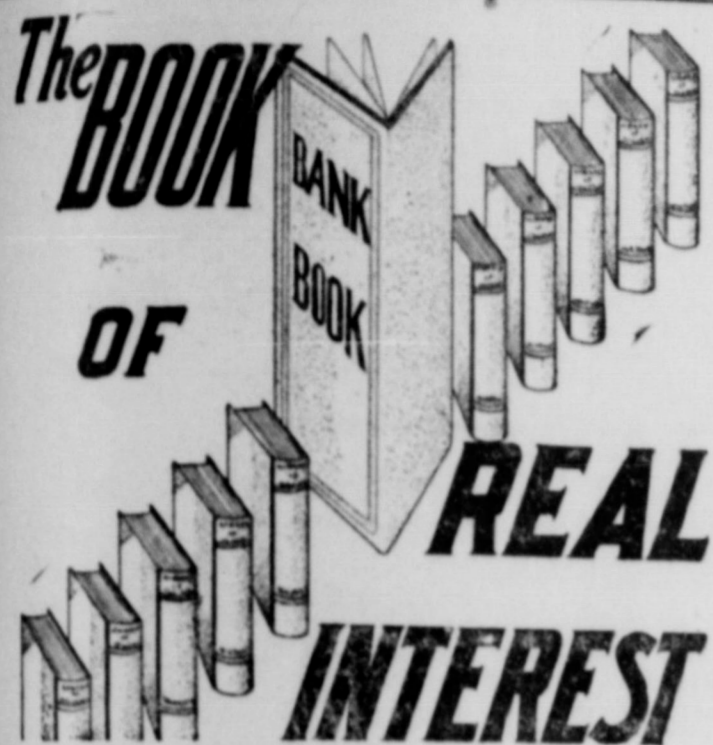


The McLean News

TENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1914

NO 45



There is a book that as long as it is open its pages never lose interest, and each entry provides and proves its growing interest. The book is small but mighty, for it is a bank book.

BANK WITH US. A CONSERVATIVE INSTITUTION.

CITIZENS STATE BANK
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From Over The Panhandle

The Santa Fe Depot at Pampa burned Tuesday morning of last week. It is claimed a cat or dog overturned the kerosene lamp in the absence of the agent.

The Canadian Record celebrated its 22nd birthday with last week's issue. It has been under three managements, and has always been in a flourishing condition.

The Crockett Cattle Company, with a capital stock of \$60,000, all paid was organized at a meeting last week. They purchased a big ranch in that vicinity.

Virgil O. Strickeer, Member of the Board of Lectureship of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, lectured at Hereford Tuesday night of last week to a large and appreciative audience.

The students of the Claude high school have organized two societies, the Freshmen and Sophomores belonging to one and the Juniors and Seniors to the other. They meet alternately each Friday afternoon.

The Glazier Review reports a wonderful building activity in that section, listing some twenty-six new houses or additions and some twenty-three new barns, granaries and silos under construction.

The board of Trustees of the Memphis public school have awarded the contract for their high school building to Fred Bone of Amarillo, the consideration being \$27,915, minus the heating plant.

The girls' basket ball team of Miami won over the Canadian team with a score of 20 to 5. The boys' foot ball team defeated the Canadian team by a large score.

The Vega Sentinel states that a bucket nearly full of water, a layer of chaffey or other feed an inch deep, will catch all the rats on the place. The bucket should be iron or tin.

The Channing public school has arranged a big spelling match with Dalhart spellers to take place Nov. 13th.

Address On Peace By Champ Clark

Perhaps—who knows?—when President Wilson has finished his course as Chief Magistrate of this mighty Republic, and when historians come to assign his place in the pantheon of fame, they will pass over the great domestic measures of his administration, such as tariff revision, currency regulation, and so forth, and declare that his successful efforts to keep the United States out of war constitute his clearest title to the gratitude of his country.

In his famous first inaugural address, which has become a classic, and which every boy and girl should commit to memory as a literary exercise, Thomas Jefferson stated our ideal relations with foreign nations in these words: "Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliance with none"—words fitly spoken, and therefore "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

That is the sum and substance of our international creed, to which we have adhered without the shadow of turning. A wiser or a nobler creed no nation ever had.

Its latest exposition is found in the terse, luminous, emphatic opportune neutrality message of President Woodrow Wilson—a proclamation which all good and sensible citizens, of whatever persuasion, political or religious, uphold and applaud.

The Randall County News reports a four and a half inch rain in that country last week.

Tom Hinson was convicted of murder and given a sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary at Amarillo last week. He killed W. D. Collier at that place about three weeks ago.

The Clarendon College again defeated the Seth Ward College on the home ground at Plainview Monday. The score was 13 to 0.

The contract for the \$200,000 Government building at Amarillo has been let and work is to begin at once. Sub-contracts have been let to various Amarillo firms.

Americans are a peace-loving people. We believe in John Milton's fine saying: "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." President Wilson expressed with great delicacy and felicity the sentiment of all true Americans when he tendered his kindly offices to the belligerent powers in order to stop the titanic struggle across the sea. Fortunate in his coign of vantage, happy in the confidence of a powerful people, let us hope that he will succeed in his philanthropic endeavors, and that upon him will rest the blessing vouchsafed to the peacemakers in the Sermon on the Mount.

When a boy back in the hill country of Kentucky I attended an election for the first time and saw four men shot during the day. One man fired six bullets at another man, and, missing his intended victim, wounded an innocent bystander in the leg. In this astounding Old World conflict America is the severely wounded and innocent bystander and from a natural desire not to be injured any more, as well as from motives of friendship and humanity, we wish to see a speedy end to hostilities.

The first reason why we desire peace in trans-Atlantic countries is that we are all akin to somebody over there, and our hearts go out to our kindred in their sore distress. This applies to us all, whether our ancestors came over 300 years ago, as mine did, or at a later time. It applies with peculiar force to our 10,000,000 citizens who were born in the countries now in battle array.

Another reason why we want peace is that the war has disturbed almost every business in which any of our people are engaged, entailing sorrow, suffering and want on millions of Americans who had no hand whatsoever in precipitating the awful situation.

Who started it no man seems to know. What it is about seems equally obscure. In his celebrated poem, "Blenheim," Southey caused old Casper to give his grandson, Peterkin, a glowing account of the battle, whereupon the boy propounded the pertinent and far resounding question, "What good came of it at last?"—a question that has not been answered to this day. So, perhaps, it will be with this war—the bloodiest in all the hoary register of time.

No matter who got it up, no matter what it is about, we fondly hope and fervently pray for its early conclusion, not only for the sake of humanity and civilization, but for the sake of our own prosperity and happiness. We take both an altruistic and a selfish view of it.

In 1823 when the Greeks rebelled against the Turks, Daniel Webster in a memorable speech appealed to "the moral sentiment of the world," which has never been appealed to in vain. The noblest words that ever fell from material lips were General Grant's—"Let us have peace!"

Good men and good women will continue their unselfish and humane labors for peace till this

JACK FROST HAS APPEARED

Cold weather will soon be upon us.

You had better weatherboard that boxed house and get ready for winter. Also repair up those sheds and lots. We have the material to do this with and would be glad to

Figure With You On The Bill

How about your coal supply. Don't overlook the coal box. We have a good supply of NIGGERHEAD COAL.

Call And See Us

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McLean, Texas

Phone 3

Largest Library In The South

There have been more books added to the library of the University of Texas during the past two than were years in the library twelve or fifteen years ago. By binding, gift and purchase, the library has gained in the last two years above 22,000 volumes. During this period, 363,832 books were circulated, and about 13,000 books were catalogued.

The library now holds above 100,000 volumes, which is the largest library in the South. Increased service has made the employment of six more assistants necessary this year.

stupendous struggle is closed and until—

"The war drums throb no longer.

And the battle flags are furled

in The Parliament of man—

The Federation of the

World."

300 Pounder Is "Some Boy"

A large sample of a boy came in from the south Wednesday and will make this his home. He was Ernest Ashcraft, aged 10 years and weighed exactly 300 pounds. The boy was accompanying his parents. Several daughters were also in the family all of normal size. The family will make their home near Lakeview in this county. There was another boy in the family four years older who died not long since. He weighed over 500 pounds at the time of his death. Both boys has been quite normal and the one now living has never been sick.—Memphis Democrat.

Read The NEWS

Service and Solidity The Banking Requisites

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

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

CAPITAL \$25,000.00
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(GUARANTY FUND BANK)

McLean, Texas

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INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

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You will soon need a heating stove, we have the Vortex Hot Blast and Round



Oak
two of
the
best
stoves
on the
market. Come in and get
our prices.

Headquarters for every thing in the hardware line.

**McLean Hardware
Company**

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of "The Fighting Frontier," "The Hidden Waters," "The Texican," Etc. Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently had spent a large sum of money in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey arrive at Fortuna, near where the Eagle Tail mine is located. They engage Cruz Mendez to acquire the title for them and begin preliminary work. Aragon accuses them of jumping his claim. Hooker discovers that matrimonial entanglements prevent Mendez from acquiring a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Gracia Aragon, decides to turn Mexican and acquire the title. Aragon fails in his attempt to drive them off the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinity. A rich vein of gold is struck and work on the mine is stopped until the title can be perfected. Phil is arrested by Manuel del Rey, captain of the rurales and tutor of Gracia's. He is released on promise to stay away from Gracia. Phil is forced to enlist in the rurales. He asks Bud to take care of Gracia. The rebels are defeated in a fierce battle near Fortuna. Phil deserts and returns to the United States. Bud turns Mexican and takes steps to secure title to the mine in his own name.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

He looked the adobe house over thoughtfully, listened long to the news of the border and of the rurales' raid on their camp, and retired to the rocks for the night. Even Bud never knew where he slept—somewhere up on the hillside—in caves or clefts in the rocks—and not even the most pressing invitation could make him share the house for a night. To Amigo, as to an animal, a house was a trap; and he knew that the times were treacherous.

So indeed they were, as Hooker was to learn to his sorrow, and but for the Yaqui and his murderous knife he might easily have learned it too late. It was evening, after a rainless day, and Bud was cooking by the open fire, when suddenly Amigo vanished and four men rode in from above. They were armed with rifles, as befitted the times, but gave no signs of ruffianly bravado, and after a few words Bud invited them to get down and eat.

"Muchas gracias, señor," said the leader, dismounting and laying his rifle against a log. "We are not hungry."

"Then have some coffee," invited Hooker, who made it a point to feed every one who stopped, regardless of their merit; and once more the Mexican declined. At this Bud looked at him sharply, for his refusal did not augur well, and it struck him the man's face was familiar. He was tall for a Mexican and heavily built, but with a rather sinister cast of countenance.

"Where have I seen you before?" asked Bud, after trying in vain to place him. "In Fortuna."

"No, señor," answered the Mexican politely. "I have never been in that city. Is it far?"

"Ten miles by the trail," responded Hooker, by no means reassured, and under pretext of inviting them to eat, he took a look at the other men. If they had not stopped to eat, what then was their errand while the sun was sinking so low? And why this sullen refusal of the coffee which every Mexican drinks?

Bud stepped into the house, as if on some errand, and watched them unseen from the interior. Seeing them exchange glances then, he leaned his rifle just inside the door and went about his cooking.

It was one of the chances he took, living out in the brush, but he had come to know this low-browed type of semi-bandit all too well and had small respect for their courage. In case of trouble Amigo was close by in the rocks somewhere, probably with his gun in his hand—but with a little patience and circumspection the unwelcome visitors would doubtless move on.

So he thought, but instead they lingered, and when supper was cooked he decided to go to a show-down—and if they again refused to eat he would send them on their way.

"Ven amigos," he said, spreading out the tin plates for them. "Come and eat!"

The three low-brows glared at their leader, who had done what little talking there was so far, and, seized with a sudden animation, he immediately rose to his feet.

