

The McLean News

TENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1914

NO 52

Right merrily we greet you on this glad Christmas day and extend the sincere wish that you may find true pleasure and enjoyment in the celebration of that memorable event nineteen hundred years ago which brought to a darkened and superstitious world the holy light of divinity, directing us in the ways of true holiness and teaching us the meaning of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards Men." In spite of the fact that there are countless thousands in this Christian Land of ours who seem to have forgotten the holy event that we are privileged to commemorate, treating it merely as a holiday on which to indulge their appetites and intemperances; in spite of the fact that one half of the world is engaged in a death grapple, inspired by the ignoble passion to kill and destroy in the maintaining of earthly power and glory, yet the Star of Bethlehem will arise in all its glorious beauty on their night of horror and shed its pure rays into their lives, causing the most indifferent to unconsciously bow the head in silent tribute to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

May this Christmas day of nineteen hundred fourteen be to you a most pleasurable one, and may you realize in its celebration a wider and nobler viewpoint of the beauty and sufficiency of Omnipotent Mind, is our wish.

The Greatest Exemplar

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints: we judge the tree by what it bears.
—Alice Cary.

To a greater or less extent every one follows the example of another, and to a greater or less extent every one sets an example for others. There is no one whose life is so humble and unobtrusive that it does not in some measure make its impress upon some other—possibly upon many others. A realization of the truth of this statement should be sufficient to cause every one who reads it to meditate upon the thought as to the kind of example he is setting. Immediately there should be a serious self-examination, a taking of stock morally and spiritually. This stock-taking, this introspective view of one's inner self and his outward expression, should be done regularly and at frequent intervals. It is of vastly more importance than the invoicing done by merchants at the end of the year. His is material and temporary; this is spiritual and eternal. There is in every life a continuous coming of crisis of greater or less importance, and just to the extent that they are met with candor of honesty, the sincerity of desire for growth in righteousness and fidelity to the cause of purity and truth, will the victory be achieved.

It is a warfare which never ceases, a struggle which never ends, and because this is true, he who fights the good fight has a life that is one continuous victory. Such a man has an Exemplar who lived a perfect life because He had a perfect love for God and man. He was perfect in courage, for he knew that before Him "devils fear and tremble." He was perfect in patience knowing the weaknesses and imperfections of humanity. He is acknowledged the world over to be the most perfect man, therefore His is the greatest example, and this is so because he had the greatest, tenderest and most abiding love. He who follows such an exemplar will come near attaining to the life described by Jno. H. Vincent when he said:



A MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

to all of our customers who have given us such a liberal patronage during the past year. May the year 1915 be the most successful you have ever known.

ERWIN DRUG COMPANY

The High School Play

The play, "Red Acre Farm," rendered by the pupils of the high school at the auditorium on Friday evening of last week was attended by a large audience who found in its rendition a source of real enjoyment and who are unanimous in their praise of the splendid work of each individual member of the cast. From the moment the curtain was raised on the first scene until it was rung down on the last there was not a dull moment in the action of the play and a steady flow of humor interspersed with the tragedy it depicted held the breathy attention of the big audience.

We have not the space to mention individually the work of the cast, but we feel it their due to say that all who witnessed the performance were agreeably surprised to find them so efficient in and suited to the parts which they portrayed.

It is understood the enterprise netted them something over forty dollars, which will go to the Mothers Club to be used in their work.

Notice Taxpayers.

I will be in the following places on the dates given for the purpose of collecting taxes.

Pampa 7th, 8th & 9th of January, 1915.
Alanreed 12th & 13th.
McLean 14th, 15th & 16th.
W. S. Copeland,
Sheriff and Tax Collector.

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
SURPLUS \$10,000.00

American State Bank

(GUARANTY FUND BANK)
McLean, Texas

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

A. P. CLARK, JR., J. T. FOSTER,

DIRECTORS.

INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

I will this day try to live a simple, sincere and serene life, repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity in every task, and a child-like trust in God.

Such a man soon discovers that, as Hugh Black says, "The trial is not designed that we may fall, but that we may rise." Browning expresses this thought very beautifully in these words: Why comes temptation but for man to meet

And master, and make crouch beneath his feet,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?

Thus it is that temptation to the virtuous and pure is a time for triumph, and like a good soldier, each battle makes him stronger and more courageous. He soon realizes the truth of the admonition to "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." When purity and truth, sincerity and faith, hope and love, appear on the scene all the demons of falsehood and sham, all the owls and bats of hypocrisy and hate which inhabit the caverns of hopelessness and despair, slink away to their remotest corners of darkness, just as gloom gives place to light, falsehood to truth and hate to love. It is only too true as the wise man said, "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be halden with the cords of his sins." Thus we see there was much in the expression used by the Master when he referred to the "woman whom satan hath bound." The cords that bind men and women are cords which are made up of little threads of sin, which accumulate until

when put together they can no longer be broken except by the strength of Omnipotence, or cut by "the sword of the Spirit." Man's own puny efforts avail not against them. He has to realize that, as the Psalmist said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." Sins, like bad habits, begin light as cobwebs and end in chains.

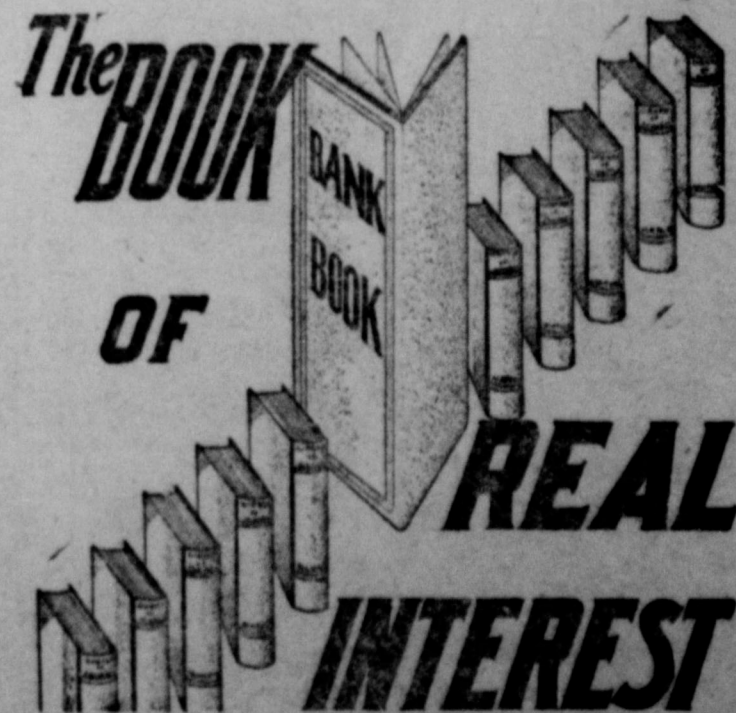
It is for us to know our exemplar and follow Him only who was above reproach; for we shall always be safe in yielding to His advice, "Follow me."—Dallas Morning News.

\$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.

Boatman Bank,
By A. B. Gardenhire.

I am prepared to take care of your short orders and will give you the best of service. Eagle Cafe, J. R. LaBlew, Prop.



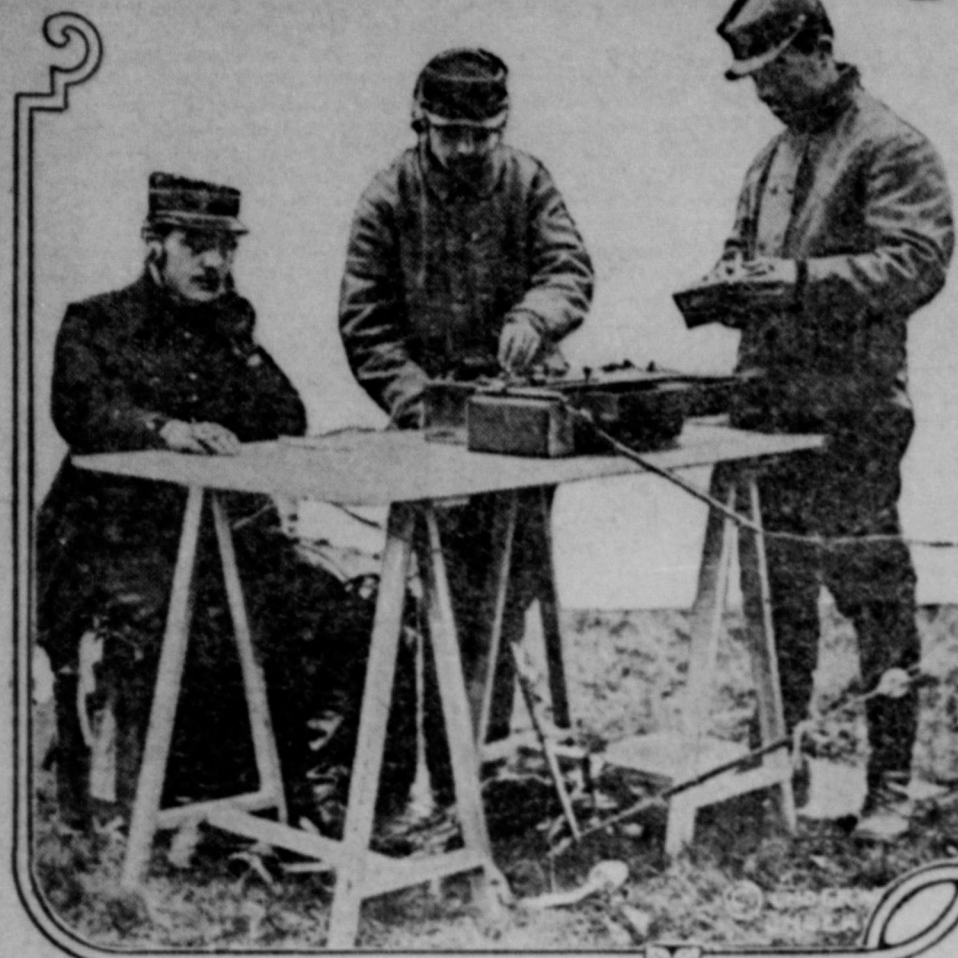
There is a book that as long as it is open its pages never lose interest, and each entry provides and proves its growing interest. The book is small but mighty, for it is a bank book.

