windjammer this time.

Then we dropped around to the lumber yard, and found the manager, S. R. Loftin, away unloading a car of lumber—he couldn't hire anybody to do it for him, as every man available is in the fields—and Mrs. Loftin was in charge of the office. We were pleased to meet Mrs. Loftin, for she had some mighty pleasant things to say about The News being a good paper, and so on. She told us, however, that she was surprised to learn the kind of looking animal he is. She said she expected to see a jolly looking fellow, wearing a smile about the size of a horse shoe. We should have explained to her that the reason we did not wear the usual sweet expression around the mouth was that it was "blue Monday."

About an hour later we called again and found Mr. Loftin on the

job, placing a load of lumber in the shed. We found a man that looked like Mrs. Loftin expected the editor to look, and are glad that we made his acquaintance.

Another jolly and big hearted citizen we were glad to get acquainted with is Dr. Coppedge, the drug man. We had quite an interesting chat with him, and secured a nice order for stationery. The doctor has just moved into the new brick building and had not yet had time to straighten up his stock. We are expecting that when he does get his store in order it will be a dandy place to go to buy pills.

We thank T. S. Prock, dry goods and grocery man for the nice order for stationery that he favored us with. He has a nice stock of goods and seemed to be enjoying a big business.

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W. H. Billingsley has sold his section of land one and one-half miles north of town to Walter McAdams.

For lands, loans and insurance, see Foster Childress, McLean, Texas.



**"Houn' Dawgrel"**  
BY THE NEWS STAFF POET

**"FIGHT!"**

Oh, what is life without a struggle  
To enliven the snail like days?  
'Tis not the life of luxury and ease  
That is sung in minstrel lays.

Oh, give me the midst of the battle  
With a wound to smart and to burn;  
'Tis only in pain and dire effort  
The foibles in life we can spurn.

I despise the conventional person,  
His ruts, his habits and all.  
Never, I hope, shall life find me  
A slave in luxury's thrall.

For what is life without a struggle  
To enliven the snail-like days?  
'Tis not the life of luxury and ease  
That is sung in the minstrel lays.

**Bro. Howell To Wheeler.**

At the annual session of the Northwest Texas Conference at Memphis last week Rev. J. T. Howell, former pastor of the local M. E. church, was appointed to the Wheeler church, and is moving with his family to that place next week.

Rev. Osborne, who held a meeting here about two years ago, has been appointed pastor here, and is expected to arrive Monday or Tuesday.

While people of McLean are losing a good preacher, they are getting one to take his place who "is no slough," and everyone seems to be well pleased with bishops' appointment.

Joe M. Warren, former editor of The Clarendon News, but who is now getting rich selling land, was over Wednesday with a bunch of prospectors and made the News sanctum a pleasant call. The real estate man boasts Clarendon as though he likes it there. He says that business in "The Athens of the Panhandle" is good and that people there are actually as prosperous as they are in McLean. We will take his word for it, even if he is a real estate man. While here this land man had some advertising inserted in The News, which we recommend for your personal.

If you want to sell your land, list it with J. T. Warren, Clarendon, Texas. He sure does see the buyers.

R. O. Cunningham sold 320 acres, 7 miles north east of McLean to Rev. Barker of Groom.

Rev. Quattlebaum of Chillicothe arrived here Sunday for a visit with home folks and friends.

J. O. Phillips sold his home 3 miles north of town to Mr. Searcy of Collins County

Owen Collins has sold his crop to W. D. Sims and is going to Arlington to live.

Fred Roschinsky sold to C. C. Roberts, 320 acres three miles east of McLean.

J. B. Rentau sold to T. J. Bell 320 acres one and one half miles east of McLean.

James Harrold, formerly of Groom, is now a barber in our city.

Geo. Wilks and C. C. Small of Wellington were in town Friday.

Paul Risio, of the Bohemian settlement was in town Saturday.

For Sale.—Wagon and horse. Will sell cheap. C. S. Hunt.

W. E. Sweatt sold his farm east of town to J. L. Shown.

C. E. Ford and wife of El Reno, Okla., were in town Friday.

J. M. Whittington from Hedley was in town Saturday.

Wanted—some second hand steel traps. C. S. Hunt.

Elmer Reeves of Alanreed was in town last Saturday.

Jim Simmons of Ramsdell was in our city Saturday.

W. A. Armstrong of Merkel was in town Monday.

Karl Adams of Clarendon was in our city Saturday.

Geo. L. True of Amarillo was in our city Monday.

A few nice shoats for sale. Foster Van Sant.

Dick Hedrick of Amarillo was in town Tuesday.

W. F. Harrell of Groom was in town Monday.

D. E. Johnson shipped a car of hogs Sunday.

—we're in  
business for your  
health



**Palace Drug Store**

McLEAN, TEXAS

**SATISFIED!**

Those who bought Underwear, Hose, Sweater Coats, Gloves and Ties were pleased with the goods and more so with the price. Well, that's our motto—to satisfy.

We will try to keep the stock complete. Can fit any one of the family. If you miss getting our prices and seeing our goods you are apt to lose.

We Know Everybody's Desire Is to Save  
HENCE OUR LOW PRICES

**Bundy & Biggers**

**What Will Happen  
During the Coming  
Tragic Year?**

WE ARE NOW CONFRONTED BY THE MOST EVENTFUL YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

**The Great Question**

**The Real Answer**



What will happen to our soldier boys in 1918? Read The Star-Telegram, the paper with complete war service.

**Keep informed on the war news by reading  
The Star-Telegram**

FORT WORTH, U. S. A.

Will reach you always First—With the Last Because it prints late night editions all based on train departures.