"Many thanks, señor," he said with a cringing and specious politeness. "We have come far and the trail is long, so we will eat. The times are hard for poor men now—this traitor, Madero, has made us all hungry. It is by him that we poor working men are driven to insurrection—but we know that the Americans are our friends. Yes, señor, I will take some of your beans, and thank you."

He filled a plate as he spoke and lifted a biscuit from the oven, continuing with his false patter while the others fell to in silence.

"Perhaps you have heard, señor," he went on, "the saying which is in the land: Mucho trabajo, poco dinero; no hay frijoles, viva Madero! [Much work, little money; no beans, long live Madero!]

"That, in truth, is no jest to the Mexican people. This man has betrayed us all; he has ruined the country and set brother against brother. And now, while we starve because the mines are shut down, he gathers his family about him in the city and lives fat on the money he has stolen."

He ran on in this style, after the fashion of the revolutionists, and by the very commencement of his fulminations Bud was thrown completely off his guard. That was the way they all talked, these worthless bandit-beggars—that and telling how they loved the Americans—and then, if they got a chance, they would stick a knife in your back.

He listened to the big man with a polite toleration, being careful not to turn his back, and ate a few bites as he waited, but though it was coming dusk the Mexicans were in no hurry to depart. Perhaps they hoped to stop for the night and get him in his sleep. Still they lingered on, the leader sitting on a log and continuing his harangue.

Then, in the middle of a sentence, and while Bud was bending over the fire, the Mexican stopped short and leaned to one side. A tense silence fell, and Hooker was waked from his trance by the warning click of a gun-lock. Suddenly his mind came back to his guests, and he ducked like a flash, but even as he went down he heard the hammer clack!

The gun had snapped! Instantly Hooker's hand leaped to his pistol and he fired from the hip pointblank at the would-be murderer. With a yell to the others, one of the Mexicans sprang on him from behind and tried to bear him down. They struggled for a moment while Bud shot blindly with his pistol and went down fighting.

Bud was a giant compared to the stunted Mexicans, and he threw them about like dogs that hang on to a bear. With a man in each hand he rose to his feet, crushing them down beneath him; then, in despair of shaking off his rider, he staggered a few steps and hurled himself over backward into the fire.

A yell of agony followed their fall and, as the live coals bit through the Mexican's thin shirt, he fought like a cat to get free. Rocks, pots and kettles were kicked in every direction, and when Hooker leaped to his feet the Mexican scrambled up and rushed madly for the creek.

But, though Bud was free, the battle had turned against him, for in the brief interval of his fight the other two Mexicans had run for their guns. The instant he rose they covered him. Their chief, who by some miracle had escaped Bud's shot, gave a shout for



Threw Them About Like Dogs That Hang Onto a Bear.

them to halt. Cheated of his victim at the first he was claiming the right to kill.

As Hooker stood blinded by the smoke and ashes the fellow took deliberate aim—and once more his rifle snapped. Then, as the other Mexicans stood aghast, surprised at the failure of the shot, the cannonlike whang of a Mauser rent the air and the leader crumpled down in a heap.

An instant later a shrill yell rose from up the canyon and, as the two Mexicans started and stared, Amigo came dashing in upon them, a spitting pistol in one hand and his terrible "wood-chopping" knife brandished high in the other.

In the dusk his eyes and teeth gleamed white, his black hair seemed to bristle with fury, and the glint of his long knife made a light as he vaulted over the last rock and went plunging on their track. For, at the first glance at this huge, pursuing figure, the two Mexicans had turned and bolted like rabbits, and now, as the Yaqui whirled in after them, Bud could hear them squealing and scrambling

as he hunted them down among the rocks.

It was grim work, too, even for his stomach, but Hooker let the Indian follow his nature. When Amigo came back from his hunting there was no need to ask questions. His eyes shone so terribly that Hooker said nothing, but set about cleaning up camp.

After he had washed the ashes from his eyes, and when the fury had vanished from Amigo's face, they went as by common consent and gazed at the body of the chief of the desperadoes. Even in death his face seemed strangely familiar; but as Hooker stood gazing at him the Yaqui picked up his gun.

"Look!" he said, and pointed to a bullet-splash where, as the Mexican held the gun across his breast, Bud's pistol shot had flattened harmlessly against the lock. It was that which had saved the Mexican chief from instant death, and the jar of the shot had doubtless broken the rifle and saved Bud, in turn, from the second shot.

All this was in the Yaqui's eye as he carefully tested the action; but, when he threw down the lever, a cartridge rose up from the magazine and glided smoothly into the breach. With a rifle full of cartridges the ignorant Mexican had been snapping on an empty chamber, not knowing enough to jack up a shell!

For a moment Amigo stared at the gun and the man, and his mouth drew down with contempt.

"Ha! Pendejo!" he grunted, and kicked the corpse with his foot.

But if the Mexican had been a fool, he had paid the price, for the second time he snapped his gun Amigo had shot him through and through.

CHAPTER XX.

In a country where witnesses to a crime are imprisoned along with the principals and kept more or less indefinitely in jail, a man thinks twice before he reports to the police.

With four dead Mexicans to the Yaqui's account, and Del Rey in charge of the district, Hooker followed his second thought—he said nothing, and took his chances on being arrested for murder. Until far into the night Amigo busied himself along the hillside, and when the sun rose not a sign remained to tell the story of the fight.

Men, horses, saddles and guns—all had disappeared. And, after packing a little food in a sack, Amigo disappeared also, with a grim smile in promise of return.

The sun rose round and hot, the same as usual; the south wind came up and blew into a belying mass of clouds, which lashed back with the accustomed rain; and when all the earth was washed clean and fresh the last trace of the struggle was gone. Only by the burns on his hands was Hooker aware of the fight and of the treachery which had reared its head against him like a snake which has been warmed and fed.

Nowhere but in Mexico, where the low pelado classes have made such deeds a subtlety, could the man be found to dissimulate like that false assassin-in-chief. To pause suddenly in a protracted speech, swing over and pick up a gun, and halt his victim for the shooting by the preparatory click of the lock—that indeed called for a brand of cunning rarely found in the United States.

There was one thing about the affair that vaguely haunted Hooker—why was it that a man so cunning as that had failed to load his gun? Twice, and with everything in his favor, he had raised his rifle to fire; and both times it had snapped in his hands. Certainly he must have been inepet at arms—or accustomed to single-shot guns.

The reputed magic of the swift-firing rifles evidently had been his undoing, but where had he got his new gun? And who was he, anyway? With those two baffling questions Bud wrestled as he sat beside his door, and at evening his answer came.

The sun was swinging low and he was collecting wood down the gulch for a fire when, with a sudden thud of hoofs, a horseman rounded the point and came abruptly to a halt. It was Aragon, and he was spying on the camp.

For a full minute he scanned the house, tent and mine with a look so snaky and sinister that Bud could read his heart like a book. Here was the man who had sent the assassins, and he had come to view their work!

Very slowly Bud's hand crept toward his six-shooter but, slight as was the motion, Aragon caught it and sat frozen in his place. Then, with an inarticulate cry, he fell flat on his horse's neck and went spurring out of sight.

The answer to Bud's questions was very easy now. The Mexican who had led the attempt on his life was one of Aragon's bad men, one of the four gunmen whom Hooker had looked over so carefully when they came to drive him from the mine, and Aragon had fitted him out with new arms to make the result more sure. But with that question answered there came up another and another until, in a sudden clarity of vision, Bud saw through the hellish plot and beheld himself the master.

As man to man, Aragon would not dare to face him now, for he knew that he merited death. By his sly approach, by the look in his eyes and the dismay of his frontal retreat, he had acknowledged more surely than by words his guilty knowledge of the raid. Coming to a camp where he expected to find all dead and still, he had found himself face to face with the very man he had sought to kill. How, then, had the American escaped destruction, and what had occurred to his men?

was raging at his hirelings because they had shirked their task; perhaps, not knowing that they were dead, he was waiting in a fever of impatience for them to accomplish the deed. However it was, Bud saw that he held the high card, and he was not slow to act.

In the morning he saddled Copper Bottom, who had been confined to the corral for weeks, and went galloping into town. There he lingered about the hotel until he saw his man and started boldly toward him. Surprise, alarm and pitiful fear chased themselves across Aragon's face as he stood, but Bud walked proudly by.

"Good morning, señor!" was all Bud said, but the look in his eyes was eloquent of a grim hereafter.

And instead of hurrying back to guard his precious mine Hooker loitered carelessly about town. His



The Artillery Drove Them Back.

mine was safe now—and he was safe. Aragon dared not raise a hand. So he sat himself down on the broad veranda and listened with boyish interest to Don Juan's account of the war.

"What, have you not heard of the battle?" cried proudly Don Juan, delighted to have a fresh listener. "Agua Negra has been taken and retaken, and the railroad will soon be repaired. My gracious! have you been out in the hills that long? Why, it was two weeks ago that the rebels captured the town by a coup, and eight days later the federals took it back.

"Ah, there has been a real war, Mr. Bud! You who have laughed at the courage of the Mexicans, what do you think of Bernardo Bravo and his men? They captured the last up train from Fortuna; loaded all the men into the ore cars and empty coaches; and, while the federals were still in their barracks, the train ran clear into the station and took the town by storm.

"And eight days later, at sundown, the federals took it back. Ah, there was awful slaughter averted, señor! But for the fact that the fuse went out two hundred Yaqui Indians who led the charge would have been blown into eternity.

"Yes, so great was the charge of dynamite that the rebels had laid in their mine that not a house in Agua Negra would have been left standing if the fuse had done its work. Two tons of dynamite! Think of that, my friend!

"But these rebels were as ignorant of its power as they were of laying a train. The Yaquis walked into the town at sundown and found it deserted—every man, woman and child had fled to Gadsden and the rebels had fled to the west."

"But listen, here was the way it happened—actually, and not as common report has it, for the country is all in an uproar and the real facts were never known. When Bernardo Bravo captured the town of Agua Negra the people acclaimed his hero.

"He sent word to the junta at El Paso and set up a new form of government. All was enthusiasm, and several Americans joined his ranks to operate the machine guns and cannon. As for the federals, they occupied the country to the east and attempted a few sallies, but as they had nothing but their rifles, the artillery drove them back.

"Then, as the battle ceased, the rebels began to celebrate their victory. They broke into the closed cantinas, disobeying their officers and beginning the looting of the town, and while half of their number were drunk the federals, being informed of their condition, suddenly advanced upon them, with the Yaquis far in the lead.

"They did not shoot, those Yaquis; but, dragging their guns behind them, they crept up through the bushes and dug pits quite close to the lines. Then, when the rebels discovered them and manned their guns, the Yaquis shot down the gunners.

"Growing bolder, they crept farther to the front—the rebels became disorganized, their men became mutinous—and at last, when they saw they would surely be taken, the leaders buried two tons of dynamite in the trenches by the bull-ring and set a time-fuse, to explode when the Yaquis arrived.

"The word spread through the town like wildfire—all the people, all the soldiers fed every which way to escape—and then, when the worst was expected to happen, the dynamite failed to explode and the Yaquis rushed the trenches at sundown."

"Did those Yaquis know about the dynamite?" inquired Bud.

"Know?" repeated Don Juan, waving the thought away; "not a word! Their commanders kept it from them, even

after they discovered the mine. And now the Indians are making boasts; they are drunk with the thought of their valor and claim that the rebels fled from them alone."

"The roadmaster came into town this morning on a velocipede and said that the Yaquis are insufferable, thinking that it was their renown as fighters and not the news of the dynamite that drove all the soldiers from town."

"However, Agua Negra is once more in the hands of the government; the track is clear and most of the bridges repaired; so why quarrel with the Yaquis? While they are, of course, nothing but Indians, they serve their purpose in battle."