BANK WITH US, A CONSERVATIVE INSTITUTION.

CITIZENS STATE BANK

"GUARANTY FUND BANK"
D. N. Massay, President
Clay E. Thompson, Cashier
W. E. Ballard, Vice-Pres.
J. L. Crabtree, Vice-Pres.
DIRECTORS
J. M. Noel, L. H. Webb, J. T. Close.

WHISPERING THROUGH the AIR of the ENEMY



FIELD TELEGRAPH OFFICE

THE war correspondents of 1898 wrote columns of matter about the heroes of Santiago who climbed on the embankments in front of the fighting men and wigwagged signals to the fleet on the other side of the enemy.

Wigwag went the flags by day spelling out orders and information, and wigwag went the lanterns by night spelling out more information and orders. In fact, wigwagging was about the only method of communication with the friends on the other side of the enemy.

Homing pigeons have been used from time immemorial, and they also were used at Santiago.

Today a different condition exists. As the Germans were sweeping down on Paris the operator in Eiffel tower whispered through the very air the Germans were breathing to convey information to St. Petersburg or Petrograd.

The wish of the wireless was unstopable. The Spaniards shot down the American signal men on the embankments in front of Santiago, but the rifle bullets from the Germans could not interfere with the wireless message as it went on its way.

One of the most wonderful developments of the wireless telegraphy came at the opening of the European war when it became possible to talk all the way from Berlin to Long Island. Germany talked across the British fleet to her own ships sailing the Atlantic and warned them of the sudden tremor.

The only way to stop the wireless was to destroy the operator and he was thousands of miles away. In our last war wires were stretched all over the fields back of the fighting men. Dispatchers carried word from colonel to general where there had not been time to string the wires.

In this war wires, too, have been stretched on the fields, pigeons still have carried messages, dispatchers have galloped back and forth, but in addition to all these messengers of war the fighters all depended more on the invention of Marconi, the great wireless telegraph.

The wireless telegraph has proved its value right on the field of battle. The man in the front ranks, or the outpost miles from the headquarters, could place himself in instant communication with his chief. The wireless telegraph made it possible for a German soldier fighting his way through Belgium to talk to a German soldier defending Alsace. It made it possible for a soldier at Brussels to shout news of victory back to Berlin without an instant's delay.

It made it possible for the French and British to keep in communication with each other and map out a new line of defense when the Germans were hurling their mighty hosts against them.

Marconi had already made himself famous before the war broke out. His invention was one of the greatest boons to humanity because it saved lives aboard ship in time of sea horror. It brought rescue to the distressed and expedited shipping. From an instrument of humanity and peace it sprang to an instrument of war and terror.

Like the pigeon or dove, the personification of peace, it became an instrument of war.

Perhaps next to the wireless stations, the most efficient messengers of war are the homing pigeons. These birds, the wisest of their kind, are employed to great advantage in English, French, German, Austrian, Italian, Russian and Japanese armies. Military authorities hold there is no better means for small detachments to communicate with their headquarters nor could they want better.

On the fields of Europe the flights of the birds are in most instances so short that they do not have to stop for a rest, thus preventing the message from falling into the hands of the enemy. A pigeon in its flight soars so high it is almost invisible to the naked eye, thus it necessitates the use of high power guns to bring it to the ground. And any man who ever makes such a shot can well call it a miracle.

The king of England and the emperor of Germany, as well as other rulers of European nations, have their own flying birds, and in time of peace they enter their birds in races with birds belonging to their subjects. The crowned heads deem themselves equal.

A pigeon equipped for flying with a message is encased in a bottle-like tube, the shape of its body.

A spy puts his message in his pocket, proceeds on his mission, quickly writes his discoveries on small bits of paper and places them in a tube



WIRELESS OPERATOR SENDING MESSAGE

the lefts at Durban and Pietermaritzburg and in view of the great service which they performed it is of more than passing notice. The dumb messengers were used in the signal service of this country during the war with Spain. In the French army more than three hundred thousand trained pigeons and more than six hundred thousand in the postal service which can be utilized in time of war. Germany has more than two hundred and fifty thousand well trained fliers and it, too, has its pigeon posts that can be utilized by the government.

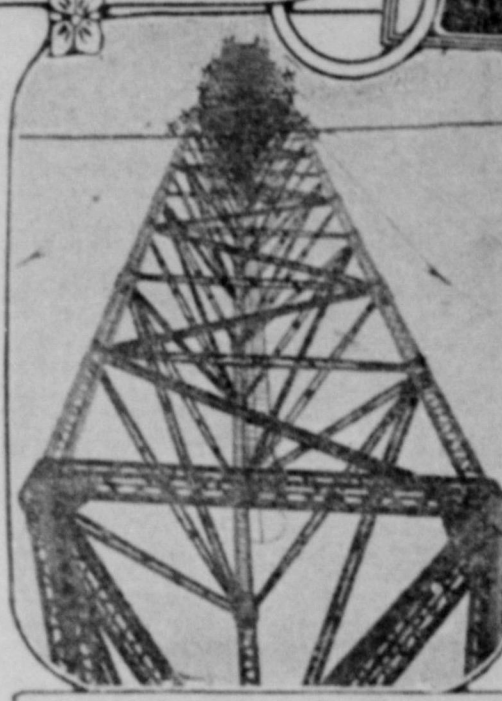
During the Russo-Japanese war an automatic camera was fastened about the breast of a pigeon and accurately timed to make photographs in the air.

When a homer is released, it rises rapidly into the air, flying in large circles, apparently getting its bearings. After rising several hundred feet it will circle to a point directly above the place where it was released, then dart in a straight line toward its home, bearing the important documents to its government.

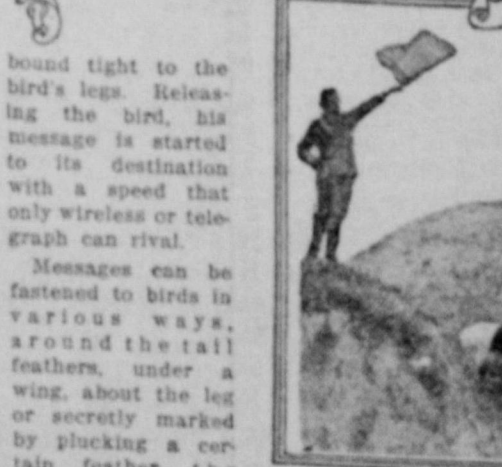
The pigeons were almost displaced by the invention of wireless telegraphy, but a bird can be carried easily where a wireless outfit would prove too bulky and could never be taken. A spy can release a pigeon in the face of the enemy when he could not dare to try wireless, with little risk to the bird. The messengers are truly birds of war, not peace.

of an old French squire, a retired general, who entertained the troops at his house. He says: "The old gentleman's two daughters helped to wait on the men, and after the meal was over the general said: "My dear comrades, let me so call you. It is an old soldier who fought against Prussia forty-four years ago. I was then a captain of cuirassiers—who welcomes you to his house with a heart full of emotion and in a voice trembling with sympathy and thick with tears. You honor me by this visit. In the midst of all your trials and privations you have a soldier's heart and courage and cheerfulness. By your wounds I know your sufferings. You see me old, but I am active and glad to be honored by your sharing such as I can offer you. France can never repay the debt she owes to England for giving to us her best and bravest sons. My father was killed in the war of 1870 at the battle of Sedan."