Member of the Associated Press, International News Service, United Press, The Three Great American News Gathering Services.

**EXCLUSIVE LONDON TIMES REPORTS**

The daily Cable War News supplied The Star-Telegram by The Times is exclusive, authentic European information not to be found in any other paper in the Southwest.

Subscribe During "Bargain Days," Dec. 1st to 15th.

Also don't fail to read the local weekly.

Daily With Sunday 7 Days a Week Regular Rate...\$7.50 Bargain Rate...\$5.65 You Save.....\$1.85

Subscription rates are higher this year, due to increased production costs forced upon publishers. White paper and mailing combined increase alone being 116 per cent.

Daily Without Sunday, 6 Days a Week Regular Rate...\$5.50 Bargain Rate...\$4.25 You Save.....\$1.25

**When You Need a Dr  
Harris Brothers**

For Prompt Service and Careful Handling of Your Goods, Call

THE NEWS OFFICE FOR PR

**Let Us  
Charge Your  
Batteries**

We have mechanics that understand battery work thoroughly, and we are equipped to charge and repair batteries in an altogether satisfactory manner. Let us do your battery work.

**McLean Auto Co.**

**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 pummas. 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.

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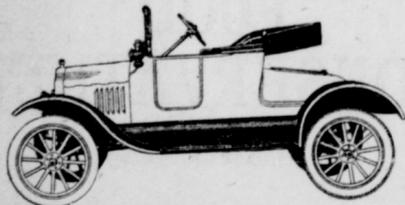
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Select the best, they stand the test; the kind that sees you through ornate and great and up-to-date, with tires smooth and true latest style in cars worth while, light running and a flye designed for use and some abuse, the cars that all desire

RIGHT HERE

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I despise the conventional person,  
His ruts, his habits and all.  
Never, I hope, shall life find me  
A slave in luxury's thrall.

For what is life without a struggle  
To enliven the snail-like days?  
'Tis not the life of luxury and ease  
That is sung in the minstrel lays.

**Bro. Howell To Wheeler.**

At the annual session of the Northwest Texas Conference at Memphis last week Rev. J. T. Howell, former pastor of the local M. E. church, was appointed to the Wheeler church, and is moving with his family to that place next week.

Rev. Osborne, who held a meeting here about two years ago, has been appointed pastor here, and is expected to arrive Monday or Tuesday.

While people of McLean are losing a good preacher, they are getting one to take his place who "is no slough," and everyone seems to be well pleased with bishops' appointment.

Joe M. Warren, former editor of The Clarendon News, but who is now getting rich selling land, was over Wednesday with a bunch of prospectors and made the News sanctum a pleasant call. The real estate man boosts Clarendon as though he likes it there. He says that business in "The Athens of the Panhandle" is good and that people there are actually as prosperous as they are in McLean. We will take his word for it, even if he is a real estate man. While here this land man had some advertising inserted in The News, which we recommend for your perusal.

If you want to sell your land, list it with J. T. Warren, Clarendon, Texas. He sure does see the buyers.

R. O. Cunningham sold 320 acres, 7 miles north east of McLean to Rev. Barker of Groom.

Rev. Quattlebaum of Chillicothe arrived here Sunday for a visit with home folks and friends.

J. O. Phillips sold his home 3 miles north of town to Mr. Searey of Collins County

Owen Collins has sold his crop to W. D. Sims and is going to Arlington to live.

Fred Roschinsky sold to C. C. Roberts, 320 acres three miles east of McLean.

J. B. Rentau sold to T. J. Bell 320 acres one and one half miles east of McLean.

James Harrold, formerly of Groom, is now a barber in our city.

Geo. Wilks and C. C. Small of Wellington were in town Friday.

Paul Risio, of the Bohemian settlement was in town Saturday.

For Sale.—Wagon and horse. Will sell cheap. C. S. Hunt.

W. E. Sweatt sold his farm east of town to J. L. Shown.

C. E. Ford and wife of El Reno, Okla., were in town Friday.

J. M. Whittington from Hedley was in town Saturday.

Wanted—some second hand steel traps. C. S. Hunt.

Elmer Reeves of Alanreed was in town last Saturday.

Jim Simmons of Ramsdell was in our city Saturday.

W. A. Armstrong of Merkel was in town Monday.

Karl Adams of Clarendon was in our city Saturday.

Geo. L. True of Amarillo was in our city Monday.

A few nice shoats for sale. Foster Van Sant.

Dick Hedrick of Amarillo was in town Tuesday.

W. F. Harrell of Groom was in town Monday.

D. E. Johnson shipped a car of hogs Sunday.

—we're in  
business for your  
health



**Palace Drug Store**

McLEAN, TEXAS

**SATISFIED!**

Those who bought Underwear, Hose, Sweater Coats, Gloves and Ties were pleased with the goods and more so with the price. Well, that's our motto—to satisfy.

We will try to keep the stock complete. Can fit any one of the family. If you miss getting our prices and seeing our goods you are apt to lose.

We Know Everybody's Desire Is to Save  
HENCE OUR LOW PRICES

**Bundy & Biggers**

**What Will Happen  
During the Coming  
Tragic Year?**

WE ARE NOW CONFRONTED BY THE MOST EVENTFUL YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

**The Great Question**

**The Real Answer**



What will happen to our soldier boys in 1918? Read The Star-Telegram, the paper with complete war service.

Keep informed on the war news by reading

**The Star-Telegram**

FORT WORTH, U. S. A.

Will reach you always First—With the Last Because it prints late night editions all based on train departures.

Member of the Associated Press International News Service United Press

The Three Great American News Gathering Services.