"Well, I guess yes!" responded Bud warmly. "Serve their purpose, eh? Where were those Mexican soldiers and their Spanish officers when the Yaquis were taking the town? And that was just like a dog-gone Mexican—settling that time-fuse and then not having it go off. More'n likely the poor yep that fired it was so scared he couldn't hold a match—probably never lit it, just dropped the match and run. They're a bum bunch, if you want to know what I think. I'd rather have a Yaqui than a hundred of 'em!"

"A hundred of whom?" inquired a cool voice behind him, and looking up Hooker saw the beautiful Gracia gazing out at him through the screen door.

"A hundred Mexicans!" he repeated, and Gracia murmured "Oh!" and was gone.

"Miss Aragon is very loyal to her country," observed Don Juan, but Hooker only grunted.

Somehow, since those four Mexicans had come to his camp, he had soured on everything south of the line; and even the charming Gracia could not make him take back his words. If she had intended the remark as a challenge—a subtle invitation to follow her and defend his faith—she failed for once, of her purpose, for if there was any particular man in Mexico that Bud hated more than another it was her false-hearted father.

Hooker had, in fact, thought more seriously of making her a half-orphan than of winning her good-will, and he lingered about the hotel, not to make love to the daughter, but to strike terror to Aragon.

The company being good, and a train being expected soon, Bud stayed over another day. In the morning, when he came down for breakfast, he found that Aragon had fled before him. With his wife, daughter and retinue, he had moved suddenly back to his home. Hooker grinned when Don Juan told him the news.

"Well, why not?" he asked, chuckling maliciously. "Here it's the middle of the rainy season and the war going on all summer and nary a rebel in sight. Where's that big fight you was telling about—the battle of Fortuna? You've made a regular fortune out of these refugees, Brachamonte, but I fail to see the enemy."

"Ah, you may laugh," shrugged the hotel-keeper, "but wait! The time will come. The rebels are lost now—some day, when you least expect it, they will come upon us and then, believe me, my guests will be glad they are here. What is a few weeks' bill compared to being held for ransom? Look at that rich Señor Luna, who was here for a time in the spring. Against my advice he hurried home and now he is paying the price. Ten thousand pesos it cost to save his wife and family, and for himself and son his friends advanced ten thousand more. I make no evil prophecies, but it would be better for our friend if he stayed on at my poor hotel."

"Whose friend?" inquired Bud bluffly, but Don Juan struck him upon the back with elephantine playfulness and hurried off to his duties.

As for Hooker, he tarried in town until he got his mail and a copy of the Sunday paper and then, well satisfied that the times were quiet and wars a thing of the past, he ambled back to the Eagle Tail and settled down for a rest.

Flat on his back by the doorway he lay on his bed and smoked, reading his way through the lurid supplement and watching the trail with one eye. Since the fight with Aragon's Mexicans all his apprehensions had left him. He had written briefly to Phil and Kruger, and now he was holding the fort.

It had been a close shave, but he had escaped the cowardly assassins and had Aragon in his power. Not by any force of law, but by the force of fear and the gnawing weakness of Aragon's own evil conscience.

Aragon was afraid of what he had done, but it was the suspense which rendered him so pitiable. On a day he had sent four armed Mexicans to kill this Texan—not one had returned, and the Texan regarded him sneeringly. This it was that broke the Spaniard's will, for he knew not what to think. But as for Bud, he lay on his back by the doorway and laughed at the funny page.

As he sprawled there at his reading, Amigo came in from the hills, and he, too, was content to relax. Gravely scanning the colored sheet, his dark face lighted up.

It was all very peaceful and pleasant, but it was not destined to last.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Real Boss.
Wigg—"Young Bjonas thinks he is a born leader." Wagge—"Oh, many a fellow who thinks he was born to command marries a woman who was born to countermand."—Philadelphia Record.

In All Men's Power.
It is prodigious the quantity of goods that may be done by one man if he will make a business of it.—Benjamin Franklin.

A GOOD COMPLEXION GUARANTEED. USE ZONA POMADE

the beauty powder compressed with healing agents, you will never be annoyed by pimples, blackheads or facial blemishes. If not satisfied after thirty days' trial your dealer will exchange for 50c in other goods. Zona has satisfied for twenty years—try it at our risk. At dealers or mailed, 50c.

ZONA COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS

GUNS

A man who drinks from the cup of sorrow has no siphon on the side.

Hanford's Balsam is good for blood poisoning. Adv.

Adam had his faults, but he was never sued for breach of promise.

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundryman happy, makes clothes whiter than snow, All good grocers. Adv.

Feed a woman on flattery and she won't miss your bread and cheese and kisses.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

There are 1,442 pensioners of the Mexican war of 1846-8 still on the rolls.

For the Human System. For cuts, burns, bruises, stiff neck, sore throat, sprains, lame back and bunions, use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. It is guaranteed. It is for external use only. Always have a bottle on hand, ready for accidents. Adv.

Strategy Illustrated. First Urchin—Say, Chimmie, what's dis strategy 'ing dey talk about? Second Urchin—Well, it's like dis: Supposin' yer run out of ammunition an' yer don't want de enemy ter know it, den it's strategy ter keep on f'in'.

Heavy Pasturing Condemned. Heavy pasturing of alfalfa is not advised. The number of animals per acre should be so regulated that two or three small cuttings of hay may be taken from the field. This is necessary to insure tender green growth for grazing. When little buds begin to shoot at the base of the stalk the alfalfa should be cut. In a very few days a fresh new growth makes its appearance. Overpasturing, without occasional cutting, also tends to injure the crowns of the plant and eventually destroys the stand.

Tender Spot. He was taking her for a ride in his new motor car. He seemed to be absent-minded and dreaming. "How time flies!" he exclaimed at last with a deep sigh.

"When is the next installment due?" she asked with a significant glance at his car.

And the very next evening he went out for another ride in his car, but with a girl who didn't know so much.

She Knew. A new drama was being rehearsed, and the two women who had prominent parts were not on the most friendly terms.

"In this scene," remarked the tall, stately blonde, "I am supposed to leave the stage at the rear, while you stand in the front facing the audience. What will be your cue to resume your lines?"

"Why," replied the glowing brunette, without hesitation, "the look of satisfaction on the faces in the audience."

Breakfasts of "Other Days" ran something like this:

Ham, bacon or sausage; fried potatoes; doughnuts and coffee—prepared by ever-worked mothers.

Today's and Tomorrow's Breakfasts run about like this:

Post Toasties

—with cream or fruits; a poached egg or two; crisp toast; and a cup of Postum—a royal starter for any day.

Quick, easy to serve, appetizing, and—

"Mother" was it easier!

—sold by Grocers.

THE McLEAN NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year \$1.00

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

Study Club Is Organized

On Monday afternoon a number of ladies who were interested in the organization of a study club met at the home of Mrs. W. H. Holt and effected an organization. The following officers were elected:

Mrs. W. H. Holt, president.
Mrs. S. B. Fast, vice president.

Mrs. S. E. Boyett, secretary.
Mrs. T. J. Coffey, treasurer.

After much discussion as to the name of the club a ballot was taken and the "McLean Study Club" was chosen. The president appointed various committees looking to the perfecting of the organization. It was also decided to meet twice each month on Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, alphabetically with the members. No definite course of study was decided upon at this meeting and perhaps it will be after the holidays before a regular course is adopted. In the meantime study programs will be arranged for each meeting.

On Friday afternoon of next week the club will meet at the home of Mrs. Boyett and every woman in this community who wants to devote a small part of her time to this class of work is cordially invited to be present and become a member.

The Election Is Quiet

The election held on Tuesday was quiet as elections go and only moderate interest was shown in the voting, there being less than two hundred votes cast at this box. The entire Democratic ticket as nominated in the July primary was elected with the exception of the office of Public Weigher, the nominee for this office, T. W. Petty, having died two weeks ago. For this place there were a number of aspirants and keen rivalry was manifested in the contest, which resulted in the election of A. W. Willard, who, by the way, was the second choice of the primary.

Over the United States generally small interest was manifested in the election, as compared with former years, and the only unusual result was the increased strength shown by the Republican party. Indications are that the Republicans will have an equal strength with the Democrats in the next Senate. The lower house was little changed.

Card of Thanks.

We take this method of thanking our many friends and acquaintances for their untiring acts of kindness during the long illness and death of our husband and father. Especially do we thank the lodges for their loving care for so many long weeks

A Lively Hallowe'en

Saturday night of last week was Halloween and the usually devastated appearance of the landscape greeted the eyes of local citizens on Sunday morning. Large bands, small detachments and great hordes of spooky prowlers invested the environs hereabout during the long night and every idea that presented itself to the youthful mind for the disarrangement of the general appearance of things was immediately put into action. Goods and chattels, including out buildings, were desecrated, decimated and disintegrated with a ruthless disregard of propriety or future necessity.

It is undoubtedly great fun for the younguns to caper about on Halloween night and indulge their vagaries at the expense and exasperation of the grown-ups—for grown-ups have forgotten that they were once of the same mind and heart—but it is devoutly hoped that there will yet appear on the scene a youthful mind capable of formulating some plan of action that does not include the overturning of outbuildings and the placing of wagon wheels on top of stores. While the employment of this method is undoubtedly ludicrous in the extreme, yet it should not be indulged as a funmaking matter as its great age would seem to entitle it to more dignified respect.

Lets not abate the Halloween fun, but lets discard this aged and decrepid device and coin a new and youthful diversion.

and each and every one for the beautiful floral offerings.
May God's richest blessings be yours.
Mrs. J. L. Crabtree and children

To Our Subscribers

This is the time of the year we expect to collect our delinquent subscriptions. If you are behind with us please come in and pay without our having to send you a "dun." If you are sending the paper to anyone—don't forget it.

We are glad to serve you and appreciate the patronage of one and all and will be glad to continue giving you the very best paper this field will support.

THE McLEAN NEWS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

Arthur Kachel Pleases Crowd.

The second number of the Lyceum course was staged at the school auditorium Friday evening of last week in the presence of a representative crowd of spectators. Arthur Kachel, who has an enviable reputation as an interpreter of plays, gave his own version of the famous play, "The Music Master," and those who appreciate this class of entertainment were loud in their praise of his efforts. There has probably never been a more beautiful play written than "The Music Master," and the lessons embodied in its portrayal of human character are most valuable to the attentive listener.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Biggers Bundy.

The announcement of the marriage of Ross Biggers and Miss Mildred Bundy came as a surprise to the many friends of both the young people. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents last Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, S. R. Jones, a minister of the Holiness faith and an uncle of the bride, performing the ceremony in the presence of only the immediate relatives.

These popular young people are too well known to need an introduction from us, but we feel it their due to say that probably no other young couple whose marriage it has ever been our pleasure to chronicle were more universally admired and loved than Mildred and Ross and if the warmest personal felicitations of their hosts of friends is indicative of the future theirs will indeed be a prosperous one.

Ross has for some time been associated with the Citizen's State Bank as Assistant Cashier and has a bright business future before him. Mildred is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Bundy and came here two years ago with her parents from Oklahoma City. Besides her many other accomplishments she is a talented musician, having graduated on the piano from a Conservatory of Music in Oklahoma City several years ago.

Here's hoping that no dark cloud will ever rise to mar the beauty and brightness of their horizon.

Removal Notice.

We have moved into the O'Dell Building, east of the public well and north of the Cicero Smith Lumber yard.

We will be glad to have you come around and let us repair your car, and fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Your business is solicited on a satisfaction basis.
Clari Ray,
M. D. Bentley.