"It was a picture to see the grand old veteran, with faltering voice, strike the men's hearts by the first phrase, 'My dear comrades,' but when he raised his glass and gave 'The king and queen of England' the men stood up and tears chased each other down their cheeks. Then the parish priest said a few kind words of welcome and invited the party to attend benediction in the little church which adjoins the park of the general. This was a happy thought, for Protestants, Episcopalians and Presbyterians joined with Catholics in a solemn service of devotion under circumstances which show how easily, under stress of trial and adversity, the barriers of class and creed fall down."



WIRELESS STATION AT TUCKERTON, N.J.



SIGNALING BY WIGWAG

bound tight to the bird's legs. Releasing the bird, his message is started to its destination with a speed that only wireless or telegraph can rival.

Messages can be fastened to birds in various ways, around the tail feathers, under a wing, about the leg or secretly marked by blacking a certain feather, the painting of certain feathers and many other equally ingenious contrivances. Messages are often reproduced by photography upon films reduced to the smallest possible size which the birds carry and which weigh the mere fraction of an ounce.

Recently there appeared an account of the capture of a German spy. He was riding on a train in Belgium. The spy noticed that he was under surveillance and hurriedly wrote the information he had in his possession and released his winged messenger from the window of the train. The spy was captured, but the message could not be stopped.

These messengers of war sometimes are called carrier pigeons. They are not. Carrier pigeons lack the instinct that enables the homers to return to their cote. Carrier pigeons are only for the purpose of display at pet stock shows.

Many nations have established pigeon posts, where birds are trained to fly from one city to another, or from one island to another. They are much faster than train or steamboats and a message is much safer in their care. They are numbered today as one of the most deadly messengers of war.

The first news of the siege of Ladysmith, during the Boer war, was carried by homing pigeons. The pigeons used at Ladysmith were taken from

SEIZED A GERMAN MEAL

Incidents of soldier life in the fighting zone are read eagerly in London. How a small party of British cavalry cheated some Germans their supper is told in the following words:

"A small party were out on reconnaissance work, scouring woods and searching the countryside. Just about dusk a hail of bullets came upon our party from a small spinney of fir trees on the side of a hill. We instantly wheeled off as if we were retreating, but, in fact, we merely pretended to retire and galloped around across plowed land to the other side of the spinney, fired on the men and they mounted their horses and flew like lightning out of their 'supper room,' leaving a finely cooked repast of beefsteak, onions and fried potatoes all ready and done to a turn with about fifty bottles of lager beer, which was an acceptable relish to our meal. Ten of our men gave chase and returned for an excellent head."

The same writer gives an account of a speech

HOGS TO MAKE OUR CATTLE PROFITABLE



Pork Made in Cattle Feeding Lots.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The present margin of profit in fattening cattle for market is so narrow that many authorities assert that it is inadvisable to feed steers without following them with hogs. If the steers sell for enough to pay for expenses the hogs that follow will ordinarily return a sufficient profit to pay the farmer for his labor.

Interesting figures on this subject have been obtained by the United States department of agriculture from 24 Iowa farms. These farms were all managed by men of undoubted experience in raising cattle. A careful accounting system was adopted and rigidly followed.

The experiments began with the feeding year beginning in the fall of 1909. Prices at this time were very satisfactory and the 961 cattle raised made an average profit of \$2.05 per head. These steers were followed by 1,564 hogs which were given extra grain. The hogs were sold in the spring of 1910 at an average profit of \$5.67 per hog. If this profit is credited to the steers, each steer shows a profit of \$12.49. In the following feeding year, however, 1910 to 1911, the outcome was different. Prices were unsatisfactory and the 1,178 cattle were fed at an average loss for the year of 78 cents a head. Nevertheless the 1,614 hogs following the steers turned this loss into a profit. The hogs netted an average profit of \$3.33. Crediting this to the steers we have a net profit per steer of \$1.04.

Opinions differ on the number of hogs that it is well to have follow the steers. When corn is cheap many farmers feed the steers more corn than they can eat and run extra hogs which consume the waste. With high priced grain, however, this can hardly be recommended. A conservative rule, according to the department of agriculture, is to figure on one about per steer when shelled corn is fed and two when ear corn. In any circumstances there should be enough hogs provided to clean up all the waste corn.

Another convenient basis of calculation is to estimate that when one-third of a bushel of corn is fed a steer approximately three-fourths of a pound of pork will be obtained. With ear corn the gains are greater but on the other hand corn meal or corn and cob meal yields very little pork since it is much better utilized by the steer. It seems indeed to be proved that the diet which is most efficient for steers is the less so for hogs and vice versa.

It is customary to feed the hogs corn in addition to that which they obtain from the droppings. When this is done the hogs should always be fed separately and preferably before the steers in order not to annoy the latter.

Farmers' bulletin 558, "Economic Cattle Feeding in the Corn Belt," in which these questions are discussed, emphasizes the desirability of paying feed lots when hogs are following cattle. It has been definitely shown, say the government specialists, that hogs make nearly one pound more of pork on paved lots for each bushel of corn fed the steers. With pork at six cents a pound this item alone will amount to about \$1.50 a steer. In addition the risk of immediate loss must be taken into consideration. This sometimes compels the farmer to ship his cattle before they are ready and the loss he incurs in one year may well be more than the cost of paying the lot.

SUCCESS WITH THE FARM LIVE STOCK

Animals Used for Breeding Purposes Should Possess Individual Merit.

(By E. VAN BENTHUYZEN.)

Regularity in feeding and work makes long-lived horses. A scrub may yield a profit, but if so, a good animal would give a greater profit.

Feeding an inferior quality of food is not consistent with the most profitable stock feeding.

The young sow proves her ability by the way she handles her first litter.

No young animal will return as good results as the ones liberally fed.

To be too fiery is a fault in a horse drawing heavy loads on an uneven road.

Good stock must have good fare and attention, and then they will make most liberal returns.

The food of support is more than the food of gain, under the most favorable conditions.

The fault in overstocking is not altogether in having too much stock, but in not having enough feed.

No animal, however well bred, should be used for breeding purposes, unless it has individual merit.

Make it a rule to save every thing the saving of which doesn't cost more than it is worth.

In breeding, defects are peculiarly persistent, and are more easily stamped upon the next generation, than good qualities.

Mixed grasses make a better and surer pasture than a single variety, though it be the very best of all.

Scant feeding of the young animal produces that which is all but impossible to overcome by liberal feeding afterward.

There is no surer destruction to a herd, however good, than that of breeding to a bull that is an inferior sire.

GET THE POULTRY IN WINTER HOUSES

Much Depends Upon Pullets Getting Used to Quarters Before Starting Work.

(By MICHAEL K. BOTER.)

It is not yet too late to whitewash the interior of the hen houses; to repair leaky roofs; to patch up the cracks in the walls; to clean up the outside runs; and to give the premises a general overhauling.

Are the fowls roosting out on the trees? Get them accustomed to roosting in the house.

Place the pullets in their winter quarters if not already done. Remember that much depends upon the pullets feeling at home before they get down to real work.

Pick out what stock is intended to keep over winter, and market the rest. Good culling is the great factor in poultry success.

Clean up the incubators and brooders and test them to see that they are ready and in proper condition for work.

If it is intended to run the incubators during January for market stock the breeding pens should be made up now.

The road dust for baths and the leaves for the scratching sheds should have been gathered last month, but it is not too late to do so.

LAMB AND MUTTON DIFFER GREATLY

Animal at Eight Weeks Old Brings the Highest Price Ever Attainable.

There is as much difference between lamb and mutton as there is between spring chickens and a three-year-old rooster.

There is a limited period in the life of well-fed animals for growth. Every factor in the problem of producing mutton points to early maturity. If the early lamb that gets the credit.

At eight weeks old, if in a condition and seasonable to meet the very best trade, the lamb brings the highest price ever attainable, per pound. A very narrow limit at this time and the life of prices fades away and it will be necessary to keep him until another time or season that calls for a lamb three to five months old, but at a price considerably less per pound.

The lambs marketed at four months of age do not, as a rule, bring as much per head as those sold at eight weeks of age. The longer they are kept the lower class of market they satisfy and so on until they are full grown.

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TABLE



Jamesy

A Christmas Story

by James Whitcomb Riley

Copyright 1914 by Bobbs Merrill Co.

Instalment Three.

"Why, Jamesy," said I, as I vaguely comprehended the real drift of his thought, "the package is for you, and you won't open it, I will, and as I spoke I began unfolding it. 'Here,' said I, 'is a pair of gloves a little girl about your size told me to give to you, because I was telling her about you, where I live, and it's a clear case.'" and I laughed lightly to myself as I noticed a slow flush creeping to his face. "And here," said I, "is a hang-up pair of good old-fashioned socks, and, if they'll fit you, there's an old woman that wears specs and a mole on her nose, told me to tell you, for, that she kait them for your Christmas present, and if you don't wear them she'll never forgive you. And here," I continued, "is a cap, as fuzzy as a woolly-worm, and as warm as a cap, I reckon, as you ever stood on your head in; it's a cheap cap, but I bought it with my own money, and money that I worked mighty hard to get, because I ain't rich; now, if I was rich, I'd buy you a plug; but I've got an idea that this little, old, woolly cap, with earbobs to it, and a snapper to go under your chin, don't you see, won't be a bad cap to knock around in, such weather as this. What do you say, now? Try her on once," and as I spoke I turned to place it on his head.