**EXCLUSIVE LONDON TIMES REPORTS**

The daily Cable War News supplied The Star-Telegram by The Times is exclusive, authentic European information not to be found in any other paper in the Southwest.

Subscribe During "Bargain Days," Dec. 1st to 15th.

Also don't fail to read the local weekly.

Daily With Sunday 7 Days a Week Regular Rate...\$7.50 Bargain Rate...\$5.65 You Save.....\$1.85	Subscription rates are higher this year, due to increased production costs forced upon publishers. White paper and mailing combined increase alone being 116 per cent.	Daily Without Sunday, 6 Days a Week Regular Rate...\$5.50 Bargain Rate...\$4.25 You Save.....\$1.25
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**When You Need a Dr**

For Prompt Service and Careful Handling of Your Goods, Call

**Harris Brothers**

THE NEWS OFFICE FOR PR

**Let Us  
Charge Your  
Batteries**

We have mechanics that understand battery work thoroughly, and we are equipped to charge and repair batteries in an altogether satisfactory manner. Let us do your battery work.

**McLean Auto Co.**

**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 pummas. 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.

# Fads And Fancies Of Fashion

Crepe de chine has proven as durable and as dainty as fine batiste, muslin, or the finest muslins, for making lingerie. All undergarments are to be had in silk or cotton, in exquisite weaves of both. Choice between them is to be settled according to individual taste for they are equally well made and beautifully trimmed with hand-embroidery and lace.

Just now the graceful empire styles are having a special vogue for negligees, nightgowns and chemise. In the last garment the envelope pattern is at least as popular as the older plain

new numbers introduced into their home-grown vaudeville.

Of course, they must have their apple-eating contest, and their looking into a mirror in a dark room and always amusing "shadow show." The last requires only a sheet stretched up in a doorway between two rooms. One of them is darkened, for the spectators, and the other furnished with a single very bright light which throws the actors' silhouettes on the sheet. Some one may read a story or legend, to be illustrated by the actors that pass across the sheet, and close to it



EMPIRE STYLES IN LINGERIE.

chemise and is likely to gain the lead as it is never inconvenient to walk in. Sometimes the plain garment will gather up about the knees and have to be straightened out. For this same reason bloomers are preferred to short undershirts, and silk makes the best petticoats for walking.

A lovely night dress of crepe de chine is shown in the picture above with an envelope chemise to match. It is laid in flat box plait across the front and back, fastened down on the underside to a line below the bust. Slashes in the material, buttonhole etched about their edges, allow a narrow satin ribbon slash to be run through. It is tied loosely with long loops and ends at the side. The gown may be made without the slashes for those who would dispense with the ribbon girdle.

There is a narrow lace edging above a small bending about the neck, carrying baby ribbon. Tabs of val lace insertion are set in the silk all about the top of the gown and sleeves. The sleeves are merely short puffs, but in many models they are longer, reaching to the elbows and loose at the bottom. The chemise has no sleeves but is supported by satin ribbon like that used as a girdle, over the shoulders.

Undergarments for women have reached the limit of fineness and daintiness of materials. There is little difference in price between the cotton and the silk ones and even in the most expensive things, as in the case of young cottons vie with silk.

as their cue comes. Funny stories please everybody.

Processions of spooks, carrying small lanterns, and calling at neighbors' houses on their rounds, make the youngsters have the time of their lives. They become ghosts, black cats, witches or animated pumpkins, simply by making masks of crepe paper. One of these masks is shown in the picture.

A "Halloween pie," for a table centerpiece, is shown at the right of the picture. It is made of paper over a round pasteboard box. When the "pie" is ready to serve, the box is filled with all sorts of nonsensical toys, each attached to a strip of yellow baby ribbon. The ribbons are brought through an opening in the center of the pie at the top, and each ribbon is extended to one plate at the table. One by one the guests draw forth their portion, wrapped in a piece of paper, and when all are drawn, they are unwrapped.

The children always enjoy the old-fashioned "fish pond," where each one may cast a line once into a curtained off corner and bring forth some kind of prize. Flappers date on "post offices" where each receives a letter containing her fortune and everybody likes a mysterious fortune teller who reveals the future each year, even if



GAMES FOR HALLOWEEN.

the complexion of the promised husband is totally different with each new Halloween.

Julie Bottomley

About Waistcoats.

Fancy vests are quite the smartest accessories to dress that fashion has introduced this season. They lend a distinctive touch to the new fall suit and no wardrobe is complete without them. They are made of satin, faille, moire, Summy cloth, brocades, broadcloth and novelty silks.

## TOBACCO WILT IS DESTRUCTIVE DISEASE



Tobacco Growing After Corn, Creedmoor, N. C.—This Plot Was Cropped to Corn for Five Years, 1911 to 1915, Inclusive, With Crimson Clover as a Winter Crop—Less Than 3 Per Cent of the Plants Showed Wilt on July 27, 1916, but It Should Be Noted That the Tobacco Is Decidedly Smaller in Size Than That After Grass and Clover.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Tobacco wilt, which has proved to be a destructive disease in the flue-cured tobacco district, can be controlled through crop rotations and the exclusion of infection from drainage, from fertilization and from the use of infected implements. This has been brought out by experiments carried on by specialists of the department for a series of years.

The disease is exceedingly destructive, causing the plant to die outright and frequently resulting in a practically complete failure of the crop. It produces symptoms in the leaves, the stalk, and the roots of the tobacco plant. The more prominent features are a characteristic umbrella-like drooping of the leaves, the presence of a yellowish to black discoloration in the woody portion of the stalk (showing as streaks when the bark is stripped off), the presence of a slimy ooze when the stalk is cut across with a knife, and a decided decay of the root system.