Phone us the news

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the financial condition of the American State Bank at McLean, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1914, published in the McLean News, a newspaper printed and published at McLean, State of Texas, on the 6th day of October, 1914:

| RESOURCES | |
|---|---------------------|
| Loans and discounts, personal or collateral | \$88,665 74 |
| Loans, real estate | 5,258 30 |
| Overdrafts | 1,601 52 |
| Bonds and Stocks | 1,462 07 |
| Real Estate (banking house) | 4,711 65 |
| Cash Collections | 210 20 |
| Furniture and Fixtures | 2,907 13 |
| Due from approved reserve agents, net | 22,010 71 |
| Cash items | 747 79 |
| Currency | 5,739 00 |
| Specie | 1,108 15 |
| Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund | 7,594 94 |
| Other Resources as follows: Suspense | 1,364 16 |
| | 25 70 |
| Total | \$135,812 12 |

| LIABILITIES | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Capital Stock paid in | \$25,000 00 |
| Surplus Fund | 10,500 00 |
| Undivided profits, net | 739 75 |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 77,518 93 |
| Time certificates of deposit | 10,589 50 |
| Cashier's Checks | 875 19 |
| Bills payable and rediscounts | 10,588 75 |
| Total | \$135,812 12 |

State of Texas, County of Gray. We, D. B. Veatch as president, and W. H. Holt as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

D. B. VEATCH, President.
W. H. HOLT, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 5th day of November, nineteen hundred and fourteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.

(SEAL) A. G. RICHARDSON, Notary Public.
CORRECT-ATTEST: { J. T. FOSTER } Directors
{ GEO. W. SITTER }
{ D. B. VEATCH }

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the financial condition of the Citizens State Bank at McLean, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1914, published in the McLean News, a newspaper printed and published at McLean, State of Texas, on the 6th day of November, 1914.

| RESOURCES: | |
|--|--------------------|
| Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral | \$53,433 78 |
| Loans, real estate | 10,074 27 |
| Overdrafts | 2,680 23 |
| Real estate (banking house) | 3,065 00 |
| Other real estate | 1,134 79 |
| Furniture and fixtures | 2,586 00 |
| Due from approval reserve agents, net | 15,839 92 |
| Cash items | 477 98 |
| Currency | 4,022 00 |
| Specie | 455 65 |
| Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund | 20,795 55 |
| Other resources as follows: Cash Collections | 1,826 59 |
| | 576 16 |
| Assessment | 1,533 46 |
| | 141 09 |
| Total | \$97,852 92 |

| LIABILITIES: | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Capital Stock paid in | \$15,000 00 |
| Surplus fund | 2,600 00 |
| Undivided Profits, net | 1,464 33 |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 57,835 05 |
| Time certificates of deposit | 12,575 45 |
| Cashier's checks | 377 89 |
| Bills payable and rediscounts | 8,000 00 |
| Total | \$97,852 92 |

STATE OF TEXAS }
County of Gray } We, D. N. Massay as president, and Clay E. Thompson as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

D. N. MASSAY, President.
CLAY E. THOMPSON, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 6th day of November, 1914, nineteen hundred and fourteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.

(SEAL) W. R. PATTERSON, Notary Public.
Correct-Attest { D. N. MASSAY } Directors
{ W. E. BALLARD }
{ J. M. NOEL }



THE WORLDS Greatest Range

Made by the Pioneer Range Builders of the world.

The Range Eternal has all the good features of other Ranges and Many improvements.

When you have equipped your home with "The Range Eternal", your cooking trouble is over for life. With the double body and ventilated fire box—our range merits its name. No paint, no polish, blue top and body. "The Range Eternal" is sold and warranted by Overton Hardware Company.

During the demonstration each purchaser will get a \$10.00 set of ware FREE.

Overton Hardware Company
McLEAN, TEXAS
From November 5th. to 11th., 1914

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About
Town and County

Gold fish for sale at Wolfe's.
School supplies at Earps'.
W. R. Veale has returned to
...
... buying meat right and sell-
... right. A. R. Guill. 2p
... and Mrs. J. A. Hall of Sham-
... spent the week in the city.
Give us your grocery order, we
... appreciate it. C. C. Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Morse went
to Oklahoma City Sunday return-
Wednesday.
For style, finish and durability
the Round Oak Heaters are the
thing at. McLean Hardware Co.
F. A. Nelson of Douds Leando
la., has had his name added to
our subscription list.
Lost—Gold bracelet with en-
graving across top. Please re-
turn to News office. 2c

R. LeBlew has returned from
business trip to Wichita Falls.
Fresh bred every day at Hayne's
restaurant.
The local banks were closed all
Tuesday.
Always a supply of fresh can-
... at Earps'.

S. H. Bundy and Sam Hodges
spent several days in Oklahoma
City this week buying their stock
of groceries.
100 full blood Langshang pul-
lets ready for sale. See G. R.
Bellenger.
Henry Thut and Jas. Win of
Pampa made McLean a flying vi-
sit Monday.

J. Prock of Alanreed is an-
... new reader of the News.
... will call for and deliver your
... H. F. Lankford.
... Mrs. Frank Smith visited friends
... McLean this week.—Shamrock
...
... will buy either bale or seed
... E. P. Brown.
... Spruitt was here Wednesday
... McLean on business.—Sham-
... Texan.

We have not gone out of busi-
ness but have moved across the
street in the Hext building, where
we can give you the same cheap
prices. The Racket Store.
A. W. Haynes has had the Jen-
nings building renovated and put
in shape for a restaurant and will
conduct his business there in the
future.
SAY, you just ought to see the
large shipment of nice dishes that
we are unpacking, anything from
a toothpick holder to a complete
set. Overton Hardware Co.
W. H. Bates returned the first of
the week from Roswell, N. M.
where he has been making ar-
rangements preparatory to mov-
ing there for the winter.

Don't forget that I have a supply
of good fresh meat. A. R. Guill.
... Mr. Cobb has had the News
... to his daughter, Mrs. R. L.
... at Hamlin, Texas.
... buy your tablets, pencils, enve-
... etc. from Earp.
... S. Rice has been confined at
... this week with lumbago in
... back.
... A few of those mouse traps left,
... for a dime. Overton Hardware.
... J. Bones of Ramsdell was a
... business visitor here Saturday of
... week.
... Cold weather is just about here.
... a Clark's Foot Heater at
...
... Mrs. J. T. Williams of Ramsdell
... visited business here the latter
... of last week.
... See phone or write Henry Thut
... Pampa, Texas, for any informa-
... about the Buick automobile.
... A Baby Range to be given away
... Overton's. Go and ask him
... out votes.
... The Vortex Elast Heaters save
... and give a uniform heat. Mc-
... Hardware Co.

For Sale Cheap—square exten-
sion table. Mrs. M. D. Bentley,
phone 97.
Give me your order for Christ-
mas jewelry, anything you want
will be sent on approval. Terry
Hudgins, Erick, Okla. tlc.
We have stove pipe, elbows,
stove boards and galvanized flues,
in fact everything to fit you up to
keep warm. McLean Hardware
Co.
We have moved from the Van-
noy building to the Hext building.
Give us a call. The Racket Store.
Mr. and Mrs. Clayborne Cash
are the proud parents of a little
son who arrived Saturday of last
week.
For first class cleaning and pres-
sing see H. F. Lankford at the
Everett Barbershop.
J. G. Noel of Memphis spent
several days here this week look-
ing after the harvesting of his big crop
of grain.
That Aluminum ware is still
guaranteed for 20 years. A small
bunch left. Overton Hardware.
Miss Pearl Newton left Tuesday
for Dodsonville, Texas, where
she has accepted a position in the
printing office.
Buy your paint, putty, screen
wire and barb wire from S. R.
Loftin, the Alanreed lumberman.
Our grocery stock is complete.
Let us have your order. C. C.
Cook.
We are glad to report that Ed-
gar Newton is again able to be at
his place of business after a spell
of fever.
We do first class photo work—
kodak pictures a specialty. Wil-
lis Bros.
Vester Cooke has returned from
a trip to Memphis, Ft. Worth, Dal-
las and other points.
Yes, we have our own delivery.
If you have a rush order try us.
C. C. Cook.
Let us have your order as early
as convenient. In this you will
help us and get better service. C.
C. Cook.
Edward Turnipseed of Com-
manche county is here visiting at
the homes of his cousins, W. D.
and Charlie Sims.
A \$10.00 set of cooking ware
given away with each Range Eter-
nal sold during the demonstration.
For Sale—Full blood Lang-
shang pullets—price reasonable.
G. R. Bellenger.
Wm. Robinson of Alanreed was
in the city Tuesday and while
here called at the News office and
renewed his subscription to the
paper.
I am making a specialty of chili
and Irish stew. Try a dish. Hay-
nes' Restaurant.
B. F. Daniel and wife of Harde-
man county have moved to McLean
and will make their home for a
while.

BUNDY-HODGES MERCANTILE CO.

To Resume Business in the O'Dell Building

We hope to have a complete stock of groceries Saturday morning. Our furniture stock will be complete next week. Other goods in our line will be added as early as possible. Our friends are invited to call. Your trade will be appreciated.

Everything New Except The Firm Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Company

We have not gone out of busi-
ness but have moved across the
street in the Hext building, where
we can give you the same cheap
prices. The Racket Store.
A. W. Haynes has had the Jen-
nings building renovated and put
in shape for a restaurant and will
conduct his business there in the
future.
SAY, you just ought to see the
large shipment of nice dishes that
we are unpacking, anything from
a toothpick holder to a complete
set. Overton Hardware Co.

Carl Ray has moved his garage
to the Union Trading Company
building and W. E. Bentley has
also moved his Auto Filling Station
there. The gentlemen will run
their business in connection with
each other.
You could not do better than
have a dozen pictures made of
your baby for a Christmas present
for the "kinfolks." Willis Bros.
The big dinner served by the
ladies of the Methodist church last
Tuesday was an entire success.
As usual the dinner was excellent
and the ladies netted something
over \$40.00.
Mrs. C. A. Watkins is enjoying
a visit from her mother, Mrs. M.
Hodges who has been spending
several months on the ranch with
her son, N. T. Hodges, and family.
On Monday of this week Mrs.
Watkins entertained at a dinner
party in her honor.
Remember we have the Belle of
Wichita Flour. Try it. C. C.
Cook.

B. Y. P. U. Program.
President in charge.
Song.
Prayer.
Business report.
Leader of meeting in charge.
Subject—Great chapters.
Scripture lesson, 1 Cor. 15:1-
32—Luther Petty.
Song.
The resurrection chapter,
what would we do without it?
(See Quarterly, Introduction 1)
—Leader.
What it meant to the early
Christians (par. 1)—Fred Lan-
ders.
The proof of the resurrection
(par. 2)—Eunice Floyd.
Christ's resurrection the prom-
ise of ours (par. 3)—J. L. Up-
ham.
Illustration—Grace Francis.
Song.
Scripture lesson, 1 Cor. 15:35-
58—Edgar Newton.
The resurrection body (par. 4)
—Rev. Hamilton.
Leader—Edith Stockton.
Notice.
We charge our regular rate
(5 cents per line) for Cards of
thanks, but we make no charge
for Obituaries.
The McLean News.

O'Dell Cafe Has Opening.
The formal opening of the
O'Dell Cafe was celebrated on
Wednesday of this week and a
number of guests were invited to
participate in the excellent din-
ner prepared by the manager of
the Cafe, Mr. John Rogers.
Mr. Rogers, who is an experi-
enced caterer has utilized
his knowledge of the business in
adding the finer details that
make for comfort and elegance
in this splendid appointed in-
stitution.

Roy Ballard Honored.
Friends will be glad to know
that Roy Ballard, son of Dr.
Ballard of this city and member
of the law firm of Peterson,
Bishop & Ballard of Pendleton,
Oregon, has been appointed cam-
paign manager of Armatilla
county for C. J. Smith, Demo-
cratic nominee for Governor of
Oregon. Roy has been in Ore-
gon only six months and this
would be a flattering appoint-
ment for much older resident as
well as a older man. We pre-
dict for him a bright future.
Read The McLean News.