"Oomb-oo!" he negatively murmured, putting out his hand, his closed lips quivering—the little frowzy head drooping forward, and the ragged shoes shuffling on the floor.

"Come," said I, my own voice growing curiously changed; "won't you take these presents? They are yours; you must accept them, Jamesy, not because they're worth so very much, or because they're very fine," I continued, bending down and folding up the parcel, "but because, you know, I want you to, and—and—you must take them; you must!" and as I concluded, I thrust the tightly folded parcel beneath his arm, and pressed the little tattered elbow firmly over it.

"There you are," said I. "Freeze on to it, and we'll skip off here at the avenue. Come."

I hardly dared to look behind me till I found myself upon the street, but as I threw an eager glance over my shoulder I saw the little fellow following, not bounding joyfully, but with a solemn step, the little parcel hugged closely to his side, and his eyes bent soberly upon the frozen ground.

"And how's Sis by this time?" I asked cheerily, flinging the question backward, and walking on more briskly.

"'Bout the same," said the boy, brightening a little, and skipping into a livelier pace.

"About the same, eh? and how's that?" I asked.

"Oh, she can't git around much like she used to, you know; but she's a-gittin' better all the time. She set up mighty high all day yesterday," and as he spoke the eyes lifted with the old flash, and the little frowzy head tossed with the old defiance.

"Why, she not down sick?" said I, a sudden ache of sorrow smiting me.

"Yes," replied the boy, "she's been bad a long time. You see," he broke in by way of explanation, "she didn't have no shoes ner nothin' when winter come, and kind o' took cold, you know, and that give her the whoopin' cough so's she couldn't git around much. You list ort to see her now! Oh, she's a-gittin' all right now, you can bet! and she said yesterday she'd be plum well Christmas, and that's the only to-mor-row. Guess not!" and as the little fellow concluded this exultant speech, he circled round me, and then shot forward like a rocket.

"Hi! Jamesy!" I called after him, pausing at a stairway and stepping in the door.

The little fellow joined me in an instant. "Want that shine now?" he inquired with panting eagerness.

"Not now, Jamesy," said I, "for I'm going to be quite busy for a while. This is my stopping-place here—the second door on the right, upstairs, remember—and I work there when I'm in the city, and I sometimes sleep there, when I work late. And now I want to ask a very special favor of you." I continued, taking a little sealed packet from my pocket. "Here's a little box that you're to take to Sis, with my compliments—the compliments of the season, you understand—and tell her I sent it, with particular directions that she shouldn't break it open till Christmas morning—not till Christmas morning, understand! Then you tell her that I would like very much to come and see her, and if she can't come, say two hours from now, or three hours, or tonight, anyway, and we'll go down and see Sis together—what do you say?"

The boy nodded dubiously. "Honest—must I do all that, sure enough?"

"Will you?" said I; "that's what I want to know;" and I pushed back the dusky little face and looked into the bewildered eyes.

"Solid!" he queried, gravely.

"Solid," I repeated, handing him the box. "Will you come?"

"W'y, 'course I will, only I was jist a-thinkin'—"

"Just thinking what?" said I, as the little fellow paused abruptly and shook the box suspiciously at his ear. "Just thinking what?" I repeated; "for I must go now; good-by—Just thinking what?"

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy, backing off and staring at me in a phase of wonder akin to awe—"Nothin', only I was jist a-thinkin' that you was a little the curiouser rooster I ever see."

Three hours later, as I sat alone, he came in upon me timidly to say he had not been home yet, having "run across the old man jist a-billin', and had to git him corralled fore he dropped down some'er in the snow; but I'm a-gittin' long bully with him now," he added with a deep sigh of relief, "cause he's so full he'll haf to let go purty soon. Say you'll be here?"

I nodded silently, and he was gone. The merry peals of laughter rang up from the streets like mockery. The jingling of bells, the clatter and confusion of the swarming thoroughfares, flung up to me not one glad murmur of delight; the faint and far-off blaring of a dreamy waltz, blown breeze-like over the drowsy ear of night, had sounded sweeter to me had I stood amidst the band, with every bellowing horn about my ears, and the drums and clashing cymbals howling mad.

I couldn't work, I couldn't read, I couldn't rest; I could only pace about. I heard the clock strike ten, and strike it hard; I heard it strike eleven, and twelve it held out at arm's length, and struck it full between the eyes, and let it drop—stone dead. O I saw the blood ooze from its ears, and saw the white foam freeze upon its lips! I was alone—alone!

It was three o'clock before the boy returned.

"Been a long while," he began, "but I had a fearful time with the old man, and he went on so when I did git him in I was 'most afeard to leave him; but he kind o' went to sleep at last, and Molly she come over to see how Sis was a-gittin'; and Sis said she'd like to see you if you'd come now, you know, while they ain't no racket goin' on."

"Come, then," said I, buttoning my coat closely at the throat, "I am ready;" and a moment later we had stepped into the frosty night. We moved along in silence, the little fellow half running, half sliding along the frozen pavement in the lead; and I noted, with a pleasurable thrill, that he had donned the little fuzzy cap and mittens, and from time to time was flinging, as he ran, admiring glances at his shadow on the snow.

Our way veered but a little from the very center of the city, but led mainly along through narrow streets and alleyways, where the rear ends of massive business blocks had dwindled down to insignificant proportions to leer grimly at us as we passed little grated windows and low, scowling doors. Occasionally we passed a clump of empty boxes, barrels, and such debris and merchandise as had been crowded pell-mell from some inner storeroom by their newer and more dignified companions; and now and then we passed an empty bus, bulging up in the darkness like a behemoth of the olden times; or, jutting from the still narrower passages, the sloping ends of drays and carts, innumerable. And along even as forbidding a defile as this we groped until we came upon a low, square brick building that might have served at one time as a wash-house, or, less probably, perhaps, a dairy. There was but one window in the front, and that but little larger than an ordinary pane of glass. In the sides, however, and higher up, was a row of grates, evidently designed more to serve as ventilation than as openings for light. There was half above ground, half below, with little narrow sidesteps leadin' down to it. A light shone dimly from the little window, and as the boy motioned me to pause and listen, a sound of female voices talking in undertones was audible, mingled with a sound like that of someone snoring heavily.

"Hear the old man a-gittin' in his work?" whispered the boy.

I nodded. "He's asleep?"

"You bet he's asleep!" said the boy, still in a whisper; "and Bril let about stay with it (that's what Bril says, anyhow. Why you see, you see, cap?"

"A quarter now till four," I replied, peering at my watch.

"W'y, it's Christmas, then!" he cried in muffled rapture of delight; but abruptly checking his emotion, he beckoned me a little farther from the door, and spoke in a confidential whisper.

"Cap, look here, now; fore we go in I want you to promise me one thing—'cause you can fix it and she'll never drop! Now, here, I want to put up a job on Sis, you understand!"

"What!" I exclaimed, starting back and staring at the boy in amazement. "Put up a job on Sis?"

"Oh, look here, now, cap; you ain't a-goin' back on a feller like that!" broke in the little fellow, in a mingled tone of pleading and reproof; "and if you don't help a feller I'll haf to wait till broad daylight, 'cause we ain't got no clock."

"No clock!" I repeated with increased bewilderment.

"Oh, come, cap, what do you say? It ain't no lie, you know; all you got to do'll be to jist tell Sis it's Christmas—as though you didn't want me to hear, you know; and then she'll git my Christmas gift! First, you know;—and, oh, lord! won't she think she's played it fine!" And as I slowly comprehended the meaning of the little fellow's plot I nodded my willingness to assist in "putting up the job."

"Now, hold on a second!" continued the little fellow, in the wildest glee, darting through an opening in a high board fence a dozen steps away, and in an instant reappearing with a bulky parcel, which, as he neared me, I discovered was a paper flour sack half filled, the other half lapped down and fastened with a large twine string.

"Now this stuff," he went on excitedly, "you must juggle in without Sis seein' it—here, shove it under your 'ben, here—there—that's business! Now when you go in, you're to set down with the other side to'rds the bed, you see, and when Sis hollers 'Christmas gift,' you know, you jist kick o' let it slide down to the floor like, and I'll nail it slick enough—"



LEAN DOWN HERE SAID THE GIRL

though I'll p'tend, you know, it ain't Christmas yet, and look sold out, and say it wasn't fair fer you to tell her, and all that; and then I'll open up sudden-like, and if you don't see old Sis bug out them eyes of hern I don't want a cent!" And as the cheerful boy concluded this speech, he put his hands over his mouth and dragged me down the little, narrow steps.