The wilt is caused by an organism which enters the plant through the root and eventually brings about a plugging of the vessels, thus cutting off the water supply from the leaves and causing them to wilt and perish. Fertilizers, cultural methods, weather conditions, and the like may influence the extent or progress of the disease, and it has been observed that it is decidedly more destructive in relatively wet seasons.

Possible Remedies Tried.

In the tests made by the department numerous possible remedies were tried, including crop rotation, treatment with various alkalis, acids, and neutral salts, including fertilizer materials and germicides, and the use of physical treatment such as subsoiling with a plow and dynamite. None of these methods other than crop rotation were effective, however, and it is be-



Field Showing Results of Continuous Tobacco Cropping, Creedmoor, N. C.—Tobacco Was Grown on This Plot Each Year From 1911 to 1916, Inclusive—Fully 80 Per Cent of Plants Showed Wilt on July 27, 1916.

lieved that where the infection is present chief dependence must be placed on decreasing its destructive efforts by the use of rotations. Where the wilt is not present, steps should be taken, of course, to prevent infection reaching the soil.

In the tests made by the department it was found that by cropping badly infested land for five years with crops not affected by wilt the injury to the tobacco from the disease was reduced from 80 to less than 10 per cent.

The crops tested which gave satisfactory results for the practical control of the wilt are corn, wheat, rye, a cover crop, sweet potatoes,

cowpeas, grasses, red clover, and crimson clover. There is good evidence tending to show that cotton also is not affected by tobacco wilt, and there is no reason for supposing that oats are affected.

The wilt germ attacks a number of plants other than tobacco, and these plants must be kept off the land if the rotation is to be effective. These plants include tomatoes, Irish potatoes, and peanuts.

Ragweed, which is very common in the flue-cured district also is attacked; it is important that this weed be kept down.

It appears from the test that on badly infested land the growing of crops not attacked by wilt for four or five years will give better results than only three years of such cropping. The three-year period greatly reduced the amount of wilt, however. It is believed that on badly infested soils a crop of tobacco should not be grown often than once in every five years, but after the disease has been brought under control tobacco probably may be grown safely every fourth year. Under no circumstances should two crops of tobacco be grown in succession on infested soil.

Prevent Spread of Disease.

Although the rotation of crops makes it possible to grow tobacco on land infested with wilt, those farms in the wilt area that are still free from the disease command a considerable premium, because a larger acreage of tobacco can be grown on them. It is clearly to the interest of the owner to use every possible means of keeping his farm free from the tobacco wilt. Thorough burning of tobacco seed beds will destroy the wilt parasite, but the seed bed may become reinfested if diseased soil from surrounding fields, even in very small quantities, is allowed to reach the bed after it has been sterilized. The seed bed, as well as the field, also may become infested by surface drainage from infested fields. This explains the frequent observation by farmers that wilt may appear in the first crop of tobacco grown on freshly cleared lands, a fact which should serve as a warning of what may be expected if the surface drainage from neighboring wilt-infested farms is allowed to reach noninfested tobacco lands. For the above reasons tobacco growers are advised to avoid setting in fields free from infestation plants obtained from seed beds which may be infested. A half dozen infested plants may easily be the means of establishing the wilt permanently on a plantation.

Source of Disease.

There is no reason for supposing that the disease is carried over in the seed, and there is no doubt that the two principal sources from which healthy fields receive the disease are (1) soil from infested fields and (2) diseased tobacco plants, either living plants or the dead material of leaf, stem, stalk, or root. Infested soil carried on a plow borrowed from a neighbor or on the feet of an animal or of a man may serve to introduce the disease. In the process of flue curing it might be expected that the comparatively high temperatures used toward the end of the curing would be sufficient to kill the parasitic organism, but cases have been observed in Granville county in which it is highly probable that the wilt was introduced on tobacco farms through the use of stems as a fertilizer. It is not advisable to use tobacco stalks or stems from diseased fields on lands not already infested with wilt, since the curing process cannot be relied upon in all cases to sterilize these materials. Finally, tobacco growers are advised to practice rotation of crops on their tobacco lands as a means of preventing the wilt, for if the soil is exposed to infestation the disease is less likely to become established when a systematic rotation of crops is followed.

Cover Crops Benefit.

Cover crops of the right kind and planted at the right time benefit the soil. Progressive farming requires that a crop occupy the land in winter as well as in spring and summer

# A Medicine for Women

For Forty Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has Relieved the Sufferings of Women.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

Mrs. Kieso Cured After Seven Month's Illness.



It is—Mrs. Karl A. Kieso, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my house work, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for herself how good it is."

Could Hardly Get Off Her Bed.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I want you to know the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was in such bad health from female troubles that I could hardly get off my bed. I had been doctoring for a long time and my mother said, 'I want you to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.' So I did, and it has certainly made me a well woman. I am able to do my house work and am so happy as I never expected to go around the way I do again, and I want others to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Josie Corner, 1668 Harrison Ave., Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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.

## DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS FOR LIVER ILLS

### What Constipation Means

It means a miserable condition of ill health that leads to all sorts of special ailments such as headache, backache, dyspepsia, dizziness, indigestion, pains of various kinds, piles and numerous other disorders—CONSTIPATION is a crime against nature, and no human being can be well for any length of time while constipated. DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS is the remedy and has been used successfully all over this country for 72 years. Get a box and see how it feels to have your liver and bowels resume their health-giving natural functions. For sale at all druggists and dealers everywhere.

## Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

Why Look?