Premiums FOR CASH

We have just received a shipment of dishes, pictures and mir-
rors that we are going to give away with every cash purchase.
Tickets will be given you and you can select any premium you
want. These premiums are first class and no better grade of dis-
hes have ever been brought to McLean. Here they are.

- Cup and Saucer with every cash purchase of... \$5.00
- Dinner plate with every cash purchase of... 5.00
- Salad bowl with every cash purchase of... 3.00
- Oyster bowl with every cash purchase of... 5.00
- Cream pitcher with every cash purchase of... 5.00
- Vegetable dish with every cash purchase of... 5.00
- Meat plater with every cash purchase of... 10.00
- Covered tureen with every purchase of... 20.00

A mirror or large picture in a handsome frame with every cash
purchase of \$20.00 or with every cash purchase of \$10.00 and 50
cents.
Small pictures with every cash purchase of \$5.00.
We quote you the following prices on a

CAR OF FLOUR

- White Lillac, per hundred... \$3.30
- Panhandle, per hundred... 3.30
- Dictator, per hundred... 3.10

Our entire grocery department is complete and you know
that our prices are always right. Let us figure on your order.
A few pieces of extra pretty new winter dress goods came in
Thursday—perhaps its just what you have been looking for.

C. A. CASH & SON

PHONE 25

Round Trip

ALL YEAR
Tourist Fares
TO
Various Destinations
Very Low Rates
TEXAS RESORTS
Tickets Year Round
VIA



STOP OVERS
TO DATE ACCOMMODATIONS

If you are contemplating tak-
ing a trip, figure with, call on
and write the undersigned for
information regarding any
kind of Ticket and to any desti-
nation, connection etc.

O. A. NUNN
Local Agent

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\$88,605 74
5,258 30
1,601 52
1,402 07
4,711 65
210 20
2,907 18
22,010 71
7,594 94
1,364 16
25 70
135,812 12
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1,826 59
576 16
1,533 46
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AMMUNITION IN DANGER SAVED IN WOOD AT CRECY

British Soldiers Performed a Gallant Feat During Fighting in the Forest.

INFANTRY CARRIED BRANCHES

Swift and Bold Attack That Succeeded—Wounded Sergeant Tells of Brilliant Work of King's Own Royal Lancashire Regiment at Mons.

A dispatch from Lagny, Seine-et-Marne, describes the devastation of the forest of Crecy. Blasted trees are standing stark and decapitated. Others, amazingly shattered by shells, lie on ground. The roads are covered with the deep marks of the wheels of the heavy gun wagons and the ground shows hundreds of thousands of hoof-marks where the cavalry and artillery thundered by.

In telling of an incident in the forest of Crecy the correspondent says: "The French and British alike swarmed about the wood with axes, knives, saws and even sabres. They had a wide area down in next to no time. Line after line of infantry, each man carrying a thickly foliated branch, moved forward in close order toward the enemy, while behind, amid lopped tree trunks, our artillery got into position with machine guns and thirteen-pounders to cover the wood. As it moved forward all was a rustle. The attack which followed was as rapid, as fierce and as bold as anything that has been done in this huge campaign and won all the success which it merited.

Saved the Ammunition.

"The mysterious, slow moving wood soon showed that there was more than umbrage in its texture. It snarled flame and spat bullets while overhead the shells of the French and British artillery sped screaming to their mark. But one incident nearly upset the show. Just under the ridge of a hill, right off the forest, large quantities of our ammunition were piled ready for sudden service and apparently well screened out of harm's way. The oncoming French cavalry making a detour for purposes of their own struck the hill and rode along it for some distance. For a few minutes they showed themselves on the sky line in the bright sunshine. There was no mistaking the vivid scarlet of their breeches, and they were spotted at once by the German artillery. The Kaiser's artillerymen here were crack shots and they lost no time in finding the range.

"Presently the shells began to drop thick and fast over the ridge, falling so near our precious ammunition as to make the situation remarkably unpleasant. Small parties of our boys swarmed up the hill stripped to the waist and lugged the heavy boxes out of the way of disaster. The men tell me it was the hottest and most flaming corner that they have ever been in, but they came through, and so did the ammunition.

"By evening the enemy had been repulsed, the Marne was clear of them and the fight was rolling farther and farther east of the capital."

Lanterns Betrayed Germans.

The correspondent relates another incident which occurred in one of the smaller woods to the southeast of Crecy. He says: "It was held by the enemy, but although the wood gave good cover for a time our patrols during the night by great daring smelt them out and carried the news of their whereabouts to the cavalry on one side and the infantry on the other.

"Incidentally enough the Germans moved about with stable lanterns to guide them, unaware that trouble was so near. Suddenly they found their twinkling glow-worms a mark for the foe of whose proximity they had been blissfully unaware. They were smitten woefully at midnight. A storm of bullets from our Maxim's screamed through the sleeping trees like a tornado.

"The next morning scores of lanterns were picked up in the wood with their glasses shattered. A cavalry charge finally cleared the tragic little wood. Our losses were slight, but the Germans suffered severely.

"Twenty prisoners taken in the melee were herded together in a clearing. Their rifles had not been taken from them, but were stacked near by. In a rash moment they got the idea that they were but loosely guarded and made a combined rush for their rifles. They will never make another."

How King's Own Fought.

The first connected narrative of the severe fighting in which the King's Own Royal Lancashire regiment was engaged when it killed and wounded 11 officers and 11 officers put out is told by a sergeant of the who has arrived home

with the Lancashire Middlesex to cover the reformed forces from 25, they they had

been entrenched to take new ground, and were marching through the night, finding themselves at daylight between Cambrai and Le Cateau. Several thousand Frenchmen and a Highland regiment had passed down their lines, and the King's Own were taking breakfast when the German artillery boomed forth. Several shells fell in the vicinity of the trenches without doing much harm, but the enemy's artillery was much superior in numbers to that of the allies, and they poured a raking shrapnel fire before the English guns began to speak. There was no doubt, either, about the enemy's range finding, and under cover of the guns the enemy came in the proportion of six to one.

Men were mowed down like ninepins by the bursting shrapnel, and it seemed as if the King's Own had been singled out by the special fury of the onslaught. Colonel Dykes fell at an early stage of the engagement while shouting encouragement to his men. Fighting continued furiously until half-past nine. Then there was a lull, and the enemy, seemingly re-energized, made good their advance and another five hours' desperate conflict ensued.

Brilliant Bayonet Charges.

The allies fought the advance inch by inch, fighting becoming so close that the King's Own got home with several dashing bayonet charges, one of the most brilliant of which was led by Clutterbuck, formerly a ranker of the Yorkshire light infantry, who, with a handful of men routed four times the number under his command. He paid the price of his gallantry with his life, but the casualties to his men were singularly light. The sergeant said: "It was just like Clutterbuck."

Lieutenant's Glorious Death.

"Then," continued the sergeant, "there was Lieutenant Steel-Perkins, who died one of the grandest deaths a British officer could wish for. He was lifted out of the trenches wounded four times, but protesting, crawled back again till he was mortally wounded."

Proceeding, the sergeant said: "The first man knocked over was one of the most popular of the Rugby footballers in the Dover garrison. He was shot through the mouth.

"A German aeroplane which came over our position on the day preceding the battle was accounted for; assailed by a shower of bullets from more than one regiment, its reconnoitering career had a sudden stop. The enemy swooped down on us so quickly at the finish that we were unable to remove all our dead and wounded. Stretcher bearers were shot down, and I, who had been wounded with a shrapnel bullet in the muscle of the left arm, was taking a message for the doctor from the field hospital when a shell came and demolished the roof.

"All our King's Own dead are buried in France, a few miles from the frontier. We saw many burned villages, and our artillery helped along many old women and children who were fleeing before the enemy."

M. RENAUD GOES TO WAR

Famous Baritone of the Paris Opera Enlists as Private in French Army.

A tall, handsome man, hair snow white, face clean shaven, aged about fifty-five years, carefully but simply dressed, walked into the antechamber of General Michel, military governor of Paris. Handing his card to the orderly at the door he asked that it be sent in to the general. A few minutes later a young officer appeared.

"Is this M. Renaud?" "It is." "M. Maurice Renaud of the opera?" "The same." "Delighted to meet you! You wish to see the general? Come in at once." "What can I do for you, M. Renaud?" asked the general.

"I wish to go to the front," was the baritone's calm response. "There was a moment of silence. Then General Michel took M. Renaud by both hands, saying: "My friend, I congratulate you. May you do yourself and your country honor."

Next day Maurice Renaud started at five in the morning for Verdun in the uniform of a private soldier—Renaud, the elegant, the debonair. He didn't have to go, but he wanted to atone for a foolish youthful escapade which caused him to evade part of his military service many years ago.

"Ca ira" as British March. The King's Own Yorkshire light infantry which suffered appalling mortality among its officers in Belgium uses as its regimental march past "Ca ira," the guillotine song of the French revolutionists. During one of the French campaigns the Yorkshire captured a French regiment with its full band, and adopted the tune as a memorial of that event.

Cost of Naval Warfare. If a single dreadnaught battle squadron of eight ships were ordered to steam at full speed for 24 hours and to fire each gun and each torpedo tube once, the cost to the nation would be approximately \$1,000,000, allowing nothing for the depreciation of material.

Spy Used His Wooden Leg. A wooden-legged man arrested just before the war at Friedrichsfelde, near Dusseldorf, on suspicion of espionage for France, was searched and important military documents and infantry bullets which, it is alleged, he had stolen from barracks were found hidden in his wooden leg.

RUNAWAY REUNITES LONG PARTED LOVERS

Crash of Teams Results in Marriage Arranged Thirty-Five Years Ago.

Kublar, Colo.—A horse ran away out on a country road four miles from here, demolished a new spring wagon and a buggy, but reunited sweethearts of 35 years ago, and paved the way for a marriage.

Joseph Sheen is a rancher living seven miles from Kublar. He had driven to town and was on his way home, riding in his new wagon. Coming into Kublar in a carriage, Miss Amy Dodd of Eudora, Kan., was chatting with her hostess, Mrs. T. H. Greenman, with whom she had been



Sheen's Horses Shied at Some Paper and Bolted.

visiting. Sheen's horses shied at some paper in the road and bolted. Around a curve they raced madly.

At the curve was the Greenman carriage, and the rear of the wagon whirled when the horses turned the curve, crashed into the carriage, overturning it and throwing Mrs. Greenman and Miss Dodd to the ground.

A short distance further Sheen managed to stop his team. He hastened back to inquire the damage he had done. He assisted the women to their feet, helped them repair the carriage, and then introduced himself.

"Do you mean to say you are Joe Sheen, who used to live in Blue Mound, Kan., a long time ago?" Miss Dodd asked.

Sheen stared. Then: "Yes, and I know you now, Amy. I searched 20 years for you, and believed you were dead."

They had gone to school together 35 years ago in the little Kansas town. Then Miss Dodd's parents moved away and took her with them. Before they went, however, the couple had become engaged. Miss Dodd's parents died and she went to New York. From there she went to Europe as the companion of an aunt. She wrote several letters to Sheen, but he had left for the West.

Miss Dodd came back to Kansas after she returned from Europe, taking a school at Eudora. Sheen never returned, but he wrote many letters searching for his fiancée. He believed her dead until the collision near Kublar.

They were married a few days later.

IN A TREE WITH RACCOONS

Maryland Farmer Fights for His Life in a Battle of His Own Choice.

Federalburg, Md.—Hofface Robinson, a young farmer of Southville, six miles north of Federalburg, had a thrilling experience in the top of an oak tree the other night with five raccoons, which he encountered while on his way to visit a neighboring farmer. Before the battle ended, Robinson fell from the tree, completely exhausted. Three of his ribs were broken and his thigh was badly injured.