"Here's that feller come to see you, Sis," he announced abruptly, opening the door and peering in. "Come on," he said, turning to me. I followed, closing the door, and looking curiously around. A squabby, red-faced woman, sitting on the edge of a low bed, leered upon me, but with no salutation. An old cook-stove, propped up with bricks, stood back against the wall directly opposite, and through the warped and broken doors in front sent out a dismal suggestion of the fire that burned within. At the side of this, prone upon the floor, lay the wretched figure of a man, evidently in the deepest stage of drunkenness, and thrown loosely over him was an old tattered piece of carpet and a little checkered shawl.

There was no furniture to speak of, one chair—and that was serving as a stand—stood near the bed, a high hump-shouldered bottle sitting on it, a fruit-can full of water, and a little dim and smoky lamp that glared sulkily.

"Jamesy, can't you git the man a cheer or somepin'?" queried a thin voice from the bed; at which the red-faced woman rose reluctantly with the rather sullen words: "He can sit here, I reckon," while the boy looked at me significantly and took up a position near the "stand."

"So this is Sis?" I said, with reverence.

The little haggard face I bent above was beautiful. The eyes were dark and tender—very tender, and though deeply sunken were most childish in expression and star-pure and luminous. She reached a wasted hand out to me.

mo—that—that little box, you know—o'y I guess I—I won't need it." As she spoke a smile of perfect sweetness rested on the face, and the hand within my own nestled in dove-like peace.

The boy bent over the white face from behind and whispered something in her ear, trailing the little laughing lips across her brow as he looked up.

"Not now, Jamesy; wait a while."

"Ah!" said I, shaking my head with feigned merriment, "don't you two go to plotting about me!"

"Oh, hello, no, cap?" exclaimed the boy, assuringly. "I was on'y jist a-tellin' sis to set you if she mightn't open that box now—honest! And you jist ask her if you don't believe me—I won't listen." And the little fellow gave me a look of the most penetrating suggestiveness; and when a moment later the glad words, "Christmas gift! Jamesy," rang out quaveringly in the thin voice, the little fellow snatched the sack up, in a paroxysm of delight, and before the girl had time to lift the long dark lashes once upon his merry face, he had emptied its contents out tumultuously upon the bed.

"You got it on to me, sis!" cried the little fellow, dancing wildly round the room; "got it on to me this time! but I'm game, don't you fergit, and don't put up nothin' snide! How'll them shoes there ketch you? and how's this fer a cloak—is them enough beads to suit you? And how's this fer a hat—feather and all? And how's this fer a dress—made and ever'thing? and I'd a' got a corsik with it if he'd only had any little 'nough. You won't look fly ner lothin' when you throw all that style on you in the morning!—Guess not!" And the delighted boy went off upon another wild excursion round the room.

Even slatternly Molly looked up with a faint show of interest that might have grown into enthusiasm, and the sudden lump of flesh on the floor stirred and moaned uneasily, his drunken slumber disturbed by the noisy joy of Jamesy. "Sis" gasped a bit and lovingly her thin hand hovered over the things that should have been precious to girl or woman. She lifted the shoes, stroked the cloak and dress, and there was just the suspicion of a sob in her throat as she fondled the hat, "feather and all. Then she turned toward me.

"Lean down here," said the girl, a great light in her eyes and the other slender hand sliding from beneath the covering. "Here is the box you sent me, and I've opened it—it wasn't right you know, but somepin' kind o' said to open it fore morning—and—and I opened it." And the eyes seemed asking my forgiveness, yet were filled with great bewilderment.

"You see," she went on, in the thin voice falling in a falter tone, "I knowed that money in the box—that is, the bills—I knowed them bills 'cause one o' 'em had a inkspot on it, and the other ones had been pinned with it—they wasn't pinned together when you sent 'em, but the holes was in where they had been pinned, and they was all pinned together when Jamesy had 'em—'cause Jamesy used to have them very bills—he didn't think I knowed—but on't when he was asleep, and father was a-goin' through his clothes, I happened to find 'em in his coat fore he did; and I counted 'em, and hid 'em back ag'in, and father didn't find 'em, and Jamesy never knowed it. I never said nothin', 'cause somepin' kind o' said to me it was all right, and somepin' kind o' said I'd git all these things here, too—on'y I won't need 'em, ner the money, nor nothin'. How did you get the money? That's all!"

The boy had by this time approached the bed, and was gazing curiously upon the solemn little face.

"What's the matter with you, Sis?" he asked in wonderment; "ain't you glad?"

"I'm mighty glad, Jamesy," she said, the little, thin hands reaching for his own. "Guess I'm too glad, 'cause I can't do nothin' on'y jist feel glad; and somepin' kind o' says that that's the gladdest glad in all the world. Jamesy!"

"Oh, pshaw, Sis! Why don't you tell a feller what's the matter?" said the boy, uneasily.

The white hands linked more closely with the brown, and the pure face lifted to the grimy one till they were blent together in a kiss.

"Be good to father, fer you know he used to be so good to us."

"O Sis! Sis!"

"Molly!"

The squabby, red-faced woman threw herself upon her knees and kissed the thin hands wildly and with sobs.

"Molly, somepin' kind o' says that you must dress me in the morning—but I won't need the hat, and you must take it home for Nannie—Don't cry so loud; you'll wake father."

I bent my head down above the frowzy one and moaned—moaned.

"And you, sir," went on the falling voice, reaching for my hand, "you must take this money back—you must take it back, fer I don't need it. You must take it back—and—and—You must take it back—and—and—And give it—give it to the poor." And even with the utterance upon the gracious lips the glad soul leaped and fluttered through the open gates.

THE END.

Another Point of View.

"So you are not to be married?"

"No. He says he has changed his mind."

"What's his excuse?"

"The war."

"And you have no witnesses nor love letters?"

"No."

"Well, isn't just what they say it is!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PRETTY CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Acceptable Presents for Young and Old and How They Are Made

FANCY CAPS POPULAR AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

FANCY caps, of many kinds, are among the gifts that may be relied upon to please those who receive them. This year they are shown made for the dancing party, for theater wear, for skating, and, in greater numbers still, for breakfast and bedroom wear. They employ a great variety of mate-



rials, the choice depending upon the purpose that the cap is to serve. A pretty evening cap, shown in the picture, is made of silk and bound with silver braid. A fan of silver ornament, poised like a butterfly near the face of the wearer, where two tassels of silver tinsel are suspended. Such a headress need not be removed at the theater or dance and adds a charming touch of brilliance to the dress.

USEFUL PRESENTS FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A WARM robe of elderdown flannel is among the many delightful gifts that are to be made for the baby or for the little ones who have outgrown babyhood. Elderdown flannel is woven in light colors and figured in white with Teddy bears, rabbits, birds and other figures that delight the youngsters. It is the softest and most comforting of materials for cold weather.



Bath robes like that pictured are bound with narrow ribbon on all the raw edges, provided with collars and pockets (except when made for infants) and have ties of silk cord, finished with tassels at the neck and about the waist, like the elderdown in color. For the little infant the pocket and waist cord are not needed.

Bed slippers of elderdown finished and tied with ribbons are very comfortable for little ones who are apt to kick off bedclothes in cold weather. They are among the most easily made of gifts. Shoes and booties, for little infants' daily wear, are also made of this material which is so well suited for a baby's garments. Other articles are short socks, hoods and blankets for the baby's carriage. The last are decorated with big bows of wide, handsome satin ribbon.

TOYS MADE IN THE HOME WORKSHOP

THERE are some toys that can be made at home for the smaller children and they are among those that are most durable and most cherished. Among them are Teddy bears, dogs, elephants, rabbits and kittens made of cotton flannel or plush. Rag dolls, printed on strong muslin, can be bought ready to be cut out and made at home. The animals are cut by patterns to be had at pattern companies and are stuffed with sawdust. Small buttons or beads make their eyes and heavy yarns are employed in outlining the mouth or nose or other details.

A small white dog shown in the picture illustrates how well these toys look. He is furnished with eyes made of little black buttons and ears cut from black cloth. A ribbon carrying a tiny bell is sewed about his neck and he is bedecked with a narrow band of red ribbon about his body, tied in a bow at the side.

A clown doll is shown with the head made of ribbed goods like a stocking top. The body is made of blue cambric

and the shoes of red. The tall hat is of red also, and the costume is finished with a ruffle collar of white lace. This doll has eyes made of small black beads with eyebrows and eyelids defined with black yarn. His nose is formed by making a short ridge in the face drawn together by a few stitches. A stitch, in red yarn, forms his mouth and a mustache and whiskers are made of black yarn.