Mrs. Jenkins, a regular visitor in the doctor's consulting room, started on the long story of her troubles. The doctor endured it patiently and gave her another bottle. At last she started out, and the doctor was congratulating himself, when she stopped and exclaimed:

"Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated?"

"I know it isn't," wearily replied the medical man. "You don't find grass on a race track."

A HINT TO WISE WOMEN.

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

What Name?

Orville Wright said at a Dayton dinner:

"The war has developed flying enormously. We'll all fly after the war. Air fliers will then be as thick as motor fenders are today."

"What name shall we give to the air fender's mania? Aerysipelas, perhaps? Or would flyfold be better? Maybe we'll call it influenza. Hold, though! All things considered, wouldn't the best name be skyatica?"

DON'T SNIFFLE.

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

Where the Gender Comes In.

Teacher—Willie, how many seconds in a minute?

Willie—Masculine or feminine?

Teacher—Masculine or feminine!

Willie—There's a big difference. When pop says he'll be down in a minute it's sixty seconds, but when sister Susie says she'll be down in a minute it's 600 seconds.

Exercise.

"Don't you think every man should devote some time to physical culture?"

"Not in my particular field of activity," replied Senator Sorghum. "If all legislators went in for physical culture as well as an intellectual development some of these debates might end in a personal encounter that really hurt somebody."

To Extend Railway.

Oshkosh, Wis., street railway system is to be extended and improved in equipment.

### When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. In cases of Irritation or Pain. Write for Free Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

### ECZEMA!

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

### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at druggists.

WRITE Pinkerton & Harbert, Green Forest, Okla. Co., Okla., for cheap homes in Okla. W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 42-1917.

Sure Enough.

The ball had gone over the fence, as balls will in suburban gardens, and a small but unabashed batsman appeared at the front door to ask for it.

Then appeared an irate father.

"How dare you show yourself at my house? How dare you ask for your ball? Do you know you nearly killed one of my children with it?"

"But you've got ten children," said the logical lad, "and I've only got one baseball."

Improves With Age.

Kitty—Jack told me last night that I was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen.

Ethel—O, that's nothing. He said the same thing to me a year ago.

Kitty—I know that; but as one grows older one's taste improves, you know.

### EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

MY SIGNATURE: *Frank Skinner* FOR EVERY NATION.

### GREAT BIG MONEY OIL

Producing and Refining

Oil prices booming. Stocks soaring. Thousands drawing dividends from small investments in ground-floor shares of reliable oil and refining companies. Write at once for BIG FREE BOOK OF PHOTOS AND OIL FACTS about big, substantial, share-and-shares-into-all-and-refining company (governed by pool of 12 conservative bankers) owning 40,000 acres of valuable oil leases deposited in bank, all paid for and certified by law in Oklahoma and Texas, the world's richest oil region. Big well now drilling. Income will be drilled soon. Modern Oil Refinery to be erected. Positively your fair and square quick opportunity (free from humbug or fakir's methods) to buy \$1 per share \$100 in honestly-managed, fast-growing company in OIL AND REFINING CO., Oklahoma City, Okla.

# CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATES

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug to-night and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with your bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.—Adv.



## Puts a ... Stop to all Distemper CURES THE SICK

And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle, \$5 and \$10 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turf goods houses. Spohn Medical Co., Manufacturers, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

# WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills & Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and \$1.00 at all Drug Stores.

### BOY SWAPS HIS DAD'S SHIRT

Accepts Proposition of Wild West Show Employee and Gets Inside the "Big Top."

Monta Jessup is the robust son of Orin Jessup, president of the Orin Jessup Land company of Tipton, and he is a true American lad, says the Indianapolis News. He knows when a circus comes to town, and like all other boys, he will find a way to see the show. That was why he did not miss a wild West exhibition that played Tipton recently. The lad had been pondering over how he was to get inside the "big top," and he was not greatly encouraged until a big, black man—one of the many sons of Ham with the show—approached him.

"Say, sonny, how big's your dad?" asked the stranger. "He's a whopper," promptly replied the youngster, thinking perhaps the colored man might have some notion of ordering him roughly from the grounds.

"If you all 'll give me one of your dad's shirts I'll take you in all the shows."

The lad scurried away and soon delivered one of Mr. Jessup's best shirts to the colored man, who was as good as his word and took the lad through every tented attraction on the grounds. Later on the young American had it forcibly impressed on him that he could have gone to the show several times for what the shirt cost.

### ALL INQUIRIES NOT ALIKE

Philadelphia Lawyer Illustrated "Leading Questions" in Court With Diplomatic Kiss Story.

The late John G. Johnson, a Philadelphia lawyer, was once explaining to a jury the nature and the unfairness of "leading" or "guiding" questions. He illustrated his explanation with an anecdote.

"A young chap and a pretty girl," he said, "sat on a secluded bench at Lemon Hill. The girl turned to him and said earnestly:

"You ask me for a kiss. There is a language in kisses. A kiss on the hand denotes chivalrous respect. On the forehead it denotes a firm and faithful friendship. On the lips—"

"ber color rose and she drew a long breath—"a kiss on the lips denotes all things. Kiss me, then, once. Express in one kiss your feeling toward me."

"The bashful youth pondered.

"I don't want to lose her," he said to himself. "Where is the best to kiss her? Hand, forehead, or lips?"

"A mellow whistle interrupted him. He looked at the girl. Her red mouth was puckered up in the form of a rosebud; she had pulled down her hat so as to hide her forehead completely, and both hands were thrust up to the wrists in her pockets."

Obliging.

Employer—I would rather have a single man for the position. Applicant—Well, advance me enough money and I'll get a divorce.

Folly to Make Promises.

It isn't policy to promise men things; they like better to be uncertain of you.