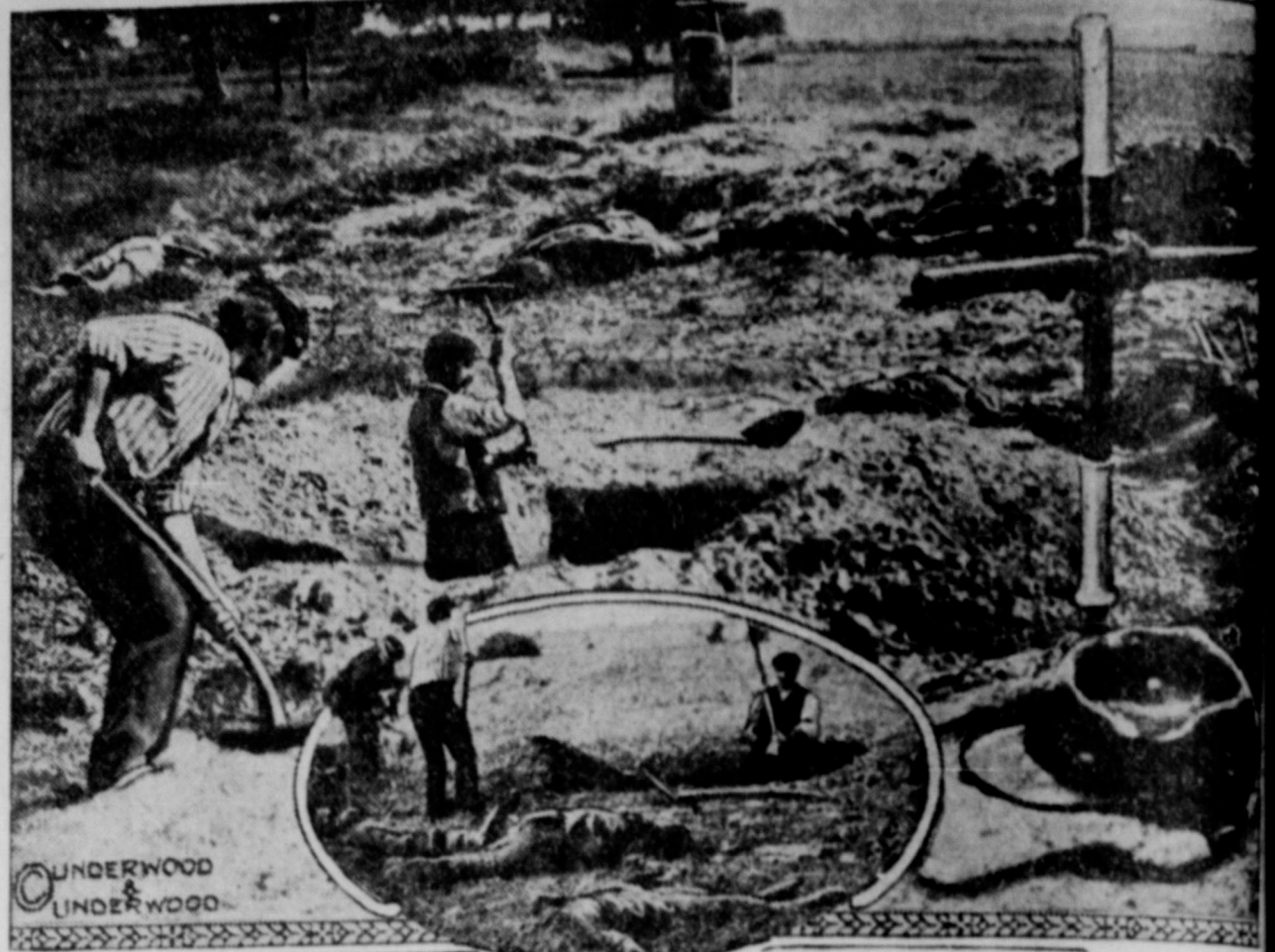
The young man set out from home shortly after dark, and was passing through a strip of woods when he encountered the 'coons. He followed them to a big oak, which the 'coons climbed. Thinking probably he could capture one of them alive, Robinson also climbed the tree, but when he reached the 'coons they showed fight, and for 15 minutes the young farmer had to fight at a great disadvantage to save his life.

The 'coons got all around him, and though he kept his arms going like piston rods, the 'coons inflicted ugly gashes with their claws. Robinson kept up the fight from his perilous position until completely exhausted, when he fell to the ground. He dragged himself, bleeding, to the country road, where his groans were heard by his father, W. H. Robinson, who picked his son up and carried him home.

Dying Cow Broke Milker's Leg.

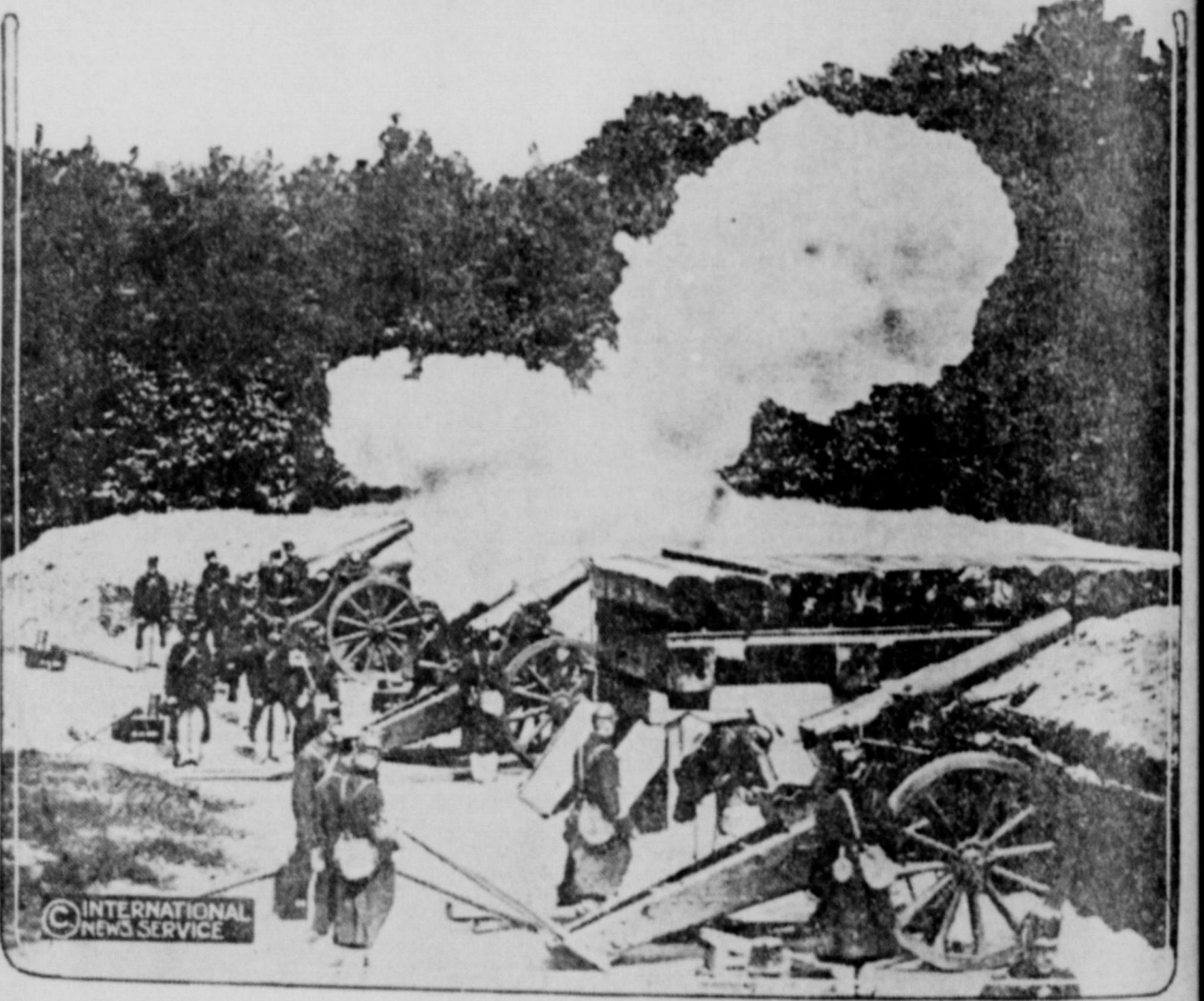
St. Mary's, Pa.—During a severe electrical storm lightning struck a barn on the farm of Joseph Seile. The farmer and his son were milking and one of the cows was struck by the bolt and killed. The cow fell on young Seile, breaking one of his legs.

GATHERING THE HARVEST OF DEATH IN EUROPE



All along the valley of the Marne and the country about over which the immense armies of Germany and the allies fought as the former advanced toward Paris and then fell back the French peasants have been busy with the grim task of burying the dead soldiers. Scenes like those in the illustration were repeated endlessly. At the right is seen the simple cross marking the grave of a French soldier, his cap and scarf at its foot.

BELGIAN BATTERY AT ANTWERP IN ACTION



MARCHING OUT TO THEIR DEATH



Group of Belgian sharpshooters, engaged in guerrilla warfare and captured by Germans, being led to the execution place, where they were shot.

SANK A GERMAN SUBMARINE



One of the English heroes of the war is Albert Dougherty, chief gunner of the cruiser Cressy, who fired the shot that sent a German submarine to the bottom of the North sea after three British cruisers had been sunk by the foe.

PUT THE GERMAN IN THE BOW

He Wouldn't Tell British Captain Where Mines Were, So Had Danger Post.

London.—A story is going the rounds here that when one of the British mine hunting boats captured a mine laying trawler manned by Germans in the North sea the British captain lined up his captives and picked out the weakest looking of the lot.

Ordering him to step forward, he said: "I want you to tell me where those mines are that you laid."

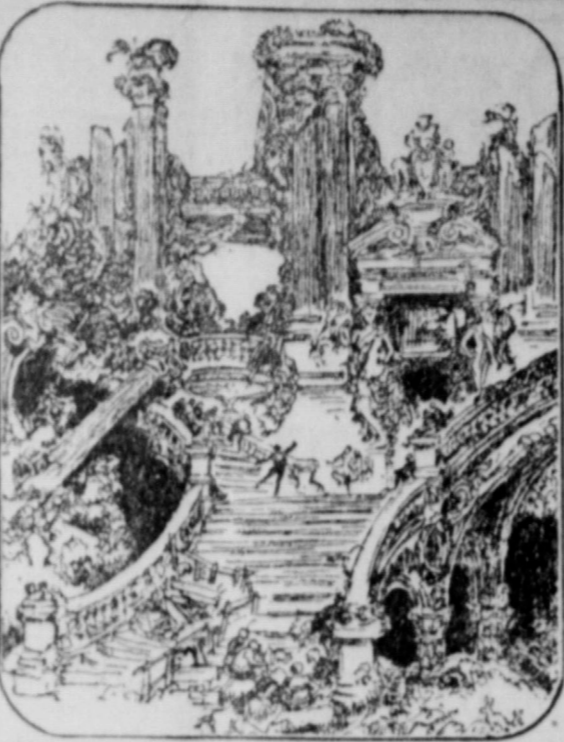
"I'll die first," said the sailor, as he straightened up.

"Very well," replied the captain: "You are going to die first anyway if any of us do. You have helped lay three mines. You know precisely where they are. We are going to hunt for them, and your position is going to be right in the bow of this ship so that if we hit one of them you surely will be the first man to die."