Among the new things brought out for this year are pictures to be made



by cutting out figures from colored tissue paper and pasting them on a thin paper background. The tissue is placed over an outline picture and the figure wanted drawn in outline with a pencil. It is then cut out. Different objects are drawn on different colored paper, as trees on green paper, horses on white or brown paper, and other objects on appropriate colors. After all the required figures are cut out, they are pasted on the background.

PRETTY SHADES FOR CHRISTMAS CANDLES

PRETTY candle shades for the dressing case or for the candies of the dinner or luncheon table, are sure to delight the home-maker, so they are among the most acceptable of Christmas gifts to everyone who loves the little touches that add to the beauty of the home.



Candle shades, of figured silk, or silkalene or thin ribbon, may be made over small wire frames, with the silk put on in plaits or plain or fluted. The thin ribbons are easily handled.

Small wire frames are to be bought ready made and come in a variety of shapes and sizes. Sometimes the frame is made of stiff cardboard, but this is not durable nor as satisfactory as that of wire.

To make shades like that shown in the picture take flowered ribbon or strips of silk a half-inch wider than the width of the wire frame. Lay it in plaits a little less than a half inch in depth, or have it plated on a plaiting machine. Sew one edge of the plaited strip over the top wire of the frame, crowding the plaits close together. Sew the other edge over the bottom wire. Spreading the plaits evenly is necessary. Conceal the sewing and border the shade at the same time with tinsel braid in silver or gilt.

PRETTY LITTLE CORSAGE AND HAIR ORNAMENTS

RIBBONS are used to make the single roses and small bouquets that it is fashionable to wear at the shoulder, over the coat or corsage. Single roses are also made of silver or gold tissues and small blossoms of these materials are used with those of ribbon in the little bouquets. The single metallic rose is as large as the largest natural roses and is set in foliage.

Ribbon in a heavy quality something over an inch in width is used for mak-



ing roses. Pinks and reds as like the natural flowers as possible are chosen.

Hair ornaments are made by winding bonnet wire with satin ribbon in lengths sufficient to extend twice across the head from ear to ear. This covered wire is doubled in the center and caught together at the ends making a double band. At each end of the band a ribbon rose is set in foliage. Ornaments of this kind make lovely gifts for young women.

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 Meets New Year's Day

"Life without literature is death."

The Study Club has grown wonderfully in enthusiasm since its organization a couple of months ago. The membership list has been reached and will likely be closed at the next meeting. A committee composed of Mesdames East, Dorsey and Richardson is planning the new year's work which will be embodied in a handsome Year Book that the club expects to issue early in January.

The first meeting of the year will be on New Year's Day at the home of Mrs. R. E. Dorsey. Each member has the privilege of inviting a guest to this meeting and after the program a social hour will be enjoyed. The program as follows will be in charge of Miss Ethel McCurdy and is composed of papers on musical authors followed by a musical number from that author:

- Wm. Mason.....Mrs. Richardson
- "Dance Rustique".....Mrs. Boyett and Miss McCurdy
- Sherwood.....Mrs. East
- "Ethelinda".....Miss McCurdy
- Nevin.....Mrs. Thompson
- "Narcissus".....Mrs. Dorsey
- Carrie Jacobs Bond.....Mesdames LeFors and Massey
- "Perfect Day" (Vocal).....Mrs. Vestch
- MacDowell.....Mrs. Boyett
- "Witches Dance".....Miss McCurdy
- Souza.....Mrs. Holt
- "Stars and Stripes Forever".....Mable and Leona Watkins and Ina Hearse.

John B. Vannoy

Optician and Jeweler

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

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

A Merry Christmas To You All

We want to thank our friends and customers for their most liberal patronage during the past year. And when we say we thank you we want you to know it comes from the heart. No one can appreciate your business more than we do, and we hope by fair dealing we may continue to have your patronage.

The past year as we think has been a very prosperous year under the conditions. Crops have been good, and while the price has not been as good as it has been for the past few years, yet let us feel thankful to Him whose great birthday we celebrate on this occasion that we are at peace with other nations and have plenty to supply our needs.

Wishing you all a most Merry Christmas and Prosperous 1915, we are,

Yours very truly,
Cicero Smith Lumber Co.
By W. T. Wilson, Mgr.

Greetings.

To one and all we extend our sincere greetings, hoping that your Christmas may be a merry one, or better still a HAPPY one, for happiness is more enduring than merriment.

About two thousand years ago the Herald Angles sang "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." More forcibly this year perhaps than ever before are we brought to the realization of the big real things for which we Americans should be thankful. Possibly we have never before so fully understood the real meaning of the words "Peace on Earth" as applicable to us as a Nation.

Truly we have many reasons to be thankful. In this spirit we acknowledge our obligations to our customers and friends, and assure you of our appreciation of the Good Will you have shown us. May continued happiness and prosperity be yours.

Very sincerely,
BUNDY HODGES.

High Plane Best.

Port Stockton Journal: With calves selling in the Panhandle country of Texas for October delivery at from \$25 to \$30 around mid-time ranchmen, of that section are recalling the time when they could hardly dispose of calves at any old price. With calves now bringing twice as much as a mature cow were worth a few years ago, it is evident the cattle business has been pitched on a much higher plane.

A much higher plane is right. In fact the plane is so high the plain people hardly can reach it. To think of a calf, a wobbly child cow, bleating, wondering mass of hide and gristle that is as apt to follow its papa as the mama at dinner time—to think of a foolish calf with wide, uncomprehending eyes selling for \$10, is enough to make the wise observer wonder if the economic world is not turned topsy-turvy. It was only a few years ago that a farmer would use harsh language toward any stray calf that attempted to follow him home. To take a stroll in the country and have a calf take up with the stroller, volunteering companionship and offering it a dumb plaintive, hoarse way, to become a member of his herd, is family, was provoking to every one who occasionally strolled. That is to say, calves were so cheap men actually despised them and thousands were permitted to wander away and get lost in the woods or be picked to death by ticks. Today it is so different that to be proprietor of a little pen full of calves and a little pasture for them to graze on is to be accorded credit for financial bestness. Indeed, to own a cow and calf is almost independence, and to own two cows and two calves is to be well off in worldly goods.

In other years than these it was common, even customary, for even the poorest people to own cows and pigs. Today it is rare that a "share cropper," shearing one who farms on "the balance," possesses a single foot of live stock. Thousands of them own not even as much as a chicken. No wonder that a large crop of cotton at a low price spells disaster. The whole farming community of the South has permitted itself to be stripped of its real wealth in order that it might pursue the ignis fatuus of artificial wealth, which is money. Money isn't wealth. It is only a token signifying wealth. And the majority haven't even that.

—Dallas News.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

Mercury will surely destroy the mucous membrane which covers the surface of the nose, throat and lungs. Such ointments should never be used except on prescription from a regular physician, as the damage they will do is far in excess of the good they may possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures Catarrh of the Nose, Throat and Lungs. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 50c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Cure for constipation.

Christmas Greetings.

As the year 1914 draws to a close I am reminded that another mile post on life's voyage has been passed, but I do not feel any older, do you?

So then we should not go through life with our heads down as though all of our people were dead—except our mother-in-law. But lets wake up and pull together for a better town and a better and more prosperous people.

I am proud of the business I have enjoyed this year and have tried to make it satisfactory to you. How well I have succeeded in this, you know better than I. But I do wish all a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

M. D. BENTLEY.

Read The McLean News.

Foreign Countries Pay Tribute to Texas

From all over the world, from Europe, North Africa, Egypt, Asia Minor, Portuguese East Africa, German East Africa, Zanzibar, West Africa, South Africa, Arabia, India, China, Australia, New Zealand, South America, Central America, Canada and the West Indies, buyers of oil pay tribute to oil products manufactured in Texas by The Texas Company.

This foreign trade and the trade with other States in the Union keeps the three refineries, the pipe lines, the distributing stations, barrel, box and can factories, machine shops and other properties of The Texas Company going, and employs Texas labor, buys material and supplies from Texas factories and stores, and pays enormous Texas taxes.

By far the greater part of the trade of The Texas Company is in the foreign field and in the other States of the Union.

The larger part of the money secured from these sources is spent right in Texas. The amount of oil which Texas uses is only a very small part of the amount required each year to pay the thousands of workers employed in the refineries and factories of the Company. It would do little towards paying for the materials and supplies bought by The Texas Company in Texas.

It is the money which comes steadily, in rapidly-increasing volume, from all over the world which maintains these enormous properties and pays the thousands of workers.

Quality of goods manufactured and added value in the service given have enabled The Texas Company to build up this world tribute to Texas oil products and manufactures.

This quality and this service are at your door, in your own town there is an agent of The Texas Company ready to serve you.

Order from him—the goods will please you.

The Texas Company
General Offices: Houston, Texas

A TOAST TO GOV. FERGUSON

(Peter Radford proposes to the people of Texas the following toast in honor of Governor-elect Ferguson. In order that the prohibition question may be eliminated from the festivities, Mr. Radford suggests that all citizens rise and drink a glass of butter-milk to the health of our next Governor.)