**YOU BET I'M HELPING SAVE THE WHEAT** says Bobby

**Post Toasties** For me 3 times a day

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### THE RAIN.

"It's just too annoying," said the Rain Drops as they fell to the earth.

"What's the trouble?" asked the King of the Clouds. He had told the Rain Drops to fall to the earth for he said that Mr. Sun wanted a rest in the first place and in the second the earth needed rain.

The sun had gone to pay calls and had no intention of coming back so it was the duty of the Rain Drops to keep on splashing down to the earth. But they were mad! Oh, how mad they were! And the King of the Clouds had to come down to the earth and find out what they were about. He splashed in his great, tall rain-boots which he wears all the time, because when it is not raining he is asleep and resting. And he began talking to the Rain Drops.

"Tell me," he asked again, "what is the trouble?" "We are angry and we don't want to work any more," said the Rain Drops.

"Goodness, gracious me," said the King of the Clouds, "you don't think you are working, do you?" "Well, we do now," they said. "Of course, we don't as a rule think it is work. We think it is play, for it's the easiest thing in the world for us to do."

"Of course," said the King of the Clouds, "it should be easy for you to do, for you are Rain Drops. That is why I could not understand it when you said you were working and did not want to work any more. If you had said you were playing and were tired of playing I could have understood you much better."

"But tell me all about it," he added. "You see it's this way," began the rain drops. "We like to spatter and splash and play. We like to fill the puddles and give drinks of water to the earth, the plants, the birds, the flowers, the trees. We like to have jokes and to spatter where we're not supposed to and we love to jump up on the ends of people's skirts!"

"Yes, that is one of our favorite games."

"Why, oh why then," asked the King of the Clouds, frowning, "do you complain? You've talked and talked, and you've given me no reasons at all."

"That is so," said the Rain Drops. "We will tell you now."

"We heard some people talking and they made us very angry. They said, 'Oh, it's raining cats and dogs, and we didn't intend to rain such creatures. It's enough for us that we rain in drops as our very name explains. And we would never rain cats and dogs, never, never, never, at any time at all.'"

The King of the Clouds laughed hard. "Well do I remember when it used to make me mad when people said those things," he chuckled.

"Did you ever hear such things before?" asked the Rain Drops in surprise.

"Yes, indeed," said the King of the Clouds. "People often talk in that foolish way."

"Whatever do they mean by it?" asked the Rain Drops.

"Nothing, nothing at all."

"Then they don't imagine we will really rain cats and dogs?" asked the Rain Drops.

"They know you really won't," said the King of the Clouds. "When they say that you are raining cats and dogs they mean that you are raining very hard and furiously."

"But Cloud King," said the Rain Drops, "there were some other people and they said that it was raining pitchforks. Now can you imagine us doing that? We would not rain pitchforks for anything. They'd hurt people and children and animals, and while we do love to splash and have our jokes, still we would never do anything mean such as rain pitchforks."

"Of course you wouldn't," said the King of the Clouds. "They say that in just the same way as they say it is 'raining cats and dogs,' that also simply means it's raining very, very hard. So go back and play, for it's not work any more now that you know people were not saying bad things about you. No, they were just saying things they always have, which don't mean at all the things they sound as though they mean." So the Rain Drops rained cheerfully after that.

Applied Science.

Johnnie was studying his catechism and asked his mother about the Garden of Paradise. She told him the story of God's making Eve out of the rib of Adam, and he thought a minute and said:

"Mamma, do you think God could make a lady out of one of papa's ribs?"

Hot Scotch.

Scot Sergeant (drilling some raw recruits)—Hoo is it ye dianna tur-r-r about when Ah aboot tur-r-r-n-ye? Can ye one'er-r-stan' guid King's Eng lish?—Passing Show.

Germany Disgusted.

Elihu Root, on his return from Russia, said at a dinner in New York:

"Germany, while I was abroad, tried very hard for a separate peace. She soon gave up, however, disgustedly declaring that the allies were more inclined for separate pieces."

From One Who Has Tried.

"What is the distinction between insurance and assurance?" "Takes one to sell the other."

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Not a Bit of Use.

There was some speculation as to whether the instrument would benefit the old gentleman or not. One was holding the ear trumpet, while another was explaining its use and showing old Mr. Shortcath how to hold it to his ear.

"Say something to him through it, Binks," said one to the other.

Now Binks had long waited for an opportunity to reach Mr. Shortcath's ear, so, speaking very distinctly into the trumpet he said:

"You've not paid me that five dollars you owe me yet, Mr. Shortcath."

But the old gentleman put the instrument down with disappointment on his face, and they could see it was a failure even before he had time to say:

"That thing's not a bit of use to me."

And he sighed, but his sigh was not so deep as that which came from Binks.

### RED FACES AND RED HANDS

Soothed and Healed by Cuticura—Sample Each Free by Mail.

Treatment for the face: On rising and retiring smear affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For the hands: Soak them in a hot lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and rub in Cuticura Ointment.

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

Sparked the Kitty.

The little black kitten hid under the veranda and refused to come out and be friends again with Polly. Mamma found the little girl in tears, and asked the cause of the trouble.

"Kitty scratched me, so I was 'bliged to spank her an' now she won't play with me," sobbed Polly.

"If you spank kitty, she won't love you," explained mamma.

"I didn't know 'bout that," replied the little one miserably, "cause you spank me an' I love you just the same."

### Don't Neglect Kidneys

Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Prescription, Overcomes Kidney Trouble

It is now conceded by physicians that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and do a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

The kidneys should receive some assistance when needed. We take less exercise, drink less water and often eat more rich, heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended. Evidence of kidney trouble, such as lame back, annoying bladder troubles, smarting or burning, brick-dust or sediment, shallow complexion, rheumatism, maybe weak or irregular heart action, warns you that your kidneys require help immediately to avoid more serious trouble.