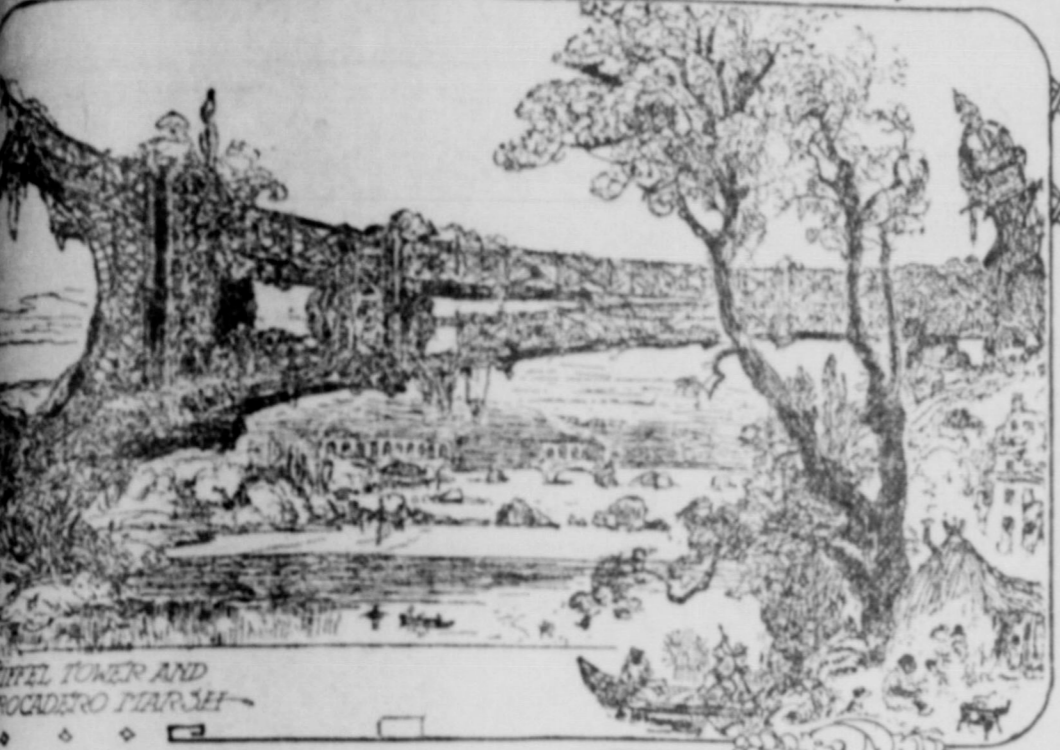
He ordered the prisoner directly in the bow and then steamed ahead over the waters known to be mined. The end of the story is that this vessel picked up nearly 300 mines while the captured prisoner was kept in his position of danger.

Praise for German Humanity. Berlin.—In the Novoye Vremya, Petrograd is printed a letter from a captured Russian officer, praising the humanity practiced in the German hospitals and the untiring efforts of the surgeons.

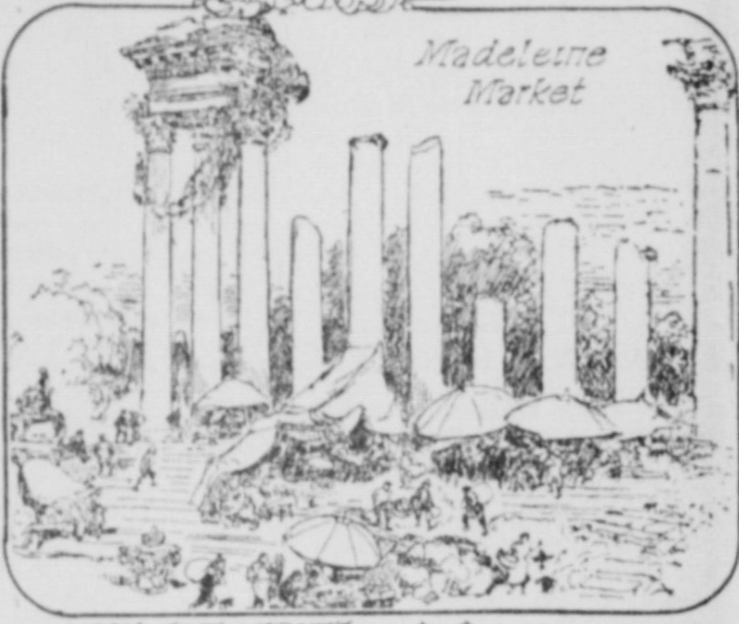
GUIDE to the "RUINS of EUROPE" 100 YEARS HENCE



GRAND STAIRWAY OF THE OPERA



HOTEL TUBER AND TROCADERO MARSH



MADELEINE MARKET

JUST before the breaking of the great war a brochure calling attention to its dangers to European civilization was on the point of appearing simultaneously in all the capitals.

A wealthy peace society, which has the work in charge, counts on making its general publication immediately if still possible. It is entitled "Guide to the Ruins of Europe," and is supposed to be compiled in America a hundred years from now for the use of American, Australian and Oriental explorers in the style of Macaulay's New Zealand, desirous "to visit the piles of ruins that were once proud capitals and cities adorned with art, industry and commerce before the great war destroyed alike the populations and their centers and left Europe a waste, sparsely inhabited by scattered communities of survivors without strength or ambition to restore civilization."

We give herewith selections from the chapter entitled "Paris." PARIS (ruins of), ancient capital of France. Under no pretext should the explorer neglect these ruins. They are more accessible than the ruins of Berlin or Vienna, and better preserved than those of London. The natives still hold pathetic pretensions to constitute a city of light for the vast and desolate territory, dotted by the lairs of savage shepherds and the stragglers of primitive agriculturists, that stretches from the ruins of St. Petersburg to the ruins of Rome and Madrid and to the wastes of Europe. (See "Ville Lustrée" in the historical chapter.)

A printing press even exists in the Chaillot slums connected with the ancient subway, which is the winter habitation of the better portion of the Parisian natives. "Paris-Apres-Midi" (Penig-cuir, sold in the Bosquets of the Opera and the Pantheon cockpit (see "Pantheon, ruins of") by the slaves of Monsieur Chalao, an anthropophagus of Java and roos of Chaillot, is not a newspaper, but a mere weekly program of the so-called pleasure of Paris. ("Penig-cuir," leather money and barter system. "Slaves," hungry mouths. The slavery is voluntary.)

The fact that four books have been published in Paris in the past decade discloses an intellectual effort unequalled elsewhere on the Dark Continent. They are "Our Fathers' Culture" (words of one or two syllables), 100 reproductions of pen drawings processed in New York and gratuitously distributed in all the resorts of pleasure, by Monsieur Isaac Blumchen, President of the Republic; "Hair Growing as Good as Clothing" (brochure 44 pp.), by Monsieur Samuel Rice, prostates of Bucharest, Minister of Football; "The Paris Song Book and New Dances," by Monsieur Raoul de Nancy (new edition preparing); "My Pets," by Miss Annie Bloomfontain, the beautiful young South African dancer, who has had the concession of the Opera since the year 1911. (Explorers regularly purchase these unique books in quantity, to encourage the natives. See Penig-cuir and Barter System. Any useful object, such as a fine-tooth comb or cake of soap, article of adornment, like a single eyeglass, string of beads or pair of eight-ounce boxing gloves, will provide the visitor with abundant supplies of Leather Money.)

Great Hunts.—Monsieur von Hundspote, Minister of War, Marquis de Montmorreny, Trapper and Felter; guides, porters, dog trappers, the Casar-Bianc, Boss of the Northern Shepherds, is a useful person to see.

Places of Interest. The Opera—This grandiose monument of the past, destroyed along with the Church of the Madeleine and the entire Opera Quarter (see Avenue de l'Opera) in the second bombardment by the Germans in 1914-15, is under the control of Miss Annie Bloomfontain and her Troupe of Blondes. Variety show on the Grand Stairway every afternoon, from June to October. The crumbling interior, overgrown with wild vegetation, is unsafe. (The Wild Dogs of the Opera, which formerly made it their lair, were exterminated by Roosevelt Expedition of 1903.)

Market of the Madeleine.—Chief place of barter of the natives, among the broken columns. (See Bombardment of Paris in the Historical Chapter.) Once a week this picturesque spot is the scene of the greatest animation of the Dark Continent, the native women here exchanging finery which sets the fashion among the simple populations in the distant Berlin, Antwerp, Marseilles and Bucharest. The great Fair Mart is held in August, traders by dog-team carrying back with them the Parisian products. (See Articles-de-Paris and Recrudescence of Big Game in Europe.)

Avenue de l'Opera (The Jungle of Paris).—Unfit for any but armed parties of explorers, but explorers can buy protection from Boss Balao, Monsieur Salomon Bobownikoff, Syndic of the Bourgeois Tribes, or Miss Annie Bloomfontain. (See "Thou Fishing") Inhabited by the Bourgeois Tribes and Hungry Mouths. (See Ethnographical Notes.) The Avenue de l'Opera is considered the most grandiose example of Twentieth Century

and welfare of society crumpled like an exploded bladder. In five short years the world and the scope of human life underwent a retrogressive change as great as that between the age of the Antonines and the Europe of the ninth century. Wells' remarkable book makes passionately interesting reading at this moment. It shows how, up to the very beginning of the great war, the movement of the world seemed wholly beneficial to mankind. "Sustaining and constructive forces seemed to more than balance the malign drift of chance and the natural ignorance of prejudice, blind passion and wicked self-seeking of mankind. Men said, indeed, that moral progress was not keeping pace with physical progress, but few attached any meaning to the phrases. Few realized that the accidental balance on the side of progress was far slighter and infinitely more complex and delicate in its adjustments than the masses suspected.

"They say their armies and navies grew larger and more portentous; some of their ironclads, at the least, cost as much as their whole annual expenditure upon advanced education. They accumulated explosives and machinery of destruction; they allowed their national traditions and jealousies to pile up; they contemplated a steady enhancement of race hostility as the races drew closer together without concern or understanding, and they permitted the growth in their midst of evil

spirited war propaganda and propaganda of conquest. The precedents of history were all one tale of the collapse of civilizations and the dangers of the time were manifest." The swiftness of the collapse is represented as its most terrible feature.

"The older civilization rotted and crumbled down, but this civilization of modern Europe was, down to the very eve of the explosion one sees a spacious spectacle of incessant advance, a world-wide security, enormous areas of highly organized industry and settled populations, gigantic cities spreading giganticly, the seas and oceans dotted with shipping, the land netted with rails and open ways. Then, suddenly, the German cannons are heard and we are in the beginning of the end!"

"Already the financial fabric staggered with those first sounds. With the destruction of the American fleet in the North Atlantic and the smashing conflict which ended the naval existence of Germany in the North sea, with the burning and wreckage of billions of pounds worth of property in the four cardinal cities of Europe, the hopeless costliness of war came home for the first time to the consciousness of mankind. Credit went down in a whirl of selling. Money vanished, and, at its disappearance, trade and industry came to an end. The economic world fell dead.

"Wherever there were great populations, great masses found themselves without work, without money and unable to get food. Famine was in every working class quarter within three weeks of the beginning of the war. Within a month there was not a city in which ordinary law and social procedure controlled. And, swiftly, the famine spread to the rich." "The great nations and empires became but names."

destruction, in which the German artillery marked its zenith. In no one section of the Ruins of Berlin or Vienna are the ravages of French or Russian artillery so complete. Under den Linden, it is to be noted, crumbled as a mass only after the great thaw of 1920.

Eiffel Tower.—Originally it stood upright. Overthrown in the first German Bombardment of 1914. It is constructed entirely of steel, and contains 2,545,550 separate pieces and 9,456,824 rivets. Beneath it flows the Seine, with the Trocadero Marshes, inhabited by fishing tribes, 60 per cent of whose catches are claimed by the Republic. (See Dried Fish.)

Salmon began coming up the Seine in the year 1978, shad A. D. 2003. It was feared at first that they might, mutually and reciprocally, exterminate each other, but the shoals of fish proved to be of too high an order of intelligence to commit such a suicidal act.

So run certain pages of the chapter "Paris" of the "Guide to the Ruins of Europe," which was prepared to warn the nations against the great war. It was not issued in time. The great war broke out too soon. The brochure foresees a time when gold itself will be worthless in Europe.