Here's to the man who fought the farmers' battles and who planted the flag of agriculture on the parapets of success. A man out of the loins of agriculture and out of the heart of business, unswayed by combinations and unswayed by politicians. A man tu-

tered in the school of poverty and disciplined in the university of success, whose ambition is without guile and whose patriotism is without greed, called from the hearthstone of the common people to rule over the land.

A plain man who can hear the feeble cry of the weak and the just complaints of the strong who has toiled by the side of those who labor and worked with those who plan. A man whose life is attuned to the song of the plow, the shrill whistle of the locomotive, the clatter of the dinner pail and whose heart feels the mighty surge of progress as it beats against the border line. A man who owes no debt to his friends and no grudge to his foes, but who answers the call of his country and serves for the joy of service.

A man whose life has been

hissed by demagogues, whose heart has been stung by fanatics and whose back has felt the rod of prejudice. The people's friend, the politician's foe and the investor's hope. Whatever may be his will or ambition, fears or hopes, joys or sorrows, he is to wield the scepter of power and will soon be your Governor and mine.

Old men have visions, young men have dreams. Successful farmers plow deep while sluggards sleep.

Whatever change the tenant farmer makes, it is bound to be for the better—it couldn't be for the worse.

The soil is like a man's bank account. It can soon be exhausted by withdrawing and never depositing.

PREINVENTORY

SALE

...December 26th to January 8th...

On all cash purchases made between the above dates, we will give a discount of **10 PER CENT** from our regular selling price, this applies to everything in our store (except ammunition.) Nothing booked at this price, but must be for cash.

In connection we wish to express our appreciation to our many customers for the liberal patronage during the past year and trust by fair dealings and right prices to merit a continuance of the same.

Wishing each and all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We are respectfully yours to please,

McLean Hardware Company

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WE GREET YOU

With the compliments of the season and wish for you a merry and happy Christmas and a prosperous New year. The liberal patronage you have accorded us during the past year has been not only a source of profit to us but of pleasure and we sincerely hope that the satisfaction has been mutual. We wish to thank you for your prompt attention to the settlement of your accounts and to solicit your continued patronage, assuring one and all that our efforts will be to please and render you efficient service.

C. C. COOK

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About Town and County

Fresh bread at the Eagle Cafe.

William Henry spent several days at Chyene, Okla., this week.

Carving sets at McLean Hdw. Co.

As is our custom, there will be a paper next week, Jan. 1, 1915.

Mrs. Minnie Allen is visiting friends in Amarillo this week.

Hot Chile and Irish Stew at all hours at the Eagle Cafe.

M. Taylor left Wednesday for points in Oklahoma.

A. A. Callahan is among our subscription renewals this week.

I will call for and deliver your laundry. H. F. Lankford.

There will be a Christmas tree at three of the churches tonight.

Andrew Floyd and William Turner are home from their respective schools.

Misses Hattie Thompson and Nona Cousins of the I. C. A. at Denton, are home for the holidays.

Miss Grace Hamilton of the Abilene College is visiting her parents during the holidays.

Neville Fearn and Byron Kibler are home from Stillwater, Okla., for the holidays.

For first class cleaning and pressing see H. F. Lankford at the Everett Barbershop.

L. D. Shaw of Alanreed was among the business visitors in the city the first of the week.

S. J. Hodges was home from Amarillo the latter part of last week for a visit with his family.

F. M. Faulkner returned Sunday from Kansas City, where he had been with a shipment of sheep.

C. M. Carpenter is moving from the ranch into town where he expects to spend the winter.

J. R. Bevers has been spending several days at Clarendon on matters of business.

Miss Kattie Robinson is home from her school at Tulsa to spend the holidays.

W. Haynes has been out of the city several days this week on matters of business.

We are prepared to print calling cards in the most approved style—50 for 50 cents. McLean News.

Calling cards with your name printed in old English, 50 for 50c at the news office.

Will Chambers and family will move this week to Dr. C. E. Donnell's ranch near Silvertown.

T. J. D'Spain and family will leave in a few days for their new home near Mobeetie.

T. J. Coffey has sold his stock of groceries to the Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co.

The Quarterly Conference will meet at the Methodist church on the 2nd and 3rd of January.

Mrs. Hamilton is enjoying a visit from her mother, Mrs. Grant of Byers, Okla.

Miss Ruth Moss of Texico, N. M., is visiting at the home of Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Hamilton.

Bryant Henry of Pampa arrived Tuesday to spend the holidays with home folks.

The companies of U. S. artillery passed through here last Saturday enroute to Naco, Arizona, from Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Roy Rice has returned to her home at Oklahoma City, after spending a week here the guest of her parents.

Mrs. C. S. Rice left Sunday for St. Louis where she goes to spend the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Hall.

The basket ball game scheduled between the local team and the Shamrock boys last Saturday was postponed on account of the snow.

A shipment of Barnsley Bros. Cutlery just received, all hand forged, it cannot be beat. McLean Hdw. Co.

Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Orr of Wellington are here for a holiday visit with their mother, Mrs. J. L. Crabtree, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gardenhire will celebrate Christmas day with a family reunion, having all their children at home for Christmas dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Eural Evans and little daughter of Erick are spending a few days at the Gardenhire home.

Miss Maude Thompson, Fred Thompson and Ray Richardson of the Clarendon College are at home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Floyd have as their guests for the holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Penhall of Sedan, N. M.

Among the McLean teachers who are home for the holidays are: Misses Ruby Cook, Olive Haynes, Minnie Foster and Sallie Traveek.

S. R. Kennedy of Alanreed was a business visitor here the latter part of the week. While here he renewed his subscription to the News.

50 shoats, 2 sows and pigs, 2 spans of mules and 1 extra mule for sale. C. M. Carpenter, McLean, Texas. 2p

Mrs. W. R. Patterson and family left the first of the week for Vernon where they will visit Mrs. Patterson's mother during the holidays.

All indebted to S. R. Loftin, the Alanreed Lumberman, will please come in at once and pay off their accounts as they are due and we need the money.

We are daily expecting a shipment of Oil Heaters, that are absolutely guaranteed to give satisfaction, ask about about them. McLean Hdw. Co.

We understand that cupid is pretty busy this holiday season and we will have a number of "happy weddings" to report in our next issue.

For Sale—Sam Chambers property. Good place in west part of town. \$250.00 down, balance in monthly payments of \$15.00 per month. See J. H. Chambers. 4p.

T. C. Landers has bought the Womble place in the Heald community and has moved his family there. We are glad to see this good family become permanent residents.

To our many friends and customers we extend greetings of the season. We will continue to do business at the same old stand and will appreciate a visit from you. Willis Brothers.

Found—Bay work horse about 16 hands high and about 12 years old. Both hind feet white, white streak in face. Owner can find and get him at Russel's wagon yard by paying charges. 2c.

Cash donations to the Belgian Relief Fund can be left at the American State Bank or handed to Mrs. S. B. Fast. This money will be put in the proper channel and statement of the amount published.

Silverware for Christmas, knife, and forks, tea and table spoons, gravy ladles, butter knives, child's set, casseroles, and pie plates and they are guaranteed for 50 years. Call and make your selection early before the stock is broken. McLean Hdw. Co.

W. P. Vermillion and family are moving this week from their place north of Alanreed to Conway where they have already put in a large acreage of wheat. They are old time residents of this community and have a number of friends who regret to see them leave.

Rev. R. F. Hamilton has announced two special services at the Baptist church to which the entire membership is urged to be present and the public in general is invited. On Sunday morning, December 27th, his text will be "Ask now of the days of the past." On January 3rd his text will be "For me to live is Christ."

If you have visitors during the holidays or visit anywhere, we would be glad to have the item for the paper. If you have a party, dinner or any other gathering we would appreciate it if you would phone us about it. We are anxious to have the local news not from one of our readers but from all. Office number is 47 and residence number is 54.

Senior League Program.

(Watch Night) A large list and growing ideals. Phi. 13:14 Song. Prayer. Talk by League, "The Old Year and the New." An unselfish life—Edith Stockton. How much do we love Christ—Lula Faulkner. Song. Leader—Mrs. Noel.

"SURE, SANTA CLAUS HAS BEEN HERE"



Alanreed Articles.

Business is almost suspended on account of the severity of the weather.

A Christmas tree at the Methodist church on Thursday night.

Miss Enod Grundy is taking Christmas with her parents at Canyon.

Messrs Wilham and Milton Kennedy have just returned from Colorado, where they have been prospecting. They report that they found no better than Gray county.

Mr. Howard G. Craig and Miss Iressa Brown were quietly married here on Tuesday evening. Mr. Craig is our postmaster here and Miss Brown is from McAlister Oklahoma. We predict for them a happy future.

School has been suspended until after the holidays and the children seem to be enjoying the vacation.