An ideal herbal compound that has had most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. There is nothing else like it. It is Dr. Kilmer's prescription used in private practice and it is sure to benefit you. Get a bottle from your druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Adv.

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From One Who Has Tried.

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# WRIGLEY'S



## S. O. S. Send Over Some WRIGLEY'S

Keep your soldier or sailor boy supplied. Give him the lasting refreshment, the protection against thirst, the help to appetite and digestion afforded by Wrigley's.

It's an outstanding feature of the war—"All the British Army is chewing it."

AFTER EVERY MEAL



## The Flavor Lasts

For thousands of women, baking-day has been converted from anxiety to certain results; they use

# HELIOTROPE THE ALWAYS RELIABLE FLOUR

The one wheat flour, at least, that is excellent for all purposes.

Ask your grocer—Oklahoma City Mill & Elevator Co. OKLAHOMA CITY

Dr. D. N. Fallor retires after 32 years of teaching in Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. M. Sutton, dead in Wilkesbarre, leaves \$500,000 "for a home for aged men of probity."

How's This? We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Prepared for Emergencies. Danny was looking at a picture of Elijah going to heaven in a chariot of fire. Pointing to the halo on the prophet's head, Danny exclaimed: "See mamma, he's carrying an extra tire!"

# A Letter From Washington

The Food Administrator Writes Us: "The use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours instead of patent wheat flour is recommended by the Conservation Division of the Food Administration. The wheat needed for export is thus conserved, and at the same time healthful food for our own people is provided. The circulation of recipes providing for these uses would be of assistance in carrying out our plans."

The following recipes for Corn Bread and Rye Rolls save wheat flour and make attractive and wholesome food for every day when made with

# DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

- CORN BREAD**
    - 1 1/2 cups corn meal
    - 1 cup flour
    - 4 level teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder
    - 1 tablespoon sugar
    - 1 teaspoon salt
    - 1 1/2 cups milk
    - 2 tablespoons shortening
  - RYE ROLLS**
    - 2 cups rye flour
    - 1/2 teaspoon salt
    - 3 level teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder
    - 1/2 cup milk
    - 1/2 tablespoon shortening
- Sift dry ingredients together, add milk and shortening. Knead on floured board; shape into place 20 to 25 minutes. Bake in moderate to 30 minutes.
- Mix thoroughly dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening; beat well; pour into well greased pan and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.
- Our red, white and blue booklet "Best War Time Recipes" containing additional similar sent free on request. Address Dept. W., 1001 Independence Boulevard, Chicago

Kealty Company notice of said election, County Judge directed

## THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

to Enter the Railroad Service

The Fort Worth & Denver City Railway desires to receive applications for consideration to fill vacancies that may now or hereafter exist in the following capacities:

### FREIGHT TRAIN BRAKEMEN

Apply G. T. Grove, trainmaster, Childress, Texas.  
J. A. Murphy, trainmaster, Wichita Falls, Texas.

### LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

Apply J. H. Kelley, traveling engineer, Childress, Texas. (Applicants are required to pass physical examination).

### MACHINISTS (Experienced)

Apply L. L. Dawsch, supt. motive power, Childress, Texas.

### TELEGRAPH OPERATORS

Apply O. R. Bodeen, chief dispatcher, Childress, Texas.  
F. H. Schaffer, chief dispatcher, Wichita Falls.

### COAL SHOVELERS

Apply C. M. Buck, fuel agent, Childress, Texas.

### Users of Intoxicants Need Not Apply

The local freight agent at any of our stations will explain the working conditions and give any further information desired about approximate wages and the positions will produce. If any further information is desired, write

## H. A. GAUSEWITZ

Gen. Supt., F. D. & D. C. Ry. Co. Ft. Worth, Texas

### Alanreed News.

Fifteen years ago Tuesday Dr. Coppedge came to Alanreed and located as a physician and druggist, and cast his lot in the Panhandle and has grown up with the country. He has done no practice in the last year and a half, and is developing the drug business. Last Saturday he and his wife had been married 22 years. As I have not written for some time, I tell you these things that you may know about your Uncle John.

Alanreed is building two good brick buildings. One, on the west side of the street is nearly finished, and the west end is of same is now occupied by Dr. Coppedge with his drug store. The east end this building is to be occupied by Blakney & Yocham with a general mercantile store. A second story, 30x60 feet, is being built for a Masonic hall. The building on the east side of the street, which is to be a garage for W. J. Ball, will be finished in a short time. This building is to be 35x90 feet, and the upper story will be used as a W. O. W. hall and for other purposes. The Ball building was wrecked in July and the Blakney & Yocham building in October by wind storms. These buildings will cost over \$10,000 when completed.

On last Sunday two couples of Alanreed young folks went to McLean and were united in marriage by Rev. Jones, Nazarene minister; Jack Steger to Miss Willie Melknight, and Mr. Osborn to Miss Alice Hayes. We wish these two married couples success and happiness.

Prof. J. W. Kolb as principal, assisted by Miss Minnie Jackson and Mrs. J. M. Blackwell, are teaching a splendid school in Alanreed and have nearly 100 pupils in attendance.

Very little ear corn was made here this year, but we had some fairly good late feed crops. I rather fear the people are selling off their feed crops a little too close and will have to ship in and buy other feed at a higher price.

The judicious Panhandler will not predict about anything, yet I am hoping and wishing for a world peace to be arranged between December 1917 and March 1918. Let us work and pray for it, is the prayer of

UNCLE JOHN.