"All factories will be closed," its preface runs, "all railroads will stop, all commerce will be paralyzed, and the countryside, ravaged by war and neglect, will no longer have food for their own populations. In the cities piles of ruins declaimed by bombardments, old men, women and children will riot in famine. All provisions will be finally with the armies, and the armies will continue fighting—to kill each other off and get possession of the precious foodstuffs!"

Such is the black picture of the brochure. It quotes freely from "The War in the Air," by H. G. Wells, published as long ago as 1908-9. In it the English philosopher brings America into the universal mixup, as a result of which "the fine order

TURKISH ARMY RANKS NINETEENTH

Turkey's army and navy are both ranked nineteenth among the armies and navies of the world, the Boston Globe remarks. While her army is fairly well organized and has a war strength of 700,000, which is only 30,000 behind that of Great Britain, her fleet is practically non-existent. In fact, until 1910 the sultan had systematically dismantled the navy, for fear that it would turn against him as it had turned against his predecessor, Abd-ul-Aziz.

The peace strength of Turkey's army is 400,000 men. She is able to draw upon 300,000 reserves, the bringing her war strength up to 700,000. The population of Turkey is a little more than 25,000,000, and of this number fully 2,000,000 could be drawn in case of necessity.

Before the new regime was inaugurated in 1910, military service had been obligatory on all Muslims, Christians being excluded, but under Sultanism, Christians being exonerated tax of obligations to pay a military exonerated tax of \$250 for every 125 males between the ages of fifteen and seventy-five. Under the new regime, however, all "Ottomans" are subject to military service, although under certain conditions exemption is purchasable.

Active service in the Turkish army lasts four years. Of this the soldiers are three or four years with the colors and the rest of the time they are reserves. In cases of necessity all males up to the age of seventy can be called upon to join the colors.

The navy has been on the decline ever since

the catastrophe of Sinope in 1853, when a Russian fleet practically annihilated the Turkish wooden vessels. The sultan, Abd-ul-Aziz, with the aid of British officers, succeeded in creating an imposing fleet of ironclads constructed in English and French yards, but his successor, Abd-ul-Hamid, pursued a settled policy of reducing the fleet to impotency. Most of the ships that were added were built in American, British or Italian yards.

In 1910 it was voted to spend \$15,000,000 in rehabilitating the navy. The result is that Turkey now has two modern battleships of the first class, the Reshad-I-Hamiss and the Reshad V, both with a 25,000-ton displacement. Besides these she also has one battleship of the cruiser type and three battleships of the older type. She has two first-class cruisers, two second-class cruisers and one third-class cruiser. The rest of the fleet is made up by two gunboats, two monitors, ten destroyers and eight torpedo boats.

The personnel of the navy was formerly drawn from the army, from 2,000 to 3,000 joining the navy each year. But under the present regime, during the reorganization and reconstruction of the navy, the draft of men is made direct. British officers were engaged to train the men and to assist in the reorganization. The naval force numbers, officers and men, about thirty thousand.

While the navy is small, its potency is greatly increased by the strategic position of Turkey's naval base, Constantinople.

Sick Women Attention

Is it possible 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, which proves beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other one medicine in the world?

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine for women—and every year we publish many new testimonials, all genuine and true. Here are three never before published:

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"For the benefit of women who suffer as I have done I wish to state what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I did some heavy lifting and the doctor said it caused a displacement. I have always been weak and I overworked after my baby was born and inflammation set in, then nervous prostration, from which I did not recover until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The Compound is my best friend and when I hear of a woman with troubles like mine I try to induce her to take your medicine."—Mrs. S. T. RICHMOND, 199 Waldo Street, Providence, R. I.

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From Mrs. J. D. Murdoch, Quincy, Mass.

SOUTH QUINCY, MASS.—"The doctor said that I had organic trouble and he doctored me for a long time and I did not get any relief. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and I tried it and found relief before I had finished the first bottle. I continued taking it all through middle life and am now a strong, healthy woman and earn my own living."—Mrs. JANE D. MURDOCH, 25 Gordon St., South Quincy, Mass.



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Most Improper. "Miss Flibbit, the doctors say that if a self-conscious person will hold something it will help him to overcome that feeling." "Perhaps the doctors are right, Mr. Flubbins, but I cannot permit you to overcome your self-consciousness by holding me, so please don't attempt it again."

In Love. "I'm certain he loves me," said the suburban girl. "How's that?" "It is a four mile walk to town. He misses the last car about twice a week, but he still keeps coming."

Bound to Be. "Pa, what is an extremist?" "Any woman who dresses in style, son."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Many a man who says he studies to please extends most of his efforts on himself.

Love and the Wolf. At a dinner in Tonopah Senator Key Pittman, apropos of a rash exclamation on the part of two young constituents, shook his head and said: "Love laughs at locksmiths. And later on, alas, my young friends will find the wolf doing the same thing."

Not What He Deserved. "You deserve a great deal of credit, young man." "Maybe I do, but I always have to pay cash."—Stray Stories.

Naturally. "What caused that awkward break in the conversation?" "Some one dropped the subject."

The Right Thing. He—In what month were you born? She—Oh, you needn't be afraid. The diamond is appropriate.

About the only thing in this life that a man can win in a walk is a game of golf.

Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple. Tropical Hawaii, the home of the finest Pineapple, is too distant to supply you with the fresh fruit that has ripened on the plant. If you want the delicious Hawaiian Pineapple in all its perfection after fully ripening in the field, buy Libby's. Yellow and mellow when harvested and placed right into the tin the day it is picked. You can buy it sliced or crushed. At Your Grocers Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

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Does some little mistake in your life trouble you, and would you be happier if it were possible to confess it to a confidante?

HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE, which needs no introduction to the connoisseur of truly worth-while magazines, contains each month a section called "The Confessional." Each issue contains a number of contributions by various anonymous writers telling of vital experiences and mistakes in their lives which they feel better for confessing, or which may serve as a warning to others. This department is unique, and is watched with intense interest by readers every month.

FARM AND RANCH is devoted to the interests of the home and farm builder, and is designed to meet every need and requirement. It meets these needs adequately through its mediums of correspondence with other farmers and its "Questions and Answers Column," where many of his most perplexing problems are solved. It opens his eyes to new and improved methods in carrying out his work, and proves to be an indispensable helper and right-hand man.

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Your Conscience Should Not Be Clear if You Neglect this Opportunity

Cemetery Association

At the instigation of Mrs. Scott Johnston and other ladies interested in the betterment of those conditions that affect our community life, a move has been started looking to the organization of a Cemetery Association whose function it will be to take charge of the local burying ground and make such changes and improvements as are necessary as well as lay plans for the future management of the plot that will insure its being kept in good condition.

So far, no definite steps have been taken, but considerable agitation is being brought to bear on the matter and it is believed the move will soon crystallize into something tangible and effective.

Certain it is that this kind of step has been sorely needed for some time as the cemetery is not only in very bad repair but, as there is no directing head, graves have been placed at random without the proper attention being paid to the arrangement of the grounds.

We hope the organization of a cemetery association will be prosecuted diligently until it assumes definite shape. The only requirement just now is some one to take the lead and it is believed that the public spirited ladies of the town can find that one among their number.

Write for particulars, it can do you no harm, and costs you only one cent. We are placing our graduates in good positions as fast as they are through with their courses.

We secure the best of private board and room for our students at from \$11 to \$12.50 per calendar month. Many of our students do light house keeping, which reduces their expenses to a minimum.

We have two places now where two young ladies may pay all their expenses by doing

Six Steps.

Do not fail to read below the six steps up the ladder of fortune.

The first step is self-confidence, for if you don't believe in yourself you can't expect anyone else to believe in you.

The second is industry, for no matter how much you may believe in your capabilities, if you are not industrious, all your talents will go.

The third is persistence, for industry which goes by fits and starts its motive-power which is wasted, while continued application conquers all things.

The fourth is probity, for dishonest success is colossal failure.

The fifth is temperance, for if you become drunk either with wine or prosperity, you are on the road to ruin.

The sixth is independence. The Bowie Commercial College starts you on the right road to attain the above independence, and if you will enter and do your part, your success is already assured. Hundreds are doing this every year, and there never was one of its graduates "turned down" on account of incompetency.

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A letter From Oregon.

Union, Oregon, Oct. 18, 1914.

Dear Mr. Richardson:

Probably you people of McLean would like to hear something from the Blue Rockies of Oregon.

We have a fine country here. Of course the climate is cold, the snow is a foot and a half deep on the mountains, which is only eight miles from here.

We have a fine fruit crop this year but some kind of worm got in the apples and many are faulty. As the war is making times so hard there is not much sale for the fruit and garden stuff. As you may know, the valleys running through here are fine for most all kinds of garden truck and fruit.

The one good thing about Oregon is that it is a healthy place I think it's as healthy as West Texas. But I won't say a word against good old Texas for I have lived there and I have a brother at McLean now.

We are having windy weather here now. It is dangerous to be in the woods when the wind blows so hard, it blows down the trees and the rocks off the cliffs and you can't hear the wild animals coming. We have awful fierce animals here: the Cougar, brown and black bears, wolves and panthers, so you see we have to be very careful when in the mountains.

You people will have to come out and enjoy a big hunt in the mountains.

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Church Directory

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

Holiness Services.
Conducted by S. R. Jones, at McLean Presbyterian Church 2nd and 4th Sunday nights of each month. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night of each week. The 1st Sunday of each month at the Heald school house at 3 p. m. Third Sunday at the Back school house at 11 a. m. Public invited to attend all services.

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

READ THIS

McLean Texas August 14-12. We the undersigned Druggist of McLean are selling Hall's Texas Wonder and recommend it to be the best Kidney Bladder and Rheumatic remedy we have ever sold.

ARTHUR ERWIN
T. M. WOLFE.
A TEXAS WONDER

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and irregularities in both men and women; regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist it will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by druggists.

Fried Owl.

Clarendon news: Depend on the Panhandle people for starting something new. A dispatch from Matador says that a select party of young people enjoyed an "owl fry" near that city Sunday afternoon. They had a pleasant time, and lots of fried "owl" for lunch.

We have read often of people being in the condition of a boiled owl, but rarely has fried owl been prominent in the public prints. It is possible, to be sure, that fried owl is a dainty viand in some portions of the world birds' nest are esteemed highly for their food value, and anybody who can eat a bird nest ought to relish any kind of a bird. But what ought to be isn't necessarily is. We, all of us know expert feeders who pay dearly for mushrooms, yet turn up their noses at mush. In fancy restaurants you sometimes see a man come in with a chicken on each arm and order turkey. Occasionally a turtive person at a lunch counter will consume a quantity of fowl tips and then tuck when the cashier's back is turned. No one ever knows what may occur during an occurrence. But State Press, for himself, feels privileged to guess that only those Matadors who were not invited to the owl fry "hooted" at it.—Dallas News.

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\$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. 754: If any person shall intentionally break, cut, pull or tear down, misplace, or in any other manner injure any telegraph or telephone wire, post, machinery or other necessary appurtenance to any telegraph or telephone line, or in any way willfully obstruct or interfere with the transmission of any messages along such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or by fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

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W. M. MASSAY, Prop.

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AMARILLO, TEXAS.

Willow Dale herd of Durocs

I will offer at public auction at my place in the canyon, six miles north-east of the Canyon and twelve miles south of Amarillo on

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4

commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., my entire herd of full blood Durocs, 50 head, consisting of herd boars, bred sows and a number of fine gilts and promising young boars. A few good barrows.

Also a team of good, big mules and a registered Jersey bull.

H. C. DOLCATER

\$50.00 Reward.

We will give a reward of fifty dollars for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons found crossing any of the fences or in any manner trespassing upon our land in Gray or Wheeler counties. The public is cautioned to take warning that we will vigorously prosecute any violation of the law covering the crossing of fences so far as it affects our properties.

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By A. B. Gardeuhire.