THE O'DELL

(EUROPEAN PLAN)

Fred O'Dell, Proprietor

Steam heat, Electric lights, bath and telephone service

More cattle are being fattened here for the market than ever before.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the News and its Editor.

Reuben.

Alanreed School Honor Roll.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Rex Roby	95
Alta Sherrod	94 5 8
Alan Rector	91 5 9
Henry Davis	91 1/2
Lanham Ball	91 3 8
Mary Turbush	90 5 8
Coney Coffee	90 1/2

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Dale London	94
Hubert Phillips	94
Victoria Bostic	93 1/2
Lula Elms	93
Earl Prock	93
Vernon Moreland	92
Margret Hicks	92
Grace McKnight	92
Lois McKnight	92
Gladys Parcells	92
Raymond Beibrich	92
Jewel Shaw	92
Ellen Turbush	92
Laura Homel	91 3 4
Annie Elms	91
Stella Roby	90
Beulah Bostic	90
Dorris Paxton	90

YOUR XMAS TABLE

Will be the object of your especial pride during the glad Christmas holidays and we wish to inform you that the various dainties you will require will be found at this store. Nuts, fruits, relishes and all kinds of staple and fancy groceries are here in abundance. Do your Christmas shopping at this store and save time, trouble and expense.

New Shipment of Drygoods Just Received

N. B. As the year is drawing to a close we wish to remind you of the fact that your patronage during the past twelve months has been most thoroughly appreciated by us and sincerely hope that our efforts to please you have been fruitful. Those who are in arrears for any length of time are urgently requested to come in before the first and make some kind of arrangement about their accounts. If you cannot pay, we want you to come in and tell us so plainly that we may make other arrangements.

With Hearty Good Wishes for a Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year

C. A. Cash & Son

NEWS and GOSSIP



Overton Hardware Company

Hear Ye The Bells, The Christmas Bells

Bells, bells, bells, glad Christmas bells,
Pealing forth rebounding swells,
Swells, swells, swells, far reaching swells,
The story of the Manger tells,
Revealing love free and divine,
Revealing love that's thine and mine,
The Herald Angel's glad refrain
Enswathes the world in love again.
Bells, bells, bells, sweet solemn bells,
Are ringing o'er land and sea;
Bells, bells, bells, rich chiming bells,
Appealing now unto thee,
Appealing to the Savior's birth,
Appealing to thy sense of worth,
Appealing to, in sweet accord
The mercy of our Christ and Lord.
Bells, bells, bells, the silver toned
Bells, ringing o'er land and sea;
Bells, bells, bells, that never moaned
For Christ-like humanity,
Are ringing clear from God's great throne,
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;"
"On earth peace, and good will to men"—
Still yet, war-chained in Hell's crims'n'd den.
Bells, bells, bells, sad tolling bells,
Pealing in sepulchral tones;
Bells, bells, bells, cathedral bells,
The death knell of crumbling thrones,
Not until Peace stands statue-crowned,
In every heart the world around,
Shall merry Christmas bells ring clear
The gladsome tones of world wide cheer.
—P. J. Spencer.

McLean Shoe Store

Will Move

I wish to announce that I will move my stock of goods into the Vannoy building shortly after Christmas and expect to have them straightened up by the first of the year. In my new quarters I will be better prepared than ever to serve you—will have more room, a better building and expect to put in a bigger stock.

For your past patronage I wish to thank you and assure you that I will appreciate a continuance of same. To one and all I wish

Christmas and Happy New Year

Thank For Yourself.

Don't think because you are not attending this school that you are not paying for it—you are, and perhaps a number of times over.

You are paying for it because you are either out of a position or working for a low wage, whereas if you were a graduate of this school, undoubtedly you could command several dollars more per week than you are now getting.

Do you realize that it requires only from three to five months to acquire an education that will enable you to make life worth living, that you will be enabled to pay back every cent you have expended for your education in from one to three months, that you will be enabled to lay by a competency to take care of you in your old age. Don't you realize this is worth thinking about?

The Bowie Commercial College is a Business Training School. It is distinctly different from most so called "business colleges," as its work is strictly practical from beginning to end. You are not confined to book-learning here. You are instructed from the same practical working plans as business men use. Think of learning Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, and the use of all modern office devices in this practical business-like manner. It isn't like going to school, rather like learning right in the business man's office.

Best of board and room near the college at from \$11 to \$12.50 per calendar month. The same class of board elsewhere would cost you \$20. No negroes or saloons in Bowie. The school is in uninterrupted session from one year's end to another—don't delay but write us for particulars NOW.

BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE
Bowie, Texas.

Advertising Gets Results

Recently the Western Lumber Company, through its versatile general manager, George Woodward, has foisted upon the local public a letter in which the primary object seemed to be to exploit the virtues of certain wares offered for sale at the local yard, but in which there is also a personal reference to this writer, setting forth the accusation that we have degenerated from a live, enthusiastic booster to a bald headed banker and we thank him for "them words." To be accredited with having been, at any period of your life, a real live booster, emanating optimism and promulgating prosperity and community advancement, is something of which to look back on with pride for verily the good book says it is better to have boosted and busted than not to have boosted at all. And to have degenerated into a banker is not so bad, for where is there a more self-sacrificing and public spirited man than a banker; whose sympathetic ears are attuned to the call of distress, and who listens to the tale of hardship, privation and illfortune that spring eternally from the hearts of his clientele, ever ready, out of the abundance of his compassion, to dispense the golden shekels (in cases where the security is perfectly good) that the suffering of his fellow man may be alleviated and that ten or more per cent may accrue.

But to be called bald headed! That is the crowning compliment and one that was hardly looked for from such a source. As surely as it is customary for old ruins of ancient days to yield their exterior to a coating of moss, so surely it is right and proper that modern and efficient intellect stand with uncovered head before the Goddess of Wisdom. Moss is generally for old ruins.

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.; Eldersedge 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 every Wednesday night.
J. T. HOWELL, Pastor.

Holliness 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 5 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. Reop Leaders, 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.

Every Woman Needs Today's Magazine

Because *Today's* is helping, inspiring and entertaining over 800,000 home-making and home-loving women as no magazine has ever done before.

Every number of *Today's* you miss is a genuine loss to you. Price only 50 cents a year including any May Manton Pattern free. Subscribe now.



A Big Bargain

McCall's Magazine } These five leading
Ladies' Magazine } each one year for
Woman's World } only 75c
Today's Magazine } You save 60 cents
(save May Manton Pattern)

Today's will give \$100 to your Church
Send a postal asking for particulars.

Today's will give You Fine Premiums
If you want valuable presents without cost, send for large Premium Catalogue—free.

Today's Magazine
Dept. N. S. P.
461 Fourth Ave. New York

SPECIAL OFFER—For only 5 cents we will send you promptly the two latest numbers of *Today's*. This is as you can see for yourself that for Latest Style, Newest Fashions, Fascinating Stories, Best Recipes, Household Hints and Money Savers, Recreation and Good Cheer, *Today's* is superior to any magazine you ever saw. Send 5 cents now.

Christmas Holiday Excursions

Tickets

VIA



Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Memphis and the Southwest

Tickets On Sale

December 20 21 and 22, 1914 limit January 18, 1915. Round trip tickets to all points in Texas and December 23-24-25-26-30-31 and January 1. Return January 4, 1915.

Ask Your Agent

Or write
G. S. Pentecost, G. P. A.
Ft. Worth, Texas

D. A. NUNN
Local Agent

Horseshoeing

I have opened up the Oliver Blacksmith Shop and will do Horse Shoeing and General Blacksmithing.

S. F. BROWN

Elite Barber Shop

W. M. MASSAY, Prop.

EVERYTHING NEW But The Barbers

Agents for that GOOD Laundry—Panhandle Steam Next Door To The Postoffice

HOTEL HINDMAN

Rates \$2.00 Per Day

Best Accommodations in the City
Special Rates to Weekly Boarders
All Meals 50c—Children 25c

J. R. Hindman, Proprietor

Listen

Tires set and wheels oil and painted

\$5.00 Per Set

City Blacksmith Shop

W. R. PATTERSON

ABSTRACTER AND CONVEYANCER

Fire and Tornado Insurance

McLean, Texas

TERRY W. HUDGINS

Expert Watch Repairing

Best Engraver in Oklahoma

ERICK OKLAHOMA

Send me your work by Parcel Post

WANT A DRAY

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

PHONE 126

\$25.00 REWARD

I will pay a \$25.00 dollar reward for the arrest and conviction of any party guilty of tying down any telephone wire or in any other manner interfering with the lines. The state law on the subject is as follows:

Penal code, Sec. 100. If any person shall intentionally break, cut, pull or tear down, or place, or in any other manner injure any telegraph or telephone wire, post, machinery or other necessary appurtenance to any telegraph or telephone line, or in any way willfully obstruct or interfere with the transmission of any messages along such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or by fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

McLEAN TELEPHONE COMPANY
Send me your work by Parcel Post