**LAND WANTED.**—I have customers for two or three half sections, and for one, two, three and four section ranches in Gray and adjoining counties. If you want to sell, list with me, as I see the buyers and am always ready to go. J. T. Warren, Clarendon, Texas.

The Pentacostal folks have prayer meeting every Thursday night, and services at 3 p. m. every Sunday at the home of E. T. Turner, in the east part of town. All are invited. R. C. Patty

The organization of a Red Cross was perfected at Channing last week. Mrs. Richardson former Editress of The News was elected to a responsible official position.

H. C. Jackson of Canyon died one day recently, after having been in bad health for four years. He is survived by his wife, seven children and one brother.

For Sale.—A kitchen range, nearly new; kitchen cabinet, in good condition, and some linoleum, at bargain prices. J. E. Cubine. 4p

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church met with Mrs. George Cash Tuesday afternoon.

E. F. Young of Pampa was in town Sunday.

### Drinking Responsible For The Shortage of Coal.

Drunkennes causes more delay in the shipment and handling of coal along the New England water front than any other single factor according to speakers at the conference between officials of the United States Shipping Board, the Massachusetts Public Safety Committee and owners of coal barges and tugs in the State House, Boston, yesterday, when the owners opposed the pooling of coal carriers as recommended by James J. Storrow, chairman Boston Coal Committee. Practically every address emphasized this point, some adding that the labor problem delayed shipment, in practically every case, and that most of this trouble was due to intoxication.

Raymond B. Stevens, Vice-President of the United States Shipping Board, presided at the meeting, and after recognizing the trend of the speeches, interrupted with the query, "Why not try National Prohibition?"

Robert Grant, of the New England Coal & Coke Company, said: "The greatest cause of delay to prompt delivery of coal in New England is due to labor, as intoxication is common."—Christian Science Monitor.

W. D. Biggers, teacher in the Groom public school, came down with the basket ball boys Saturday, and before he left town called on The News to find out about his standing on the subscription book. We looked and found him paid up in advance for four months. As he had started to write a check and we knew it was not his intention to create any "impossible" ambitions, we didn't try to hurt him. Right here and now we want to beg of our subscribers that are paid up in advance to please be merciful.

Want to trade for a half section of land in Gray county, and want to put in some good residence property in Clarendon as part pay. If you want to make any kind of real estate deal write, phone or come to see me. J. T. Warren, Clarendon, Texas.

W. P. Dial of Memphis was in our city Monday.

## Save the Waste and Win the War

### \$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

## Through Service

TO

Okl. City, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Memphis, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, El Paso, and Los Angeles

VIA



For rates, reservations or other information, write, phone or call on

D. A. DAVIS  
Agent, McLean

—OR—  
A. PETERSON  
General Agt. Amarillo

### Church Directory

#### Methodist Church.

Sunday School 10 a. m. every Sunday, W. W. Wilson, Supt. Preaching at McLean 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays, morning and evening. Alanreed 2nd Sunday morning and evening. Carpenter School house 1st Sunday 3:30 p. m. Eldridge School house, 2d Sunday 3:30 p. m. Heald school house, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p. m. Gray School house, 4th Sunday 3:30 p. m. Woman's Missionary Society 2 p. m. every Tuesday, Mrs. S. A. Cousins, president. Stewards' meeting 4th 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 at 10 o'clock. C. S. Rice, Supt. 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 Alanreed 1st and 3rd Sunday morning and evening. Church Conference Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 a. m. G. E. Castleberry, Church Clerk and Treasurer. Sunday School at 10 a. m. W. H. Gibson, Supt. 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. F. 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. K. 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. G. 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 W. Hudgins

Erick, Oklahoma

Expert Watch Repairing and Engraving

Write me for anything you want and it will be sent on approval, prepaid.

### The Gallant Kaiser.

Kaiser Bill went up the hill To take a whack at France; Kaiser Bill came down the hill With bullets in his pants. —Pathfinder.

D. J. Haynes of Granite, Okla., is here this week, visiting his mother, who is ill, and other relatives.



## Leaky Barns Drain Profits

Cows can't give a big milk yield, horses can't do a full day's work when they are kept in barns whose leaky sides and roof permit rain and snow to swirl in on their unprotected backs.

Humanity aside, it is good business for you to keep your barn in repair—your livestock will show their appreciation by paying for the repair job in increased profits to you.

ROOFING, LUMBER, PAINT, GLASS, ETC.

We have a complete line of all kinds of building supplies and can fill your order without delay.

WESTERN LUMBER CO.

## 19

### Something Worth While to Remember

We want you to learn this number—to get it so impressed on your mind that when you go to telephone for anything in the line of

Grain, Feed, Cotton Seed Products or Coal

the first thought that will come into your mind will be of Number 19, which stands for Service, Quality, and a Square Deal. WE ARE IN THE MARKET FOR HIDES.

HENRY & CHENEY GRAIN CO.

I've got more hogs than money; want to find a man with more money than hogs. Have about 100 about six weeks old; have also a number of sows and mules for sale. E. F. Young.

F. L. Coffee of White Deer and Miss May Younger of Denver, Colo., met in Amarillo on Wednesday of last week and were married. Mr. Coffee has a ranch near White Deer and the happy couple will reside there.

Deliver meat from 7 to 11. Please phone your order. Meat Market. 2t

As a general thing, a man's trousers look better when he is wearing a long overcoat.

## THRESHING NOTICE

I will be here on or after the 15th of November with a good threshing rig. I solicit your threshing—heads or bundles—at the customary price. For further information write

W. O. Fortenbury, at Groom